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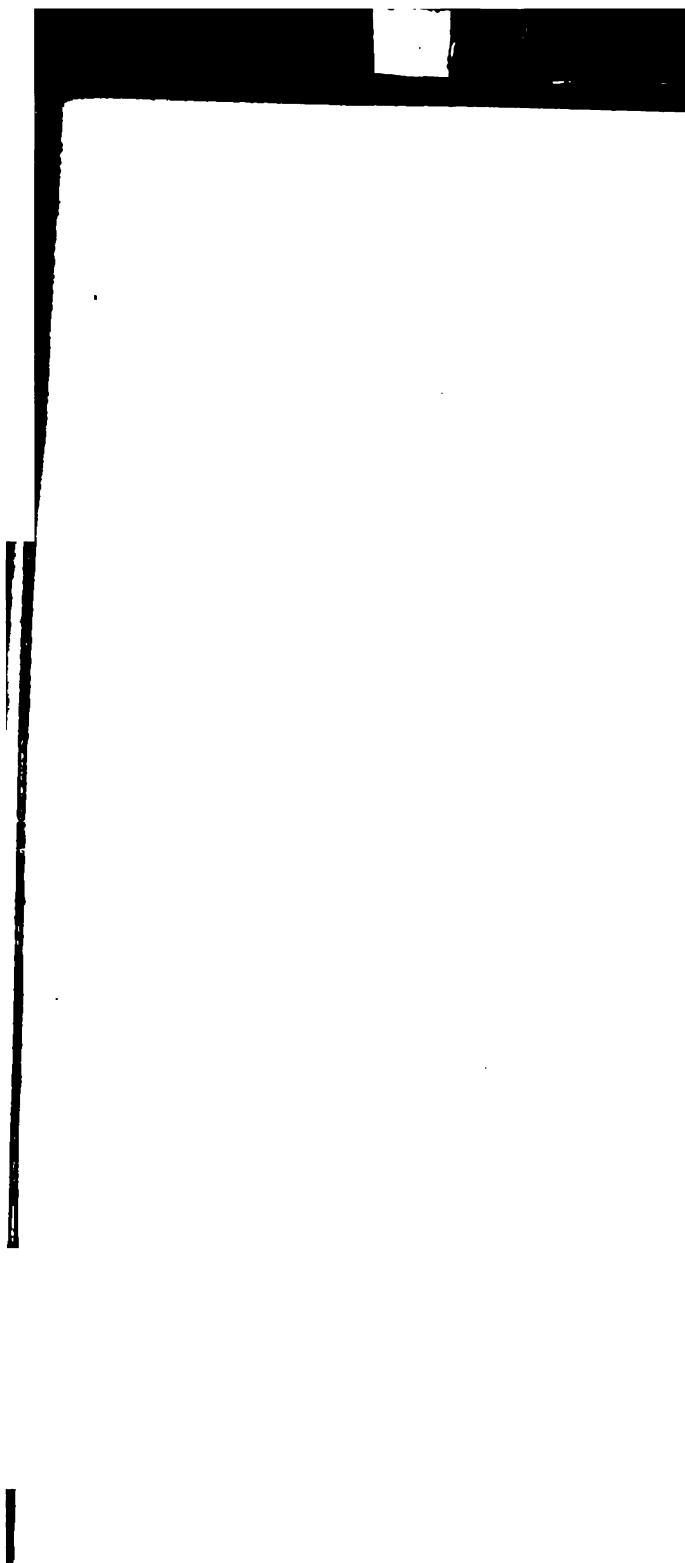
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# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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FIFTY YEARS OF CONSERVATIVE INFLUENCE—  
1842-1892.

*Et dubitamus adhuc virtutem extendere factis?*

ON the 1st of January 1842, exactly half a century ago, the whole United Kingdom was waiting with curiosity for the meeting of Parliament, and the rising of the curtain on the new policy of the new Minister called to power by the voice of the people to "save a sinking State." This is the date at which the history of the Conservative party properly begins. The Ministry of 1834-35 led only to a preliminary skirmish, in which the rising party tried its strength, with results highly creditable to itself. But the Government had been formed on a principle which the Reform Bill of 1832 had superseded, and the only wonder is that it was ever formed at all. To apply to Peel what Johnson said of Chatham and Walpole, Peel in 1834 was a Minister given by the Crown to the people. Peel in 1842 was a Minister given by the people to the Crown. A national Con-

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servative party was not yet in existence. But between 1835 and 1841 it ripened rapidly, and when called upon to take the reins of power, was found thoroughly equal to the task. A short session for purely formal purposes had followed the change of Ministry; but with the following year the Government were called upon to show their hand, develop their ideas, and vindicate their claim to be the rightful representatives of constitutional and national principles. The commencement of the present year naturally suggests to us a retrospect of the half-century during which Conservatism has been on its trial, a glance at its victories and defeats, and some rough estimate of the permanent good for which the public are indebted to it.

It is remarkable that the turn which Peel ultimately gave to the policy of his party could not have

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been divined from the words of the Tamworth Manifesto. In that famous document, which promises to live as long in history as the Declaration of Rights or the Grand Remonstrance, there is no shadow of coming events; no hint or suggestion that its author was looking forward to being the founder of a new economic school of politics, or that he saw any necessity for the reconstruction of our fiscal system. He appeals simply to the prudential instincts of the middle classes; to their worship of common-sense; to their demand for moderate reforms, and their dislike, at the same time, of violent or sudden change; to their faith in experience; and their appreciation, above all things, of those qualities which cause a statesman to be considered safe. It is strictly and truly a Conservative manifesto; neither Tory, nor Liberal, nor Whig, but Conservative,—a distinct undertaking to give the country all it wanted in the shape of improvement without any further disturbance of our constitutional organism. It did not follow that this would be the whole duty of Conservative statesmen at all times and seasons. But it was what the country either then wanted, or would soon find out that it did want. And to this Sir Robert Peel, judiciously as it seems to us, confined himself. It was not successful on the instant, for the people had not yet been sufficiently alarmed either by the wild schemes of the new-fledged Radicals, or the evident inability of the Whigs to resist their pressure. But as time went on, and the weak side of the new system introduced by the Reform Bill became more and more conspicuous, practical men turned a wistful glance to the able and experienced administrators who had been

trained to public affairs under the old *régime*, and who at the same time had learned the lesson which the Reform Bill was calculated to teach. The men who looked in this direction were exactly the men whom Peel had hoped to catch. It would have been useless to talk to them of great principles; of faith, loyalty, or chivalry; of Richard I. or Queen Elizabeth. The time would come, perhaps, when such topics might once more be introduced with some chance of their producing an effect. But men could only feel in 1835 that the ancient fabric under which their ancestors had lived so long, and which their fathers had regarded with such deep affection and veneration, was shattered in the dust, and that nothing remained which could excite the same sentiments in themselves. It seems to us, therefore, that the conception which inspired the Tamworth Manifesto was wise and statesmanlike. If Sir Robert believed, as there is no reason to doubt he did believe, in the destructive tendencies of Radicalism, he cannot be blamed for basing the party of resistance on those social forces which had just then obtained a preponderance of power, and on that middle-class Conservatism which, if there is nothing high-strung or romantic in its composition, is at least solid, practical, and sensible, and afforded at that time a safer breakwater against further revolution than could have been supplied from any other source.

The general election, then, of 1841, and the Conservative Parliament which began work in 1842, represent the first national demand for a Conservative Government to protect the institutions of the country against Radical innovation. We must look back

to contemporary memoirs if we would understand the alarm created in men's minds by the language and proceedings of the new Radical party in the House of Commons. Cool-headed observers in the reign of William IV. doubted if either the Church or the House of Lords would last another three years. Thus came into being the first Conservative Government which really deserves the name, after the Reform Bill of Lord Grey. It supplied a great national want, and was in response to a distinct national demand.

That it was the only possible Government for the time being is plain, we think, from what has been told us by both Mr Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield. There were members, and very influential members, of the party who were clearly not satisfied with the Tamworth Manifesto, nor with the attitude of Sir Robert Peel on more than one public question. But they could do nothing. Mr Gladstone, whose 'Church and State' embodied a theory which he supposed at one time to be the hereditary creed of his party, found, as soon as they were in office, that the theory was deserted. "I was the last man upon the sinking ship," he says. Mr Disraeli found 'Coningsby' and 'Sybil' as barren of results as Mr Gladstone had found 'Church and State.' They fell upon the ear of a generation unattuned to such harmonies. We cannot, therefore, quarrel with Sir Robert Peel for the basis on which he founded his party. It might have deserved all that was said of it, and yet have been the only possible foundation on which a party could be reared capable of doing the work required of it. Where Sir Robert Peel failed was in not seeing the change which parliamentary gov-

ernment had undergone since he left the Home Office. So far from party trammels having been lightened by the Bill of 1832, they were, at the outset, riveted even closer than before round the necks of Ministers. Down to 1832 the direct power of the Crown was a factor in the political situation with which every party in turn had to reckon. It was a recognised part of the line of defence held by the constitutional interest. After the Reform Bill the prerogative could no longer be exercised with exactly the same effect, the result being that a statesman had to lean more, instead of less, upon his party—was more dependent than ever on their goodwill; and therefore more than ever bound to consult their wishes and convictions. This, we think, is what Peel failed to see. And if it is true that after 1846 he contemplated the possibility of returning to power as the Minister of no party, it would seem to confirm our suspicion that the "greatest member of Parliament who ever lived" had failed to comprehend one of the new conditions of parliamentary government introduced by the Reform Bill.

Peel's mistake, however, was less injurious than it might have been to the national interests represented by his party, for two reasons, which lie upon the surface. No great political or constitutional principle was at stake in the Corn Laws; and when the battle was over, and a strong Government was again formed in 1853, the majority of the men who had led the Conservative party in the House of Commons were still upon the Treasury bench. The Opposition might brand them as traitors; they might have behaved badly to their party; but they had done nothing inconsistent with the prin-

ciples of the Tamworth Manifesto. They were as well qualified then as they had been twelve years before to act in the spirit of that document. There was nothing unconservative in the repeal of the Corn Laws, however objectionable the manner in which it was effected; and now that the question was got rid of, the independent Conservative public thought that men like Mr Gladstone, Mr Sidney Herbert, Sir James Graham, Lord Aberdeen, and the Duke of Newcastle, might still be relied upon to carry out the trusts reposed in them in 1841. They would now resume their old positions as the defenders of the Constitution; and the fact that they had Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston in alliance with them would strengthen their hands rather than weaken them. The Whigs would be either silenced or forced into fighting against the Radicals—either result being a clear gain to the Conservatives.

In these expectations the public were not wholly disappointed. We have never considered that the reign of Conservatism inaugurated in 1842 came to an end in 1846. The country continued to be governed on essentially Conservative principles for twenty years longer. The Conservative party in the House of Commons was strong enough to hold the Peelites to their moorings even had they wished to break away from them. Not a single constitutional or domestic change of an unconservative character can be pointed out between the resignation of the Peel Ministry in 1846 and the formation of the Russell Ministry in 1865. Parliament was occupied chiefly with foreign and financial questions. The Government may have made mistakes in both. Our foreign policy may not have been particu-

larly dignified, nor our financial policy as sound and safe as it was brilliant; but with these matters we have nothing to do on this occasion: such mistakes are not confined to either party in the State. What we say is this, that the Conservative party, though divided in name after the abolition of protection, were sufficiently united in opinion to maintain the position won by Sir Robert Peel in 1842, and that Lord Palmerston handed over the Constitution to his successors in the same condition in which Peel had received it from the Whigs, without the loss of a hair.

The Conservative party which responded to a national demand in 1841, continued to fulfil the function for the sake of which it had then been called to power, down to the death of Lord Palmerston in 1865. They were strong enough to make all revolutionary legislation impossible; and they were content to allow their nominal opponents to be in office while they themselves retained the reality of power. This enabled Lord Palmerston to carry out his scheme of national defences; and if any other proof were wanted of the influence they exercised, it may be found in the fact that during the Parliament of 1859 they actually turned back the tide which was setting in against the Church rate, and after a struggle lasting several sessions, converted the majority against it into a majority in its favour. It is to be noted, indeed, that the schism in the Conservative party was for some years rather favourable than otherwise to the interests of the Church. With Mr Gladstone in the Cabinet, and holding the views which he was known, or supposed, to entertain, the Ministers were bound to be good Churchmen whether they would or not. No action hostile to

the Church could then be undertaken or supported by the Government as such. The system was, of course, irregular—not one to be converted into a precedent. But the circumstances were exceptional, and excused it. According to the ordinary usage of party government, the Conservatives ought to have been in office during the period we have just passed under review. But partly for reasons already given, and partly for others, this was found impossible. The fact is, they were not wanted. There was no demand for their services. The “heterogeneous party” described by Mr Disraeli in the first leading article of the ‘Press,’ was doing their work for them. The arrangement was anomalous. But it worked well; and as long as it did, the country had no wish to change it.

This no doubt was the primary reason which prevented the Conservatives from obtaining a majority either in 1859 or in 1865. But there were several others. One was the general belief that the Conservative party as at that time constituted, though led by two statesmen of consummate ability and brilliant eloquence, and numbering in its front ranks many men of proved administrative capacity, had nevertheless a weight of statesmanship and experience to contend against on the other side, such as no Conservative Ministry for which any materials then existed would find it possible to cope with. For this impression we are bound to say that the late Lord Derby was in some degree responsible, owing to the course which he pursued when required to form a new Government. The

extreme importance which he attached to the co-operation of Lord Palmerston and the Peelites, and his refusal on two occasions to take office without them, was very naturally regarded by the public as a confession of weakness fatal to the pretensions of the Conservatives to form an Administration by themselves. In the next place, they had still to pay the penalty of their opposition to the repeal of the Corn Laws. Long after all possibility of their revival had passed away—long after the Conservative leaders had ceased to be suspected of any bias in their favour—the memory of that unfortunate struggle continued to prejudice them in the public eye. Thirdly, we must remember that the Peelites in those days had the press on their side.<sup>1</sup> No pains were spared to make the Conservatives ridiculous or contemptible. The attitude of the Peelites towards their former friends cannot be expressed better than in one of Pope’s couplets in the famous character of Atticus:—

“View him with scornful yet with  
jealous eyes,  
And hate for arts which caused himself  
to rise.”

No man or party of men had ever swung round from their original principles so suddenly and so completely as the Peelites. By doing so they had secured office for the best part of twenty years, yet what they always paraded before the world as a virtue in themselves became a crime in the hands of their opponents. The Peelites renounced protection without consulting the wishes of the people. They were patriots. The Conservatives renounced protection in

<sup>1</sup> The fact is noticed in one of the ‘Tales from Blackwood,’ “How I stood for the Dreepdaily Burghs,” written by Professor Aytoun.



obedience to the wishes of the people. They were renegades. Whenever the Conservatives attempted any liberal legislation the same cry was raised: they were traitors and time-servers. And what if they did not? what if they took the advice of their adversaries, and neither essayed nor assisted any measure of a popular character? *Hoc Ithacus volebat.* Then of course they were a parcel of blind and bigoted obstructives, the rump of a once great party, but now only an effete and contemptible anachronism. If the party were progressive, it was false to its principles; if not, it was unfit to govern. This was the dilemma to which some of the cleverest brains in England were working night and day to pin down the Conservatives during the period we have named, and, as we have already admitted, with no slight measure of success. As long as Lord Palmerston lived, no opportunity was afforded them of breaking through the meshes. They were not called upon to govern, because Lord Palmerston did all that was wanted either by Liberals or Conservatives; and they were not called on to oppose the Government for the same reason, and because the only Radical proposals of that day came from a section of the Liberal party with whom the Minister himself was at open war. But they had the satisfaction of knowing that they represented in that Parliament the dominant opinion of the country, as they had done in the two previous ones. Meantime, they had patiently to submit to the taunts and gibes of those who, without their support, could not have retained office for a single day.

But the death of Lord Palmerston in 1865 ushered in a new day, and the wished-for opportu-

nity arrived sooner than was expected. The Saturnian age was at an end. The veteran statesman, a Liberal among Conservatives and a Conservative among Liberals, who had succeeded for a time in making Radicalism ridiculous, was now gone. There was no one left to take his place, no one who could combine the moderate men of all parties in his favour as Lord Palmerston had done, or keep the peace between rival sections of the Cabinet with the art of Lord Liverpool. The old feud between Radical and Conservative burst out again with fresh violence. Mr Gladstone, who had long chafed under the ascendancy of Lord Palmerston, found a more congenial friend in Mr Bright; and between them they concocted the memorable scheme of parliamentary reform, which broke up at once what was then called the great Liberal party, though a third of it at least were just as Conservative as Lord Derby. It is curious that as parliamentary reform was the beginning of Lord Russell, so also was it the end of him. His favourite horse came down with him at last, and he was no more heard of in the strife of parties.

On the resignation of Lord Russell, it was thought possible that the Conservatives might patch up the question for the time, and lay it on the shelf for, at all events, a few years. Such, however, was no part of Mr Disraeli's intentions. He had foreseen that his party might some day be placed in a position in which it would be necessary for them a second time to deal with parliamentary reform; and he and Lord Derby had arrived at conclusions on the subject before the death of Lord Palmerston. As this is the turning-point in the fortunes of the

party during the last half-century, as the Reform Bill of 1867 is the test by which they and their leaders will be tried in the court of history, and as the principle of action then adopted has coloured more or less their whole subsequent policy, we must pause for a time at this landing-place, and examine the grounds on which Lord Derby and Mr Disraeli justified this measure to themselves and to the majority of their own supporters.

It was in 1859 that the Conservative Government made a resolute effort to retain the old ten-pound franchise, and to extend it from the towns to the counties. They argued that this franchise, though all pecuniary franchises must necessarily be arbitrary, and therefore precarious, had, at all events, prescription in its favour; and they thought that when all invidious distinctions between town and country were abolished, they might take a new lease of life. But of one thing they were certain, that if the ten-pound franchise could not be maintained, no other pecuniary limit had any chance at all of being permanent. It would be a butt for every agitator to throw at; and as soon as the Liberal party happened to want a new cry, it would be swept away. They had therefore come to the conclusion, long before 1867, that if ever they had to try their hand at parliamentary reform again, they would endeavour to find a new stratum of Conservatism in the working classes.

For this they have been severely blamed. It was said at the time that the Conservative working man was a figment of Mr Disraeli's imagination; and now that experience has taught us the reverse, it is still said that the political opinions of the working classes

are variable and capricious, and but a sandy foundation on which to build a great party charged with the defence of great principles. We scarcely think that this view of the case is entirely borne out by facts. But supposing that it is, the risk had to be run. It was the lesser of two evils. If any one is willing to maintain that it would have been better for the Conservative party to allow themselves to be blotted out of existence than to have introduced a measure at variance with all their former professions, we cannot argue such a question as that within the space at our command. It opens before us a very wide field of speculation. But if any one says that it would have been quite possible for the Conservatives, while steadily opposing all popular and progressive legislation, to retain both the form and substance of a powerful political party, and to discharge the duties of a constitutional Opposition with energy and success, with him we *can* argue; and our argument is as follows.

An Opposition which decided to act steadily and continuously on the principle aforesaid—the principle of *non possumus*—must obviously be prepared to abjure office for their lives, or to enjoy it only upon terms which no honourable man can long endure. If they submit to the latter, they are soon made to look contemptible in the public eye, and forfeit all their moral power. If they prefer the former system—i.e., perpetual opposition—they arrive by a different process at the same end. We do not deny that the part assigned to the Conservatives by advocates of this last-mentioned attitude might be dignified and useful if it could only be carried out. But would that be possible? If an Opposition

is really to act as a check on the wilder and more dangerous schemes of a Liberal or Radical Government, it must be something more than a paper Opposition. To fulfil such a function it must be powerful. To be powerful it must be formidable. But the voice of an Opposition which never meant to take office, would have no terrors for the Government. An Opposition not aspiring to legislate—refusing to conciliate popular support by recognising popular demands, and restricting itself to the task of criticising Radical measures and bridling Radical precipitance—would soon lose the power of doing even this much. Rising young men would cease to throw in their lot with a party which made a virtue of renouncing all the prizes of public life. The Conservative party would no longer hold over the Ministers of the day the *formido oppositi*—the constant possibility of their being turned out of office. To do this they must be in a position not only to take office themselves, but to keep it. And to place themselves in this position they must be ready to move with the times, and show themselves capable of satisfying the wants of the nation.

Lord Beaconsfield saw that the system which recommended itself to a certain section of his supporters was an impossible system; that however honourable and beneficial it might appear on paper, it was irreconcilable with the conditions of party government; and that either this must be abandoned, or Conservatives prepared to adopt new standpoints from time to time, according to the progress of opinion. It is highly creditable to the Conservative party, both in and out of Parliament, that the great majority of them

d the sense to recognise this

truth, and the moral courage to act upon it. As regards this particular measure, the Reform Bill of 1867, no doubt it might have been better. Had Mr Disraeli been at the head of a majority it would have been. But he was obliged to abandon security after security to satisfy the opposition of the Liberals, some of whom, twenty years afterwards, have turned round upon him as Conservative converts, and upbraided him with the consequences of their own actions! But we believe that, in resolving to settle the question, Mr Disraeli acted wisely. He called into existence a Conservative democracy to prevent a Radical revolution; and the result has been such as abundantly to vindicate his foresight. During the twenty-two years which preceded the general election of 1868, the Conservatives held office only four years and a half, and never with a majority. During the twenty-three years that followed it, they have been in office eleven years and a half, with a majority in each Parliament.

From 1846 to 1869 there had been no demand for the regular Conservative party, because Radicalism was in abeyance, and Liberals and Conservatives, Whigs and Tories, were all content to acquiesce in the genial rule of Lord Palmerston. But with the accession of Mr Gladstone to power, a new era began not unlike that of 1833. A fresh ebullition of Radicalism took place. The spirit of disturbance was once more let loose. One institution after another was assailed or threatened. And then at length, following on this second Radical development, came the second great national demand for the Conservative party to arrest it.

The people were again, after thirty years of domestic peace and quietness under the ascendancy of Conservative principles, perplexed and alarmed. They had again opened the door to Radicalism, and again in their dismay they had recourse to the Conservative party to save them from the consequences. As soon as they began to feel the prick of the Radical goad, from that moment the Conservative restoration was a certainty.

The year 1874 saw the Conservatives once more in an intelligible position—called to office by the voice of the nation, with a distinct mission to fulfil. From this point they ceased to be a negative party, and resumed the proper functions of a Government, with the power of giving effect to their own views of public policy. It is eighteen years ago this January since the appearance of Mr Gladstone's famous address to the English people, promising them the abolition of the income-tax if they would return him to power at the forthcoming general election. The bait failed. The result, as was generally anticipated, was to place his antagonists in power; and it was believed by many competent observers that we then saw the real outcome of the Bill of 1867—the real mind of the newly enfranchised classes,—and that the Conservatives were “in for their lives.” Without entering into anything like an analysis of the home and foreign policy of Mr Disraeli's Government from 1874 to 1880, we may glance at its leading characteristics to see whether we can find in them any explanation of that remarkable revulsion of feeling which restored Mr Gladstone to office—quite as much, we fancy, to his own surprise as to that of Lord Beaconsfield.

According to Mr Froude, in his ‘Life of Lord Beaconsfield,’ the general belief that England had in 1874 settled down into a thoroughly Conservative mood which would probably outlast the century, was shared by the Prime Minister, who may have thought that in that case there was no need of drastic legislation to rivet his hold upon the people. Indeed it was commonly supposed that one cause of Mr Gladstone's defeat was the national weariness of drastic legislation. But we are very much inclined to doubt whether Mr Disraeli really did believe this. What he felt was that in the absence of any burning public question his first duty was to his own supporters; and that the pledges given by his own party to the agricultural interest, and real property owners, during Mr Gladstone's Government, must be at once redeemed. Hence we had in quick succession the new Rating Act, the Agricultural Holdings Act, the Cattle Plague Act, the Licensing Act Amendment Act, the Education Act Amendment Act, the two unsuccessful attempts at establishing county boards, and some others. One distinctive characteristic of the Conservative Administration was the redemption of its pledges. Let that always be remembered. In the next place, as Mr Disraeli had always represented the Tories as the real friends of the working classes, he had also this representation to justify. Hence another batch of very useful measures, all tending to ameliorate the condition of the workman, and to place the relations between himself and his employers on a more satisfactory footing. These measures were ten in number: the Factory Act, the Factory and Workshops Act, the Conspiracy

and Protection of Property Act, the Masters and Workmen Act, the Artisans' Dwellings Act, the Public Health Act, the Friendly Societies Act, the Enclosure of Commons Act, the Artisans' Dwellings Act Amendment Act, and the Poor Law Amendment Act to prevent the separation of aged married couples in work-houses. Mr Baxter, the Liberal member for Montrose, declared of the Factory Act that "it would confer incalculable benefits on the operative class of this country." Of the Factory and Workshops Act Lord Shaftesbury said that "two millions of people would bless the day when Mr Cross was asked to be Secretary of State for the Home Department." Mr Macdonald, the special representative of the working men, said of the same measure that "it redounded greatly to his honour and credit as a statesman." For the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Bill, Mr Mundella thanked the Home Secretary in the name of the working men of England; and Mr Macdonald concurred with him in thanking Mr Cross "for the patience, courtesy, and careful attention which he had given to the representations of the working men." As late as the session of 1879, we find fresh compliments paid to the Government for the spirit in which they had dealt with the wants of the working classes, the speaker again being Mr Macdonald, the labour representative for Stafford.

It can hardly, therefore, have been any indifference to their interests which these classes resented in the Conservatives. No Liberal Government had ever done so much for them—not even that which gave them the cheap breakfast-table. This social legislation, too, was all of a piece

with past Conservative and Tory policy. The first Factory Bill for regulating the labour of children and young persons was introduced by the staunch old Tory, Mr Sadler, in 1831. The attack upon the truck system was headed by the late Sir Henry Halford, a Tory county member. The work was carried on by Lord Ashley, Mr Fielden, and Mr Ferrand, all Tory members of the House of Commons, while it was vehemently denounced and resisted by Mr Bright and Mr Hume. With these traditions still lingering among them, and with the social legislation of Lord Beaconsfield's Government still fresh in their recollection, the working men, one would suppose, must have required some very powerful inducement to cause them to vote against the author of it; to say nothing of the fact that he was the statesman to whom they were indebted for the franchise. The cause cannot be found in his foreign policy; for, in spite of the impression created by the Bulgarian atrocities, "Peace with honour" at once made Lord Beaconsfield the most popular public man in the country. There is more to be said, perhaps, for the disasters in Africa and Afghanistan, though they were amply avenged. The working men are sensitive on these points. And it is probable that the massacres of Isandula and Cabul did, to a certain extent, weaken the effect produced by the Treaty of Berlin. Still we cannot think that considerations of this nature would have sufficed by themselves to set the artisan class against a party and a Government which they had so vigorously supported six years before, and which had done so much for them in the interval.

The question is one which bears directly on the political situation

of to-day. Is the answer to it one which should bid us despair of trusting to past performances altogether, and teach us that the battle is to those who can make the most audacious promises? Promises indeed, from one point of view, can beat performance out of the field, for a party can only perform what is possible; they can promise whatever they please. But it does not appear to us that the general election of 1880 was won by Liberal promises—not in the same sense, that is, in which the election of 1885 was won. Most of us, perhaps, remember Mr Gladstone's thirty pressing questions which he said the Liberal party would settle as soon as they returned to power. But we do not recollect that the country was much excited about any of them. And it may be within the memory of many of our readers that a certain political article, entitled "Plain Whig Principles," was put forward as the Liberal manifesto on the eve of the election; and that this was what the great body of electors who supported Mr Gladstone supposed themselves to be voting for. In this there was nothing Radical at all. More than that, it is almost beyond question that had another appeal been made to the same constituencies any time between 1882 and 1885, they would have reversed the verdict of 1880, and have restored the Conservatives to power with a large majority. Mr Gladstone knew this, and very wisely forced on the county franchise. The problem which we still have to solve is the sudden change of front which occurred in 1880. Events move so fast that already we have almost forgotten the astonishment universally produced by it. By the Liberal leaders themselves it was totally unexpected. Sir W. Har-

court, we were told by a leading Oxford Liberal at the time, after the most careful calculation gave his party a trifling majority, some five or six we think; but that was the outside success to which the most sanguine of them looked forward. The majority saw no reason to doubt that the constituencies would repeat the verdict of 1874.

We see that in 1880 the Conservative Government could not well have forfeited the confidence of the working classes by any inattention to their interests, or failure to redeem the pledges which they had given in Opposition. The foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield—good or bad doesn't signify—was thoroughly acceptable to the masses. Our reverses in India and Africa did something, no doubt, to tarnish the laurels of Berlin. But they would not have withered them; nor could they by any possibility have drowned all memory of the long series of popular measures which we have just enumerated. Only one year before the dissolution of Parliament, the labour representative whom we have already named was thanking Government for what they had already done, and exhorting them to continue in the same path.

Where, then, are we to find an explanation of what puzzled everybody at the time? If the people were neither disappointed by the Conservatives nor dazzled by the Liberals, why did they act as they did? What seems to us to have been the principal cause of the catastrophe we shall mention in a moment. But we would premise that in all the rural districts the soil had been prepared for it by the prevalence of agricultural distress, and the irritable and restless frame of mind which it naturally engendered in the farmers. And it may be that the farm-

formed some exception to the rule, and *were* misled by the vague assurances of certain advanced Radicals that something wonderful would be done for them on the return of the Liberals to power. A notion, too, had taken root in the minds of some of them, that if they showed their teeth they would frighten the landlords into reducing their rents. The writer of this article was present at the dinner of the Farmers' Club in December 1880, and heard this view of the case very openly avowed in conversation. Those who held it had not parted with any of their old Conservative opinions. They did not want to hurt the gentry, "only just to frighten them a bit." The declamation of the Liberals falling on such combustible materials produced an effect which at any other time might have been looked for in vain. And this brings us to what we think must be allowed to have been the determining factor in the defeat of 1880, and to what is destined perhaps to be the determining factor in all our future triumphs and defeats, whichever fate may have in store for us; we mean the power of the tongue.

The public opinion which now decides the fate of parties is formed by talking—by constant, incessant harangues, addressed to the most ignorant and illiterate class of voters by the advocates of both parties, from the birth to the dissolution of every successive Parliament. It is often said of other contests that the advantage is always on the side of the assailant; and why not in this? As a matter of fact it is more so in this than in any other kind of contest. The offensive party has an incomparable superiority over the defensive in the one fact that nothing which is said either by them or against them can do them any serious in-

jury. They are not upon their trial. The public in general are not looking for the weak points in their armour, and will always make allowance for a little exaggeration or embellishment. They may say pretty nearly what they like against the Government, and all that they like about themselves, without being a pin the worse for it; and if they only say it well, considerably the better. But let the Government defend themselves as successfully as they may, they are only where they were before; and lucky if they are that. No matter what they may have done, or how well they may have deserved of the constituencies, Opposition speakers can always mystify such audiences as they commonly address about even the simplest transactions, much more about complex or abstruse ones. The most salutary and popular measures they can sprinkle with mud; the most wise and prudent foreign policy they can deride or calumniate; against the most innocent actions they can bear false witness. And who can punish them, or what can hurt them? By the time they are in office again it is all forgotten. They may be answered over and over again. But however complete the answer, something will be left behind—some vague impressions, some undefinable suspicion unfavourable to the accused. And when we consider that this is going on from week to week, from day to day, during the recess—and during great part of the session too—is it wonderful that a prejudice is gradually raised against the Government which they find it impossible to surmount, and which results in such disasters as that of 1880? No man, or set of men, can be continually, incessantly denounced in public without inter-

mission and without scruple—let the facts be what they may—let the logical answer be ever so triumphant—but what they must in some degree be injured by it. The effect of such repeated accusations on the popular mind is far greater than the effect of the defence. When Johnson asked a man how he would like to be tried for murder every day of his life, though he were certain of being acquitted, he may have referred only to the extreme inconvenience and annoyance of being constantly in that predicament. But he might also have meant, that of the three hundred murders for which the man was tried and acquitted in the course of the year, the public would be likely to suspect that of one or two at least he must be guilty.

It may be asked, And what if it is so? Have not Governments always been freely assailed, and must not all take their chance in turn? Of course they must. We are making no distinction between parties. But we deny that Governments have always been attacked in this manner, or that they run no more risk of being fairly talked out of office than they ever did. The practice we speak of is of recent date. It began after 1874, when the new necessities imposed by the Bill of 1867 began to be realised, and has gone on with increasing vigour ever since, receiving a great stimulus, of course, from the further reduction of the franchise which took place in 1885. It was certainly not the rule during what Mr Gladstone has called the palmy days of parliamentary government, from 1835 to 1865. It was not the system of Lord John Russell, of Lord Derby, or Mr Disraeli. We remember, when Mr Bright was making his celebrated tour in the north of England in

the autumn of 1858, asking Mr Disraeli himself whether he also might not stump it to some advantage. He was quite angry at the suggestion, and repudiated the system as contrary to the spirit of parliamentary government. But the new system was made inevitable by the new franchise, and we attribute the defeat of the Conservatives in 1880 very much to the fact that their opponents were the first to see it, and the first who fully recognised what the power of the platform was. They flew from one end of the country to the other, declaiming in turn against everything the Government had done either at home or abroad; while the Conservatives on their part sat with their arms folded, and were content to rely on the "good sense and innate sagacity" of the British nation. Vain words! idle dreams! Good sense and innate sagacity are very well in their place; but that place is not the battle-field of modern parties.

They did not even think it worth while to protect their own interests in their own constituencies. They would allow some gay political Lothario to take a house in the neighbourhood, keep up a constant flow of gaiety and hospitality, subscribe to all the local objects, and ingratiate himself with all classes, and perhaps never go near the place themselves for a whole twelvemonth. Thus wooed on the one hand and neglected on the other, the lady falls; and then hands are raised aloft in indignation at her ingratitude and inconstancy. What else could be expected? Indefatigable perseverance, fluent and persuasive tongues, flattery and assiduity, did the work, and always will do it, if there is nobody at hand to keep the constituency to their duty.

To our mind the above con-



erations go a long way towards explaining the great reverse of 1880. The Conservative voice was drowned amid shrieks and groans which resounded through the entire kingdom; and even when the Conservatives returned to Opposition they had not fully learned their lesson. Certainly if the other side had been the "outs" during the reign of terror and on the disclosure of the Kilmainham compact, there would have been a pretty row throughout the country. Orators would have torn along by express trains from the Needles to the Orkneys, from Berwickshire to Cornwall, raising the country as they went along. Mr Gladstone would have sent round the fiery cross, and the life of the Ministry would not have been worth a day's purchase. As much might be said of the bombardment of Alexandria and the abandonment of Gordon. The Conservatives hardly attempted to make political capital out of any of these iniquities. Of course they condemned them in no measured terms; but that was not enough. The Liberal party would have convened monster meetings in all the great centres of population. Hyde Park and Trafalgar Square would have rung with indignation. Ministers would have been hooted like murderers on their way to the House of Parliament. That the Conservatives did not act in this manner may be very much to their credit. But that is not the way in which the game of politics is to be played now except by those who are content to lose.

The bad side of the party system always tending to overbalance the good one has never been seen in darker colours than in 1885, when the enfranchisement of the agricultural labourers was resolved on by Mr Gladstone's Government. We need not repeat the reasons

which seem to justify the Conservative party in becoming the authors of popular legislation. For their participation in the Act of 1885 there is neither more nor less to be said; but the introduction of that measure when there was no pressing demand for it, was due entirely and exclusively to party exigencies, the Government being aware that they had nothing to expect from the existing constituencies at the next general election but an overwhelming Conservative majority. They were wise in their generation, perhaps, to get all they could out of the ignorance and credulity of the agricultural labourer while they lasted, instead of waiting, as Mr Goschen would have done, till he was educated before giving him the franchise. And the event has not altogether disappointed them. On the first appeal to these new allies the response was all that could be wished. But Mr Gladstone was no sooner in the saddle again than he again projected a more serious attack on the Constitution than the stoutest Radicals had yet attempted; and again, for the third time since 1842, the Conservatives were called in to oppose the tide of revolution. Again they came in as a national party; for the fact that a portion of their majority was made up of Liberal Unionists tells nothing against their position, as many of the seats awarded to the latter would have been secured by the Conservatives had not different arrangements been agreed upon.

These, then, are the three great landmarks in the history of the party since it was first called into being to protect reform from revolution: 1842, 1874, and 1886. And as their administration from 1874 to 1880 was largely occupied with measures for the benefit of

the urban working class, so has their administration from 1886 to 1892 been distinguished by well-directed plans for the benefit of the rural working class. The Allotments Act gave power to the local authorities to take land for the purpose of field-gardens wherever the want of them was felt and was not likely to be supplied by voluntary action. This power will doubtless be transferred next session to the district council—a representative body to be elected by the rural population. District councils were to have formed part of the Government measure in 1888, when all the powers exercised by the rural sanitary authority would have been conveyed to them, the management of allotments being among the number. Mr Ritchie was prevented by Opposition tactics from completing his new system by legislation which would have given the labourers almost absolute control over their own affairs. But that will be the work of this spring, and when it is finished they will have little left to ask for in the shape of self-government. We speak of district councils rather than parish councils, not because we should not see with pleasure any attempt made to revive our old parochial system, but because so large a proportion of parishes in the more purely agricultural districts are too small to have a council of their own. Such a governing body would have literally nothing to do; and such parishes must be grouped together in any bill the Government can propose if the system is not to become a laughing-stock. More populous parishes might for the purposes of the Act be styled districts.

The labourers have now got free education, and can send their

children to school without having to pay for them at both ends—that is, by the contribution of school-pence and the loss of agricultural wages. And if no more were done for them by the Conservatives than what has been already mentioned, it is difficult to see why the peasantry should feel themselves neglected. If, indeed, they were guided solely by a comparison of what each party has effected for their benefit during the last fifty years, there can be no doubt which side they would espouse. But it appears to us that they are very little under the influence of these considerations; and that the question which they ask in their own minds when choosing between rural candidates is, not what any party has done, but what it is about to do; and as we have already said, the party out of power has a distinct advantage in answering this question. They may promise wages of £1 a-day, and meals provided at the cost of the ratepayers, if they like, and the labourers would probably believe them. It is useless to pretend to think that we can cope with such tactics as these. Should Radical lecturers and agitators persevere in assuring them that if Mr Gladstone is returned to power he will adopt the programme of the Socialists and divide the land among the people, we must not be surprised if the bait is swallowed, and the labourers have to learn from bitter experience how grossly they have been befooled. It may be that nothing but an awakening of this kind will cure them of their credulity, and of that disposition to believe in a Radical millennium which has been traded on by demagogues ever since the days of Jack Cade.

A glance at one or two other subjects will complete our survey

The great measure introduced by the Conservative Government in 1888 for the reconstruction of our local administrative system is perhaps, of all the reforms they have undertaken, the least in harmony with Conservative traditions. But the position of the Conservative party since 1886 has been one of unprecedented difficulty. Between moderate Liberalism and moderate Conservatism the line of separation resembles one of those slightly marked footpaths which, though plainly discernible from a short distance, are apt to grow invisible as we tread them: while as regards this particular measure, the County Government Bill, we must in common justice remember two things in connection with it. The Conservative party stood pledged to some considerable reform in the system of local taxation; and the measures of relief which the gentry and the farmers<sup>1</sup> had demanded for nearly twenty years, could not have been granted by any Government without the introduction of a representative element into our provincial administration. In the second place, we have no doubt that many members of the Government were and still are under the firm impression that the Act of 1888 is capable of being turned to good account by the local aristocracy if they choose to take the trouble; and that they may retain and even extend under the new system all the influence they possessed under the old.

Free education, be it named in passing, has nothing to do with the fundamental principles of Conservatism. The wisdom of assisting the poorer classes out of the public purse is a question for polit-

ical economists. But a man does not make himself either a Radical or a Conservative by a mistake in political economy. If it is asserted that free education will ruin the voluntary schools, this is a question on which those who are most interested in the preservation of voluntary schools are divided in opinion. Many English clergymen of great experience and unimpeachable Conservative principles believe that it will be of the greatest service to voluntary schools. Surely under such circumstances the Government should at least have the benefit of the doubt.

There has never been a Conservative Government in office yet of which some of its supporters have not declared that it was faithless to its principles. This was said in 1835, it was said in 1845, it was said in 1852, in 1859, in 1867, and in 1876. The reason is that Conservatism must be either progressive or powerless, and that those who bring these charges against it will not recognise the truth. If the Conservative party allows itself to be reduced to impotence, the enemies of our existing institutions will lose the only check upon their schemes which parliamentary government affords. Something, no doubt, must be surrendered, but half a loaf is better than no bread; and if the crew obstinately reject the captain's orders, and would rather let the ship go down than sacrifice part of the cargo, there is no more to be said. The consequences must be upon their own heads.

It is quite unnecessary for the purpose of this article to do more than refer very briefly to our Irish and foreign policy. The

<sup>1</sup> The iniquitous incidence of local taxation was not confined to the country—it affected all real property; but in the country it fell harder on individuals.

authority of the law has been re-established in Ireland; crime, intimidation, and violence have been suppressed; peaceable and orderly citizens have been secured in the exercise of their civil rights, and freed from the intolerable yoke of a selfish and dishonest confederacy. Now indeed is in process of being realised the picture drawn by Mr Bright, of what he hoped would be the fruits of Mr Gladstone's earlier legislation:—

"All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail,  
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale."

But it has been reserved for Mr Gladstone's opponents and not for Mr Gladstone himself to effect this happy change. Abroad, where Mr Gladstone left us without a friend, we are now without an enemy. Even the Gladstonian party are so totally unable to find fault with Lord Salisbury's foreign policy, that they are driven in despair to say that he borrowed it from themselves. It is very curious that the same policy should in different hands produce such very opposite results. But Radicals who make the above claim do not see how heavily it tells against themselves. If they had all the right ideas, but were totally unable to reduce them to practice, or make them bear their natural fruits, it is a proof of inherent incapacity far more fatal to their pretensions to statesmanship than the adoption in any given instance of a mistaken view. Mistakes need not be repeated; congenital incompetence is incurable.

Lord Salisbury's Government, then, looked at all round, is the most successful and prosperous which the country has experienced since the Peace, with the one exception, perhaps, of Lord Palmerston's second Administra-

tion. Lord Salisbury has realised the famous promise of Sir Robert Peel in 1835. "I offer you," said he, with dignified confidence in his own powers, "peace, economy, the restored confidence of powerful States, and reforms both civil and ecclesiastical, which shall remedy acknowledged evils. Do not lightly reject these offers." And shall we lightly reject a Government which has so abundantly fulfilled this promise?

On completing this survey of the last fifty years, it is natural to ask what lessons we may learn from it bearing on the immediate future. The first is this, that to exercise a powerful and even decisive influence over the direction of affairs, it is not necessary that parties should themselves be in the possession of office. We are dealing with domestic rather than with foreign policy, as the latter is unavoidably committed more exclusively to the care of individuals, and lies less under the immediate control of public opinion. It is one of the most remarkable features of our modern parliamentary history, that while for twenty-seven years the Conservative party never had a majority in the House of Commons, that assembly continued nevertheless to be under the influence of Conservative ideas for the whole period. The reason of this was, that when the Conservative Ministry of 1842 were displaced on a question of political economy, the great Conservative reaction which set in soon after the Reform Bill had not spent its force. Successive Governments, calling themselves Liberal, could not lay a finger on any of the institutions of the country without the consent of their opponents. After the death of Lord Palmerston we had another Radical reaction; but the effect upon the

popular mind was exactly the same as that which followed the Reform Bill of 1832. After seven years' experience of Radicalism the Conservatives were called to power in 1841. After eight years' such experience they were again called to power in 1874. We doubt very much whether the feeling which prompted this summons was exhausted in 1880. It was fancied that a Government might be formed, as we have already said, on plain Whig principles, which would be something like the Government of Lord Aberdeen or Lord Palmerston. As soon as the people found out what they had got instead, they repented of what they had done; and we firmly believe that should the election of 1892 follow the course of that of 1880, the country would equally soon be disgusted with its own fickleness. We believe that the Unionist party at this moment represents most faithfully the dominant public opinion of the day; and that it will be in no danger of being overridden merely because by the action of one ignorant class its representatives are for the moment in a minority. The survey we have undertaken affords us, we repeat, excellent grounds for adhering to this conviction. A Conservative party has now been formed in the country very much resembling the party which was formed under Sir Robert Peel and Lord Stanley; and we expect to see it hold its own for many years. A remarkable tribute to the ascendancy of Conservatism in the nation at large is to be seen in the fact that the Liberals studiously abstain from speaking of it by that name. They dare not call the Government Conservative. They know that the name is too popular. They have for many years

past laboured to identify the Conservative party with the *régime* of Eldon and Perceval, when the word Conservative did not exist, in order to escape the disagreeable necessity of looking the last fifty years in the face, and recognising what Conservatism has done, and the hold which it has upon the nation.

The second point on which it is necessary to dwell is that, from its earliest infancy, the leaders of the Conservative party have strenuously asserted their right to a share in reformatory legislation, of which first the Whigs and afterwards the Liberals laid claim to a monopoly. From the publication of the Tamworth Manifesto to the last speech of Lord Salisbury at Birmingham, this claim has been steadily repudiated. If judgment on this head was once allowed to go against them by default, the able men by whom the Conservatives were led knew well enough that they must give up all hope of becoming "effective public servants," and become powerless to attain those very ends for the sake of which the party was created. This is no new thing. The Conservative party could not have lived on any other terms. The country, sixty years ago, entered on a new era; and the question which it has had to decide for itself ever since is, whether it shall have Conservative reform or Radical. The whole history of the last half-century shows that it prefers the former. And it is to give effect to this preference that the Conservative party exists. When it renounces this position it signs its own death-warrant. It may still call itself a party; still continue to discharge the formal duties of an Opposition; still toast Conservative principles at Primrose banquets; and still fondly

persuade itself that a future is before it. But its vitality and utility will be gone for ever. Its talk will be only the garrulous egotism of a decayed veteran—shouldering his crutch—the hope will be only the hope of the unhappy paralytic, who believes every day that to-morrow he will rise and walk.

Thirdly, we have to note, what is evidently becoming a source of anxiety to some of our most distinguished statesmen, the marked change which within the last forty years has come over the system of party government. Lord Salisbury called attention to it in his great speech at Birmingham on the 25th of November last. Party spirit of old was not less bitter than it is now. But it confined itself within certain limits. Rival statesmen and rival political connections would differ from each other on some great principle,—the royal prerogative, parliamentary reform, religious toleration, or what not,—but they did not carry their warfare into the details of legislation, whether they affected these principles or not. When a party was returned to power by the popular verdict, the Opposition accepted the fact, recognised the national voice, and did not think it their duty to throw any obstacles in the way of the Government but such as arose out of the ordinary course of public business. Then, of course, the party system was no hindrance to the work of the country being conducted with dignity and efficiency. But now, when, as soon as a Government is in office, the Opposition think of nothing else but how to get them out again as quickly as possible, and with that object in view devote all their energies to the task of harassing, crippling, and defaming them; when not a single measure is discussed

upon its merits, but only for the purpose of ensuring its ultimate collapse, or, when that is impossible, of casting suspicion on its honesty, and poisoning the public mind against its authors; when, in order to provide themselves with a plausible or telling cry, the Opposition will lay hands, without scruple, on the fundamental institutions of the country, and talk as glibly of destroying a Church or abolishing a Senate as they might do of a turnpike gate; when Opposition, in a word, is no longer willing to be an Opposition, and writhes under the necessity with so much violence and impatience as to rob the House of Commons of one half of its practical utility,—then, indeed, we cannot be surprised that grave and responsible statesmen should raise a note of warning, and suggest that ere long party government may be standing in the dock.

It is not all at once, especially in a country like England, that the effects of great changes become visible. Lord Beaconsfield seems to have thought sometimes—for he did not always agree with himself on these topics—that one consequence of the Reform Bill would be the gradual extinction of the party system. But while the influence of statesmen who had been bred up in the old *régime* remained paramount in the House of Commons, the old machinery continued to work fairly well; and the political understanding by which two great parties divided from each other by some great constitutional principle were content to take turn, and turn about with its rival in the duties and emoluments of office, was still kept up. Indeed the yoke of party, for reasons we have already stated, grew rather heavier than lighter immediately after the Reform Bill. But the expansion of

the Radical element in Parliament, and the growth of a party indifferent to constitutional traditions, and believing itself charged with a mission to reconstruct society, has completely changed the House of Commons known to Peel, Russell, and Palmerston. For Radicals of the type we have described to submit to remain in Opposition is treason to their principles. Perish the paltry details of merely useful or practical legislation, if the price we have to pay for them is the toleration of a Conservative Government. It is clear that such a spirit as this is irreconcilable with party government as it has hitherto existed in this country, and that one or the other must give way.

These then, as it seems to us, are the three great lessons we may learn from the retrospect set forth in this article—namely, the great power that under certain conditions may be exercised by a party in Opposition, as for twenty years after the repeal of the corn laws we saw it exercised; the certainty of the Conservatives being called to office whenever Radicalism becomes aggressive, and the consequent necessity of holding a party together which shall keep itself in touch with popular feeling as the only means by which it can hope either to preserve our institutions from ruin, or make their downward progress, if so it must be, more gentle and more gradual; and finally, the fact that the system of government which had served its purpose admirably down to 1832, and continued for another generation to show no outward symptoms of decay, is at length beginning to totter under the effect of the new elements introduced into it by the second and the third Reform Bills.

We think, however, that these

considerations should inspire all Conservatives with fresh hope and confidence. Should the present system last, they will always have at their back a great and powerful party, strong not merely in its rank and wealth, but also in the moral effect of a Conservative democracy, the growth of which in our large towns is one of the most significant features of the period now under consideration. In Opposition they will exercise an influence no longer capable of being represented as anti-popular or regressive: in office they have shown what they can do. That a Conservative Government which recognises modern responsibilities, and shows itself alive to the social necessities of the age, may be powerful and popular, and command the respect of the great majority of independent men, has been abundantly demonstrated.

On the other hand, should the present system *not* last, would they be less favourably placed? We think not. The consequences likely to ensue on the breaking up of this system it is difficult to predict. But one result seems certain, that it would relieve Ministers from the necessity of resigning whenever they suffered any serious defeat in the House of Commons. A chance combination of groups not accustomed to act together, and uniting only for one particular purpose, would not imply that the Ministers had lost the confidence of the House. In order to prove this, they would have to unite again and again upon a variety of other questions; and thus in process of time something very like a party would again be formed. But supposing this not to happen, and the disappearance of the party method to be final and complete, the Ministers of the Crown might then be

selected from the ablest men in the House without regard to their connections; and we think it may safely be affirmed that such a Government would always be, in the best sense of the word, Conservative. We have good reason to believe that between 1852 and 1855 the possibility of such a system was under the consideration of the Court. There would then be no reluctance among statesmen, as on the part of Mr Gladstone formerly, and of Lord Hartington more recently, to join a Ministry whose general principles they approved because of party ties, connections, and antecedents. Thus for a statesman to obtain office, he would no longer be obliged to agitate and convulse the country from end to end, in order to turn out a whole party, and change the complexion of the House of Commons. He would be able to satisfy his ambition on easier terms. That such a result would be highly favourable to Conservative principles requires no demonstration. Men like Sir W. Harcourt and Lord Rosebery and Lord Spencer would not be Radicals if they could help it. Accustomed as we are to our own House of Commons, we find it difficult to realise such conditions, and practical men may call such suggestions fantastic. But they cannot really be so when the Prime Minister of England thinks it necessary to advert with so much seriousness to the circumstances on which they are founded. But the best way of avoiding such a change, and keeping up the old system as it is, stripped of its parasitical inconveniences, would be by such a further reconstruc-

tion of parties as should rob the present method of Opposition of all its efficacy. A party to effect this object must be not only powerful and influential, but rest on such a broad foundation as to render its tenure of office "steady and continuous" for considerable periods of time. No one party ought to be permanently excluded from power. Each must have its turn. But that need not happen every five or six years. Such rapid fluctuations as this are as fatal to the efficiency of Government as the exclusive possession of office by one connection only. If we could so rearrange the system as to permit of parties holding a middle course between these two extremes, the difficulty would be solved.

Mr Chamberlain has told us recently that in his opinion the Liberal Unionists are more serviceable where they are than they would be if fused with the Conservatives. He has no thoughts of rejoining the Gladstonians. But he professes to look forward to the formation of a third party—a "Moderate Liberal party"—which shall stand upon its own bottom. He must know in his heart that this is impossible. Both the Conservatives and the Radicals are now too powerful and too numerous to admit of such a party growing up between them, holding itself aloof from both, and yet strong enough to govern the country. It must draw the materials for its majority either from the Conservative or the Gladstonian ranks; and must throw in its lot in the long-run either with the party of revolutionary aggression or the party of constitutional progress.



## PLEASURE.

WHEN Sainte-Beuve published his romance 'Volupté,' he showed some solicitude for the scruples of those who might take alarm at such an equivocal title, explaining to them frankly in the Preface that his book, though written with a serious moral purpose, was not meant for those who were too strait-laced to have feeling for human foibles. At the same time, he dismissed rather contemptuously those who might be lured to peruse it by the very same appearance of evil that scared the others, remarking that he did not concern himself though they would certainly be disappointed. Montaigne, on the other hand, anticipating Helvetius by three centuries in declaring that, even in virtue, the principal aim of man is pleasure, found a mischievous delight in scandalising prudes. *Il me plaist de battre leurs oreilles de ce mot (la volupté) qui leur est si fort à contre-cœur*—"I delight in dinning into their ears this word which is so odious to them."

Of the two examples, that of Sainte-Beuve is the safer for a writer in these days to follow, and to acknowledge that the word which stands at the head of this page is one of doubtful reputation. It has been too often seen in bad company; *noscitur a sociis*—it is looked on askance by steady-going people, as if it were a synonym for revelry, debauchery, promiscuous junketings, horse-racing, card-playing, and suchlike.

Towards the close of last century there was started the 'Sporting Magazine,' which ran a career, neither inglorious nor unprofitable

to the publishers, for upwards of seventy years. The title-page of the earlier numbers undertakes that "the Turf, the Chace, and every other Diversion interesting to the Man of Pleasure" will be fully dealt with. It must be confessed that some of the contents of the magazine were such as to favour the sinister significance of the term "Man of Pleasure"; for the editor took a catholic view of sport, and not only interlarded the records of the chase with annals of the cock-pit and the prize-ring, and realistic descriptions of public executions, but, in certain paragraphs headed "Matrimonial Sporting," admitted detailed accounts of the raciest *crim. con.* and abduction cases. This gave the lover of legitimate sport a bad start. A periodical conducted on such broad lines might well strengthen the opinion held by some serious persons that all sport involves disreputable associations, and helped, no doubt, to bring it about that many people in this country still think and speak coyly of pleasure, as if it were in itself a hurtful or obnoxious thing.

Nevertheless, rightly understood, pleasure is the chief object of all human government—the art, namely, of making people pleased or happy; and it would not be less rational to condemn religion because of the cruelties that have been inflicted in its name, or art because some good pictures have an immoral tendency, as to inveigh against pleasure because some people pursue it selfishly or find it in unworthy objects. 'Ὁρθῶς χαίρειν, to enjoy rightly, is one of the surest precepts of hu-

man happiness; and it is difficult for a layman to put his finger on any denunciation of pleasure, as such, in either Old or New Testament. There is something of insincerity, something unmanly, in the conventional attitude assumed towards pleasure by professing Christians. We are constantly seeking it, yet we declare abhorrence of pleasure-seekers; we profess to despise it, yet the whole effort of the nations is to obtain it. Montaigne, distinguished for frankness rather than sternness of philosophy, makes no bones about this: "Toutes les opinions du monde en sont là, que le plaisir est notre but; quoyqu'elles en prennent divers moyens: autrement on les chasseroit d'arrivée; car qui escouterait celuy qui, pour sa fin, establirait nostre peine et mesaise?"

This contradiction of profession and practice arises in part from sheer hypocrisy, in part from imperfectly understanding the true nature of pleasure, or, as it may please some to put it (though the phrase so arranged is neither so comprehensive nor so explicit), the nature of true pleasure. Christians, it is true, are told to rejoice when men shall speak evil of them and persecute them, and this seems sometimes to be interpreted as an injunction to make themselves so ungenial and disagreeable as to bring upon themselves the natural consequences of being disliked; but it is certain there is nothing good or to be grateful for in evil-speaking and persecution, and no merit in enduring or courting such treatment, except so far as it is a sign that those who incur it are taking a course opposed to the will and practice of worldly men. But even such martyrs are not called on to resign all idea of pleasure for ever-

more; the enjoyment is but postponed, "for great is their reward in heaven." Throughout Scripture pleasure is pronounced a good and right thing, and therefore to be desired. "I know that there is no good in them," says the Preacher, "but for a man to rejoice, and to do good in his life. And also that every man should eat and drink, and enjoy the good of all his labour, it is the gift of God."

Thorough though our persuasion may be that ours is no continuing city, and that we are on the way to a better world, there is no merit in making our journey thither uncomfortable.

What is the aim of all philanthropy but pleasure in the present? what is the promise of every religion but pleasure in the future? With what consistency can the honest believer undervalue pleasure, when the Psalmist declares that at the Lord's "right hand are pleasures for evermore"? Even Jeremiah, the eponymus of all that is doleful, is constrained to offer pleasure as the reward of righteousness: "Then shall the virgin rejoice in the dance, both young men and old together;" yet there lingers among certain sects a feeling, expressed in Petrarch's description of the dance, as quoted by Burton, as "a circle of which the devil himself is the centre; many women that use it have come dishonest home; most indifferent; none better." Burton himself, after citing the most furious denunciations of it as well as what has been written in its praise, was led to the following conclusion: "This is my censure in brief; dancing is a pleasant recreation of body and mind, if sober and modest (such as our Christian dances are), if temperately used."

It is delicious to picture the

prolix and erudite Anatomist of Melancholy being lured out of his den in Christ Church to join "temporarily" in the dance: was it moments like these that led the "ancients of Christ Church" to assure Anthony a-Wood "that his company was very merry, facete, and juvenile"?

If we may start with the assumption that pleasure is a good and right thing, one to be desired, and therefore one that it is worth taking some trouble to secure, then it will not be wasting time to consider its true nature and remark upon some of the more frequent and remediable hindrances to its attainment, as well as to point out the common neglect of some of its purest sources.

Pleasure, then, not in the limited, painfully technical sense in which Sainte-Beuve used the word, but in the full meaning of enjoyment and delight, is indeed one of the most difficult subjects that can possibly be submitted to analysis. Seek and ye shall *not* find it, unless your search is wisely directed. Often it eludes the most elaborate plans and costly preparation for its capture. Equally often it springs out unawares upon the wayfarer when he is least looking for it, meets him with frankest countenance where its presence would be least suspected. Thus the ordinary scheme of social entertainment is devised to encourage that most precious of all earthly joys—human intercourse. The stranger wandering through London on some night in June finds himself in a street crowded with glittering carriages, a constant stream of airily dressed, bejewelled, and beflowered men and women flows across the carpeted steps of a spacious mansion; strains of exquisite music float through open windows into the

summer night; glimpses may be had of staircases and shaded balconies bright with all the flowers of fairy-land. To the poor wanderer it seems impossible to imagine enjoyment more complete than that prepared for those privileged to meet their friends in such a lovely scene; and turning away with an envious sigh, he betakes himself to his lonely lodging to dream of delights that are far beyond his reach. Beyond *his* reach only, does he think? He little knows! Conversation has been described—neither inaptly nor irreverently—as the communion of saints, but, in some of its phases, it is pretty well disguised.

"Going to Lady Midas's to-night?" inquires a weary-looking woman of one whom she meets dining at a friend's house, who, elderly and overfed, finds it a task almost beyond her powers to keep awake till the men come up from the dining-room.

"Yes," replies the second, ineffectually smothering a yawn; "we must just show ourselves there, I suppose. But it's a bore; for there are two or three balls to-night, and it is such a bad place to get away from."

Or perhaps it is among the men that the popular aspect of Lady Midas's magnificent entertainment reveals itself.

"Not going yet, old fellow," says the host, "not going into society, eh? You surely know better than that at your age. Look here," sinking his voice, "just you wait till the women have gone, and we'll have a quiet rubber and a cigar."

"Ah, wouldn't I just like it!" replies the other, ruefully; "but you see my wife insists on my going to a confounded squash at Lady Midas's—won't go without me, you know."

Yet the hostess's object is most laudable. She throws open her house, fills it with flowers, music, and soft light, provides a supper fit for Lucullus—all to enable people to meet their friends. Why is it all a failure (though every one agrees it was a great success)? why are nineteen out of every twenty people bored at having to go and in a hurry to come away? The thing aimed at—pleasant intercourse—is far from unattainable; for *that* may turn up suddenly, without the slightest preparation, in a chance meeting on a railway journey or (this has actually happened) in a dentist's waiting-room. The fact is, elaborate preparations are more likely to scare than to secure pleasure. To quote some expressive words of Mr Dallas: "Pleasure seldom gives note of her coming. She comes like an angel—unheard, unseen, unknown; and not till she is gone or parting from us are our eyes opened to what we have enjoyed."

The nature of the object sought after is not in itself of the essence of pleasure. There is, perhaps, no engine of ease more consummately designed for its purpose than a modern bed, with its liberal expanse of resilient mattress and alternate layers of snowy flax and creamy wool, by which temperature and weight of covering may be adjusted with the last degree of nicety. As a machine for repose it really leaves nothing to be desired; yet how completely, after all, does the enjoyment of it depend on circumstances beyond the occupant's control. There is no half-hour of physical enjoyment so unalloyed as that before getting up in the morning. The limbs revel in the delicate contact of fine linen and the amorous pressure of the mattress. Is one too

warm? There are unexplored recesses under the sheets stored with refreshing coolness, into which feet and arms may be thrust. Is one chilly? There is the eider-down quilt, light as a lover's whisper and warm as his nymph's embrace, to draw over the top. Nor is it merely an hour of sensuous ease. There is none in the whole round of the clock when the intellect is so active, or when thought flows so quick and so clear. A thoughtful host remembers this, and makes bedside book-shelves as integral a part of bedroom furniture as a wash-hand-stand or a wardrobe. Yet, to the bedridden, what is this bed but Gehenna? The same sheets, the same springs, the same decorous luxury is there, but they confer no pleasure—

"Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage."

The sick man loathes the very same couch which, when healthy, he was often too laggard in leaving; and when visitors come, bringing with them the smell of the field and the wood, his whole being yearns to be out in the free air, to feel the glorious sun or to cower in the bitter blast.

Again: to the student—the genuine *helluo librorum*—books are all in all; give him a generous supply of these and he is satisfied, he wants no more; he even grudges the time spent in taking food, rest, or necessary exercise; in extreme cases he becomes indifferent to living friendship, finding all his solace in the companionship described by Mr Ruskin in one of the soundest of his many sound scoldings:—

"There is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation: talk to us in the best words they can choose, and with

thanks if we listen to them. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle,—and can be kept waiting round us all day long, not to grant audience, but to gain it;—kings and statesmen lingering patiently in those plainly furnished and narrow ante-rooms, our bookcase shelves,—we make no account of that company,—perhaps never listen to a word they would say all day long.”

Long before Ruskin, Richard of Bury, when as yet printed books were not, spoke not less reverently of literature. “These are masters,” he wrote in his ‘*Philobiblion*’ (A.D. 1340), “who instruct us without chastisement, without anger, without fee; if you repair to them, they are not sleeping; if you ask them anything, they do not hide themselves; if you blunder, they complain not; if you betray ignorance, they laugh not.”

How can any one remain insensible to books as a source of pleasure?—one at which the million may slake their thirst. Nevertheless, not to mention the schoolboy, in whose eyes books are but elaborate obstacles to the enjoyment of life, there are thousands and tens of thousands of educated men who prefer the scribbling of daily journalists to the written thoughts of kings and statesmen; and seldom read anything but newspapers, shallow magazine articles, or, at the highest, quaff, not from the perennial wells of Helicon, but from the wayside rills of contemporary fiction. Such people, when they do turn to reading as a pastime,

“Love to hear  
A soft pulsation in their easy ear;  
To turn the page and let the senses drink  
A lay that shall not trouble them to think.”

They indulge in what Mr Braithwaite has spoken of as “a feeble

attempt to think by proxy.” But this kind do not know the pleasure of literature, because desire, in the gratification of which consists the nature of pleasure, has not been born in them; “many are the thyrsus-bearers, but few are the mystics.” There are plenty who take books in their hands, but few who care to commune with the writer, content if he prattles to them pleasantly enough to keep their thoughts in a state of agreeable titillation.

In like manner, persons of a devout temperament have resort to the services of the Church, and find therein comfort for their souls and the brightness of their lives. It is not for a pretence they make long prayers, but because to do so satisfies a want of their nature; while others, not merely the careless or irreverent, but some thoughtful, earnest men, dread the effort involved in the frequency and length of public worship.

Examples might be multiplied, all tending to prove that there is no such thing as objective pleasure, but that pleasure is a harmony—that is, a fitting together—a fitting of an external object with a mood or want within ourselves. It is, to put it plainly, the fulfilment of desire, the gratification of an appetite not necessarily ignoble, but often, in our strangely complex beings, very much the reverse. In short, as Suckling says—

“’Tis not the meat, but ’tis the appetite  
Makes eating a delight.”

The word “harmony,” it may be observed, is not used here in a loose or metaphorical sense, but in its literal etymological meaning. Human speech is a spontaneous growth, and words long retain an intrinsic significance which may have been obscured by everyday

use. Thus "harmony" is best understood by remembering the meaning of the original Greek *ἀρμονία*, a fitting together of parts. Being a convenient expression for the pleasing arrangement of musical notes, the term has been almost monopolised by musicians; but so far from there being any affectation in applying it generally, it would be the most mischievous form of pedantry to restrict it to technical use. The word suggests a true analogy between the agreement of musical sounds and that fulfilment of desire which creates or constitutes pleasure; and the art of pleasure is, in fact, neither more nor less than the science of harmony.

For reasons already referred to, of special weight in a country which retains the stamp of the Puritan furnace, it is difficult to get the popular mind to analyse the nature and ingredients of pleasure, without importing moral considerations into the process; but even these may be more closely examined hereafter, if a clear understanding may be had of the former.

In the ancient Greek philosophy two distinct theories of pleasure claimed disciples: the earlier Cyrenaic school taught that pleasure was to be had only in action, securing a process of change from an indifferent state to a better one, thereby leading to a reliance on the senses to produce material delight; the Epicurean doctrine (strangely misapprehended by modern people) being that pleasure is the result only of repose, that tranquillity of body and mind should be the end in view, and that the intellect is the true channel of enjoyment. Plato, one of the earliest and most courageous chemists of pleasure, endorsed the

views of the Cyrenaics, and explained that pleasure could only be defined as a relief from pain. This was also the opinion of Kant, who held that what we strive to attain is not so much a definite gratification as the appeasing of disquiet:—

"And that it is not a pleasure which entices us to this (the passing from one state to another), but a kind of discontent with present suffering, is shown by the fact that we are always seeking for some object of pleasure without knowing what that object is, merely as an aid against the disquiet—against the complement of petty pains which for the moment irritate us and annoy us. It is thus apparent that man is urged on by a necessity of his nature to go out of the present as a state of pain, in order to find in the future one less irksome. . . . Pleasure is nothing positive; it is only a liberation of pain, and therefore only something negative."

This is the sort of quagmire in which ingenious philosophers delight in landing us. We know—every natural healthy mind that does not torment itself with phrases knows—that positive pleasure *does* exist; and though we may be unable to define it in a thoroughly scholarly way, and be uncertain whether it should be classed as a thing or a state, we are as well able to recognise it as the source of joy when we meet with it, as we are to recognise pain as the source of sorrow. Physicists tell us, with perfect truth, that a rainbow has no actual existence, that it is merely a sensation produced in the optic nerve by the decomposition of light under refraction; nevertheless all but the colour-blind know a rainbow when they see it, and, regarded purely as a phenomenon, it is capable of being examined and explained. We respond read-

ily enough to the *Sursum corda* / of pleasure, though it may be difficult to explain the nature of the summons to our own satisfaction or that of others; but it seems easy to show, by a concrete instance, the delusion of holding pleasure to be nothing but an escape from pain. Jeremiah's approval of dancing as an expression of mirth has already been quoted. Suppose a young girl, undressing to go to bed, were to receive an unexpected message inviting her to go to a ball; would she hesitate, think you, between her pillow and her ball-dress? Here is no case of escaping from pain; she is sleepy, and disposed for rest, as all young things ought to be at night; her desire and instinct is to say her prayers and lay herself down. Kant perhaps would maintain that directly she hears of the ball, she conceives a desire to dance, stronger than the desire for rest, and she hastens to the ball to assuage the unease or pain of desire. It may be so; but to plain folks, unversed in metaphysics, it would seem that for this girl pleasure begins the moment she hears of the ball, and, let it be hoped, continues as long as she stays at it. She was perfectly content and at ease when she received the summons, perhaps was meditating on the pleasure of getting into a comfortable bed, so that, according to Kant, it was impossible for her to derive pleasure from the ball, for she was conscious of no pain before going to it, and, says he, "it is the sudden, the instantaneous removal of

the pain which determines all that we can call a veritable pleasure."

According to this doctrine, pleasure only arises from abrupt contrast, and while discussing this matter, Mr Dallas, in the dainty bundle of essays which he labelled by the fanciful title of 'The Gay Science,'<sup>1</sup> very aptly quoted one of Browning's characters in support of it:—

" 'Heigho!' yawned one day King Francis,  
'Distance all value enhances!  
When a man's busy, why, leisure  
Strikes him as wonderful pleasure.  
Faith! and at leisure once is he,  
Straightway he longs to be busy.  
Here we've got peace, and aghast I'm  
Caught thinking war the true pastime.' "

But Plato himself had misgivings on the strict Cyrenaic theory that all pleasure was the result of escaping from a condition of little ease into one of greater. In one of his dialogues he puts into the mouth of Socrates a clear definition of absolute as distinguished from relative pleasure. It is true that he admits a very limited number to the list of absolute pleasures—viz., "Those from beautiful colours, as they are called, and from figures,<sup>2</sup> and most of those from odours, and those from sounds, and any object whose absence is unfelt and painless, while their presence is sensible and productive of pleasure. . . . To these may be added the pleasures of knowledge, if you grant that no hunger or pangs of hunger precede their acquisition."

What, then, is the true defini-

<sup>1</sup> 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1866.

<sup>2</sup> In a subsequent and remarkable passage he makes an important limitation to this: "By beautiful figures I do not mean what the mass of men might imagine, animal shapes or painted forms: but straight and curved lines, says my theory, and the planes and solids they generate with turning-lathes, and rulers, and goniometers."

tion of this pleasure, of which an attempt has been made to delineate some of the traits? by what means is its coming to be ensured? by what features is it to be recognised, and by what craft can its flight be delayed? Alas! it all comes to this, that Pleasure like Beauty eludes definition. "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?" "I cannot help laughing," said Goethe, "at the æsthetic folks who torment themselves in endeavouring by some abstract words to reduce to a conception that inexpressible thing to which we give the name of beauty. Beauty is a primæval phenomenon which itself never makes its appearance, but the reflection of which is within a thousand different utterances of the creative mind, and is as various as nature itself."

So is pleasure—"a primæval phenomenon"—a radiance shed from the presence of Him at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore, the source of which, though we may speculate about it, we cannot yet know. This much, however, it is in our power to do; seeing that pleasure is a sensation arising from the fitting of fulfilment to desire, and of condition to mood, we can encourage those desires and train those moods which conduct to the purest gratification; the furniture of "the soul's dark cabin, battered and decayed," may be so arranged that nothing shall intercept the bright rays that fall on the casement: it is even permitted to make new apertures or widen existing ones, each an avenue of fuller delight, a trap to catch the sunbeams of joy.

For example, the immense expansion and inexorable precision of modern science, though they

deter most people from taking an active interest in it, have, notwithstanding, immensely increased the richness of natural science as a source of pleasure. One is not necessarily a drone because he revels in the store accumulated by the industry of others. It is quite true that the farm of science is divided into a thousand fields, and it is only by diligent labour in one of these—often in no more than a compartment of one of these—that substantial addition to the harvest of knowledge can be made. It was otherwise in the days when Bacon wrought; the scope of science was then so little developed that a diligent student might excel in and contribute to every branch of it, but now the labour has to be divided among specialists. Oliver Wendell Holmes's entomologist is no caricature; his department of insect life was the *Coleoptera* or beetles, and he indignantly resented some question addressed to him about a butterfly, as if he were one who should concern himself about meretricious *Lepidoptera*. It is a condition of things bringing to mind the Italian prescription for a salad sauce, which requires four men to concoct—namely, a spendthrift for the oil, a miser for the vinegar, a councillor for the salt, and a madman to stir it.

But the harvest is garnered not for the labourers alone, but for all; "whoso is simple, let him turn in hither." It is possible for every one with ordinary leisure to acquire considerable knowledge of the results of many branches of science. "The world," observed Seneca, "would be a small thing if it did not contain matter of inquiry for all the world;" and who can number the new sources of pleasure opened up by merely becoming acquainted with the province of



scientific research? "Jack of all trades, master of none," may be objected; but here is no question of being a master—the work has all been done, the feast prepared for us by others. One who has instructed himself in the classification and distribution of plants is not thereby entitled to rank himself as a botanist; but henceforth, let the hillside where he may be set be never so desolate, the way he fares along never so dreary, they will have for him a brightness and a significance beyond the understanding of one who sees there nothing but "weeds." So in the kindred sciences, geology and zoology, there exists not a habitable spot on the globe where a mind equipped with simple instruction in these will not derive far deeper delight than that so keenly sought for in the destruction of fur and feather. Sir John Lubbock, by lending his countenance to that device of the enemy—the "Hundred Best Books"—has raised serious misgivings as to his merit as a guide to sound enjoyment; but no one is better qualified than he to speak to the value of science as a source of pleasure. Those who know the diligence with which, in the intervals of leisure in a life of unusual activity and versatility, he has applied himself to strenuous and fruitful study, will best appreciate the reason he has for devoting a chapter to "Science" in his 'Pleasures of Life.' "Those," he says, "who have not tried for themselves, can hardly imagine how much science adds to the interest and variety of life. It is altogether a mistake to regard it as dry, difficult, or prosaic—much of it is as easy as it is interesting. . . . *The real causes of natural phenomena are far more striking, and contain more real poetry, than those which*

*have occurred to the untrained imagination of mankind."*

The voice of Nature speaks to all who will hear: it is not a serious task to learn her speech, for the task itself is a pleasure. Almost every one is so situated as to make it a matter of choice whether it falls on his ears as an unmeaning sound—the clatter of a foreign tongue—or close communion so long as life endures. There is an exquisite fairy tale about a lad who received the marvellous gift of understanding the speech of every living creature, from the ant to the elephant; not less marvellous is the interpretation within reach of almost every one. Upon the whole of creation, animate and inanimate, is written the legend, "Whoso hath ears to hear, let him hear."

Proof of the enduring quality of pleasure derived from knowledge of physical science may be had in the fact that no one is ever known to tire of it. No one has ever seen a man once instructed in botany become indifferent to trees and flowers; he who has acquired a knowledge of zoology will, sometimes unconsciously, note every bird that flies out of the hedge; and let anybody once become acquainted with the character and succession of geological strata, any ordinary railway cutting will henceforth be to him as a page in a fascinating book. It is the noble old myth of Memnon's statue, which alone, of all those the morning rays smote upon, gave forth responsive music. In the Platonic dialogue already quoted, Socrates is made to affirm that "intellectual pleasures may be assumed to be unmixed with pain, and the lot, not of the many, but of extremely few," because the intellectual hunger which spurs one to pursue

them is in itself a pleasant sensation, a safeguard against *ennui*—that cancer which eats into so much good leisure. But, in order to satisfy this painless hunger, men are content to undergo privation and encounter much suffering. The chronicles of travel are crowded with evidence of this, though the great travellers, from Christopher Columbus to Dr Nansen, the recent explorer of Greenland, are not exactly cases in point, the suffering they endured being met with, not in recreation, but in the discharge of their chosen profession. A better illustration may be found nearer home, in Robert Dick, the baker of Thurso, one of the latest martyrs of science. Who can read unmoved the pathetic narrative of this lonely but ardent life? who can follow him without admiration when, after a night spent in preparing the daily tale of loaves, he left his house at four in the morning to walk twenty or even thirty miles across the bleak pathless hills to dig a *Holoptychius* out of a cliff of Old Red Sandstone, or a *Sonchus* from the shoulder of Morven, and return at night dead beat, but supremely happy. Happy, that is, in all but this, that of all his fellow-townsmen and women there was not one from whom he could expect the slightest sympathy; for most of them regarded him as eccentric, and all wished he would pay more attention to the quality of his bread. Now, the question which each of us must settle for himself is, whether these high pleasures were too dearly bought. Is it worth incurring the sharper pain in order to share the higher delight? Is the intellectual enthusiast wiser than the debauchee who professes to be satisfied with an ounce of pleasure to a pound of

pain? Or is there greater wisdom in the mood that sighs—

“Happy the man whose wish and care  
A few paternal acres bound,  
Content to breathe his native air  
In his own ground”?

Many there be ready to declare that Robert Dick had been on the whole a happier man if he had been a more careful baker, and so kept out of financial embarrassment. But who can doubt, had he been given to live his life again, what his own choice would have been? For what balance at the bank would he have foregone that “one crowded hour of glorious life” when he discovered *Hierochloë borealis*, thereby adding a new plant to the British flora? For how many score of opulent customers would he have exchanged the single visit of Sir Roderick Murchison, and missed the ecstasy, after five-and-twenty years of solitary toil, of showing his rich store of fossils to the great geologist? Assuredly he would have hugged his hardships again to his bosom, so might he have the same reward. The true lover counts not as suffering the sacrifice made for his beloved.

But the point on which it is desired to lay stress is this, that all this fund of exquisite pleasure might be drawn on by multitudes without paying the heavy price exacted from Robert Dick. There are thousands of well-to-do folk who might share his pursuits without sacrificing comfort and risking solvency as he had to do; thousands to whom locomotion is easy, and leisure ample, whereas Dick wore out his frame by extraordinary physical exertion, and stole the necessary time for study from the hours available for repose.

The testimony of all who have tried it is unanimous that intel-

lectual pleasure transcends every other kind of pleasure within our reach; yet it remains as true in this day as it was in the days of Plato, that "they are the lot, not of the many, but of extremely few." The faculty of knowledge is latent in every sound mind: it has been shown that pleasure is the common aim of all human society; it is then passing strange that so few think of developing this, the source of the highest and most enduring pleasure.

Midway between the province of science and the province of art, blending its confines into those of each, and partaking of their properties, stands literature. It is dangerous to speculate on the pleasure attendant upon authorship: let it be assumed that it is not wanting, or there would not be so many quills dipped in ink-horns, and there let the matter rest, lest by dwelling on it encouragement should be given to latent ambition, and, in all conscience, there are as many scribblers as this much-enduring world can suffer. As to the readers, reference has been made already to their general neglect of works of the higher class — let the returns of every free and circulating library in the realm be cited if confirmation is wanted. One cannot but believe that if it were only known what stores of delight are ready to pour forth from library shelves for any one who once gets hold of the right key, the dust would not be suffered to gather on these treasures. It is impossible to contemplate the indifference shown to literature by many amiable, well-conditioned people, without deploring the capacity for enjoyment thus allowed to lie waste.

The spectacle of such a source of pleasure neglected brings to the

lips the ejaculation of the nameless lord in "All's Well that Ends Well," "Is it possible he should know that he is, and be that he is?" Well, but it's all very well to tell one to read, it may be said; but how the deuce is one to know where to begin in such a congestion of literature? There are 20,000 volumes published every year; the most diligent "sap" can only get through 7000 or 8000 in a lifetime, so this is a natural and reasonable question, and if one might, without presumption, offer advice — the fruit of vain regret for much misspent time — it would be this: choose some definite subject for the immediate purpose, it does not much matter which, and read some of the best — skim some of the newest works dealing with it. You will be brought into view of innumerable side vistas, some of them so enticing that you will be led off the track you intended to follow, so far astray, it may be, that you will never return. There is no harm done: Saul, of a family the least of all the families of the smallest tribe of Israel, was in search of his father Kish's asses when he met with the prophet who anointed him King of Israel; you may lose sight of the object in pursuit of which you started, but you will find one loftier, or at least you will become so enamoured of the route, that you will never sigh for the insipid pastures of ignorance again. But there must be method even in vagrancy: get into the habit of taking notes as you read. Without this precaution, literature flows over the brain in a current, pleasant and wholesome, indeed, but unfruitful. The mind cannot retain distinct impressions without mechanical aids, and there is no condition of mental atmosphere

less satisfactory than haziness. Much of the pleasure of which we are conscious exists in memory: it is plain, therefore, that very much of it must be lost by those who neglect to train, assist, extend, and cultivate the memory. Mr Morritt has described how, when visiting Egglestone and Brignal with Sir Walter Scott, who intended to make these places the scenes of some incidents in "Rokeby," he observed him noting down everything, even to the kind of wild-flowers growing near. "I laughed, in short, at his scrupulousness; but I understood him when he replied, 'that in Nature herself no two scenes are exactly alike, and that . . . whoever trusted to imagination would soon find his own mind circumscribed and contracted to a few favourite images, and the repetition of these would sooner or later produce that very monotony and barrenness which had always haunted descriptive poetry in the hands of any but patient worshippers of the truth.'"

Elaborate prescriptions have been given for arrangement of commonplace-books, but they are all in vain: the habit of making notes once acquired, method will shape itself for every one according to what he finds suits his convenience best. Even marginal notes (on one's own books, *bien entendu*) are not to be condemned; not the pert exclamations and marks of approbation or disapproval with which the readers of books from the circulating library deface the page and irritate those that follow them, but notes amplifying or illustrating the author's meaning. An example of this is at hand. There happens to be lying on the table beside me a copy of Mr Hamerton's 'Thoughts about Art.' It is

open at page 142, where that suggestive writer compares the prices given for pictures by living artists and those by dead ones. Some one has pencilled in the margin the following note: "Millet, when alive, offered his 'Angelus' to the dealers for 2000 francs (£80), to keep him from starving. He could not get it, and died in great want. In 1889, the same picture was sold for 1,500,000 francs (£60,000), and his mother and sister were in great poverty." Enriched with *marginalia* of this sort, a book acquires the character of a symposium—a constellation of thought, interfering not at all with the radiance of the original planet—and the pleasure of reading it is greatly enhanced.

There are subsidiary sources of pleasure to be found in books besides those in the printed page. The ways of the bibliomaniac may seem ridiculous enough, and the absorption in his pursuit as narrow as that of Wendell Holmes's coleopterist; but it is not necessary to be qualified for a place in John Hill Burton's minute classification as "a black-letter man, or a tall-copyist, or an uncut man, or a rough-edge man, or an early-English dramatist, or an Elzevirian, or a broadsider, or a pasquinader, or an old-brown-calf man, or a Grangerite, or a tawny moroccoite, or a gilt-topper, a marbled-insider, or an *editio princeps* man," in order to derive pleasure from a general knowledge of the styles of printing and binding. He who is either quite indifferent to or ignorant of the way a book is got up, or who despises it as a kind of literary millinery, is shut out from one of the most accessible by-paths of enjoyment. To light by chance in the neglected shelves of a country-house upon the grace-

ful sprays of Nicolas or Clovis Eve, on the delicate tracery of Le Gascon, on the bird of Derome or the fanciful inlaying of Pada-loup, is one of those incidents which enrich the hours of leisure and keep *ennui* at bay. There is nothing to prevent as good a speech being delivered in Hyde Park or at a street corner as in the House of Commons or to a great assembly in a large hall; but no one would hesitate as to which would be the better place for it: so one with a cultivated taste to gratify will enjoy the fitness of a good author's discourse, conveyed with choice type, good margins, and comely title-page, and enshrined in tasteful and enduring binding. Just as the botanist finds material for observation and pleasant thought in whatever land it may be his lot to linger, so the book-lover will extract pleasure from the second-hand stalls in any country town where he may have to wait for a train. The necessary knowledge is easily acquired, and carries no sorrow with it.

Hardly less pure than the pleasure of knowledge, though partaking more of the sensuous element, is the pleasure derived from art. It is of two kinds—the pleasure of production, which is purely intellectual, and the pleasure of reception, which is partly of the mind and partly of the senses. The artist alone can plumb the depth of the first; to realise the second calls for a degree of training, neither arduous nor necessarily prolonged, but too seldom insisted on. The fine arts reach the mind through two only of the avenues of sense,—those two, namely, which communicate directly with the greater brain—sight and hearing. Of these two, the eye is at once the most sensitive and the most toler-

ant, because it is in constant dependence on the intellect. It is a fact not generally appreciated that images of external objects are received upside-down on the retina; a babe's first impression of its father is that his boots tower far above its head; it is experience—i.e., knowledge—that convinces the child of the true relation of everything: images on the retina continue throughout life to be inverted, and it is by a continued though unconscious play of thought that they are restored to their natural position.

It is this intimate association of the eye with the reflective faculty that makes the appeal by art to the intellect more direct by pictures and images than by sound. For although most of the knowledge that comes by direct instruction arrives at our mind through the ear, the information so conveyed is not received unconsciously, it has to go through a conscious mental process before it is received; whereas eyesight involves incessant unconscious cerebration in the reversion of images as explained above. Many people totally uninstructed in painting derive pleasure from looking at a picture by Titian, who are simply indifferent to or even bored by a sonata by Beethoven.

In pronouncing the eye to be more tolerant of bad art than the ear, perhaps allowance has not been made for the power it has of protecting itself.

“Swans sing before they die, 'twere no  
bad thing  
Did certain persons die before they  
sing.”

The ear has no lids: when a bad performer is singing or playing it is not often possible, consistently with good manners, to shut out the

excruciating sound; but when an amateur exhibits his sketches, though they are too likely to be full of wretched drawing and unpleasant colour, the spectator is not obliged to dwell on them, and may even endure the painful sensation caused thereby, in consideration of the interest of incident or topography contained in them.

In art, as in all other things, increased capacity for enjoyment brings with it increased capacity of suffering. Nevertheless the pleasure of good art, when it can be found, is so infinitely enhanced by understanding it, that it is worth while encountering the offence caused by inferior or misapplied work. The untrained eye is insensible to the mischief of base ornament. So great is the development of machinery that the forms of beauty are mimicked and degraded by application to the meanest and most trivial objects. Designs originally conceived for the adornment of a king's diadem or an abbot's psalter appear in caricature on penny matchboxes or upholsterers' advertisements; the perception that is not keen enough to be offended is deadened by this excessive multiplication of what should be choice and rare. In no department of art has this had a more perceptible effect than in bookbinding. The English fashion of putting everything into cloth binding, tricked out with cheap ornament copied from the designs of good artists, is fatal to the appreciation of genuine work; and the admitted superiority of French binders is partly owing to the practice of publishing in paper covers, after which, if the book is worth binding, it is worth treating the matter thoughtfully.

One exception must be made to the remark that increased capacity

for enjoyment involves increased capacity for suffering. That is not the case in respect of one pleasure—namely, the pleasure of fine weather. There is no pleasure more thorough or with less alloy; it is unlike other kinds of pleasure in this, that it is independent of anticipation, for, in this climate at least, we never know whether the morrow will be fair or foul, nor is it marred by the apprehension, so hurtful to other enjoyment, of its coming close. We revel in it while it lasts, more thoroughly conscious of it, perhaps, at the moment, than of any other sort of pleasure, and feel inclined to exclaim continually, "What a lovely day!" And the remarkable thing about it is, that he who enjoys fine weather most keenly will derive enjoyment from all kinds of weather; indeed Mr Ruskin says in one of his books that there is no such thing as bad weather, only every kind of delightful weather.

To what general conclusions, then, do these reflections lead us as to the nature of Pleasure and the surest way of securing it? Can we not find an explanation of it more likely to enable us to attain to it than that given by Aristippus, and repeated by Kant, that it is but an escaping from pain? or one more lustrous than that supplied by the Epicureans and the Buddhists, that it is only to be attained in repose, and, ultimately, in the securest repose, annihilation or Nirvana? or one less cumbrous than Sir William Hamilton's, that "pleasure is a reflex of the spontaneous and unimpeded exertion of a power of whose energy we are conscious"? or one less dubious than Dallas', who pulls all these to pieces, and declares that pleasure for the most part is unconscious? We demur to the first,

because we know that much pleasure—that derived from beauty, for instance—comes to us with no heraldry of pain; to the second, because, complete repose being unattainable in this world, it would be idle to expect or strive after pleasure; to the third, because it gives no explanation of such pure pleasure as is derived from music or friendship; and to the fourth, because, if the best part of pleasure is unconscious, why should any effort be made to attain to it?

The only intelligible solution is that Pleasure is not a thing, but a sensation caused by the fitting together of desire and accomplishment. There is such a thing as honey, but there is no such thing as sweetness, until contact takes place between the tongue and some object capable of imparting to the gustative *papille* that sensation which we call sweetness. For moralists, therefore, to rail against pleasure is as irrational as it would be for physicians to warn people against sweetness; there

are wholesome things that taste sweet as well as unwholesome, there are noble and holy sources of pleasure as well as ignoble and unclean. In pursuing pleasure men are trying to grasp a phantom—in declaiming against it they are beating the air; the important thing is, what is the nature of the desire? for it is of the union of desire and accomplishment that pleasure is born, and the nature of the offspring depends on its parentage. The forbidden objects of desire are contained in six of the ten commandments; besides these, there are a multitude of objects capable of yielding pleasure, against which there is no law. We have fallen into the habit of speaking antithetically of duty and pleasure, as if they were mutually destructive of one another; but this is equally unjust to both, for of all the collects of the Church there is none wiser than that containing the prayer, "put into our minds good desires."

HERBERT MAXWELL.

## AN ESTIMATE OF MOZART.

(27th January 1756—5th December 1791.)

THE attention of the world, or that portion of it which calls itself musical, is turned just now towards one great name in music, whose universality of genius is not less marvellous than his extraordinary industry and influence—that veritable Prince of Harmony, MOZART. Just a hundred years ago the earth closed for ever over the eyes of this paramount son of art, whose music was destined to reach all lands—albeit the tragically sad end, the scanty death-chamber, and the later stage in the cemetery of St Marx outside Vienna, betokened little of fame or world-worship. There has been one greater tone-poet, but no name in all music thrills to enthusiasm or arouses such lovable sympathy as does the magic name of Mozart! He has bewitched mankind with his melodies, and every heart and soul is better for his glorious harmonies.

Musicians and the world generally know the story of the short, sad life, with all its clouds and fitfulness; but we are not so well informed concerning the nature and import of the influence exercised by this adorable genius upon the art of music.

Mozart's career abounds in interest, and, as is often the case with the lives of great men, much about which the ordinary mind is sceptical has gathered around this master-musician. Thus the story of the child's ear being so delicate that he could detect and remember until the next day a difference of an eighth of a tone, with another to the effect that the blare of a trumpet caused him to faint away

—such tales, while they serve to acquaint us with young Mozart's exquisite sensibility, can hardly be otherwise regarded than as the twaddle of a diseased biographical mind. As well declare the child-musician to have been proof against toothache and toys!

The birthplace was Salzburg, a venerable city with many associations of a past history, lying quietly in a valley in Central Europe, and unsurpassed for its picturesqueness and natural beauties of mountain-land and foliage. A remnant of its once greatness was the cathedral pile, hard by which stood the plain four-storeyed building since identified as Mozart's *Geburtshaus*. He came of musical stock; and when eight summers had played over him he was a delicate, serious child, with so wondrous an addiction for music that his fame had far passed the town gates. As early as three years of age his love for the harpsichord and violin could not be restrained; while at five he had composed a Concerto, and a story goes that he was found one day arguing with his father that his composition was a veritable concerto, because people "must practise it until they could play it perfectly." But besides his powers as an executant when a boy of eight, and the fact that he had composed several pianoforte sonatas, there was evidence that he was no ordinary child in the respect which his words commanded from his elders, musical and otherwise. All looked up to him, as it were; many revered, some even worshipped him. He was



thoughtful and full of intelligence far beyond his years. "As a boy," wrote his father to him in after-years, "you were too serious to be childish. For children's games and amusements you had no delight—in fact, they were distasteful to you." So grave, indeed, was his demeanour, that, to quote his father's words, "many people feared you would not live to grow up." Such a child might well use the text, "Next after God comes papa," as his guiding principle in all that he did while under the parental roof.

Like other precocious musicians, Mozart shared the fate of exhibition as a wonder-child, and went the round of German towns, Paris, the Hague, Amsterdam, and our own metropolis. Court orders and decorations were showered upon him; the Pope even insisted upon decorating the boy of fourteen with the Order of the Golden Spur. Yet these triumphs were transient and worthless beside the lasting fame which, by his achievements as a composer, he was gathering so surely.

The first indication of a great reputation was the opera "*La Finta Giardiniera*," produced at Munich (1775), when its composer was only nineteen years old. If this work betokened some subsequent influence upon the lyric drama, this was amply verified in "*Idomeneo, Re di Creta*" (1781), and in "*Die Entführung aus dem Serail*" (1782), which latter work especially supplies a landmark in dramatic musical art, for no previous comic opera had possessed such meritorious qualities as did this work; no other had been so original and satisfying; no similar score could be named that was replete with such new and beautiful music. Mozart's genius cast aside much accept-

ed dogma, but what he substituted tended to produce a model work of original operatic conception and skill. "*Le Nozze di Figaro*" (1786) was his next great effort in the cause of the lyric drama. Neglected at first, this opera made gradual headway, until its melodies were whistled over all Vienna. On its first representation at Prague, it was liked so much that it led to the commission for the best of all Mozart's operas, "*Don Giovanni*"—or, to give it its full title, "*Il Dissoluto punito ossia, il Don Giovanni*."

Passing from operatic to orchestral music, the young master reached true greatness in instrumental art when, in 1788, he gave to the world his grandest symphonies—the E flat, G minor, and C major—three colossal works composed in the marvellously short space of six weeks! The divine composer would appear to have already heard the alarm-note, "Work while it is day"; and this presentiment becomes the more noticeable upon examining these symphonies closely. They form a perfectly homogeneous whole—if we may so speak of a musical trilogy—which tells the life-story of their gifted author. Preparation, Conflict, Victory, the three stages in this not joyous artistic career, are unmistakably depicted. The general serenity of the E flat work is fitly illustrative of the early home years, with the comforts and encouragements which the Court Composer of Salzburg found for his wonder-child. In the G minor score we see the storm and struggle which followed the composer when, having married, he left the paternal roof and weathered the elements of a virtuoso's life. Victory, though, was assured. In the C major symphony—commonly called the "Jupiter"

—all the struggle and fight is over. This score reflects his triumphant period, and we seem to see the joy of the artist in the mood prompted by successes such as those of "Figaro" and "Don Giovanni," which crowned his later years.

Among Mozart's sacred music, the score around which most interest centres is the "Requiem" Mass, partly because of its extreme musical beauty, and on account of the story of the mysterious stranger who gave Mozart the commission, and so unnerved the master that he could not dissuade himself of the impression that it was his own death-knell. Unhappily, it proved his last score; for, although it had been his lifelong wish to compose an oratorio after the style of Handel's "Messiah," death claimed the divinely gifted musician just as he was gracing the final movements of the "Requiem."

As we look back and remember the pleasures he has created for posterity, the final scene is reproachful enough. Take the eventful night between the 4th and 5th December 1791. In an ill-lighted and humble apartment in No. 970 Rauhenstein-Gasse, or Roughstone Lane as we should say, sat the poor dying man in his bed, propped forward by pillows, trying between the fits of his cough to join in the singing of passages in his unfinished "Requiem." Around stood Mozart's brother-in-law Hofer the violinist, the cultivated musician Schack, and Franz Xaver Gerl the bass singer, all sensible that the precious life was fast ebbing. Yet the commission had to be finished, and the payment expected would go in domestic necessities. So Süssmayer—who wrote a neat hand very similar to Mozart's—was petitioned to take notes for

completing the score. Before the morning dawned all was over: the bright eyes were closed, the sweet tenor voice was silent in death—the gentle musician had gone for ever. The reputed cause of death was malignant typhus. At three o'clock in the afternoon of the 6th, the service was read over the body in St Stephen's Church, and amid a storm of sleet and rain it was conveyed to the cemetery. The few mourners, five musicians—Swieten, Salieri, Süssmayer, Roser, and Orsler—had dropped off, for the storm was blinding; and when the hearse pulled up amid the slush at the cemetery gate, a grim colloquy ensued between the driver and grave-digger upon the prospects of drink-money. Cursing the poverty of musicians in general, and their own ill-luck in particular, they seized the coffin and hurried it into a common grave over the shells of two paupers who had been buried the same day. Thus, "without a note of music, forsaken by all he held dear, the remains of this Prince of Harmony were committed to the earth, not even in a grave of their own, but in the common *fosse* affected to the indiscriminate sepulture of homeless mendicants and nameless waifs." From this obscurity Mozart's bones were never rescued, and the ashes of the frame which once held his distinguished mind, have long since mingled with the remains of less exalted sons of earth.

The Mozarteum at Salzburg—an educational institute for training and aiding poor musicians—and an institution with a similar mission—the Mozartsiftung at Frankfort—do honour to his splendid genius; but undoubtedly the greatest monument to his fame is the beauty and worth of his long list of compositions—over

six hundred works—written in a brief life of barely thirty-six years !

The music of the great masters is stamped with an unmistakable individuality, and no characteristics are more distinct than Mozart's. Like Beethoven, Haydn, and Spohr—who have their peculiar tonal bearing, ornament, and colour—Mozart's music has a distinct personal peculiarity and character which is as distinguishable as any hidden familiar voice. Many-sided in points of beauty and style as this music is, yet the personality is always present. It partakes of a psychological nature, springing direct from the soul and possessing something ineffably greater than the richest scholarship could supply. The mind travels heavenwards under the influence of Mozart, so marked is the melodic beauty and refinement, so pure and celestial is the ideal harmony. It is this lofty, truthful spirit which is the distinguishing feature, of all others, in Mozart's muse—one which, when associated with the quaint graces and turns which were his, renders Mozart's order and method peculiar in the hierarchy of art. Especially is all this noticeable in his sacred music.

Generally viewed, Mozart's scores are full of richest harmony and melody—having a freedom which carries all before it. But we can go deeper and find that the flow of original melody is continuous and expansive, and that by its means his greatest dramatic heights are reached—not by any process of synthetic induction, but by the outpouring of a prolific fount of spontaneous melodic gift. Then Mozart's harmonies are beautiful and natural in the extreme. His modulations are well timed, and while they are not discursive,

they are never too sudden—albeit when he would, the master could astonish with a startling transition. Witness some of the bursting changes of key in the E flat quartet ! A slender acquaintance with Mozart—such as would be formed from a knowledge only of the Sonatas for piano—induces the belief that his music is thin and wanting in emotion. Then it must be remembered that what Mozart's pianoforte music lacks in emotion and grandeur, is in some degree compensated for in the beautiful and finely wrought workmanship. But the student must go further, and hear the great orchestral works and chamber music. No soul-less musician wrote the passionate music in the G minor Quintet (1787). In the Quintet for clarinet and strings in A major there is much which well illustrates the clear and perspicuous style of Mozart. Whether regarded in its several movements or in its entirety, this work exhibits all that symmetry of form, perfect alike in outline and detail, characteristic of Mozart. Its first movement reveals the mastery over the theoretical tenets of the art ; in the *Larghetto* the tenderness of the master surpasses the beautiful richness of the melodic vein ; while the *Minuetto* with its two trios, and the final *Variations*, afford convincing evidence that Mozart's fancy was as lively as his learning was profound.

Before Mozart's day poetic import, emotion, and expression were practically unknown in orchestral music. All was surface-matter, such as would amuse. Audiences wanted to be pleased ; and although there was a yearning for scholasticism, little soul-power was demanded or supplied. Mozart put an end to this, and showed musical contemporaries and amateurs alike

how possible it was to imbue music with an expressional language, and make it the medium of each fear and fancy akin to the human breast. His scores, whether large or small, operatic or symphonic, possess a greater depth of meaning than did any contemporary music—a property which alone places them far above the rank of the music of the time.

Spontini once said, "Of all composers, Mozart only had fulfilled all the conditions of the *musico-dramatic* art." Certainly the aspect of the master as an opera composer is a great one. He sets all emulation at defiance, and whether in *opera seria* or *opera buffa* he cannot—considering how he found opera and the way his own works keep the stage—be regarded as else than the greatest opera composer the world has ever seen. Born in an age when Europe was emerging from a condition of intellectual inertness, he was well served in respect to opportunity; but from the outset his works were distinctly removed by their calibre and merit from the order of all contemporary lyric art. Beginning with some minor works, ere he closed his career the world was the richer by a series of operas which, as legitimate dramatic art, has never been surpassed in the history of the lyric stage.

To his success as an opera composer came several contributing forces. First and foremost he was a born melodist. Nature had endowed him lavishly with the gift of tune, and this was balanced with an equally important quality—a great theoretical grasp. To these seemingly inexhaustible gifts he added fine discernment. He realised the magnitude of the loss if contrapuntal detail and device disappeared from harmonic construction. And it was fast

passing away. Monodists were undermining the foundations of musical art by sapping it of all theoretical import and device—substituting a surface-matter of melodic exuberance. Any dabbler in sounds could furnish superstructures of this order, but only the masterly composer could supply the stability which would prevent an opera from toppling over for sheer want of balance and foundation. At this juncture Mozart saved the lyric drama, and, despising fashion, built up veritable models of grand lyric art unsurpassable in character or design.

There is something incompatible in a German composer essaying opera in a purely Italian method and spirit. Yet the Salzburg master did this successfully. Handel, years before, had broken down under the ordeal; but Mozart, matchless in his genius, proved invincible. Several Italian operas which he composed surpass musically and structurally most dramatic music from Italy's own sons, while of three or four of the examples it may be said that their many perfect points have been equalled by no other dramatic composer. No finer instance of *opera buffa* exists than "Cosi Fan Tutte" (1790); "Le Nozze di Figaro" (1786) is a faultless harmonious construction,—the perfection of operatic art, genuine, immortal; while no praise could be too lavish upon "Don Giovanni" (1787)—so full of lights and shadows and the contrasts of human existence.

Mozart's achievements with the national opera of his country were equally great. He raised German opera to an exceedingly high eminence. Taking the *Singspiel*—the most satisfactory form of German lyric art—he developed it, and evolved two such lyric

masterpieces as "Die Entführung aus dem Serail" and "Die Zauberflöte,"—operas which are as grand in conception and noble in proportion as they are delicate and beautiful in their every detail of vocal, orchestral, and harmonial expression. Weber has declared that Mozart "reached the full maturity of his powers as an artist" in "Die Entführung," which is great praise for a composer of twenty-six years! Beethoven sees Mozart's masterpiece in "Die Zauberflöte"—the work which, Mozart's biographer Jahn writes, is "a combination of all that is best in Italian opera, and the key to all that is greatest in future dramatic art." Whichever be Mozart's *chef-d'œuvre*, the fact is not altered that German lyric drama owes to Mozart its proud position as head of the schools of Europe—a position which is being less and less disputed. He gave to Germany its richest operatic treasures in the national tongue, as well as Italian operas which have outlived, as they outclass, the lyric creations of Italy's own sons.

Thus it is almost impossible to overrate Mozart's services to dramatic lyric music, since both by precept and example he exerted vast influence. So far as his direct operatic work is concerned, the secret of its success exists in his exquisite blending of all that was best in Italian procedure with German thought and requirement. Possessing a perfectly natural gift of melody, as abundant and unceasing as it was joyous and bracing, he associated with this a rare sense of the true and beautiful in nature. These facilitated his aspirations for the highest heights of dramatic expression, where, indeed, he stands alone—unapproachable. The musical historian of all ages will see in

Mozart and his operas the inspirer, the moving spirit, the very life and embodiment of a new species of dramatic conception which may be imitated and added to, but can never be improved.

To approach Mozart orchestrally is to get on high and far-reaching ground. He, more than any composer before him, gave instrumental music much of its life-breath—that which renders it the expressible medium, without words, of countless shades of human emotion, word, and meaning. Then he formulated largely, and settled beyond dispute some of the most important forms of musical art; besides all which, he gathered in much that was scattered about in musical *matériel*. His knowledge of instruments—their qualities, characteristics, and compass—appears to have been more a gift than an acquirement, so extensive was its range and so faultless its application. Other principles of good orchestration were not wanting—namely, solidity of structure, breadth of tune, boldness of contrast, and variety of colour,—all essential properties in a master of orchestral resource, and abundantly present in Mozart. All this was born in the man, but he did not withhold it. Towards the close of the eighteenth century a great impetus was given to orchestral application and device, and Mozart and Haydn were mainly responsible for this. Mozart, in particular, opened up a new era in instrumental art, and converted the orchestra from something of a toy into a great living agent. New thoughts, new expressions, new combinations—these were devised for accepted instruments; but, in addition, this master of the art opened up whole regions of orchestral possibility

and range such as had occurred to no harmonist before him. Hereby instrument after instrument was requisitioned, developed, perfected, until the limit of the possible was wellnigh reached in the magnificent orchestral creations which crown the close of Mozart's career.

No master—except the giant Beethoven—has used the orchestra as a medium of dramatic effect with finer results than has Mozart. He is at once grand and beautiful. No composer certainly has written for instruments more effectively or delicately, and the blendings of his orchestral colour are as varied as they are charming. Strength and power of effect are not wanting, and such is well tempered with the exquisite light and shade of which he was so adroit a delineator. Mozart's Overtures well illustrate their composer's power. That to "*Die Zauberflöte*" is a splendid specimen of Mozart's style, and the whole *répertoire* of music does not, perhaps, supply an instance of wood and string instruments wedded with happier combination and result than is to be met with in this score. In the same work is a delightful passage where the full "wood" wind is engaged in happy play, until suddenly the effect is heightened by a call upon the "strings" in the shape of an accompaniment. The two form one of the most perfect combinations of "wood" and "string" in music; and the effect is made even more beautiful when the dreamy characteristic notes of the horn creep in to heighten the tonal effect. An equally notable point occurs in the Overture to "*Figaro*," where the well-known subject is first given to the violins and basses in unison—such subject being brought out some time after in quite a new light. In the mean-

while the ear has been diverted by a sustained passage for the flute. So Mozart loved to exercise his fancy.

The perfection of Mozart's orchestral powers is seen in his Symphonies. In 1777 he was associated with the Mannheim orchestra—the finest band in Europe—and the opportunity was his to extend the simple art form into grander and more impressive proportion. The symphony of his youth had involved but two violins, with a viola, bass, and a part for the flute, oboe, and horn; and having composed twenty of such, far greater orchestral reaches dawned upon the composer. In 1778 came a work which forms that landmark in music when instrumental music began to speak a language of its own—when the orchestral creation had a poetic import, and portrayed something through its sounds. This was the "*Parisian*" Symphony, so named from being first produced at Paris. In this (the most fully scored of Mozart's forty-nine Symphonies) the treatment of the instruments, the formal proportion of the movements, together with the wealth of detail and ornament, all indicated a new symphony. Anterior symphonic music had only to please harmonically and scholastically. Frolicsome device and tune, pleasantly met with in Boccherini, were alone desired and attained. Mozart, however, discovered the soul-reaching and expressionable capacity of instrumental music—properties which permitted the grandest possible musical designs. For the prevalent fun and gaiety Mozart substituted thought, poetic meaning, and artistic import; and those who will hear and study the three grand symphonies which he wrote towards the close of his life, will be enabled to realise the

height to which this great tone-poet has soared in harmonious language and description.

In several other directions Mozart's splendid creative faculty and pure formalism became an influence for good. He invested the Overture with its first real worth. That which adorned the opera "Idomeneo"—"the opera," as Jahn says, "in which we have the genuine Italian *opera seria* brought to its utmost perfection by Mozart's highly cultivated individuality"—was an overture of greater extent and importance than had hitherto obtained; but this was surpassed by the fine examples which prefaced the operas of "Die Entführung" and "Don Giovanni."

As a chamber-music composer Mozart belongs to the first rank. To one so finished and formal in style the string quartet offered an irresistible field of musical expression. This, the most perfect of all four-part harmony forms, presented a new vista of art to Mozart, and his surpassing genius carried it from young life into full maturity. In his quartets the instrumental parts are singularly distinct and well balanced. Six of them Mozart dedicated to Haydn, and these are masterpieces,—the consummation, indeed, of all that is musically possible with the string quartet. Cultured minds of to-day value them as treasures of art beyond price,—an opposite verdict to that of the critic of Mozart's day who thought them "hideous stuff" and "much too highly spiced"! Conspicuous among his other chamber music stand the forty-nine Sonatas for pianoforte and violin—well-wrought compositions in which the honours are fairly distributed to both performers. If one of these scores

exceeds another for beauty and effectiveness, it is the A major (No. 66) Sonata.

It is to Mozart that we are mainly indebted for the vast system of musical Form—i.e., those principles of construction upon which modern music rests, and which are as important to the composer as are the laws of building construction to an architect. Admittedly composers such as Bach, Handel, and D. Scarlatti were of a well-ordered frame of mind in their compositions; but Mozart, immediately following them, inherited little of constructive condition and dogma from their example. By virtue of his propitious advent in the musical firmament at this critical period when the broad lines of a great musical art had been indicated in the oratorio—by the resolute exercise of his great constructive gifts Mozart becomes identified with form in music in a manner and degree which no other composer has even approached. Haydn, and notably Beethoven, accomplished not a little for form—moulding in wondrous fashion much that had its origin in the suggestive mind of Emmanuel Bach—but Mozart was the pioneer. Before him, system in musical exposition, great or small, was practically unheeded or unknown. Mozart became the great apostle of legitimate musical form and expression, and it is well for us moderns that the preacher arose to propound this religion of music. Mozart's natural gifts, character, training, and artistic surroundings, eminently qualified him to determine the formal side of musical construction—i.e., the character, proportion, and position of the harmonic movement, whether in the abstract or blended together in one homogeneous whole. For

this responsibility the line of great composers supplies no equal to the well-ordered, formal, courtly trained master of Salzburg. In his short life he brought the subject of musical device, form, and expression into a clear, definable, and perfectly understandable method, best illustrated in the simplicity and exactness of his own works. This was a great undertaking—one for which the world of art can never be too grateful. The all-pervading principle of the Mozartian system was a conciseness of construction, and an unmistakable geography of tonality. Before Mozart, melodic figures, subjects, and keys, with all other theoretical addenda at the disposal of the creative musician, were confused. Mere bits of tune and jingle, with a brilliant passage here and there, constitute a movement, or even a composition. Haydn had brought much chaotic and irregular theoretical lore into clear and definite shape, but Mozart simplified matters still more. Introducing the keenest outlines, the most beautiful figures, together with clear and lucid teachings, he defined the formal construction of the movement, section, repeat, &c., until now the musician or student can set out with his principal subject or theme, and have no misgivings concerning the dogmas of subsidiary subject, complementary keys, and the like. Schooled in Mozart's principles of construction, the student could pilot himself safely through the intricacies of the most advanced symphony; and it is for his labours, and the pattern he set in this direction, that the world of music delights to do honour to the name of Mozart.

His method meant an unmistakable definition of harmonical position as a starting-point, and

any transitions to new keys were conspicuously clear. His quartets and symphonies well illustrate his method of treating and introducing his "subjects"; and it is interesting to notice how, in presenting a second subject or episode, he invariably renders it first in the key of the dominant, to introduce it afterwards in the tonic key. Earlier masters contented themselves with little in the way of modulational reasoning and purport, but Mozart carried the subject of key-distribution to a great reach. Clear and simple key-tonality was the first condition, and then followed subsidiary digressions of a nature and character which could not fail to enlighten the auditor as to his musical whereabouts. Thus the old system of enveloping the listener in a maze of bewildering musical ideas was boldly assailed, until now right-minded musicians make a study of form before launching their musical ideas and creations upon a critical public.

Save the oratorio, scarcely an art-form escaped Mozart's influence. That piquant dance-form of sixteenth-century date—the Minuet—came to his notice, and he emphasised its beauty by introducing a faithful example of it in his "Don Giovanni," leaving it to Haydn to make it so sportive that Beethoven had no difficulty in converting it into the *Scherzo*. Then the *Concerto*—a composition for solo instrument with orchestral accompaniments—was made absolute by Mozart. He found this form more resembling a miniature symphony, with the solo instrument nowhere to be heard; but some fifty examples which he left have never been surpassed in form and beauty. It was Mozart who invested the *Coda*—a sort of tail to a musical piece—with import-



ance. It had been a meaningless thing, a display of frivolous strings of notes, until Mozart constructed it of previously heard themes of the composition to which it belonged. In the last movement of the C ("Jupiter") Symphony is a splendid *Coda*.

After his operas, Mozart's Masses swell his fame. As left by Durante the Mass was a cold, cheerless composition. Mozart imparted to it beauty and dignity, and left work after work replete with such heavenly harmony and cadences that when performed aright the very angels seem to sing. What mortal has written diviner melody and harmony than the "Lacrymosa" of the "Requiem"? One song, "Das Veilchen" (The Violet), stamps him as a song-writer. This vocal gem has a universal fame and acceptance.

Thus Mozart's influence upon music has been enormous—extending not only to musicians themselves, but to the forms and instruments of the art. Many of Haydn's greatest scores would never have been formulated but for Mozart, from whom Haydn borrowed the sympathetic element—that spiritual side of music which arouses the finest qualities in the human breast—and incorporated it into his later works. Beethoven took Mozart as his model, and the early works of the giant symphonist afford ample proof of this; while Mendelssohn is a composer whose works show not only frequent traces of Mozart's influence, but oftentimes possess something more of striking resemblance in phrase and diction. The school of pianoforte-playing initiated by Mozart, and which was characterised by its evenly balanced grace and pointed elegance, formed the basis for Clemen-

ti's great pianoforte "school"—a method involving far greater executive skill, but designed largely upon Mozart's model style. To revert to Beethoven, one of the first real events in his life was his meeting Mozart in Vienna (1787)—an interview which Beethoven scarcely appreciated, although it led to Mozart's prophetic words—"Pay attention to the boy; he will some day make a noise in the world." Mozart gave Beethoven a few lessons on the harpsichord; but, greatest gift of all, he supplied him with the basis for all his great scores—the perfected forms which Mozart had found in raw confusion. Out of the greatness of his genius a phrase or movement became under Beethoven a great musical "organism"; but it must be allowed that the broad principles of Mozart's formulated system always remained, and were adhered to, if largely affected in detail. Thus the great masters themselves stand largely indebted to Mozart.

The technical exposition of musical ideas profited by Mozart's rule. In his day musical calligraphy was in a bad state. Barring was imperfectly understood, and either through ignorance or indifference the worst habits prevailed in connection with notation and the art of expressing music upon paper. This he remedied. His greatest work was the disciplining of abstract music into reasonable and intelligible proportion. Comprehensible music is one of the blessings of modern culture, and but for Mozart we might have yet been a long way off possessing this. A great claim upon the composer is that his ideas shall be concentrated, and so proportioned that all is distinct and obvious. Measure after measure of indistinguishable music; meaningless

modulations into extreme keys merely to astonish; ill-proportioned parts for what is to conduce to some perfect whole,—all this is easy enough with an art the sphere of which is boundless, and wherein mankind may apparently do as it likes. Mozart, however, preached another sort of doctrine, and instructed us how to go about it. In this let us not aspire too high. The power to husband the world of tune in Mozart's fashion has been given only to a few wondrous tone-workers. Every musical mind, however, will recognise and appreciate that much participation and enjoyment awaits the student and amateur, which might not, even now, have been his save for Mozart's determination to reduce the formal proportions of music into reasonable and defined shape. Here in itself was a great work. When the immature formalism of the day demanded a champion capable of extending, balancing, and uniting the lines of theoretical construction, Mozart alone could do it.

Scarcely an instrument in the orchestra escaped Mozart's attention. A born violinist, he wrote *concerti* for violin and orchestra which, though without the emotional element of Beethoven and Spohr, are greatly prized. To the tenor violin, which had been deemed worthy only of filling up *tutti* passages, he gave a voice and place of its own in the orchestra. The clarinet was raised to great importance by him, and forthwith took place as a favourite solo instrument. In nearly all his scores it received especial attention; while the fresh, beautiful, and exceedingly masterful work, the Quintet in A major for clarinet and strings, and the fine Clarinet Concerto which he composed for

Stadler, have imparted to the instrument an all-age reputation which can never be impaired. Then his sparkling genius spent itself in writing for that fine reed instrument the basset-horn, the splendid properties of which he deemed more suitable than even the clarinet for his "Requiem." For the oboe Mozart did much, according it a prominence which it had never reached with any previous composer. His *opus* No. 108 has a rare oboe part, and in the Mass "No. 12" is some fine if difficult music for it.

One of the most debatable episodes in the artistic life of Mozart springs from his additional accompaniments to Handel's "Messiah," &c. Here a great principle was concerned—one which ought never to have been countenanced. As it was and is—and there is an authority no less than Mozart's for an *imperium in imperio* in music—we are left face to face with this broad condition, with the right to deliberate upon results. In Mozart's case all the surrounding conditions appertaining to the question were present, and these tend to greatly facilitate inquiry. Conceding the point of "improving" a deceased composer's scores, the case still demands the necessity for the interference, and the ability to carry it out. It must be admitted, in extenuation of Mozart's work, that in this respect he was on good ground, especially so far as the "Messiah" was concerned—which score, be it remembered, was not in those days regarded with anything approaching the reverence which attaches to it now. Taking the point of necessity first, the case is as follows: The work was to be performed in Vienna in a building which possessed no organ,

and those responsible for the production of the score were sensible of the loss which would attend the absence of those masterly accompaniments which the mighty contrapuntist was wont to improvise upon the organ whenever the "Messiah" was performed. These accompaniments varied at the will of Handel; but tradition and record alike testify to their stirring magnificence. It was to supply the place of these impromptu accompaniments that Mozart undertook Baron van Swieten's commission to write such additions for the orchestra as the giant harmonist might have secured upon the organ. This was in 1789. Among the most notable of these additional accompaniments are the beautiful "wind" parts to "The people that walked in darkness,"—an excellent Mozartian commentary upon Handel, but by no means Handelian in character, although we can well imagine the great Saxon in a benevolent mood tolerating Mozart's celestial harmonies with delight, conscious the while that the great breadth of the "Messiah" music could never be impaired. In "Why do the nations?" Mozart has gained an excellent effect by the introduction of trumpets and drums, both of which instruments were within the reach of Handel—the former, indeed, being a favourite with Handel. The trumpet part in Handel's "The trumpet shall sound" was in the original MS. so trying that Mozart rewrote the song, because his trumpeter could not play the trumpet part. Recent performers have proved, however, that, though difficult, Handel's trumpet *obligato* is by no means impossible of execution. Another chaste effect gained by Mozart in the "Messiah" is from the substi-

tution of the flute for the violin in the accompaniment to the air, "How beautiful are the feet!" In another of Handel's works, the "Ode to St Cecilia's Day," Mozart's orchestral additions have been received with less favour. The trumpet part in "The trumpet's loud clangour," relegated by Mozart to the flute and oboe in unison, is no improvement upon Handel. On the other hand, few will deny that the thoroughly suitable effect secured by Mozart's added viola part, with dissonances, in the song, "Sharp violins proclaim," merits all praise. The baldness of Handel's violins and bass—the violins being often in the unison—is not to be disregarded; and much of this sort of thing (for this was Handel's customary song accompaniment), both in the Ode under notice and in his other scores, could only have been improved when graced by a Mozart's master-hand. Colourable instrumental accompaniments, where little else existed beyond a melody and figured bass—the filling-in part falling to the harpsichord—could not but prove beneficial; and, generally speaking, this is allowed of Mozart's additional accompaniments to Handel's scores. Some critics maintain that in the "Messiah" accompaniments Mozart has not risen to the level of that noble work. Certainly the Salzburg master has not caught the stern simplicity, or the peculiar Handelian "flavour," which belongs to Sebastian Bach's only rival; but that Mozart has provided a means by which the giant Saxon's works may be rendered more conformable with modern orchestral requirements, admits of no doubt. Here Mozart's real worth steps in. Without any intention to defraud Handel of his worth, the one has brought the

bald scores of his predecessor within the domain of modern orchestral expectation, and in this way may have well served Handel. Be it remembered, the composer of the "Messiah" never dreamed that he was composing for a later generation than that of his own day, nor did it enter his head that a century after his notes and cadences would be duplicated by the steam-press, or, doubtless, he would have exerted himself to leave his scores in a more finished state. Much that Mozart has added is probably the reverse of what Handel would have written; yet what has been done is infinitely better than the comparatively blank score which custom of the day permitted, and which, with his natural carelessness, and an utter disregard for notoriety or posthumous fame, Handel probably thought would fully answer his purpose. There is a growing circle of musical thinkers who long to hear Handel's masterpiece strictly to the letter. Such legitimists may console themselves with the reflection that, while they were providing themselves with a novelty, it would be a

poor musical treat to be without many of the surroundings which attach to a present-day performance of the "Messiah," among which stand Mozart's additional accompaniments. Mozart sought to preserve Handel: conductors of all ages will do well to respect the joint master-work.

To adequately estimate Mozart's influence upon music is wellnigh impossible, so deep-rooted and far-reaching is it. We have seen, however, his bearing upon opera and dramatic musical art, his splendid services to orchestral music and instrumentation generally, and, above all, his teaching, example, and capacity in moulding and determining musical form. In addition to this, we must remember his vast creative faculty, which has left us great and masterly works in every department save the oratorio. Volumes might be written upon such a life and work. Summed up, it must be acknowledged that Mozart has done more for music than any musician who ever lived. Save Beethoven, he is the greatest composer the world has ever seen.

FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

## SKETCHES FROM EASTERN TRAVEL.

## I.—FROM YÂFA TO JERUSALEM.

It is the 14th day of March in the year 1890. The afternoon sun shines brightly on the pretty town of Yâfa, the ancient Japho and Joppa, and the neighbouring shore and the tossing sea and the s.s. Mahalla of the Khedival line, as she casts anchor outside the reefs which make the town to any but small boats unapproachable. There is on board this steamer a party of English travellers, consisting of a father and his four daughters, and his daughters' Welsh maid. They are not fictitious personages on a make-believe journey, but are on the contrary objectively existent identities, and the present chapters are a veracious and exact account of some of their travelling experiences.

The father may be briefly described as the essence of energy, arranging everything for every one's comfort, and never allowing any one to help him. Irene, the eldest of the sisters, is also the most gentle, and has a curious and inveterate habit of doing kindnesses to every creature she comes across. Philippa, the second daughter, is of a decided and strong-minded disposition, and an adept in the art of managing her sisters. Sophia, the third, is silent and meditative. She is learned withal, and writeth B.A. after her name: but, alas! she hoardeth up her erudition behind her spectacles, and imparteth not much of it to others. Sebaste, the youngest, may be described in the words of her elder sisters as "unbearably pedantic, and always up in the clouds." Elizabeth, the maid, is essentially and irremediably

Welsh. Though advanced in years, she is young and enthusiastic in mind, and so intelligently observant a traveller that her journal is an inexhaustible fund of interesting and curious information.

Those who have ever gone through the process of landing at Yâfa will deeply sympathise with our pale and sea-sick friends on the present occasion. In stormy weather it is frequently out of the question, and the unfortunate passengers have to be carried on to Beyrout; but to-day the landing is pronounced feasible. A row-boat is brought alongside, which, when it gets itself on to the crest of a high wave, is, for the space of half a second, not very far below the gunwale of the lower deck of the steamer. It is at this critical moment that the passengers to be landed must leap overboard and plunge down into the boat which is to convey them ashore. The passage through the rocks is an exciting one when the sea is as rough as it is to-day. The boat has to be guided through a narrow opening only just wide enough for it to pass, while on each side the breakers are foaming over the rocks. "This is far more interesting," remarks Philippa, "than shooting that rubbishy old cataract on the Nile."

At last, rather to their surprise, our travellers find themselves safely landed, and forasmuch as they have but a short time, they set forth at once to visit the most interesting site in Yâfa, the traditional dwelling of Simon the Tanner, "whose house was by the

seaside," wherein St Peter lodged once "for many days." The house itself is not an ancient building, but the site is probably the right one, for the place is said to have been long employed as a tannery, and in the courtyard still remains a spring of fresh water, such as would have been indispensable for the work of tanning. Moreover, a grotesque Mohammedan tradition lingers in the place, seemingly a kind of confused parody of the account of St Peter's vision. Our friends, having seen the ancient well and stone cistern, said to date from St Peter's time, ascend to the house-top, than which the apostle could not have desired a more quiet and retired spot for his private oratory, and which may well be little different from the scene of that memorable vision so momentous to us Gentile folk. At all events the view is the same—that bright view of rocky shore and sunny sky and sparkling sea, stretching westward away and away toward the isles of the Gentiles. Our friends are so much occupied with thinking about St Peter that they forget all about Jonah, who embarked at Joppa on his disastrous voyage; and as for poor Andromeda (who, according to Strabo and Pliny, is said to have been chained up on one of those very rocks for the delectation of the sea-monster), she is far too heathenish a lady to be adverted to on first arriving in the Holy Land.

Coming as they do from Egypt, our travellers are struck by the Christian atmosphere of the place. They enter a church connected with a Greek monastery, and find therein a crowd of people (mostly womankind) going round and devoutly kissing various sacred pictures. The women wear, over their ordinary dress, large sheet-

like draperies of spotless white linen, and the brightness and freshness of their general appearance is pleasant to see. It seems that there has been a special service this afternoon in honour of the Blessed Virgin. The travellers would gladly spend a longer time than that at their disposal in exploring the narrow and almost precipitous streets of this charming little town, and admiring its quaint irregular buildings, but more especially the bright faces of its inhabitants, among whom there seems to be a superabundance of very pretty children; but they must speedily repair to their inn and fortify themselves for their further journey by feasting on tea and Yâfa oranges. (Ah, good reader, if thou hast never tasted a Yâfa orange fresh plucked from the tree, then thou knowest not the half of every orange's potential qualities!)

Their drooping sea-sick spirits thus revived, they set forth on their progress to Ramleh, where they intend to spend the night, thus shortening by twelve miles the forty miles' ride to Jerusalem. The father, Irene, and Elizabeth travel in a carriage (for there is a carriage-road to Jerusalem), the rest on horseback, followed by two mules' burden of luggage. The carriage sets forth, but the riders are a little delayed by the unconscionable behaviour of Sebaste's horse, who, as soon as she is mounted, tosses his head in the air, tries to revolve about his own axis, and finally dances down the road in so disconcerting a fashion that she indignantly declines to remain longer on his back, and has to be provided with a more steady-going steed. Then, just at sunset, the little cavalcade sets forth, under the auspices of Dragoman Michael, on the south-eastern

ride through the ancient territory of the tribe of Dan.

Yâfa is surrounded by plantations of orange-trees, pomegranates, and so forth, and the first impression of our travellers is that the country is a very fruitful one. Everywhere, moreover, are thick towering hedges of prickly pear, growing with great luxuriance. This plant is now so common in Palestine that one feels tempted to identify it with the "thorns" in the Parable of the Sower, but unfortunately it is of comparatively modern importation.

"One cannot forget that one is in the East," says Philippa, "when one looks at those prickly masses of stemless cactus-leaves and those orange-coloured flowers budding out of them; but there seems to me something strangely homelike and familiar about everything—something a thousand times more natural than those Egyptian landscapes we have been looking at for the last three months. It must be the wild flowers, or the sweet fresh air, so different from the African heat."

"What a relief it is," quoth Sophia, "to get out of sight of that never-ending artificial irrigation! It makes one realise the meaning of that description of the promised land: 'For the land, whither thou goest in to possess it, is not as the land of Egypt, from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs: but the land, whither ye go to possess it, is a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh water of the rain of heaven.'"

"And it is a relief too," chimes in Sebaste, "to get rid of that terrible line of separation between the desert and the cultivated land, the limit to which the Nile water reaches, so definite and sharp that

a man may stand with one foot in the green clover and the other in the hot sand, where all on this side is faultlessly rich and good, and all on that side is hopelessly bare and desolate. When I first saw that line I thought: 'This is what I have always wished for,—a definite limit, with nothing confused about it, and no borderland between!' But one feels after a time that there is something horribly uncanny about it,—that a land like this is better, where, if the good ground is encumbered with stones, there is not a rock so bare and dry but that wild flowers will nestle in the crevices of it."

The orange-trees are left behind now, and the riders are out in the wide fruitful plain of Sharon, where the rose of Sharon grew in days of old. Far to right and left lies the broad expanse, sown over with wheat and barley; but all this is invisible now, for the sun is gone down, and there is no moon to-night. Swiftly the red glow of the sunset faded away, and now the dark-blue vault overhead is filled with brilliant stars: Orion, Sirius, Cassiopeia, and the Bears shine out much as they shone in Abraham's days, and the zodiacal light towers up from the western horizon, and seems almost to reach the zenith. The air is soft and cool and still; nothing breaks the starlight silence except when the riders pass near a pool or marshy place by the roadside, wherefrom there arises a loud and vociferous chorus of voices, not human but froggish. "It must be an Athenian colony," quoth Sebaste, "for they are all shouting at the top of their voices, *κοῦξ, κοῦξ!*"

Travellers always keep near one another in the East if they are going the same way, and the little party of riders is headed by an unearthly apparition riding on a

mule. With head and figure all muffled up in a thick Eastern cloak or *abba*, never turning round or for a moment showing its face, and in perfect silence, moves on through the darkness what might well be a ghost, but is in fact the postman, who will ride with the mail all through the night, arriving at Jerusalem in the morning.

Our friends have met few people by the way, but just as the daylight was fading into night, they came upon a melancholy little group round a camel that had fallen under his load, and lay with his neck stretched out along on the ground. A camel, it seems, always plods forward so long as there is anything left of him, and when he is tired to death he suddenly falls, and never gets up again.

"They will have to kill him," says Dragoman Michael.

At a point some distance to the right of the road lie the ruins of the ancient Beth Dagon, still called Dajun. Here there once stood a temple of that same old fish-god who once fell down on his face before the ark of the covenant, and in whose honour was held that calamitous festival during which Samson slew himself and his foes.

Farther on (some distance to the left, and equally invisible in the dark) is Ludd, the ancient Lydda, called Lod in the New Testament, where St Peter preached once on a time and cured Æneas ("And all that dwelt at Lydda and in Sharon saw him, and they turned to the Lord"), and whence they fetched him, "forasmuch as Lydda was nigh to Joppa," to recall Dorcas to life.

At last they arrive at Er Ramleh (traditionally identified with Arimathea), and there put up for the night at the delectable little

inn—an oasis of German neatness and comfort, far away in this land of the Philistines.<sup>1</sup>

The next morning the riders are mounted by eight o'clock, and leaving the carriage to overtake them, they set forth on the twenty-eight miles' ride to Jerusalem.

"I am afraid to see Jerusalem," says Philippa, "for they say it is so terribly disappointing. I shall begin to call it by its modern name of El Kuds, and to expect nothing."

For some distance the travellers continue their way through the plain; and while before them, far to the south-east, rise up the mountains, the hill-country of Judea, they are still surrounded by the broad expanse of fertile cornland.

"I never understood before," says Sebaste, "what a terrible foretelling of unheard-of and unnatural desolation are those words of Isaiah, 'Sharon is like a desert.'"

The day is very bright, and the ride is a beautiful one. All the day, but especially as they begin to ascend into the hill-country, our friends are delighted by the variety and profusion of the lovely wild flowers. Perhaps the scarlet anemones and the purple cyclamen are the most beautiful of all.

We must not attempt a description of the many interesting towns passed on the day's march, but only a brief enumeration of some of them. As the road ascends into the hill-country (still traversing the territory of Dan, but within the borders of Judea), there appears to the right the hill now called Tell-el-Jeser, where are still to be seen the ruins of the ancient Canaanitish city of Gezer. Then on the left opens out the Valley

<sup>1</sup> Ramleh is on the northern border of the ancient Philistia.



of Ajalon, over which the moon stood still at Joshua's bidding, after his battle with the five kings of the Amorites; and on the mountain-slope of the southern side of the valley appears that ancient city of Ajalon, whose name, so familiar in Old Testament history, survives in the abbreviated form Yâlo. Farther on, to the right of the road, is the village of Latrûn. The middle-age folk said that the name was derived from *latro*, and that therefore this must have been the home of Dismas, the *bonus latro*, or Penitent Thief. The travellers now cross the border of Benjamin, and pass close to Kuryet-el-Enab (the "town of grapes"), which has been identified with the ancient Kiriath-Jearim (called also Baalah, Baale of Judah, and Kiriath-baal), one of those four Hivite cities whose people once so prettily imposed upon Joshua with their dried-up bread and patched-up shoes, and plausible little story about their long journey. Then the road passes by Kulonieh, which

some identify with the Emmaus of the Gospel history; and a little farther on our friends dismount to see the "brook of David," whence, saith tradition, David chose the pebbles with which he slew Goliath. There were plenty of pebbles for him to choose from, if this be indeed the place.

As for the approach to Jerusalem, I have not the heart to describe it, and indeed the less said about it the better. The first sight of the city from the Yâfa road is the worst possible view—there being in this direction many horrible modern buildings hideous to behold. El Kuds it may be, but Jerusalem, "the joy of the whole earth," it cannot and shall not be called. But, after all, this impression is produced chiefly by the straggling houses outside the city itself, and once within the gates one feels infinitely less disappointed.

Our travellers enter by the Yâfa Gate, and find themselves at last within the walls of the Holy City.

## II.—THE HOLY CITY.

No manner of thing on wheels is allowed within the walls of Jerusalem; and indeed if it were, it could not advance far where many of the streets are either mere staircases, or else hopelessly narrow and devious. The tenants of the carriage have therefore to disembark at the Yâfa Gate, but the riders may proceed unmolested to the door of the hotel. It is a shock to discover that there is a hotel here, but by no other name can it conscientiously be called; and those who cannot endure the incongruity thereof must take refuge in the far pleasanter shelter of a hospice.

Had our friends the travellers

come straight from England, this same hotel would strike them as most interestingly oriental; they would be amused at hearing the Arabic chatter in all directions, and delighted at such Eastern customs as having to clap their hands instead of ringing a bell, and so forth. But, alas! they are already used to these little matters, and there is nothing to mitigate the harsh discovery that they must lodge during their stay at Jerusalem in a commonplace hotel, wherein are heard at every meal little but the English and American languages. However, when you are tired of company-talk, you can always take refuge

on the housetop—now, as of old, the airiest and most cheerful apartment in every Eastern house—whence (for you are on the slope of Mount Zion) you can look every way over the city, and eastward across the valley of the Kidron to the Mount of Olives.

On the whole, our travellers are anything but disappointed with Jerusalem. The town does not accord with their idea of ancient Jerusalem—far from it; but it is nevertheless a genuinely oriental city, and many of the streets are pleasingly picturesque. Most of all, they rejoice to find the city ringing with church bells, and the Moslems for once in the minority. Out of a population of some 100,000 there are now about 33,000 Jews, the remaining 67,000 being about equally divided between the Christians and the Mohammedans. No, our friends are not disappointed; but yet, through all the three weeks of their stay, they are haunted by a curious feeling which refuses to be shaken off,—a sensation like that which we experience in dreams when we seem to visit some familiar and well-loved place and find everything strangely altered.

On the first opportunity our travellers devote a long morning to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Descending for a little way, by David Street, the slope of Mount Zion, they turn into Christian Street on the left, and thence to the right down a rapidly descending lane known as Palmer Street. Along the wall by the side of the lane, sitting on the frequent steps with their goods before them, are many salesmen in a small way, offering various curiosities, of which perhaps the most interesting, and certainly the most beautiful, are the modern

representatives of the ancient palmers' shells,—large mother-o'-pearl shells found on the shore of the Red Sea and brought thence to Bethlehem, where they are elaborately and delicately carved with scenes from the life of our Lord.

This lane leads to the paved court surrounded on three sides by the St Sepulchre Church and the monasteries thereto belonging. This space is often crowded with picturesque figures sitting on the pavement with their wares (chiefly brightly coloured sacred pictures) spread out before them for sale. The pointed Romanesque façade of the church forms the northern side of the court. Entering by the principal doorway at the western end of the façade, the travellers see before them, with a row of lamps suspended over it, the "Stone of Unction," now covered with a marble slab which every pilgrim kneels to kiss. Turning to the left, they make their way to the western end of the church, where, passing through a dark passage, they reach those excavations in the natural rock which have received the traditional designation of the tombs of Nicodemus and St Joseph of Arimathea.

Then they return to the Rotunda, in the centre of which stands the Chapel of the St Sepulchre. Entering from the east, they pass through the Chapel of the Angels, and then one by one, stooping down to pass through the low doorway, they enter a little low-roofed chamber (lined with marble, and about 6 ft. square), which contains a raised slab of white marble occupying the whole of the north side of the chamber, and used as an altar. Over it hang forty-three lamps, of beautiful workmanship in gold and silver, which are kept continually

burning. This marble slab covers what, ever since the time of St Helena and Constantine, has been revered by the Christian world as the Holy Sepulchre. And this is the most that we can say. After all the long controversy set on foot by modern investigation, the learned seem no nearer than at first to a certain conclusion. Many arguments have been set forth to disprove the possible identity of the site, and of these perhaps the chief is that it may have been within the second wall of Jerusalem, which (the third wall being not yet built) was then the boundary of the city. This point is still undecided; but what is quite certain is, that the so-called "tombs of St Joseph and Nicodemus," a few yards distant, are *ancient Jewish sepulchres*. Very curious is it, after ever so cursory a study of the subject, to hear from one and another that idiotic bit of reasoning to the effect that the site cannot be genuine because it lies within the present walls of the city!

It is sad that the name of the Holy Sepulchre should be associated chiefly, in these days, with never-ending controversy. One argues and argues until one is weary, and content to turn away from uncertainties to what is sure, to fall back on that assurance: "He is not here; for He is risen, even as He said,"—though assuredly sympathising with all who would obey the angelic invitation, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

I shall not attempt to enumerate the endless lesser sites which are shown within the St Sepulchre Church, and in which is localised almost every recorded incident of the passion and resurrection. Such minute identifications as may be to Latin and Greek

Churchmen real helps to devotion, are to the severely logical English mind no helps at all, and to some folk (especially to such as are deeply impressed by the exalted and immaterial nature of their own religious sentiments) seem to be very real hindrances of the stumbling-block kind.

The travellers, making Jerusalem their headquarters till Easter Monday, have an opportunity of attending in the St Sepulchre Church, on the evening of Good Friday, a Latin service which may be briefly described here. On entering the church our friends find it full to overflowing. Many of the Christian residents in Jerusalem are absorbed in their devotions, while the English and American visitors show their reverence and good feeling, as their manner is, by talking aloud and generally comporting themselves as though in a theatre waiting for the performance to begin. Finding the crowd below so great, our friends climb a flight of stone steps which brings them into the Calvary Chapel, within which are shown the clefts in the rock into which the three crosses are said to have been fixed. Here the travellers wait perhaps two hours, while a processional service, in the course of which many of the traditional sites are visited, is going on below. At length the sound of chanting voices is heard approaching, and the procession enters the chapel, those who form it carrying tapers and joining in a low chant. First walk the acolytes, robed in scarlet cassocks and white surplices. They are followed by choirmen, priests, bishops (who wear resplendent copes of violet velvet embroidered with gold), and lastly by the Latin Patriarch. At the head of the procession is carried a large crucifix.

A sermon is now delivered in German, followed by another in French. These addresses are not long, and set forth with great simplicity and force the great truth of the day. Meanwhile the crucifix has been placed upright behind the altar. The sermons ended, there follows a solemn ceremony of taking down the figure from the cross. Then, after more subdued chanting, the procession reforms and moves slowly away, the cross going before and the figure being carried in a linen wrapping. They thus leave the chapel, descend the steps, and come to the Stone of Unction, where the figure is anointed, after which it is placed in the Holy Sepulchre. But the crowd is so closely packed that our friends can see nothing of these concluding rites, and can but stand listening to a very eloquent Arabic sermon, which lasts for at least an hour and a half, and to which the crowded congregation listens with the deepest attention. Our English friends assuredly lose a great deal by their ignorance of the language. No one is allowed to go out before the conclusion of the discourse, and the travellers are tired when they at last emerge into the bright light of the full paschal moon. Though it is now about 10.30, they are assured that the service will last some three hours longer.

I would gladly linger through a few more pages over the St Sepulchre Church and its curiously intricate multitude of chapels, belonging respectively to the Latin, Greek, Armenian, and Coptic Christians; but it is time that we should leave it now, and we will mention but one of these. This is the Chapel of the Apparition, which marks the traditional place where our Lord is said to have appeared to the Blessed

Virgin after the resurrection. It contains the traditional Pillar of the Flagellation. From this chapel our friends pass into the adjoining Latin sacristy, where they are shown the spurs and the sword (with a cruciform hilt) of Godfrey de Bouillon. With these relics, each new knight of the Order of St John of Jerusalem is solemnly invested in the Chapel of the Apparition. The Order still survives, and the rule is yet in force that every member thereof must be of noble birth.

On the other side of Palmer Street, opposite the St Sepulchre Church, still stands the Gothic gateway of the Palace of St John of Jerusalem. Here are the ruins of the church and hospital (i.e., home for pilgrims) which formed the cradle of the Order of Knights of St John or Knights Hospitallers, which took its rise in the eleventh century. They are beautiful ruins, and among them may be seen very fine fragments of ancient sculpture. Moreover, there is about them a moss-grown peacefulness which makes it hard to believe that they are in the midst of an Eastern city. Much of the monastery is still standing, built round a quadrangle, as peaceful and secluded a retreat as some ancient college during the long vacation. The buildings belong to the Prussian Government, and the refectory has been mercilessly whitewashed and turned into a Lutheran Chapel.

One of the most interesting churches in Jerusalem is the beautiful Latin Church of St Anne, said to date from the ninth century, though it has been to a great extent rebuilt. It stands on the traditional site of the birth-place of the Blessed Virgin, and in the crypt is still shown what is said to be a portion of her

parents' house. Attached to it is a Latin monastery, and within the precincts of this establishment has recently been discovered what is very probably the real Pool of Bethesda, in contradistinction from that traditional place which is always shown as such, and which is to the learned an eminently unsatisfactory identification. The monks are earnestly carrying on the excavation of this interesting site, and one of them, who speaks French, receives our friends with great kindness, and shows them all that has as yet been excavated of the ancient pool and of the Crusaders' church built over it, of which the nave and the crypt each contain *five* arches, probably meant to memorialise the five porches of the Pool of Bethesda. Furthermore, there yet remains an ancient fresco, now almost effaced, representing the angel moving the waters. Descending some flights of stone steps of the same date as the Crusaders' church, our friends find themselves in a large opening cut in the natural rock, with a sheet of water at their feet. No remains of the original porches have as yet been discovered, but the excavation is still far from being completed.

There are who love not descriptions of ancient sites, and I will do no more than name those traditionally revered, though but fancifully identified places, the Via Dolorosa with the Arch of the Ecce Homo, the houses of Pilate, Annas, and Caiaphas, and that more interesting building said to cover the tomb of David, and containing the ancient Christian church (now in the hands of the Moslems) which, ever since the fourth century at least, has been revered as the Cenaculum, or upper room of the Last Supper, having, according to Epiphanius,

escaped destruction when the city was demolished by Titus.

But I must be allowed a few words about the recently discovered, and at least possibly genuine, site of the death of St Stephen. The site of the martyrdom was identified, we are told, in the fifth century A.D., and upon it Eudocia, the wife of the Emperor Theodosius II., builded a church which was dedicated in the year 460. "It was one stadion distant," saith the chronicler, "from the St Stephen's Gate,"—that is, from the *old* gate of that name, the site of which is occupied by the present Damascus Gate. Now, whether that learned and pious lady, Eudocia, had very good reasons for fixing on the site selected, I will not undertake to say; but what appears to be reasonably certain is, that there have been discovered the remains of that same Church of St Stephen which she builded, and wherein she was buried at her death. The site is in possession of a brotherhood of Dominican monks, one of whom shows to our travellers, and clearly explains in French this recently excavated church. He is remarkable for his gentle dignity, and has apparently a learned and cultivated mind. He seems to take a kindly interest in our English friends, and says as, after the examination of the ruins, he bids them farewell—"We may not meet again here; but, if we live as good Christians, we may hope to do so in that Jerusalem which is above."

The travellers do not neglect the exploration of those curious subterranean quarries whence was hewn the stone for Solomon's Temple. They are very extensive, running far into the rock of Mount Moriah under the Temple area, within which there was an opening from the quarries, so that the stones,

when hewn and finished, could be easily transported to their destination where no ringing of tools was to be heard. The rock is a chalky limestone, very soft and beautifully white. In many places you may still see the marks of ancient tools, and especially of the wooden wedges which the workmen used to drive in at the side of the block to be detached, and which, when wetted, swelled, and thus split the rock.

Of the Temple area itself I shall say little. It is now in the hands of the Moslems, and considered by them as second in sanctity only to Mecca. The most interesting sight within the precincts is the enormous rock, once probably the threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite, the spot on which afterwards stood the Altar of Burnt-offering before the Holy Place of the Temple. It is perforated with a large hole, through which it is supposed that the blood from the sacrifices escaped into a subterranean drain.

Over this rock has been erected that stately domed and octagonal praying-place which ought to be called the Dome of the Rock, but which most folk call the Mosque of 'Omar,—probably, from sheer perversity, because 'Omar never had anything to do with it, and it is, moreover, not a mosque. The *mosque* in the Harâm es Sherif, as the Temple area is now called, is that of El Achsa, which has replaced an ancient Christian church.

It is very strange to wander about the site of the Temple, and to realise how literally has been fulfilled that prophecy about there not remaining so much as one stone upon another. You can indeed theorise about the sites of the ancient buildings: this was the Court of the Gentiles, there were the Courts of the Jews, and in this direction ran the wall of separation between, referred to by St Paul in the words, "For He is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us"; and here along the eastern side ran the colonnade called Solomon's Porch. But all are vanished now.

In conclusion, there is one scene in Jerusalem which must not go unnoticed. The lower part of the west wall of the substructures of the Temple which cover the rocky side of Mount Moriah is believed to be of great antiquity. Hither the Jews repair, very often on other days, but especially on Friday, to weep over the downfall of their Temple and their nation. As one approaches the place, a low wailing murmur fills the air, and presently one is in the midst of a weeping crowd, some reading, others reciting by heart, the most touching lamentations contained in the Hebrew Scriptures, while such as can get near are tenderly caressing the beloved stones. It is an impressive sight, and makes one to realise that there is no sadder place on earth than the modern Jerusalem.

### III.—ANATHOTH AND THE ENVIRONS OF JERUSALEM.

"This afternoon," says Philippa, "we are going to walk about Zion and go round about her, tell the towers thereof, and mark well her bulwarks."

In other words, our friends the travellers are going to make the circuit of the city just outside the present walls. Going out on the north side, through the Yafa Gate,

they turn to the right, and proceed eastward along the wall till they reach the Damascus Gate. Just as they are passing it, there emerges therefrom an English lady, riding a large and active donkey. It is not difficult to recognise in this lady one who has devoted her life to Church-work, and in the present chapters we may call her "the Sister." She is known to the travellers, and riding up to them, she announces that she has something to show them. She then leads the way through the gate, and points out a fragment of wall still remaining, which is part of an ancient guard-house, and dates, says she, from the time of our Lord. She further initiates her friends into the mystery of stones with drafted edges, which, it seems, are the sign whereby to distinguish ancient Jewish or Phœnician handiwork.

"And now," says the Sister, "do pray look at these other ancient stones—buried for the most part, but with one course still above ground. They belong, I believe, to the original gate through which our Lord may have passed, and outside which St Stephen is said to have been stoned. Is not this a literal fulfilment of that prediction of Jeremiah: 'Her gates are sunk into the ground'? But I must go now."

So saying, the Sister vanishes, leaving the travellers to continue their walk round the walls. These same walls are not particularly ancient, having been builded chiefly by Sultan Suleimân in 1542, out of the ruins of the medieval walls; though there are portions of far greater antiquity—courses of huge stones, some of which that unconscionable Suleimân has scored with deep cross-lines, by way of making them look as much as possible like his own puny

handiwork. But though comparatively modern, the present walls are valuable as an aid to the imaginary building up of those ancient fortifications which they have replaced, and which gave to the city that expressive designation, "Jerusalem the defenced."

The travellers soon reach the south-eastern corner, and then turn southward to skirt the foot of the eastern wall which towers above the valley, called as early as Eusebius, as it is called now, the Valley of Jehoshaphat—a singularly unhappy identification, seeing that the name of Jehoshaphat ("Jehovah judgeth") seems to indicate an allegoric rather than a material "valley." Through this ravine flows the "brook Cedron," or flows sometimes—namely, in wet weather, for in summer it is dry, thereby deserving the word applied to it by St John—*χειμάρρως*—which in our English version is rather feebly represented by "brook."

"Surely," says Sebaste, "if *χειμάρρως* means anything, it means a winter torrent."

"I suppose," answers Philippa, "that it means a *wady*; but as there is no English word which exactly represents a water-course dry in summer but watery in winter, the translators had to use the word 'brook' by way of making the best they could of it."

"And a very bad job, too," quoth the irrepressible younger sister, "though to put in the word 'Cedron' seems even worse; for surely it is a genitive plural, and *τῶν κέδρων* should be translated 'of the Cedars.'"

"Really, Sebaste, if you persist in criticising your betters in this way, we shall have to quote at you that remark of the master of one of the Cambridge colleges, who once gently suggested: 'I





Passing the south-western angle, the travellers go on northward, with the Valley of Hinnom below on their left, reach the north wall, and complete the circuit, re-entering the city by the Yâfa Gate. It has been only an afternoon's walk, but such an one as will seem to them for ever memorable. Having once looked at those towering walls running along the edge of the encircling ravines, they will certainly join with more intelligence than heretofore in the lines:—

"Our feet are standing  
Within thy gates, O Jerusalem;  
Jerusalem that is builded  
As a city that is compact together."

And the views which they have just seen will impart ever after a new reality to those familiar words:—

"As the mountains are round about  
Jerusalem,  
So the Lord is round about His people,  
From this time forth for evermore."

On another day our friends explore the Valley of Hinnom, (which marks the frontier between Judah and Benjamin) and visit Akeldama, the traditional Potter's Field of the Gospel narrative. Entering the valley at the north-western angle of the city wall, they pass southward along its eastern side, thus gaining a good view of those curious rocks on the opposite western side which give to the valley a weird and terrible look such as reminds one of the scenes which have been witnessed by Tophet and the Valley of Hinnom, the frightful sacrifices of Moloch in the old days, and later the fires of Gehenna, kept burning continually to consume the bodies of executed criminals. At last they reach the southern end of the valley, near the Hill of Evil Counsel, and climb up the right side to the traditional place of the

grave of Judas, marked by the remains of a vaulted building which was formerly used for burying. There are many ancient tombs (those of the "strangers" perhaps) hewn in the neighbouring rocks. The place is and has long been greatly revered by Christian pilgrims—a strong argument for the position that people cannot get on without revering something.

No account of the immediate neighbourhood of Jerusalem is complete without some description of the hill outside the present walls, which Gordon and others have believed to have been the true Golgotha. Whether this is indeed so or not, the hill curiously corresponds with the indications of local detail given in the Gospels. It is a rocky eminence not far from the Damascus Gate. It is thus "without the gate" and "nigh unto the city," and, moreover, the face of the hill is pierced with grottoes, and these, together with its smooth grassy top, give it, from some points of view, an appearance that is not unlike that of a skull, which would account for the name Golgotha. It is also near the Damascus road, along which "they that passed by" may have been walking. Standing on the summit, where the turf is dotted with the beautiful scarlet anemones, said (I think by Dean Stanley) to appear "like drops of blood sprinkled over the land," one can look over the wall of the city, and over the domed roofs of the houses, away past Mount Zion to Mount Moriah and the site of the Temple.

If this hill be the true Golgotha, there can be little doubt as to the Holy Sepulchre. "There was *in the place*," says St John, "a garden, and in the garden a new tomb;" while St Mark further

tells us that the tomb was "hewn out of the rock." And at the foot of this same hill there is an ancient rock-hewn tomb. It is a strange coincidence that this tomb is in a "garden" in the Eastern acceptance of the word,—a plantation of fig and almond trees surrounded by a stone wall, such as St John would certainly have called a *κῆπος*. At a higher point in the side of this hill is the cavern known as Jeremiah's Grotto, in which he is said to have lived during the captivity, and whence he is supposed to have looked out over the desolate city as he wrote his Lamentations.

Our friends do not fail to devote an afternoon to the Mount of Olives. Here they visit the subterranean church said to contain the tombs of the Blessed Virgin and her parents, as well as the tomb of St Joseph. Thence they go to the cave which is the traditional scene of the agony in the garden, and thence to part of the traditional Garden of Gethsemane, enclosed by the Latins. It contains some very ancient olive-trees, supposed to date from the time of our Lord. This can scarcely be (even if olive-trees ever live so long), for Titus is said to have cut down every tree in the neighbourhood of the city; but it is just possible that they may have sprung up from the old roots, as is the manner of olive-trees. Our friends, moreover, visit the Convent of the Paternoster, said to mark the spot where the Lord's Prayer was taught to the apostles, and in the cloisters whereof the prayer may be read in thirty-two different languages. Lastly, they visit the supposed scene of the Ascension on the top of the hill, which, for several reasons, seems a more unhappy identification than usual. A very fine view of Jerusalem is

obtained from the summit of the hill, and is worth more than many of those traditional places of which one cannot be certain.

Perhaps the most interesting walk taken by our travellers in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem is the little expedition which, led by the Sister, they make one afternoon to Anathoth, the birthplace of Jeremiah,—a village, now called Anata, some four or five miles to the north-east of Jerusalem. Starting on the old Damascus road, they soon pass a curious mound of grey-black soil by the wayside. This, as the Sister explains, is believed to consist of the ashes from the Temple sacrifices, thrown out here in days of old from time immemorial. Some of the soil was sent to London, and has been found on analysis to be such stuff as bones are made of.

A little further on, the Sister points out some rock-hewn tombs of very great antiquity, cut vertically down into the rock and now filled up with earth; and they have scarcely left these when she again stops to show the travellers some traces of an ancient Christian church,—some fragments of mosaic pavement, an altar-stone with a cross cut on it, &c. "Unfortunately," says she, "this piece of land belongs to a Moslem, who is going to build him a house here, and will soon have obliterated every trace of the church."

The Damascus road lies over Mount Scopus (whereon Titus encamped against Jerusalem) and from the high ground our friends obtain lovely views of the blue mountains of Moab on the other side of the Jordan valley. As they go on, there come into view the deep cleft through which the Jordan flows, and the bright waters of the much-maligned but none the

less beautiful Dead Sea, lying blue and peaceful in the clear sunshine. At last they arrive at Anathoth (a familiar name in Old Testament history), and explore the remains of another Christian church. The village has nothing remarkable about it, and they soon turn homeward. As the sun sinks toward the west, the sky is wonderful to behold. All this morning the rain poured down in torrents (for this is the season of the latter rains, so long discontinued, but of late years once more appearing), but the clouds have broken long ago, and float across the clear blue sky in giant masses of fleecy white, from

one of which, far to the westward, gushes a blue-grey torrent of rain, while the land seems to rejoice, lit up by the bright sunshine, as it "drinketh water of the rain of heaven." The far-off mountains of Moab shine out with wonderful tints of blue and purple, and now those masses of cloud have caught the rosy sunset glow, and all the sky is in brilliant array of crimson banners with fringes of gold. The sun sinks below the horizon, the gorgeous colours fade rapidly away, and the swift twilight is almost past when our friends reach the Damascus Gate and re-enter the city.

#### IV.—RIDE FROM JERUSALEM TO JERICHO.

"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho." Few, who have not done the same, can realise what a "going down" that was, which is a pity, seeing that this is surely an important point in the parable and the interpretation thereof. He started from Jerusalem, high up in the hill-country of Judea, some 2600 feet above the sea-level, and he went down, down into the deepest depression in any land on earth—down into the plain surrounding the Dead Sea, of which the surface lies almost 1300 feet below the Mediterranean,—a descent which one accomplishes in a short day's journey, and in the space of less than twenty miles.

Our friends the travellers have not been long at Jerusalem before they arrange to devote four days to an expedition on horseback to Jericho and the Jordan. The Sister consents to accompany them, and (being abnormally learned about every inch of the country) to give them a running lecture all the way, which will be far more

edifying than anything to be extracted from guide-books and dragomans.

Forasmuch as the road is still notorious for its Bedouin robbers, application is made to the Sheikh of Abu Dis, who is requested to accompany the travellers, and protect them by his presence. Not being able to come himself, he sends his son, a charming little fellow of fourteen, who, with great dignity, heads the cavalcade, riding an energetic little Arab horse, while beside him trudges on foot his Bedouin attendant armed with a gun. The travellers try to talk to the young Sheikh Abdullah; but he understands no European language, and cannot go beyond smiling, which he does in a very affable fashion. The procession, headed by these picturesque figures, includes also a dragoman, who can speak English—a Christian Jew whom we will call Jacob. Poor Jacob is of a timorous and foreboding turn of mind, ever haunted by the conviction that some horrible accident is going to occur

in the immediate future. When some of the riders start on a little canter, he screams out, "Stop, ladies!" and gallops after them till recalled by the father, who recommends him to leave them in peace.

"Sir," he says, solemnly, "they will fall off!"

"Rubbish, Jacob! don't be so fidgety."

"Then, sir," says Jacob, drawing himself up with offended dignity, "I will not be responsible, sir!"

It is astonishing what a number of people one is always followed about by when travelling in the East! Besides Jacob there is a muleteer in charge of the baggage, and a dignified personage of amiable countenance, who conveys the luncheon. He is a Maronite Christian, and his name is Yuseph.

Jericho lies to the north-east of Jerusalem, and our travellers begin their journey by crossing the Kidron, turning then to the right, and riding by the Bethany road along the slope of Olivet. They tread perhaps almost in the footsteps of the betrayed and desolate King David, who "passed over the brook Kidron toward the way of the wilderness. . . . And David went up by the ascent of the Mount of Olives, and wept as he went up; and he had his head covered, and went barefoot." All seemed lost; but one blow was yet to fall, for as yet, it seems, he knew not the treachery of his counsellor whom he calls "mine equal, my companion and my familiar friend," with whom he had "taken sweet counsel and walked in the house of God with the throng." It may have been close to the traditional Garden of Gethsemane, and almost in the very place where another King, his own Descendant, was long after betrayed with a kiss, that

"one told David, saying, Ahithophel is among the conspirators with Absalom. And David said, O Lord, I pray Thee, turn the counsel of Ahithophel into foolishness."

The riders pass on round the shoulder of the hill, and come to the point where David was met by the faithful Ziba and his two asses laden with provisions.

"I always thought," says Sebastie, "that Ziba was very hard on those two donkeys of his, in making them carry, besides an hundred clusters of raisins and an hundred of summer fruits and a wine-skin, no less than two hundred loaves of bread! But no doubt the loaves were thin flabby cakes, something like the Arab loaves of the present day; and an ass could very easily carry more than an hundred of them."

There now appears, on the right of the road, the village of Abu Dis, which some identify with Bethphage, though not so the Palestine Explorationists. Soon after is seen on the left the pretty little village of Bethany, now called by the natives El Azariyeh, a name derived from that of Lazarus, the first letter of which has been mistaken for the Arabic article. The travellers then pass not far from the church which marks the traditional spot where our Lord is said to have been met by Martha after the death of Lazarus, and then continue their way through a desolate region of rocky hills, the wilderness of Judea, where St John the Baptist preached of old.

About a mile from Bethany they pass a fountain surrounded by the ruins of what seems once to have been a khan. This is the Ain el Hôd, called by Christians since the fifteenth century the Apostles' Fountain, it being evi-

dent that the apostles must have drunk therefrom on their journeys from Jericho. It is probably identical with the "waters of Enshemesh" of Joshua's days.

The day's journey is half accomplished when the cavalcade comes in sight of a stone building by the wayside, the Hadrûr Khan. Whereupon the horses, knowing that rest is near, immediately bolt, to poor Jacob's unspeakable horror. "This," says the Sister, when they have arrived thereat, "is called the Khan of the Good Samaritan, being supposed to be the 'inn' of the parable."

Some of the travellers are amused at the idea of a man whom they have thought of as existing only in the story having been taken to so substantial an inn, but the Sister maintains that the parable is a narrative of real facts; and as an argument in favour of the identity of the khan (or the site thereof) points triumphantly to the remains of a Roman fort on an eminence just above the khan.

"There must always have been some kind of half-way house," says she, "between Jerusalem and Jericho, and it would never have been built in an unprotected position on a road infested by robbers."

The riders here dismount for luncheon, and enter the grateful shade of those thick walls of stone. Shade and coolness the khan affords, but nothing more whatever, there being (as always in the East) nothing approaching to furniture or anything more than bare stone walls.

Yuseph sets out the luncheon, and waits on the travellers with great assiduity. Some of them climb up to explore what is left of the Roman fort, and then the cavalcade sets forth once more. It is not long before, still following the boundary-line between the

territories of Benjamin on the left and Judah on the right, they find themselves in the Valley of Achor. The road runs along the edge of what has been truly called the grandest gorge in Palestine. This is the "valley of troubling," the scene of the execution of Achan and his family, so beautifully alluded to by Hosea, who seems to liken the Valley of Trouble to the pain of repentance leading to the promised land of joy and safety: "I will bring her into the wilderness and speak comfortably unto her. And I will give her her vineyards from thence, and the valley of Achor for a door of hope." The present name is Wâdy-el-Kelt, and at the bottom of the gorge flows what is believed to be the brook Cherith, beside which Elijah took refuge during the famine.

This descending valley at last brings our friends down into the beautiful plain of Jericho, rich and green and fruitful, and full of lovely wild flowers, growing luxuriantly in this warm sweet hot-house air, so utterly different from the fresh breezes of the Judean hills, where the corn is scarcely above ground as yet, while down here the barley, though not so far advanced as in Egypt, is already in ear. Well might Lot lift "up his eyes, and behold all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere . . . like the garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt." It is hard to imagine a richer scene than that soft green carpet of vegetation, traversed by beautiful little streams of sparkling water.

The travellers do not ride directly to the modern Jericho, but make a slight detour in order to visit the Ain es-Sultan, a beautiful and copious spring called by Christian folk "Elisha's fountain," from an ancient local tradition to the effect that this (as is undoubtedly

the fact) is the spring of unwholesome water healed by Elisha with salt. The water, which gushes forth into a rocky basin, is warm (84° Fahr.), and has a scarcely perceptible and not unpleasant mineral flavour, but is perfectly good and wholesome. Just above the spring towers all that is left of ancient Jericho, huge mounds of rubbish and stones, a melancholy grave round which seems to linger the echo of Joshua's imprecation: "Cursed be the man before the Lord that riseth up and buildeth this city Jericho: with the loss of his first-born shall he lay the foundation thereof, and with the loss of his youngest son shall he set up the gates of it."

The ride thence to modern Jericho is through a beautiful wilderness of soft turf and green thorn-bushes—the plant from which the crown of thorns is said to have been made. Modern Jericho stands nearly on the site of the ancient Gilgal (a name which still survives in the Arabic form *Jiljilieh*), the first camping-place of the Israelites on this side Jordan. It consists of a few huts, a medieval stone tower, traditionally said to mark the site of the house of Zachæus, a hospice kept by monks of the Greek Church, and the hotel. This last edifice, wherein our travellers establish themselves, is a primitive place, but clean and comfortable. After dinner, during which Yuseph devotes himself with untiring zeal to the useful office of keeping the flies away, the landlord brings out various curiosities for sale—rosaries of shells from the Dead Sea; pebbles from the Jordan, painted with small pictures of the baptism of our Lord; and "roses of Jericho," which appear perfectly dried up and dead, but which, if put in water, forthwith begin to grow.

The days spent at Jericho will always be remembered as having been lived in a kind of hothouse, so heated is the fragrant air, and so luxuriant the semi-tropical vegetation; while the wild flowers, especially the deep crimson poppies and the brilliant golden marguerites, are a continual feast to eyes not accustomed to such gorgeous surroundings.

It is during this Jericho expedition that a scheme begins to be discussed among our travellers of journeying, after Easter, northward through the country from Jerusalem to Damascus. This means travelling on horseback and sleeping in tents, roads and inns being alike unheard-of in the interior of Arab-land. The Sister (who must assuredly go too, and instruct her ignorant friends about the various places to be visited) has heard of an unexceptionable young dragoman who would undertake to make all arrangements for a sum which (considering that it covers food, lodging, and all other travelling expenses whatsoever) seems surprisingly moderate; and while the travellers are still at Jericho this young Syrian, Cæsar by name, suddenly appears on the scene in charge of a party from Jerusalem. Our travellers are impressed with high ideas of his capabilities and spirit of enterprise, and begin to look on the camping-out plan as something less visionary and impracticable than heretofore. They are further resolved that, if they go, their friend Yuseph must go too.

Meanwhile they do not neglect to visit the places of interest about Jericho. One of these is the *Jebel Karantel* or *Quarantana Mountain*, so named by the Crusaders from the not very probable belief that this was the scene of our Lord's forty days' fast, and the "high

mountain" of the Temptation. The precipitous and rocky face of the mountain is pierced with many small caverns, in which, from very early Christian times, hermits have taken up their abode, and wherein still live some hermit-monks of the Greek Church.

Riding over the plain, our friends dismount at the foot of the mountain, and slowly make their way up the cliff by a narrow zigzag path, alternating with flights of rock-hewn steps. Presently a bell clangs out overhead, whereby the monks signify their welcome to the approaching visitors. Arrived at their exalted abode, the travellers are most kindly received by the brothers, and seated in a balcony overhanging a dizzy abyss. Here they are entertained with various oriental delicacies, of which the most delectable is a preserve made from the fruit of the cheruyeh, a beautiful flowering shrub, very common in Palestine, with a scented blossom not unlike our white May. All this kindness must be acknowledged somehow, and Sebaste tries the experiment of writing a little letter of thanks in Greek, which she cannot pronounce in the modern fashion, but which ought to be intelligible in writing. This composition is read aloud by one of the brothers for the benefit of the others, but whether it is understood remains a matter of controversy. Before leaving, the visitors are shown the rock-hewn chapel, which contains a beautiful screen with good painting thereupon. They also visit a little oratory (likewise hewn in the rock), wherein is shown the rocky seat on which, saith tradition, our Lord sat when angels came to minister to Him. Every visitor is wont to touch this rock, and then to make the sign of the cross. They also see some of the *monks' cells*, which are very clean

and neat, considering that they are all mere grottoes in the natural rock. There are only five monks living here now, one of whom is a priest. They belong, it seems, to a monastery in Jerusalem, whence they are sent hither to watch over the sacred site, and entertain pilgrims, of whom as many as two hundred are sometimes lodged here at once. Twilight is falling as our friends ride back over the plain from the traditional Mount of the Temptation, and through the still air are heard the whining cry of the jackals and the hyena's unearthly laugh, sounds which recall that graphic touch added by St Mark to his notice of the forty days' fast in the wilderness, "And He was with the wild beasts."

That strange incongruity which besets every traveller in the Holy Land is illustrated by the fact that the wanderers close their day's proceedings by beholding a Bedouin dance, performed after dark in front of the hotel. The Bedouin folk begin by making a blazing fire, and round this the fantastic figures, in their graceful Eastern robes, execute various rhythmical movements, chanting the while in a wild but not unmelodious chorus. When the men have gone on in this fashion for some time, they retire, and a similar performance is gone through by the women, led by two Arabesses, who really look very graceful, twisting and twirling about in their long dark-blue robes, one of them holding a sword with both hands above her head. From time to time one of these ladies advances from the ring, and utters in the ear of one or other of the audience the curious quavering shriek which, in Arab-land, is an expression of joy. The prettiest part of the performance is that executed by the children, who

dance round the fire hand in hand, accompanying their spirited movements by a shrill chant. Gradually the fire dies down ; those wild

faces, just now lit up by the bright red glow, fade back into darkness, the chant ceases, the Bedouin disperse, and the entertainment is over.

#### V.—THE JORDAN AND THE DEAD SEA.

Perhaps the impression of most travellers who stand for the first time on the banks of the Jordan is surprise that what they have always looked upon as one of the great historic rivers of the world, and certainly the most highly favoured of any, should be in fact no lordly stream, but a rush of brown turbid waters traversing a course which, with all its innumerable windings, is but 200 miles in length. Poor Naaman ! In spite of his exhibition of temper, one cannot help sympathising with him a little.

During their stay at Jericho our travellers devote one day to the Jordan and its banks. In the morning, with the little Sheikh Abdullah at their head, they ride to the traditional place of the baptism of our Lord, where pilgrims are wont to bathe, each entering the water wrapped in a white sheet, which, carefully preserved, eventually becomes his shroud. The Jordan flows in a deep cleft from 50 to 150 feet below the surrounding plain, and the edge of the stream is bordered by thick tangles of tamarisk and willow trees. The river itself is of nearly the same colour as the Tiber at Rome, and rushes between its banks with a strong swift current. Having secured some of the water for the baptism of an infant niece, our friends surrender themselves to the enjoyment of the delicious shade, a luxury which those can hardly appreciate who know not the might of Syrian suns. It is pleasant to wander about among the

tamarisks, listening to the rush of the stream, and trying to imagine those many well-known incidents therewith connected, till gradually the mind grows familiar with the strange scene, and Jordan becomes for ever, not as heretofore a shadowy, almost mythical name, but a vivid and substantial reality.

In the afternoon the poor little sheikh has a headache, and begs for a half-holiday, so that the unfortunate Jacob must brave alone the possible contingency of finding himself and his travellers pounced upon by the Bedouin of the land of the Moabites, whither they require him to conduct them. A ride from the hotel of about an hour and a half brings the travellers to the wooden bridge (an outlandish and exceedingly unbecoming erection) by which they cross the river, and reach at last that country beyond Jordan, so little known by travellers, and so dangerously infested by Bedouin plunderers. Very delightful is that short walk along the eastern bank of the river among flowering tamarisks and other strange plants and shrubs ; but Jacob is fidgeting about, and says that it is getting late (meaning that the Moabites are coming), so that our friends soon find themselves back on this side Jordan, and, mounting their horses, ride across the plain to modern Jericho, admiring as they go the wonderfully brilliant tints of blue and purple thrown on the mountains by the slanting rays of the afternoon sun, and beautifully diversified by the shadows of the clouds.



One morning is expended on an expedition to the Dead Sea. It is rather sad to have irrevocably dispelled from one's enlightened mind those fascinating myths respecting this lake, in which one used to have a wondering but unquestioning belief—such as that it did not exist before<sup>1</sup> the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah (where the waters of the Jordan used to go to being an altogether irrelevant question); that an unnatural gloom hangs over it when the sun is elsewhere shining brightly; and that poisonous exhalations are drawn up from its waters, so that no living thing can exist in its neighbourhood. All this, it seems, howsoever charming to the wonder-loving mind of man, exists but in his own vivid imagination; yet still the lake deserves its name by reason of the desert-plain which surrounds it. Riding from Jericho, our friends soon realise that the rich vegetation round that place extends not far into the desolate plain; the luxuriant green things are speedily left behind, and they enter an absolutely barren tract where not a blade of grass is anywhere to be seen. The nitrous soil is dry and loose as though made of ashes, the conical mounds have a volcanic appearance, and white salt lies about on the surface of the ground. As they approach the lake, a very salt sea-breeze blows refreshingly in their faces, and in a few moments more they are standing at the brink of a brilliant expanse of blue-green water, sparkling in the sunshine, and looking so fresh and alluring that they taste it forthwith—but only *once*, for it is horribly nasty, a compound, apparently, of salt

and quinine. This, however, is the only displeasing characteristic; and, for the rest, it is a pity that all those unfortunate folk who are deluded by the doleful accounts of melancholy-minded travellers cannot look for once over those sunny blue waters away to the mountains of Moab, forming the eastern shore, and rising up ethereally beautiful in a glory of bluish light.

Too soon comes the morning on which our friends must start on their return journey to Jerusalem, and very unwillingly they set forth, retracing their steps till they have ascended for some distance the Valley of Achor, where they dismount in order to descend into the gorge of the Wâdy Kelt, a rocky glen from 400 to 500 feet deep, with grand towering cliffs on each side. Leaving their horses on the road, they descend the precipitous cliff by a winding and zig-zag path, cross the brook Cherith, from which Elijah drank in the days of the famine, and toil up the rocks on the other side to a Greek monastery which marks the traditional site of the cave in which Elijah is supposed to have lived. The monastery is perched on a ledge of rock, with its front rising sheer from a precipitous cliff, of which it seems so natural a part that one would think it had grown there.

The monks receive their visitors with great kindness, and entertain them with various delicacies, of which some mugs of cool clear water are not the least attractive part. Sebaste once more tries her hand at Greek letter-writing, and submits her composition to one of the monks, who does not seem greatly the wiser. Our

<sup>1</sup> The lake may have been smaller before the cities were destroyed, leaving a wide margin of fruitful plain; but that a lake there was has been long ago geologically demonstrated.

friends are now conducted all over the monastery by another brother of a particularly venerable appearance. Sophia and Sebaste talk Greek to him, pronouncing the vowels Italian-fashion, and emphasising the accented syllables, as is the fashion of modern Greek folk. Much to their delight they discover that he and they can more or less understand one another, though he makes to Jacob an Arabic remark to the effect that "they speak the *ancient* tongue." As he can do the same, he is able to tell them that his hereditary name is Keprios, but that his monastic name (*μοναχοῦ ὄνομα*) is Vicentius. He shows the visitors the church of the monastery, and Elijah's cave, a natural grotto in the rock, with the roof covered in some places with what looks like wild honeycomb. Sebaste asks whether this is the work of *μέλισσαι*, but Vicentius says it is done by *σφήκες*. He further takes them to the ancient burial-place of the monks, long forgotten, and accidentally discovered some years ago. It is a cavern in the rock, the roof and walls covered with Christian symbols, and epitaphic inscriptions in Greek characters. The skulls found here are now ranged round the sides of the grotto in several rows one above another, the effect whereof is ghastly and dismal.

Thinking that the learned Vicentius will assuredly be able to decipher her little epistle, Sebaste explains to him that she has written something which she wishes him to read. He readily consents, and reads the letter aloud without any hesitation, translating part of it into Arabic for Jacob's benefit, who reproduces it in English. Beginning with a salutation to the "Fathers in the Lord" of the Wady Kelt monastery, the letter proceeds after this sort: "We are *Christians of the English Church*

come from far away to visit the native land of your Lord and ours; and we thank you a thousand times for your kindness and hospitality."

The good Vicentius seems pleased at this, and, taking up a pen, rectifies a false accent, so exactly with the air of some Cambridge lecturer correcting a piece of Greek prose, that it is hard work to keep serious.

But what seems to please him most is the text with which the letter concludes: *Εἰς κύριος, μία πίστις, ἐν βάπτισμα*, "One Lord, one faith, one baptism." He looks at it for a moment in silence, and then, as the visitors are taking leave, he says kindly: *ἅπαντες ἀδελφοὶ ἐν Χριστῷ ἔσμεν*, "We are all brethren in Christ."

Recrossing the brook, our friends climb up the steep path to the brink of the gorge, remount their horses, and ride on through the hot sunshine. A carriage-road is in process of construction between Jericho and Jerusalem, but the original track is still much used, and in many places our friends follow it by preference, passing over the very ground often traversed by our Lord and the apostles. Holy Week is near, and their thoughts naturally turn to that last sad journey from Jericho, when "He went on before, going up to Jerusalem."

Even here, and indeed soon after leaving Jericho, the traveller can see the convent-tower on the summit of the Mount of Olives, overlooking Jerusalem. They rest again at mid-day in the Khan of the Good Samaritan, and then go onward and upward, still into the hill-country, till at length they reach the village of Bethany on the south-eastern slope of Olivet. Here they again dismount to visit the traditional tomb of Lazarus, and the "house of Martha and

Mary." It is difficult to have much faith in these traditional sites, but the village itself may well look much the same as when its streets were trodden by our Lord Himself.

As the travellers go on toward Jerusalem, they leave the present road, and trace out, with the Sister's help, the original track by which passed the procession of the first Palm Sunday. They ride for some distance along this old path, so as to get the exact view of the city seen by our Lord and His train as they came round the shoulder of the Mount of Olives. The south-eastern corner of Jerusalem (the "city of David") comes first into view while all the rest is still invisible. It was at this point, says Dean Stanley, that there burst forth the cry: "Hosanna to the Son of *David*. Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. Blessed is the kingdom that cometh of our father *David*. Hosanna . . . peace . . . glory in the highest."<sup>1</sup> A little later, the travellers reach the point where the whole city, with the Temple area, comes suddenly into view—the place where, "when He drew nigh, He saw the city and wept over it."

The sun is already sinking behind Jerusalem, which stands out clearly against the glowing western sky. Transfigured by the soft light, the city seems to resume something of its ancient glory and beauty. One sees in imagination the Mount Moriah of ancient days towering in isolated grandeur from those rocky gorges, so much deeper then than now. The Dome of the Rock melts away in the sunset light, and in its stead rise up the snow-white Temple walls—

"built," saith Josephus, "of stones that were white and strong, and the length of each stone was five-and-twenty cubits." And round the very brink of the ravines towers that mighty wall, supported by vast substructures built up from the valley beneath and covering the face of the rock. Brightly glows the rosy sunset light, till the city seems faintly to reflect the glory of that other Jerusalem "which is the mother of us all," "whose light is like unto a stone most precious, as it were a jasper stone, clear as crystal"—the city which, like this earthly Jerusalem, "lieth four square," and (as may have been true of the ancient city before the ravines were filled up) "the length and the breadth and the height thereof are equal." There are many things in that description which are hard to realise, until one has seen the city whence the imagery is drawn—such as how the "foundations" of the wall were full in view, as was doubtless the case in ancient Jerusalem, where the foundations of the outer wall of the Temple (here identical with that of the city) were high on the brow of the rock, above the great substructures. But perhaps the chief point gained is the sense of surprise with which the sentence falls—"And I saw no temple therein." The chief feature of the familiar city, the central point to which the eyes would turn, is absent; and in its stead, in the midst of the sacred Temple site, is set the shining throne.

The sun has set, the twilight now fades rapidly away, and our travellers re-enter Jerusalem by the light of the paschal moon, now almost at her full.

<sup>1</sup> Sinai and Palestine, p. 192.

## ON FOWLERS AND WILD-FOWLING.

FIRST on our list of wild-fowlers come that class who shoot to fill the stomachs of those at home, either with the fowl themselves or with the money these bring when sold. When I was young, money was much more hardly earned than it is now; and it required no small amount of manœuvring on the part of the fowlers, and a very accurate knowledge of the different localities along our coast, with their varying food-supplies, to meet with even a very ordinary amount of success.

In my native fishing village, wild-fowling and fishing were almost inseparably connected; even the mechanics of our community were devoted to both of these pursuits, so far as their daily callings permitted. The men of the coast-line are a distinct race. Whether they hail from Romney Marsh or from the wild shores of Northumberland, they quickly fraternise when they come across each other; and although their dialects may differ, their mode of thought and habits of life are the same. They change little. I have just returned from a visit to the dreary flats, and found them swept over by the storms that have lashed round our shores of late. The men were just what they were in my boyhood, in thought and action entirely unlike the folks dwelling inland.

Naturalists they do not profess to be; but they know all the fowl, web-footed and hen-footed, and their plumage, sex, haunts, and habits, as well as any farmer's wife knows the ways of her own poultry. I have before me a list of the wild-fowl, with their local

names. To mention a few of the family of the divers, we have the *sprat diver*, the *magpie diver*—this bird's plumage being black and white,—and again the little *magpie diver*, the *morillon* or *rattle-wings*, and the *buffle-headed duck*—called by our folks “the harlekin,” because this bird springs and dives like a flash. The “cussed” redshank or pool-snipe was dubbed the *red-legged yelper*, with very good reason. Wild geese, the Brent goose excepted, were all called grey geese, a very comprehensive title with the shooters.

Our line of coast was, from its formation, peculiarly adapted to all the fowl that visited our shores. Where sea-grass grows and the succulent salt-water algæ flourishes, the fowl congregated in past times, and they do so now in diminished numbers, to feed on these plants. A great amount of wild country is still left to us; I have lately returned from parts where some who have challenged my statements would have been found dead, if they had attempted to travel over them in the gloaming. Quicksands and morasses are still numerous enough within thirty miles of London, to say nothing about wilder country beyond. In fifty years' time these morasses may be drained; but the wild hillsides covered with firs and heather will remain as they have ever been, the feeding and playing grounds of our wild creatures. Man has tried to cultivate some of this wild ground, and has failed in all his efforts. The marks of his ploughshare can yet be seen in places, showing this. They must remain what they have always

been, health-giving to man, as well as affording satisfaction to his craving for the beautiful.

A bitter nor'-easter has been blowing all the day; the tide has flowed and ebbed again, but not one shooter from the fishing village has been down with his gun to the shore, although a few have taken to the sea-wall—the present writer with them—to see how things are looking. It is a very poor look-out indeed, for the wind blows the water off the sea in sheets, and delivers it to us in the shape of a blinding salt spray, that makes the tears run down one's face, and gives a sensation as if hot needles were pricking one. There is no use in trying to bear it; if we do not leave the top of the wall we shall be blown off it, so we crouch at its foot, to the leeward side, of course. As we sit there, fowling reminiscences are brought up: "It wus jest sich a day as this here," remarks one of the party, "thet old Splashey busted his six-footer." Splashey was a sporting shoemaker, who owned the longest fowling-gun in the village. He was also noted for wearing the most dilapidated shoes. No matter if it rained in torrents, out he would bolt, precisely at ten o'clock, to get his half-pint of porter in those wretched "crab-shells." Flip, flop, splash, he went, hence his nickname of "Splashey." When he went out shooting, however, he always put on waterproof fishing-boots.

"Yes, it wus jest about sich a day as this—it couldn't be a wusser, nohow—thet old Splashey, an' me, an' Josher Hulldown, an' Old Craft cum down for sum geese. My boy Scoot brought the noos up from the boats. Well, they wus druv clean up frum open water, blowed right off, Smack! On'y

the wust of it wus, they wus the Musson side o' the Crick. Most o' the feed was there, d'ye see. Now and agin the wind 'ud clean wobble 'em up, an' blow 'em up agin one anuther; an' you could hear 'em jabber like mad; an' then a lot of 'em flapped over this 'ere side.

"There waun't no love lost 'twixt Splashey and Josher, ye knows, not in the shootin' way, though Splashey made all Josher's shoes an' boots; but if Josher could take the wind out o' Splashey's sails in shootin', he'd do it. He's told me lots o' times he wus bound to. Our guns had bin loaded, mind ye, fur geese, afore we started. Well, we wus behind the wall, listenen' tu the gabble o' they geese, now an' agin pokin' our heads up tu see how near they wus gettin', when all at once we misses Josher. Splashey looks at me an' then he crawls up the side o' the wall an' looks over, an' we sees Josher, crawlin' through the blite on his hands an' knees, workin' up to them 'ere geese. Splashey looks at me, fierce es a rat in a trap, an' sez he tu me, 'The six-footer shell reach 'em fust; I'm damned if she don't!'

"I sees him take somethin' out o' his pocket an' ram it down his old shooter; an' he sez, 'Not this time, Josher, you don't!' He lays his shooter on the top o' the wall, draws his long her'n's shanks up, and kneels down, takes aim at them 'ere geese, an' off she goes: an' off goes poor old Splashey! Somethin' went by my head *swish*. Up went Splashey's heels, an' then he rolled down the wall into the dyke [ditch] at the bottom. Fur the time I wus deaf an' silly-like. What in the name o' mischief hed took place I didn't know, but I goes down to him, an' then I goes

his six-footer hed busted. She'd kicked a bit middlin' hard, an' took Splashey a wipe on the head. The stock on her, an' a bit o' the barrel, hed gone down the wall with him, t'other part on her hed gone by my head. Up cums Josher, all in a blow-like, an' Old Craft, fur he'd sloped off as well, an' there they sees him laid out with blood on his face, an' his nose swell'd up as big nearly as his paste-horn.

"Sez they tu me, 'She's wrecked him at last;' but sez I tu them, 'Let's see ef he can't be roused up.' So I breaks the ice at the edge o' the dyke with my foot, takes off my red comforter, makes a wet 'swab' on it, an' while they mucked him up I swabbed him down, like. A goodish bit on it went inside his shirt, I kin tell ye; but it did Splashey a power o' good, fur he begun tu make the most desprit faces, thin he opins his eyes, an' sez he, 'Where's them geese?'

"The long-shanked old fool hed actooally druv a bullet down his shooter, an' it hed stuck three parts down, unbeknown to him. So she busted up."

Josher Hulldown got his title in this way. He had vested interest in a certain trading barge called the Hoy. We knew her well. She brought all the commodities of civilised life, as they existed at that time, into our village; and she carried a few things from our place to other parts. The things were not bulky; but whatever was required—a fender, a table, groceries, or liquids—the Hoy brought them.

At times Josher would be intrusted with special commissions, about which the lively young women who gave them were vast-

stated times for leaving port and for entering it; but the truth was, you did well not to expect her till you saw her. To those damsels who were anxious about the Hoy's prolonged absence, Josher would hint vaguely at stormy weather, and, with a long face, would say he hoped she was safe. Taking into consideration that her avowed occupation was to navigate a tidal river only up to London and back again, he as part-owner had not much to fear. This barge made long reaches from shore to shore.

Josher broke and sold sporting dogs—pointers, setters, and water-spaniels: he always had the best blood that could be got. To those who were in the secret, it was great fun to get near him, if you could do so without being seen, when Josher was training his dogs in the ma'shes. If a thick hedge were between you and him, you were all right; otherwise your position was not a very safe one, especially if, in the exuberance of your joy, you made some remark that Josher did not consider complimentary.

His clothing, when not out with his dogs, did not differ in the least from that of the poorest fisherman in the village; but when out with his dogs, Josher was a transformed being, in a drab cord shooting-jacket with capacious pockets, knee-breeches to match, and with leggings called by his admirers spattle-dashers. The whole get-up was crowned by a drain-pipe hat. Superb the boys all thought it, and only equalled by his language to the dogs. One well-remembered morning, Old Craft, one of our party of shooters, had business in the ma'shes, as indeed every soul in the place had at times. He told afterwards how from the thick  
he had gone to loo'

for *something*, he heard what he at first thought was a drill-sergeant with a lot of raw recruits, talking very high and mighty. On looking through the hedge, behold Josher and his dogs. "To ho—oo—o! Dash—h—h! Nellie. Down! Cha—arge, 'cha—arge! Most zasperous you be goin' on! Stead—y! May Old Harry lay hold o' the pair o' ye! Now then, Nellie, down then, cha—arge!" All this time, he was, as Old Craft expressed it, waving his arms about like a merry-andrew on a stage.

"Josher," cried out Old Craft, "do ye call yourself a Christian man, trying to talk French to poor dumb creatures thet can't nowadays understand it? Ye ought to be 'shamed o' yourself."

Going up to Old Craft with an expression of supreme pity on his face, Josher replied, "Craft, 'tain't tu be expected thet you should understand my speaking, seein' thet ye ain't hed no schoolin' tu speak on; but I'll ask ye one question. Ef I wus tu speak tu these 'ere dogs in the same way as I speaks tu you, how wud the critters understand the language o' the Quality, arter I hev sold 'em to 'em?" That question proved a "poser" for Old Craft.

I have seen it stated in the most decided manner that there are no fowl in certain localities. For those who have made this statement certainly this is the case. Is it probable that local wild-fowlers will, for a paltry pound, or a couple, if it comes to that, show the haunts of fowl to "tinkering duffers," who would only frighten them? No one has more respect for the true sportsman than I have, but it is for the genuine article!

If under the most favourable conditions, with the most intimate

knowledge of the "gripes" and gullies of the slub ooze, fowl are hard to circumvent, what must it be under foul weather? For, to the stranger, the slub looks like a level flat; but it is not one by any means, for when the tide ebbs and flows, it rushes up and down these gullies in the ooze like a mill-race. Money earned by fowling is hardly earned. If it were not for the sporting element, the difficulties would be unbearable.

There is more traffic on the tidal waters now than there used to be. Where at one time you would only see one or two sleepy barges in a day, you will now see fifty or more different craft. Steamers and steam-launches have made fowl shy, to say nothing about steam-tugs, with a heavy fleet of barges behind them, churning all up from the bottom and sides.

It is mainly owing to the danger attached to fowling that it is so fascinating. A shore-shooter is always alone. Pairs do not shoot together. There would be endless squabbles if they did. If he is on the slub flats, and the sea-fog comes down on him, even if the shore-shooter is only a quarter of a mile out and he has his dog with him, his situation is not to be envied. He may come out of it all right, and he may not. It is impossible to tell at such times which is water and which slub. More than one fowler has driven the barrel of his long duck-gun into the ooze, and grasped the stock, when he has found the water rippling over his boots and the tide coming in, not going out. And he has all but funk'd over the matter when the fog has been lifted as quickly as it fell. He has just been able to reach shore after wading in water waist-high. Others have thrown down their guns.

fowl and rushed for their lives. I have been in this fix myself, and know what it is like. To see the tide rush round you, filling up hollows to the size of a moderate mill-pond, in about five minutes, will make you look alive. For it is a well-known fact that any fowler caught on the flats by the tide, if he has fishing-boots on, and he is not able to get them off in time, goes down.

All this is for the love of sport, the money is a very secondary matter. Well, there is good comradeship at such times. If the cry for help is heard, rest assured it will be responded to; for they have bold brave hearts. But if it be too late, the next day, or the day after, according to the state of the wind and tide, the unlucky fowler "comes ashore," as they term it.

The gale has lasted for two days. High rough tides have rushed up the creeks and gullies from the open sea, bringing up sea-weeds and fish which have their usual habitat in deep water, far out. The fowl have been flitting now here, now there, wherever they could get grass to feed on. It has been far too rough for a boat for fowling purposes, even in the sheltered creek; and it is madness to aim at fowl from a punt or skiff when the bow is playing seesaw, now up now down. Now, however, the gale is over. The tide will be flowing up at flight-time,—glorious news for the fowlers, of which they will certainly take advantage. I have been watching the fowl all day, and my eyes ache. The salt spindrift is still in the air, and gathers on one's field-glasses. It must be borne in mind that the very best binoculars will not distinguish between closely allied species over a certain distance.

re-

tively speaking, between a curlew and a plover, when these birds are standing up; but when the birds have squatted on the hard dry slub, heads to windward, making the best of it until feeding-time comes, it is almost impossible, unless some fortunate accident allows you to get very near, to tell the difference between them. It is hard also to distinguish between sanderlings and dunlins in their winter plumage, as they run about mixed up, even if you are very close up to them, as I have been at times. On their first arrival on our coast they are not shy, if left alone and not harried.

Wild-fowl proper,—the mallard, widgeon, pochard—the dun bird or red-headed pochard—the long-tailed duck or sea-pheasant, with the two species of teal,—constitute the fowler's ducks, as they are called, that is, the eating ducks. Almost all the waders—woodcock, snipe, and plovers excepted—are odd trifles for the bird-preserver. The loons or sprat divers, grebes, gulls, and the diving-ducks, scaups, and scoters, also find their way there. These are fancy ducks, some of them procured at intervals few and far between. I spoke of the effect salt pricking spindrift has on the eyes. It now causes me to turn my back on it, and to get on top of the sea-wall and march homewards. Before I have tramped a mile, I meet the fowlers coming down for the flight-shooting. Nowhere else could I see such a battery of guns, half-a-dozen of them all told, some of them muskets from the army and the navy, which the owners said "*hed* helped to leather old Boneypart." The musket party proper consisted of three. The fourth man had what he called a Spanish musket, "one thet *hed* bin in his fambly fur years," he



said, some of his folks having brought it home when they went there for fruit and nuts. Number five had what his companions called a musketoon, well named, for the muzzle was bell-shaped, and quite as large as a small hand-bell. The sixth had one of the finest fowling-pieces I have ever seen or handled. Manton's guns were not scarce in that locality. This one, like all other good fowling-pieces, would send a bullet straight to the mark if properly handled. When the butt was on the ground, the muzzle came up to his chin, and the shooter stood five feet ten inches in his shoes. Tradition said that he had on one particular occasion cut one of his wife's clothes-props in half, pointing the lower part of the forked portion, to serve as a gun-rest. This was for a long shot. As the subject had led on one or two occasions to some remarkably hard hitting, given and received, it was not often mentioned.

I knew the whole history of those six guns by heart, for when one or the other could get me to himself he would tell me what *she* would do. One and all of them had miraculous killing powers, "ef they could on'y get among 'em" (the fowl). This they certainly did at times. As to the very ancient "musketoon," as its owner called it, she eclipsed the lot. He would launch out about raking a lot of widgeon, at feed on the slub. I should not like to state how many times that tale has been told by him, but I always listened to it with profound respect. It was her wonderful spreading power, he said, did it. He had taken her out one day and got left in his punt high and dry in a deep gully. There he had to wait till the tide flowed. As he lay there out of sight, some widgeon pitched to feed

just in front and well within shot. He fired and got a dozen, for they were packed as close as they could be, and had got their heads up. The distance the slub was torn up was marvellous. But it was what he did *not* get that grieved and worried him. The sly old boy knew perfectly well that not one wounded bird could he find when he floated out of the gully; but he would persist in believing that double the quantity had been killed by that mighty spreader.

To give an instance of his affection for her. When he had a bad miss-fire at a lot of fowl, at close quarters, and got twitted over it, he would say, "She ain't jest right to-day." It was a difficult thing to listen to the recital of these wonderful qualities without smiling, and I have known punched heads result through doubting that spreading power of hers. The way in which that old shooting-machine was coddled up by her owner was curious. No child of tender years and delicate constitution could have had more care bestowed upon it.

But this is only the light side of fowling; there was a darker one. Many a sad accident has occurred in those out-of-the-world localities, of which the public has heard nothing. In spite of the greatest care misfortunes will take place at times. A low punt of the old-fashioned sort, at night, with the fowler stretched out flat at the bottom, his long gun just over the bows, is not easily distinguished from a lot of fowl. Fowl lift only a few inches from the water. They are in one grey mass, if in close order, and of the same tone as the punt. More than one unfortunate has been towed home, lying dead in his punt, having been accidentally shot by a fellow-fowler.

The fowling-punts now in use, for those who shoot for sport only, are of different construction. Those our shore-shooters use were chiefly the flat punts, peaked fore and aft, and they were made in many instances by the men themselves.

It is from this class that moneyed fowling get their information as to the fowl and their haunts. Our ordinary shore-shooters are employed by the latter as fowling and fishing guides. It would be a rash venture to go on a strange coast without a guide that could be trusted. Incompetent loafers are to be found, go where you will; but a little trouble and tact will lead you to what you require. Then, weather permitting, if the fowl are there, and the sportsman who is after them can shoot, all will go well.

Fowling appears to have been practised by the ancient Egyptians, judging from their sculptures and paintings. In England it has been carried on to a vast extent, from the earliest times, in the Fen counties. Nets, snares, and springes have been employed for the capture of the wild-fowl. I do not intend to enter fully into this matter, but will refer our readers to an admirable and exhaustive work on duck-decoys by that keen sportsman and naturalist Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, author of 'The Fowler in Ireland.' Nothing could be better, so far as information on that subject goes. As regards the capture of wild-fowl by decoys and other methods, from the earliest date up to the present time, it stands unrivalled.

By the way, the fowl that supply the London market come principally from Holland, the shores of that country being very favourable to the hosts that flock there for food and shelter.

Until quite recently the capture of fowl by decoys or nets has been kept a profound secret by all those who have practised it for a living. I have known the time when, if a stranger received a friendly hint from some quarter or other that his company or his presence in certain localities was not desirable, it would have been very unwise for him to disregard that caution. To put the matter plainly, a sluice might be turned on to flood a certain meadow that he was in the habit of passing over, or a plank-bridge pulled up and laid on one side of a deep dyke on a dark evening,—the natives in this way giving him his choice between the devil and the deep sea. This state of affairs is happily now greatly altered; but it is not yet altogether a thing of the past. Rights, or supposed rights, in fowling or fishing, have always been a very vexed question. If the general public can claim these with any show of reason, let them fight tooth and nail for them. Great quantities of rough, broken marsh-grounds have lately changed owners, and large estates have been cut up. What has been the delight of one owner may be detested by the next one. If due allowances could be made on both sides in these matters, between the general public and the owners of the land, things would work far smoother than they do.

From all I have been able to learn, however, and that from the most reliable sources, the rights as regards fowling have been a bone of contention from the very earliest times. The monks of old had trouble over it in our fen-lands, and the matter is not quite fought out yet. Some nonsense has been written lately about the cruelty that must exist in the natures of

all those who indulge in sport. In my humble opinion, to be a sportsman, in the true sense of the term, you must be a man first. The hunting instinct has been the greatest blessing to England, for with it goes the spirit of adventure.

Before I venture to speak about fowling from our fine modern punts, which carry guns with all the latest improvements, let me mention one instance out of many hundreds, showing what vast hordes of fowl have congregated close to London, comparatively speaking, for Essex cannot be said to be far from it. They are plentiful enough there yet. Folkard, in his 'Wild Fowler,' written in 1875, has stated—and I have heard the same fact scores of times before I left the marshlands on the opposite shore—that on one or two occasions within present memory the capture of pochards or dun birds has been so great that a waggon with four horses has been required to remove them. These birds were taken as they rose from the pond by means of high nets fixed on poles. I have seen enough on the wing to fill a couple of waggons. As to the amount of fowl captured in various places and at different times on and about the Essex shores, I have information that can be relied on implicitly; but if the numbers were given, I fear some would only smile incredulously. Facts are, however, hard to refute. Men who have studied wild animals—lions, tigers, and leopards—in zoological gardens, with iron bars between the animal and themselves, have ventured to doubt the accurate statements of that prince of hunters, Sir Samuel Baker. It is high time that indoor students of zoology and ornithology kept their criticisms to themselves.

Wild-fowling is, in my humble opinion, the very cream of sport; and all the money in the world will not enable the sportsman to kill fowl unless he is the possessor of three qualities—accurate knowledge of the fowl he is after, pluck, and patience. At times the very patience of Job will be needed.

On some parts of our shores the shooters or fowlers think they have a prescriptive right to the foreshore and the water beyond. Bullets have been fired from fowling-guns most unpleasantly near to the punt of one gentleman who is well known for his fowling exploits on the tide and tidal waters. Not only that, but they have been fired also at the fowl he has been setting to, to put them up before he could draw within range. At last this was carried on to such an extent that he took a repeating-rifle in the punt with him. As a rule there is not much to hide behind, on a bleak foreshore, unless you dig a hole, and that is not done in a moment; so his hint was taken, and he was troubled no more. The portrait of this gentleman is before me as I write. In one of his own contributions to a well-known work on sporting matters, he states that foremost and unrivalled stands the work of that father of wild-fowling, Colonel Peter Hawker, the fifth edition of which was published in 1826, failing to mention, from a modesty peculiarly his own, a grand volume by himself on wild-fowling. This he most generously presented me with in 1884. I have read it through many times from end to end, and always with increasing satisfaction. Colonel Hawker did not pose as a naturalist, but he wrote facts. The various mechanical contrivances that he invented have, with slight modifications to

suit the present time, been universally accepted. He had a most accomplished fowler and puntsman, whose name was Buckle. For a time all went well with the Colonel and Buckle. Then they began to differ, as employer and employed will at times, and Buckle left him. The poor fellow died in a workhouse a few years back, aged eighty.

A proper fowling-punt is built from the very best materials, light and strong. A single-handed punt for paddling to fowl, to carry a swivel-gun of from 80 to 112 lb. weight, together with a man of about twelve stone, may be in total length a little over 18 feet, pointed stem and stern, decked fore and aft, and flat-bottomed. A punt like this would be propelled by short paddles, worked over the sides, the fowler being flat on the bottom of the punt. In the shallows a pole, called a setting-pole, would be used, or the edge of a paddle, according to circumstances.

When the fowler has found his fowl, he works up to them till within range, then he drops his paddles, aims, and fires. If the shot is successful, he next stops "cripples"—as wounded fowl are called—with a shoulder-gun, and collects them afterwards. The undertaking is not easy. All fowl on open water rise and fall with the motion—the pulse, so to speak—of the ocean, which on the calmest day is distinctly felt.

Sportsmen of deservedly high repute have, we know, spoken in disparaging terms about fowling on the tide with fowling-punt and swivel-gun, but these are such as have been mainly accustomed to inland fowling. A double punt, one that carries two fowlers and a heavier gun, is built on the same lines as the one above described.

And in tempestuous wintry weather, when the snow is lying deep on the ground and heaped up in wreaths upon our window-sills, and when even the most enthusiastic of sportsmen will think twice before venturing out into the biting blast, what better resource can he find than in the books devoted to his favourite pursuit? Fowling has a select and picturesque library of its own, which may well compensate for enforced confinement from the pleasures of out-of-doors. Let me take down the books that come nearest to my hand.

The author of 'Bird-Life of the Borders,' Abel Chapman, whose book ought to be in the hands of every lover of bird-life, has left nothing to be desired by the most captious critic in that work. He states in his Preface that the illustrations, rough pen-and-ink sketches by the author, reproduced by photo-zincography, have no pretensions to scientific accuracy. They are, however, all excellent. His fine sketch of grey geese on the sand-bar, full sea—spring-tides—is the best representation of geese I have ever seen. From the Borders we may pass to Scotland's fowlers; and who that has read "Christopher in his Sporting Jacket," in the 'Recreations of Christopher North,' but would give him credit for being a most inveterate fowler? In "Christopher in his Aviary," we all see that he was a most observant naturalist. These volumes, too, are full of healthy vigorous life. Then we have John Colquhoun, most accomplished of fowlers, as his work, 'The Moor and the Loch,' proves. Mr Charles St John also devoted himself to the wild sports of Scotland. He, too, was a keen wild-fowler. So was

William M'Gillivray, the author of 'British Birds.' Whilst in the notes to 'The Lays of the Deer Forest,' by John Sobieski and Charles Edward Stuart, are to be found very fine descriptions of wild creatures and wild scenery.

The last, but by no means the least, important work that I turn to, is that by G. Christopher Davies, who regretfully states in his Preface that his book is positively the last descriptive writing anent the Norfolk Broads. As I have said before, the Fens have been generally considered to be the great strongholds of fowl. They were this, at any rate, before draining operations were commenced. But the Broads, those vast expanses of pure and comparatively shallow waters, have, from times beyond record, been equally productive,—in proportion, perhaps, more so than those great Fens which have now been drained. One great fact must be remembered: the Broads, or freshwater lagoons, remain in almost their primitive condition, the haunt of fowl and of fish as in former days; whereas the Fens have

practically almost ceased to exist. On the first page of his delightful and most accurate work, the author places the bird-life of the swamps before one as graphically as though he had lived all his life in the marshlands. Nothing has escaped his notice. The various aspects of the Broads in summer and winter, in bright sunshine and under heavy storms, are represented as in so many beautiful word-pictures. Wild-fowling, decoying, ordinary marsh-shooting, and fishing, are all discussed in the most genial manner. Reading his descriptions is like having a big crack with some old fowling and fishing friend. The shooting of a particular otter is one of the author's most charming sketches. In fact, it is a work that all lovers of fur, fin, and feather may read with pleasure and profit. A peculiar interest is attached to this book, for it represents most faithfully and minutely nature where man has not tried his improvements. I fear that state of things will not be allowed to remain much longer.

A SON OF THE MARSHES.

## CHRONICLES OF WESTERLY: A PROVINCIAL SKETCH.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.—EXPLANATIONS.

"Nor now, to prove our chance,  
Longer we'll tarry."  
—DRAYTON.

PIPPERLY waited in vain for Adrian to put in an appearance at Scottowe Manor. He hoped to have been in a position to take back to Lavinia a written proposal for the repurchase of the place at a substantial premium, which would have been at once a satisfactory termination to the business he had in hand, and a practical testimony to his shrewdness and capacity.

But it was not to be wondered at that he was disappointed. There was so much to be talked about at the rectory, that Adrian's time for several days was fully occupied. Joe and Kate both felt as if they could "never make enough of him"; and to himself the situation was interesting, novel, and absorbing. His affectionate nature warmed to these two, who had been, and were still in the highest sense, his children—since to him they might be said to owe their lives, certainly their fortunes.

He soon felt quite at home with Georgie, who had the sentiment of hospitality largely developed; backed up by that subtle charm which banishes all sense of shyness and restraint on the part of the guest. There are, as everybody knows, people who welcome you and are profuse, lavish, and demonstrative in their kindness, yet do not succeed in making one feel at home; and there are others who, without any effort, convince you at once that you are welcome, and that, moreover, your stay will conduce to their gratification. This is a gift, and Georgie had it.

The first serious difficulty and diversity of opinion which arose was as to the title by which Adrian was to be familiarly known in the household. It was at last settled, to the satisfaction of all parties, that he was to be called "Uncle" Adrian,—a decision which was not arrived at till the evening of the second day—after tea—as the four sat together round the drawing-room fire. It succeeded, and was led up to by the kissing stage—Georgie taking an active part.

When matters had thus far satisfactorily progressed, and Kate had been, as usual, suddenly called away to baby by the faithful and vigilant Bridget, Adrian said—

"Now, Joe, you and Mrs. Tinkler, just get up closer. I want to tell you something."

"Not unless you call me 'Georgie.' You know that was part of the agreement."

"Very well — Georgie then. You must know, as a very great secret—at least it was a very great secret, but isn't going to be any longer. Are you very much interested, Georgie?"

"Oh, not a bit," said she; "only you may as well go on, like a dear, good uncle, and get it over—as I daresay it has been a trouble to your conscience."

"Many a shot fired at random takes effect, Georgie—perhaps it has. At all events, I am now going to make a clean breast of it. I am not Adrian Verney, but—quite another man."

"Good gracious!" said Georgie, with quite a start, and jumping her chair as close to him as it would go; "how strange! Oh, do tell us all about it! Let me call Kate."

"No, Georgie," he said, suddenly grasping her by the wrist; "only you and Joe—at present."

The story he unfolded is partly known to our readers, but it was altogether new to Georgie, and most of it unknown to Joe. He told them first of his parentage, and of how in early life he had nearly broken the heart of his father by wild, disreputable, and unfeeling dissipation; and he did not spare himself, or strive to extenuate himself, during the narration; how they had been for long years separated, believing each other to be dead; and how they had very recently come together by a mere chance, and been reconciled. He told how, in distant lands, repentance and remorse came upon him, and how he had endeavoured, when fortune smiled on him, to do all the good he could with the wealth and means at his disposal. Then he touched lightly upon his successful efforts in behalf of Tinkler and Kate, dwelling on Joe's devotion to her, and on his many other sterling qualities as a man, which made Georgie's heart glow with satisfaction.

"And now," he said, "my dear girl, I have set myself to achieve one object in life, before I settle down to old age and inactivity, and that is, to provide for Kate and Kate's boy, in the way which the father would probably have most appreciated (as I gather from her letter written to me before his death),—the connecting once again the name with the place from which it is derived. *Hugh, if he lives, shall be Scottowe of Scottowe.*"

Georgie did not speak, but she looked anxiously for information with a questioning expression of the eyes: she did not like to interrupt by speaking.

"I'll buy Scottowe," he went on; "and will settle it on the boy, after my death. Kate shall come and housekeep, if her new husband will let her; and the child shall be my adopted son. I didn't want her to hear all this just yet—from myself. That is why I would not let you call her."

They were moved almost to tears by the whole story—Joe and his wife—as was very natural. Georgie could only exclaim, after she had found her voice, that it was "all just more like a bit of a novel than real life."

"Ah!" he said, "real life is always like a novel—when the novel is true."

"But novels are never true," Georgie replied.

"They are, when they are good ones, and written by a master-hand; just as true as a great landscape painted by any great artist is also true, even though his scenery may be purely imaginary. And now, I want you to promise me one thing. You must just go, Georgie, and tell Kate that she is not to make a scene or a fuss about thanking me; because I never can stand that sort of thing. I look upon it as such utter waste. She may kiss me as much as ever she likes. I don't at all object to that; in fact I like being kissed by her—and you: it's quite nice; but I hate a lot of gratitude, for a selfish act just done to please myself, and which is for my own enjoyment and satisfaction. Now good night; and mind you obey me."

"I am sure she will," put in Joe, getting up.

"You

to him; "I want to talk to you on matters of business."

Georgie, in a high state of excitement, rushed off to Kate.

"It is a noble and generous resolve," Tinkler remarked, as he shut the door after her, "but not more noble or generous than might have been expected." A "pish" and a deprecatory movement of the hand conveyed the intimation—as they drew their chairs together again—that eulogy was displeasing; so Tinkler turned, at a venture, to an expression of a doubt as to the success of the scheme as regarded Scottowe Manor. Would Miss Harman consent? Having already purchased—as he understood from Mrs West—would she now relinquish her hold?

"I met her agent," Adrian explained, "as I travelled down; and as it appears that her object and mine are identical, there is no difficulty—at least none which cannot be got over. It is a mere question of pounds, shillings, and pence. And now, Joe, I have a fact to reveal to yourself alone. You have been, as I said before, the best of brothers to poor Kate, and it may be something of a shock to you to learn that—she is not your sister." Joe was startled, and turned pale. "Don't be upset: hear me out. She is quite near enough to be called so; and there is no need even to disabuse her mind on the point. You are children of the same father. He is dead these many years. I don't wish to pain you needlessly, but it is right that you should be made aware of the fact that he was not, my dear Joe," and here he put his hand kindly on the parson's shoulder, "he was not—a good man or an estimable man—from any point of

and I will keep to ourselves, for many reasons, and never divulge it—even to Georgie. There is no need that she should know. You are a son by a different mother. The story of Kate's mother is a sad one." Driven temporarily out of her mind by his brutal treatment of her at a time when the worst of men are supposed to show some trait of pity, some spark of humanity, she in her frenzy attempted her own life and that of Kate. I was fortunately able to save the child, and believed that I had also rescued the mother—whose pitiful case I knew—but she escaped from the place of refuge which I had provided; and in the dead of night, there is little doubt, she succeeded in the second attempt to drown herself. The story is a sad one. There is no need that Kate should hear any of it."

"None, none," responded Tinkler, mournfully; "we have both cause to bless you."

They were silent by mutual understanding for a time. The story as told was not complete. There were portions of it which Adrian deliberately suppressed. Tinkler was not told that a stigma rested on his mother's reputation, and that the name he bore was hers and not his father's; but he would never know it now.

"To-morrow," said Adrian, purposely changing the subject, "I will visit Scottowe Manor, and you shall drive me over. I dare say you will be able to find parish work enough to keep you employed, while I poke about the place."

"Plenty," said Joe.

At this point there came to their ears a sound as of much scurrying about, and of commotion outside. The door suddenly opened, and Georgie entered, followed



by Kate, who was in "uncle" Adrian's arms in a moment, and far too overcome—even if she had been so disposed—to break through the injunctions laid upon her.

"Take them off to bed now, Joe—there's a good man," he said at last. "I must put you all out. I am going to smoke a cigar—if Georgie and Kate don't object, and if you don't."

He might have smoked in the drawing-room or the nursery, or even in Scottowe parish church just then, without let or hindrance from any one of the three.

He sat down by himself, with his feet on the fender; and by the way in which he lighted his cigar and threw away the match, it was easy to see that he had got into a brown study almost immediately.

You know the kind of person who will not shake hands with you when you want to get away? You hold out your own in a tentative manner, and he won't take either it or the hint, but still keeps you button-holed; and you are too weak or too polite to rush away. The past got hold of Adrian in like fashion while he smoked; and old memories "linked" him whether he would or not.

Now there are those who potter about the shores of recollection, and call it retrospect; by whom the "waste of waters" have been unexplored; to whom the small boats about the harbour's verge have more interest than the great tempests, the wreckage—hope's flotsam and jetsam—or the fiery blood-red sunsets; souls that lack experience or imagination or both; who have never risked and never lost—or even mourned. It is the conventional belief that they are all the happier; perhaps they are: *do not know*. But Adrian was

not one of these, for he had both lost and suffered. Time had indeed softened, but it had not obliterated the outlines of his great sorrow.

The past all came suddenly back to him now; for the retrospect of the longest life may be momentary and yet exhaustive. Just as the eye, ranging over a vast expanse of scenery, passes by miles of moorland or pasture to concentrate and focus itself upon the homestead, the clump of trees, or the church tower far away on the extreme edge of the horizon, so it is with painful memory. The wearisome uninteresting waste is there; but far beyond it, or behind it, in the dim distance, lies the chief object of heart-vision—seen only by a keen process of introspection, which does not expend itself on intervening trifles, but on prominent objects. His recollection went back at a bound to the one great failure of his life—the loss of Kate's mother, whom he loved, and would have saved and cherished long years ago.

Success, from a worldly point of view, he had secured; but, from a mental and soul-satisfying one, his life had been incomplete.

That love can survive and continue through long years of regret has been proved over and over again by experience, and is acknowledged even by "the cynic"; but his philosophy advances the assertion that possession would probably have killed it. Adrian's heart was too large, his sympathies too wide, and his nature too tenderly retentive, to admit of any distrust, or disbelief in the heart's constancy, and love's unbroken continuity.

How strange it seemed at first that Kate, in features and temperament and character, should be so unlike her mother!

was she like her father!—he was glad, very glad of this; but when he came to think it over, his belief in heredity was not shaken, because he knew that a generation is often skipped by nature in the transmission of mental and physical characteristics. Had she been like her father in features, it would have been a curious study to see whether he would have “taken” to her at all.

He sat out his cigar, and then meditatively betook himself to bed with a strange feeling of unrest about the heart, which would have puzzled a superstitious man, but which he easily accounted for by the turn which his reveries had taken, and the consequent awakening of long dormant memories and regrets. The banked-up fires were aglow, and the extreme mental heat oppressed him—that was all.

Would he have been happier, I ask, if he had been a cynic? Because our sympathies are wholly with him, are we unjust to the cynic, who, if he be a bit hard-hearted, is practical? “There are sorrows and griefs so great,” says Leigh Hunt, “that to give them some of the ordinary vents is to run a risk of being overthrown. We must bow in order to let them pass over us, as a traveller does a wind of the desert.” But not thus does your cynic. If he even sees a ghost he sits down upon it, or runs his fist through it; and ultimately succeeds in banishing it by dint of reason and common-sense: it rarely survives the ordeal through which he puts it. He would have said to Adrian:

“The beauty you rave about has probably faded; the romance is gone, or if the reality still survives in the flesh, it has very likely developed adipose tissue, or has lost the delicate outline, the ex-

youth and long ago. This may not be pleasant; but may it not be true? If we cling to a delusion, we have only ourselves to blame for a rude awakening. Let the dead past bury its dead—and there an end of it: it is wiser for the most part. Be content with a headstone if you must, and leave it; but no disturbance of the sepulchre which Time has sealed, if you be wise. It is not necessary that you should finally determine whether the vault contains a cenotaph or a sarcophagus—if the body is not there.”

I think myself there is a great deal to be said for the cynic. “Airy fairy Lillian,” for instance, to whom Brown wrote those beautiful sonnets, married over twenty years ago Jones, the stock-broker. There was something in one of those sonnets about poetry of motion, and the dimpled chin. Now she waddles, and has three chins. She has, moreover—being the mother of many sons and daughters—no figure to speak of; but she is an estimable matron of the conventional type—good, extremely good, but oh, how different! The man she rendered happy was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and it would appear as though his progeny were destined individually to possess that impalpable bit of family plate as an heirloom—the daughters are going off so well, and the sons are such rocks of sense. Even the youngest boy, when “tipped” by Brown with a sovereign for a Christmas-box, had the good sense, on the instant, to lodge it with his father at interest, till the school vacation was over.

Brown now as a godfather is quite a success; as a husband he would have been, perhaps, a failure. Why speculate? He is a

man of understanding, though a bachelor ; and the banter of Robinson does not disconcert, but rather gives him comfort and enjoyment.

Mild cynicism acts as a healthy tonic to the mind ; and the man who administers it is the real allopathist among the sages.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.—A SURPRISE.

" And hopes and fears that kindle hope,  
And gentle wishes long subdued—  
Subdued and cherished long."  
—S. T. COLERIDGE.

The disturbing thoughts of the previous evening did not appear to have had any lasting effect upon Adrian's spirits. He was the life and soul of the rectory breakfast-table, and there was contagion in his example. It was a bright and pleasant morning, crisp and frosty. Georgie arranged the programme for the day. Joe was to drive over to Scottowe with his visitor, who was warned on no account to lose his heart to Mrs West.

" Oh ! you need not laugh," she said ; " much stranger things have happened."

" That's really no reason why I shouldn't," said Adrian. " But why anticipate danger ?"

" Because she is so handsome and so nice," put in Kate.

" Humph ! You argue by analogy from your own case, I presume."

" Well, Kate, after such a bare-faced compliment as that, I think you ought to blush," said Georgie.

" Well, I'm not going to," Kate retorted.

" No, of course not ; you are too accustomed to that sort of thing, I have no doubt. You see, Georgie, use is second nature," continued Adrian.

" All the same, joking apart," Kate said, " I shouldn't at all wonder if you really just did go and lose your heart."

" But I haven't one to lose : I

lost it ages ago ; at all events I'll take the risk this time."

" She is very distant," Georgie explained ; " and you've got to know her first. Only that she is so reserved, we'd have had her here often. But she won't come. She says she has ' a duty to perform,' and ' a trust to fulfil,' and can't be away long ; but, now that you are going to dislodge her, perhaps she may be induced to pay us a visit."

" I won't dislodge her, perhaps. I may want to keep her on."

" But she is too proud to remain, I'm quite sure," said Kate.

" I think she likes Kate a great deal better than she likes me," put in Georgie in an explanatory sort of way ; " and, do you know, sometimes I am inclined to be a bit jealous."

" Oh, I think it's just only the baby," Kate said : " there was nothing the baby would not account for. I told her the other day that I should teach him to call her ' granny,' and she seemed rather pleased."

" That's all very fine," said Georgie ; " you may turn it off in that way, but the fact remains. It can't be helped. Can it, Joe ?"

" No," said Joe, who had been wisely busy at his breakfast while this aimless chat was going on. " I think, all the same, that you might as well let the poor man finish his meal, and fo

for the ordeal which you seem to threaten him with."

"My dear fellow, I have finished ten minutes ago," Adrian explained. "If you don't mind we'll be off."

"What do you say to my dropping you at Scottowe Gate," Joe asked, when they were ready to start, "and leaving you to face the danger alone? I have lots to do, and I don't want to spoil sport—if there is to be any."

"Your plan will do admirably. I prefer to be alone, under the circumstances, as I don't wish my weaknesses to be witnessed, and a report brought home for Kate and Georgie to amuse themselves over."

"Oh, we wouldn't laugh—indeed we wouldn't," Georgie protested.

"Wouldn't you? I doubt that. At all events, I don't mean to give you the chance."

They saw the two men off in the trap in a few moments. Joe had become quite an expert in the management of a horse, when sitting behind—not on him; and he twiddled his whip-lash round the handle in a manner which seemed to indicate that he was quite in his element in the position of driver. They started at such a spanking rate that the man had enough to do to jump up. The distance to Scottowe Gate was soon covered.

"How long shall you be?" Adrian inquired, as he got down. "Probably I shall be ready before you are. But in any case, don't hurry over parochial business on my account. I can easily walk back when I have had a look round. I can scratch a big cross on the gravel with my stick if I should."

"Very well," said Tinkler, "that's settled;" and away he went to do a round of visiting among his parishioners.

The Gate lodge was shut up, and the shutters fastened, as the house was untenanted; but as there was no lock on the side wicket, Adrian opened it and entered. The avenue was a long and winding one, bordered by fine old trees, and flanked by luxurious underwood and unkempt evergreens on both sides. Near the house there was a light iron fence and gates, inside which there was some appearance of neatness and order. An old man, scratching at the footpath with a rake, left off work at Adrian's approach, throwing a query into his look which seemed to imply that he was too lazy or too feeble to start a conversation.

"Can I see the place?" Adrian asked.

The old man nodded, and went on again with his work; but suddenly changing his mind, he dropped the rake and found his voice.

"It's took," he jerked out.

Adrian waited for a further development.

"I say it's took," the old man repeated, straightening his back, as though his body was trying to yawn; "leastways, I mean that it's sold—out an' out; an' you're late if you wants to buy. That's all I can tell 'e. Gent was here a few days ago and took possession. There was a lie-ye's clerk from London down to meet him; an' first he turned us all out, an' then he handed over the keys, an' gev us leave to go in again."

"I know all about that," Adrian explained. "Mr Pippetly is an acquaintance of mine."

"That's him as got ugh," said the

old man, looking cheery as his doubts were cleared away.

"I am also a friend of Mr Tinkler," Adrian added, seeing the good effect of the previous announcement; "in fact I'm staying at the rectory; and he tells me that Mrs West won't object to my going over the place—just out of curiosity."

"No more she won't, neither," replied the old man, picking up his rake again and pointing with it. "You go on straight till you come to the big beech beyant, an' turn down the path to the left; it'll take you right up to the house. You ring the bell. There's an ole dummon scrubbin' about and cleaning up inside; she'll show you up to Mrs West." And having finished all he intended to say, he resumed his occupation, and left Adrian to his own devices.

The surroundings charmed him; there was such an air of solitary repose and antique simplicity about the grounds, and about the house, with its quaint Tudor gables, its mullioned and transomed windows, its terraces and its ivy-covered walls. There was no noise save the cawing of the rooks (which but serves to emphasise the silence of a deserted place), and no sign of life beyond their restless movements overhead; everything was so still that he hesitated to awake the echoes by ringing at the bell, and he slackened his pace as he entered the *porte cochère*. Fortunately there was no need to ring, for the hall door was wide open; and the "ole dummon" inside it, on all-fours, was scrubbing at the tessellated pavement, bringing out with sweeps of her long arm and wet cloth the bright colours with a freshness born of water, and not made to last. When she discovered the presence of a stranger,

she gave her frizzled old head a smoothing touch on both sides with her dripping hands, got up, and bobbed a curtsey.

He explained his object as lucidly as he could. "It is rather early in the day, I know; but will you tell the lady that I don't wish to disturb her? It is not necessary that she should see me. I am a friend of the family at the rectory. Perhaps she will allow you to show me about. Will you just kindly go and ask her? I'll wait."

The woman left off bobbing curtseys, and did as she was bid, and in a few minutes returned.

"Please, sir," she said, "Mrs West's compliments; and 'to be sure, of course—why not?' Will you just step into the library, and she'll come herself immediately!"

Adrian followed his guide, and was shown into the room indicated. The door was shut behind the retreating figure with a promptness which seemed to imply that she was glad to escape, and he found himself alone among the books. He was a man who loved such company; and a quarter of an hour passed rapidly away as he dipped here and there into the contents of the shelves within easy reach, and finally settled down, on the stone window-seat of a quaintly tinted oriel, to the perusal of a choice copy of the 'Sententiæ Publii Syri.' The little book was daintily and handsomely bound, and had a richly gilt monogram stamped upon it. On the fly-leaf it moreover contained, in a quaint hand, a Latin tribute to the merits of its author, contrasting the mental freedom of this slave with the purple bondage of a Caesar—who might, indeed, control the fate of thousands, but could not avert his own. Probably the volume had belonged to some early Chesterfield of the

Scottowe race, who valued it as it deserved to be valued. It was long since Adrian had found himself in such congenial company; and so much was he interested and absorbed, that he did not hear the opening of the door nor the approaching footsteps of Mrs West.

She crossed the room and stood beside him before he was aware of her presence—a pale, handsome woman, with that rare combination of silver hair and finely pencilled jet-black eyebrows which has always such an exquisite charm, as seeming to somehow suggest the borderland, the neutral ground between youth and age.

He turned, and hastily putting the book down, he rose and began—as he stepped out of the recess—to utter some words of apology for this early and unexpected visit.

They were face to face.

Suddenly, as if thrilled by the sound of his voice borne in upon her as an echo of the past, the statuesque figure underwent an emotional change, which seemed to transform and animate as if by some inward vivifying force. With a wild uplifting of the head she found her own voice, and cried in her agonised joy, "Adrian! Adrian!"

The sudden strain of this recognition was too great, and the reaction came with startling rapidity. The words which she was about to utter died away upon her lips, and she would have fallen where she stood but for the instantly supporting arms of the true and tender-hearted man who had loved and lost and long since ceased to hope.

"Mine—mine!" he exclaimed; "mine at last!" as he clasped her to his breast with a strong embrace.

All this can hardly have taken the reader by surprise, and far

back in the narrative it will probably have been guessed that Mrs West was none other than Mabel Scottowe. But to herself and to Adrian, a few moments back, nothing could have appeared less probable than that they should ever meet again, and—meet there. It is the unexpected which usually happens, and only an unpreparedness makes it strange.

After the great wave of emotion had passed over them, and its force had spent itself, there succeeded a calm, during which they talked long and earnestly as they sat together in that secluded oriel. His old love and all her faith and trust in him, which had been so many years hidden out of sight, revived. The man who had wrecked her life was dead, and she could give herself now to the man who saved her from herself. For the first time Adrian learned from her own lips the story of her early life and parentage—for in the old time she never disclosed to strangers the family name which she had sullied by that one false step of youth.

When, long ago, she awakened from her dream; when she found the reprobate for whom she had risked all, actually claimed by a disreputable woman as her property, she in her frenzied agony had attempted the destruction of herself and child. She owed her rescue to Adrian; but the thought of the murdered babe lay heavy on her soul. How she had contrived to escape his vigilance always puzzled him, and he believed her dead; but now she explained all.

With that skill which so generally goes with mental derangement she had quickly planned and as quickly executed a scheme of her own devising.

In the dead of night she fled from the house of refuge, and getting on board a homeward-bound

ship, she contrived—by the assistance of the stewardess—to obtain the place of nurse to the infant son of a lady returning to England. This lady had been disappointed at the last moment, and thus Mabel got the vacant post. The lady's husband was a distinguished lawyer who had gone out to the colony to investigate facts connected with a great law case then pending in London—the result of which hinged on evidence which could not be procured at home; and he had taken his wife with him for a change. The baby “took” to the strange woman, and she remained in the family as nursery governess for several years. Finally, after filling various situations, she—through this gentleman's assistance and influence—obtained the appointment which she now filled, and which she eagerly sought, having an intense desire to visit Scotowe once again, and if possible, to die there, unrecognised and utterly alone, with this terrible secret locked within her breast.

She knew, of course, that she was not responsible for her actions when, in her madness, she was guilty of the deed which deprived her of her child, and nearly ended in self-destruction. But she also knew that when she took the first foolish step which led to it all, she was not mad; and therefore it was that she never ceased to hold herself morally guilty, and was conscience-stricken and racked by torturing remorse through all the long and bitter past; therefore it was that she had daily, almost hourly, reproached herself for the cowardice which urged her to fly from justice. But to have been tried and found guilty! To have been sent to a madhouse for life! or to have been hanged! O God! to think of either!

The wonder was how her reason stood the strain that came upon it,

after having once given way; but in truth the derangement from which she suffered at the time was not the outcome of mental defects, but the result of mental disturbance, coupled with physical complications attending the birth of her child.

As she finished the pitiful story she put both palms together, and looking up at him with a yearning look, so wistful and so sad, hid herself in his embrace once more.

A sudden trouble came to embarrass him—a thought query which would assert itself, and demanded an answer—Was she devoid of natural affection? If not out of regard and gratitude to him, it did seem strange that no instinct of even common curiosity had ever prompted her to seek him out, or to learn the fate of her infant daughter since that dreadful night.

“Mabel!” he said, tenderly, pressing her head to his breast—“Mabel! why—oh why did you make no sign, no—”

“Hush!” she cried, with a cowering pathos in her voice—“hush! I was afraid—afraid. Oh, have pity! Merciful God, forgive me!”

The clasped hands were suddenly uplifted and as suddenly dropped. Her voice fell to a terror-stricken whisper as she spoke. A convulsive shudder passed through her frame. Tears came to her relief for the first time since they had met. He saw it all as if by magic or by inspiration—the horror and remorse that followed her when she fled, and had haunted her till now! She believed that she had taken that young life when attempting to destroy her own. She had lived for years under the conviction that she was guilty of murder, and this horror had been her constant companion night and day, in all the lonely years of misery through

which she had passed! His heart bled now to think of it. Be the consequences what they might, he must relieve her stricken soul from the weight of blood-guiltiness, and restore her to peace and happiness. He must tell her that Kate lived. It was cruelty, it was a crime, to keep this knowledge back from her. He began cautiously and tenderly, leading up to the main issue cleverly and well. She listened motionless and still, till suddenly the drift of his words became clear, and the truth burst upon her in all its fulness. Then the form pressed with a greater and a sudden weight upon his breast; the head fell drooping from its warm pillow, and the clasped hands relaxed their hold—she had fainted in his embrace. Tenderly he released himself; and supporting her in his arms, he opened the metal case-ment, and let in the cool, refreshing air upon the pale, terror-tortured, clearly-cut face—watching anxiously for the returning signs of life. She recovered slowly, to feel for the first time the warm, fervent pressure of his lips upon her own; and the silence which followed was full of solace and of healing.

A faint cry escaped her—an agonised sound which was half a sigh and half a mournful sob. She was dazed, and so overcome by the fulness of joy, when she recovered, that he did not think it wise or expedient to tell her all. He did not venture to disclose the fact that Kate was actually at the rectory, was known to her, had spoken to her, held her hand as a mere stranger, a stray acquaintance! The strain would have been too great. There was nothing for it but to temporise in order to gain time—to suppress the truth, in fact, for another day, till he had matured his plans, and settled his line of advance. He met her eager

importunities with a vigorous and decisive promptness of refusal, to which she had to submit. Tomorrow she should know all. He would go back to the rectory and would telegraph; and in a few days—three at most—she should be restored to happiness and maternity.

And now, when the strain was removed and the difficulty tided over, the strong man succumbed—it was so hard to part even for a day. He needed moral support now in his turn: she gave it—the brave woman. He must go, she said; he would feel it less now than if he lingered. She wanted to be alone—it was best; and when he returned she would be quite calm, and sufficiently recovered to bear all the good news in store for her.

There was no pledge of mutual faith either sought or given—it was not needed; for into the hearts of both had entered the settled conviction that fate had brought them together to be united, and that the tie would never be broken which bound them to each other.

Once, and once only, during the interview, did Adrian mention the hated name of her husband; and he did so only to assure her that no stain rested upon her or upon her daughter. The name was never to be mentioned again—he promised. She was to be known as Mrs West. This was a condition with which it was not difficult to comply. It would soon be changed to his own, and the unhappy record of the past be crushed out by the incidents of a bright and happy present.

Pathos is not my forte, else would this chapter have been the most interesting of all. I have seized only on the leading facts, and have left the depths of sentiment unfathomed and undisturbed.



From a sense of inadequacy I have been obliged to leave much to conjecture, and to let the reader fill in some of those delicate touches which a true word - artist would perhaps have elaborated. But surely the bare facts are eloquent enough, and no apology is needed; something must be left to the imagination of those for whom I cater.

I doubt, indeed, if it would be possible to unravel or describe the tangled state of feeling and of sentiment, of love and of remorse, of sorrow and of joy, of self-reproach and gratulation, which existed in the breast of Mabel as he departed, and she sat, motionless and silent, listening to his footfall in the corridor.

A sudden impulse caused him to retrace those steps. He had not told her his intentions with regard to the place itself; and it would be an intense satisfaction and solace to her to know them—therefore it was that he came back.

"And now, Mabel," he said, as he released her once again, reluctantly, from his loving arms, "I have great confidence in your reserve of power. Will you do one thing for the man who loves you better than his life?"

"Adrian," she replied, "my good angel, my saviour, I am yours body and soul, heart and will. Rule me, guide me, order me—do as you list."

"Will you promise me to be strong?"

"Oh yes—very strong."

"Can you bear two—three days of suspense such as this which I ask you to endure?"

"I can. Have no fear, Adrian. If I have lived through this long horror-tainted past without a thought of self-destruction, can I not bear a few short hours with all this happiness in store?"

He felt that the tension and the

strain were passed; and before he left her he was fully assured that her strength of will and nerve had returned, and that she was safe from any disturbing reaction or relapse. The tears would come again, no doubt, when he was gone, but they would only bring relief. As for himself, was he not of the so-called sterner sex?

Now, when a man attains to any very sudden good fortune or to a great acquisition of happiness, the strong point of his disposition, whatever it may be, is forthwith displayed, and the most pronounced characteristic asserts itself—his "bent" comes to the front. Adrian was a large-hearted, generous man, and this unexpected influx of joy called forth therefore, cumulatively, all his benevolent instincts. For instance, he felt that he could not pass by that aged female who had ushered him into the house without a gift in coin, which she had to dry her hand to receive with due respect, and which by its value seemed to take away the power of speech. She bobbed a series of curtseys, and quite forgot to let him out; so that he had to open the door for himself, while she gazed after him wonder-bound. The man with the rake came in for a similar gratuity. And when the two compared notes later on, they could only conclude that he must be either a lord or daft—the female holding to the former theory, the male as stoutly maintaining the other. She formed her conclusions from a dim recollection of the heroes of her youth, who were always noblemen in disguise, who fell in love with pretty and virtuous servant-maids, married them, and lived happy ever after. But his knowledge of the peerage was based exclusively on the "upper

the familiar proverb, "drunk as a lord"; and as Adrian was undoubtedly sober, there was no alternative but the one which the old man advanced. With such conflicting data to go upon, what wonder if the two differed thus widely in their conclusions? Finally, however, they came to the mutual agreement that, no matter which he was, he was liberal and free-handed.

But the instinct of giving was not new to Adrian—it was no sudden impulse born of the moment, though the amount might vary according to circumstances and emotions. There are those who argue against "gratuities to servants"; and in the dull season we see columns taken up with a discussion of the subject in the public press. It is demoralising, and so forth. You are valued, people say, by the menial according to your largess; the standard of worth is illusory, invidious, and the gift does no real good. I say it does good, to the donor, if it keeps his heart open; and as to the standard of merit, what sounder is there for inferiors to judge by? You are flattered and toadied by your equals according to the extent of your wealth—valued, in fact, by the very same standard—money. Is this appraisal more estimable than the thanks and gratitude of the humble, who judge you by the higher test of your generosity? The thanks you get from those latter is all they have to bestow; they gauge you by your liberality, having no better means of arriving at a conclusion. Are they not less to be despised than these others in your own rank, who value you not for what you give but what you own; and who will not know

you by-and-by if you "go smash"? Understand me. I don't mean to insinuate that there is any likelihood of such a disaster. I merely say to you—my friend, give to the civil porter, the attentive housemaid, the unlovely "boots," the assiduous waiter; and let rigid social economists prate about "promiscuous almsgiving" to beggars, and the enormity of overpaying a poor cabby.

Adrian scratched with his walking-stick on the gravel outside the gate the prearranged signal for Joe, and set off rapidly for the rectory. He had plenty to occupy his thoughts. Both Tinkler and Georgie must be taken into the plot, and be consulted as to how to break the joyous news to Kate; and lest the facts should be too much for him to keep till next day, he resolved not to say anything immediately to Georgie, but to wait for a private interview with her husband as the safest initial step. The whole business required nice management; but the chief difficulty would be to maintain an outward aspect of unconcern, which should not awake suspicion or precipitate a premature disclosure.

How strangely had the light banter of the breakfast-table found confirmation and fulfilment! The situation called for the utmost power of self-control; and as he neared the rectory gate, he almost determined that he would not put himself to the test, but would resort to that womanly expedient, "a bad headache," and plead his temporary indisposition as an excuse for keeping out of sight. This would have the double advantage of securing some quiet hours for maturing his plans.

*(To be concluded in February.)*

## CRICKET AND CRICKETERS.

IF there is one thing more than another which puzzles the intelligent foreigner in his researches into English ways and habits, it is the popularity and fascination of cricket; and the more deeply he studies the subject, the more hopeless does the solution appear to him. A Frenchman can to a certain extent comprehend, and even imitate, other forms of sport and outdoor amusements; but cricket (or, as he prefers to call it, "crik-ét") he regards as at once bloodthirsty and ridiculous. There is not even the semblance of a *fête* about it, for every one is terribly in earnest, and, except on rare occasions, a cricket-match appears to him as spiritless and *triste* a performance as a meet of the Queen's Hounds did to one of his compatriots—"no promenade, no band, nossing." He sees a number of men in white standing about in more or less ungainly attitudes; when suddenly one of them takes a run and hurls a ball "of terrific weight" (so says M. Taine) apparently at the head of another player, who hits it furiously with a club and runs away; whereupon all the other men in white run after him, and the spectators applaud vehemently. As the game goes on, the intelligent foreigner grows more and more bewildered; until at last he plaintively inquires of the enthusiastic but misguided friend, who has dragged him to Lord's, "But where is the crik-ét?" as if the game was some palpable and tangible object that had hitherto escaped his notice.

As a matter of fact, however, our foreigner can in these days "get up" his cricket as easily as

his cathedrals, for there are numerous manuals and handbooks for both one and the other. There seems, indeed, little danger at present of the rising generation of cricketers going astray for want of proper instruction in the science and art of their game, so far at least as it can be learned from books; and less danger still of the names and performances of great cricketers of the past or present being forgotten, like the heroes who lived before Agamemnon, *quia carent vate sacro*—for want of a historian to chronicle their achievements. Of late years several works on cricket have appeared, each in its own way interesting and valuable, and each written by some expert in the game. Firstly, we have had the reprint of old John Nyren's charming little treatise, which not long ago would have fetched almost its weight in gold at an auction. Then we have the genial, if somewhat discursive, essays of that experienced veteran, Mr Frederick Gale, who is probably the most uncompromising *laudator temporis acti* that ever watched a match from the vantage-ground of the Surrey pavilion. Then, again, there is the volume on Cricket in the Badminton Library—one of the best of a good series—and mainly written by two past-masters of the game, Messrs A. G. Steel and R. H. Lyttleton. And lastly, the greatest cricketer of our time, Mr W. G. Grace, has given us an interesting retrospect of his own career, as well as his personal impressions of the game itself and of the many good cricketers whom at one time or another he has met and known.

Clearly, therefore, so far as lit-

erature is concerned, cricket is in no need of historians or panegyrists: nor does its popularity as a game seem to decrease in these latter days of the nineteenth century. Other games come and go: they flourish for a time, and then pass as completely out of fashion as chignons or crinolines. Croquet, Badminton, American bowls, La crosse, have had their day and are almost forgotten, and there is even a rumour that lawn-tennis itself is doomed; but cricket seems an indigenous child of the soil, and thrives and grows among us, like the oak-trees themselves: it has come down to us, with all its traditions and ritual, like a sacred inheritance from our forefathers, and is most properly regarded with the same veneration as the Speaker's mace or the Lord Chancellor's wig. It is, in fact, part and parcel of our national life: it numbers its votaries and admirers literally by hundreds of thousands; for not only in England is the game played by all sorts and conditions of men, from a prince to a shoemaker, and on all manner of grounds, from the village green to Kennington Oval; but it is played in our colonies with the same zest and vigour as at home, and—go where he may—the Englishman carries his cricket-bat with him as naturally as his gun-case or his india-rubber bath. In Australia, as we have only too good reason to know, the game is so thoroughly acclimatised, that in bowling, at all events, our cousins from beyond the sea have been at times more than a match for our best elevens; but not only in Australia, but in every spot where there is an English settlement and a flat piece of ground, from Gib to Singapore, wickets are pitched, and matches are played by the residents, with a sublime disregard of the tempera-

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ture or climatic conditions. Even at Aden—that coal-hole of the East, which the very lascars find unpleasantly warm—the naval officers from some passing man-of-war challenge the perspiring subalterns from the depot; while in India, with the thermometer at 100° in the shade, the young Civil Service clerks and the members of the Madras Club emulate the prowess of Mr Jingle, and play with “a bat in blisters,” to say nothing of their own skins. Indeed, if we may believe Mr Rudyard Kipling, the educated Bengali talks more cricket “shop” than a young Oxford “blue”; and the native small boys play what they call *ker-lik-it* with an old shoe against a tin canister, and shout in their choicest Indo-pigeon English, “*Perlay ball. Ow-at! Ran, ran, ran!*” Really, if one comes to think of it, this last fact is perhaps the most genuine testimony that has yet been paid to the ascendancy of the dominant race.

It must not, however, be supposed that the shadow of a sneer is intended in what we have written above; but, as Mr Louis Stevenson observes somewhere, “there is nothing like a little judicious levity” even in approaching such a grave and almost sacred subject as our national game. If one is obliged to speak seriously, one must simply confess that cricket is *par excellence* the game of games, and that no other outdoor game, saving golf, and, as some might be disposed to think, Association football, comes anywhere near it, far less surpasses it in its fascination, its infinite variety, and its inexhaustible opportunities for good play or the reverse. The comparative merits of golf and cricket have been recently discussed in the pages of ‘Maga,’ but it appears

speaking with the utmost diffidence, that cricket is more enjoyable from a social and sociable point of view than golf, which its warmest advocates admit to be rather "dour" and exacting in its character; and, moreover, you have twenty-two players to promote festivity in the one case against only four at most in the other. Again, in cricket, decision and rapidity of judgment are all-important factors: the ball comes to you with the velocity of lightning and the force of a steam-engine, and you have the fraction of a second to decide whether you will play back or forward as it rises from the pitch, or whether you will "cut" it late, or leave it alone; while equal swiftness of hand and eye are required to make a sharp catch at "point" or a snap catch at the wicket. At golf, on the other hand, you have ample time to calculate your distance, and may deliberate for several minutes, if it so pleases you, as to the precise mode in which you will make your approach shot, or whether you will use an iron or a niblick to extricate your ball from a bunker.

Perhaps, after all, the most fascinating thing about cricket is what has been so often called its glorious uncertainty. It is a game that literally teems with surprises, and, as an Irishman might say, the most unexpected thing is the most likely to happen. Who is there who has not seen a match that seemed hopelessly lost pulled out of the fire, so to speak, at the last moment? Who does not remember that fatal day when five of the best bats in England went down for eleven runs before Spofforth's bowling, when only thirty were wanted to secure a victory? And

again, who, if he saw it, will ever forget Mr O'Brien's performance at Lord's in 1889, when he scored a hundred runs faster than we believe any man ever scored before or since, and won the match for Middlesex, with about five minutes to spare, before the stumps were drawn?

It is this uncertainty—this element of chance which no amount of skill can eliminate—that intensifies the interest and excitement in a well-contested match, and which, so far as we know, is almost wanting in other outdoor sports and games. A first-rate shot, for instance, will hit rocketeer after rocketeer with as much ease as if he was shooting at barn-door fowls; a first-rate billiard-player will make a hundred spot-strokes with an unerring accuracy that is at once monotonous and exasperating; a first-rate golfer can calculate within four or five the number of strokes that he will take in playing over any well-known links; while the heroes of the cinder-path know to a second how long their hundred yards or quarter of a mile will take them, and if there is any variation in their performance, it is only when they beat their own record. But no cricketer, however much a master of the game he may be, can predict with any confidence, when he takes his place at the wicket, what his score is likely to prove; he may make a century, or he may be caught at the wicket or bowled off his pads in the first over. The light, perhaps, is treacherous or the ground too sodden or too "bumpy"; and then, before he is "set," fate comes to him in the form of a "shooter"; or worse still, in that of a ball that "stops, spins, springs up like a galvanised frog, barks like a dog, and finally curls into the wicket."<sup>1</sup> He plays

<sup>1</sup> We are indebted to Mr Gale for this graphic description.

at it a little faster than he should ; it slips under, or, as it seems to him, through his bat : there is an ominous rattle of the bails, and the champion of his side walks back to the pavilion, leaving the scoring-book without a figure to his name. Mr Andrew Lang, who is the poet and patron of golf as well as cricket, moralises in his own manner over such vicissitudes, which remind the over-confident batsman that a big score in the first innings does not imply that he will have the same luck in his second :—

“ The burden of hard hitting ; slog  
away !  
Here shalt thou score a ‘ five ’ and there  
a ‘ four,’  
And then upon thy bat shalt lean and  
say,  
That thou art in for an uncommon  
score,—  
Yea, the loud ring applauding thee  
shall roar,  
And thou to rival THORNTON<sup>1</sup> shalt  
aspire,  
When lo, the umpire gives thee ‘ leg  
before,’—  
This is the end of every man’s de-  
sire ! ”

And, we may add, an end in many cases much to be desired ; for the modern batsman would frequently be out half-a-dozen times in an innings if he did not guard his “ leg ” and “ middle,” or sometimes all three, stumps with his legs ; and nothing is pleasanter than to see one of these gentlemen finally bowled off his pads or given out “ leg before ” after a rather too palpable violation of law xxiv., when he retires, anathematising the umpire, and complaining of his “ beastly luck.”

It is not our purpose to enter into the archæology of cricket, about which enough, and more than enough, has been written of late years. After all, it does not make the difference of a brass farthing to any one whether cricket was or was not played by school-boys in the time of Elizabeth ; whether it was invented by some superior genius, or simply “ grew ”—like Topsy or the income-tax ; or whether it was a development of the primeval game of “ tip-cat,”—a game which unfortunately still survives, and, as played by street boys, is certainly neither harmless nor necessary.

All these conjectures belong to a “ mythic age,” and the history proper of cricket begins with the famous Hambledon Club—the M.C.C. of the day—which flourished from 1750 to 1790. Here, on a wind-swept heath, about fourteen miles from Southsea, still stands the old-fashioned way-side inn, with the sign of the “ Bat and Ball,” which should be to all cricketers what Stratford-on-Avon is to the poet, or the old manor-house at Pytchley to the hunting man. For this humble tavern was the earliest home and nursery of cricket, so to speak ; and through its doors passed and repassed all the famous players of the day, whose names have been immortalised by Nyren. We can picture them now, as we see them in the old prints, the gentlemen in their tall white hats, nankeen breeches, and silk stockings, and the sturdy Hampshire yeomen in their grey home-spun suits. They played on

<sup>1</sup> Mr C. I. Thornton is well known as being the hardest hitter,—with perhaps the exception of Bonnor, the Australian,—as well as one of the most rapid scorers ever seen on a cricket-ground. At Brighton he once hit a ball that travelled 168 yards before it pitched ; and at the same place he scored thirty-four off the only eight balls he received in the innings.

Broad-Halfpenny Down, close to the inn. Pads and gloves were unknown, and torn fingers and bleeding hands were a natural consequence; for the bowling, though underhand, was undeniably swift. According to Nyren, the best player at that time was William Beldham, otherwise known as "Silver Billy" from his light hair—"a most venomous hitter," and in style "the *beau ideal* of grace, animation, and concentrated energy." He might really be called the G.O.M. of cricket; for he was the happy father of thirty-nine children, and lived till the age of ninety, fresh and vigorous to the last. "Lumpy" Stevens, a Surrey man, and David Harris, were the two best bowlers of the day. Besides these, there was Lambert, "the little farmer," who bowled with "a cursed twist"; Brett, "the fastest as well as straightest bowler that was ever known"; Tom Walker, otherwise "Old Everlasting," whose slow and cautious batting once provoked Lord Frederick Beauclerk (who was bowling) to such a pitch of wrath that he dashed his white hat on the ground, and audibly called the batsman "a confounded old beast." Some officious bystander asked Walker if he had heard Lord Frederick's epithet. "I doan't care what *ee* zays," was the reply, given with the calm contempt of superior genius.

For nearly forty years the Hambledon Club held its own against all opponents, and won twenty-nine matches out of the fifty they played against All England. Their crowning triumph was in 1777, when they won the match in a single inning, making 403 runs, of which James Aylward, who has been rightly termed the Shrewsbury of his day, contributed no less than 167—a grand performance.

Nyren describes for us the characteristics of the various players, and the jovial supper-parties, which took place on match-days, in the long club-room on the first floor of the "Bat and Ball," in a style that makes one think there may be some truth in Mr Pycroft's theory that his book was actually written by Cowden Clarke, the friend of Charles Lamb, and that Nyren himself only supplied the facts and details. Be this as it may, the following extract is in the very manner and spirit of 'Elia':—

"There was high feasting held on Broad-Halfpenny during the solemnity of one of our grand matches. Oh, it was a heart-stirring sight to witness the multitude forming a complete and dense circle round that noble green! Half the county would be present, and all their hearts with us. Little Hambledon pitted against All England, was a proud thought for the Hampshire men. Defeat was glory in such a struggle. Victory, indeed, made us only 'a little lower than angels.' How those fine brawn-faced fellows of farmers would drink to our success! And then what stuff they had to drink! Punch!—not your new *Ponche à la Romaine* or *Ponche à la Groseille*, or your modern cat-lap milk-punch—punch be-devilled; but good, unsophisticated, John Bull stuff—stark!—that would stand on end—punch that would make a cat speak! Sixpence a bottle! We had not sixty millions of interest to pay in those days. The ale, too!—not the modern horror under the same name, that drives as many men melancholy-mad as the hypocrites do . . . but barleycorn, such as would put the souls of three butchers into one weaver. Ale that would flare like turpentine—genuine Boniface! This immortal viand (for it was more than liquor) was vended at twopence per pint. The immeasurable villany of our vintners would, with their march of intellect (if ever they could get such a brewing), drive a pint of it out into a gallon. Then the quantity

the fellows would eat! Two or three of them would strike dismay into a round of beef. . . . There would this company, consisting most likely of some thousands, remain patiently and anxiously watching every turn of fate in the game, as if the event had been the meeting of two armies to decide their liberty. And whenever a Hambledon man made a good hit, worth four or five runs, you would hear the deep mouths of the whole multitude baying away in pure Hampshire—"Go hard!—go hard! *Tick* and turn!—*tick* and turn!" . . . How strongly are all those scenes, of fifty years bygone, painted in my memory!—and the smell of that ale comes upon me as freshly as the new May flowers."

If the ale and punch had so degenerated from the golden days of the Hambledon Club, at the time (1833) when Nyren—or his friend—wrote the above, what would he have said to a modern cricket-lunch, as supplied by the local publican,—the stale salmon, the tough beef, the ancient chickens, and the heavy pastry, washed down with beer—sour and muddy stuff—that, so far from "making a cat speak," or "flaring like turpentine," would be more likely to make a dog sick, or put the fire out.

We must, however, leave Nyren and his delightful book, and pass to the next era in cricket—the foundation of the M.C.C., which may be said to have risen from the ruins of the old Hambledon Club, and was founded by a number of gentlemen, who were all keen cricketers, in 1787. Lord, a famous bowler of the day, gave his name to the original cricket-ground of the club in Dorset Square, and after one or two changes the members finally settled in the famous ground in St John's Wood Road, in the year 1814. From the first the M.C.C. assumed the high position, which

it has held ever since, as the centre and oracle of the cricket world: every amateur player of note joins its ranks as a matter of course; the secretaries of the various county clubs annually meet in its pavilion, and arrange the important matches of the season; and the laws of the M.C.C. are as binding on cricketers as those of the Jockey Club are on the Turf. The club now numbers above 3300 members, and has an annual income of £30,000, which is entirely devoted to the support and encouragement of the national game.

Among the famous players at Lord's in the earlier part of this century we may mention Lambert, Budd, Osbaldeston, and W. Ward, the father of the late President of the Cambridge University Cricket Club; but more famous than all was Fuller Pilch, who from 1830 to 1850 was incomparably the finest batsman in England. He had an immense reach, could "smother a ball at the pitch," as it is called, and was the first great exponent of the art of forward play. Pilch was a Kentish man, and to the same county eleven belonged another famous cricketer, the great Alfred Mynn. We can see him in several prints of the day—a somewhat adipose giant, about W. G. Grace's height and weight, that is, six feet one, and eighteen stone, with a broad good-humoured face. He was genial and kindly, as all great men are, immensely popular with all classes, and played the game throughout with a single-hearted devotion to his own side. In bowling, we are told, he had a really majestic delivery: he walked slowly up to the crease, then his huge arm shot out almost in a straight line from the shoulder; the ball flew on its way like a rushing wind, as if driven fro



catapult, and hummed like a top as it cut across the wicket—then there was the vision of a middle stump flying through the air and spinning like a Catharine-wheel.

Few men in those days ventured to stand up boldly to such terrific bowling as this, and still fewer had the necessary strength and nerve to play forward or drive the ball; and for this reason nearly all the field were placed behind the wicket. On one occasion, however, Mr Robert Grimston was asked to play for M.C.C. against Kent, and cheerfully answered, "Oh yes, I will play, and bang old Mynn, and make him run after the ball." And he did play accordingly, and *did* "bang old Mynn," hitting the second ball he got for five, and, as there was no long field, Mynn had to fetch it himself.<sup>1</sup>

In 1846, the All England Eleven was founded, and for the next quarter of a century the game rapidly developed; county elevens were formed, and gradually took the place of the All England, the United, and the United South; while the old-fashioned "under-hand" was superseded by over-hand and round-arm bowling, which reached its perfection under such great masters of the art as Jackson, Tarrant, Caffyn, Grundy, Wootton, and, best of all, George Freeman. Both the first-named players bowled at a tremendous pace, and there is a well-known cartoon in 'Punch' representing "the Pride of the Village" after a "hover from Jackson": "The first 'ad me on the knee, the next on the wrist, the third blacked my eye, and the fourth bowled me." It has been a question often asked, but rarely answered, as to whether the bowling of the present day is

faster than that of fifty years ago, and it is a more difficult question still to decide who is the fastest bowler on record. Both Mynn and Brett bowled "at a steam-engine pace." Mr Marcon, again, is said to have broken a man's leg at Oxford—presumably before the days of pads; and on another occasion a ball bowled by him "hit the bat high up about the shoulder, and bat and ball went through the wicket." But, according to high authorities, George Brown of Brighton was the fastest bowler ever seen on a cricket-ground: he had three long-stops, and the rest of the field were placed behind the wicket: and on one occasion he is said to have bowled through a coat, vainly held up by the long-stop, and to have killed a dog on the other side of it.

A new epoch of the game was marked in 1864, when W. G. Grace made his first appearance in first-class cricket, being then hardly sixteen years of age, though he was almost as tall as he is at present, and weighed eleven stone. From that time to the present he has been one of the most familiar figures of our day, and is probably known by sight to thousands who have never set eyes upon the Queen—indeed, there are few Englishmen who have not seen, at least once in their lives, the burly form, the swarthy features, the black beard, and keen dark eyes of the "Champion." In his book Dr Grace writes modestly enough of his own performances with the bat and ball; but it was inevitable that a large number of his pages should be more or less an autobiography, for no man has contributed so largely to the history of cricket, or filled so large a space in the score-sheets of the

<sup>1</sup> Life of the Hon. Robert Grimston, by F. Gale, p. 62.

last quarter of a century. He and his brothers raised Gloucestershire to the proud position of the champion county of England—a position which it retained for two successive years, 1876 and 1877. During that period his own feats of scoring were something prodigious—notably in 1866, when he made 224, not out, for England *v.* Surrey, and won a hurdle-race at the Crystal Palace on the last day of the match; while in 1876 he made 839 runs in three consecutive matches—and he has been for season after season ever since the terror and despair of professional bowlers. His presence has always been a tower of strength to his side—not only on account of his personal prowess, but also from the confidence which he inspires as a captain, from his quiet and judicious management of the field, and the unflinching courage and determination with which he fights an uphill game. No doubt, time has begun to tell on him in recent years, as it tells on all of us who have passed the mature age of thirty-five; but if he is not quite so active in the field as formerly, his strength is unimpaired, his right hand when bowling has not altogether lost its cunning, and he can still, when he is on his day, hit with a force and precision that are worthy of his best time.

We now approach a somewhat delicate subject—namely, the Professional element in modern cricket. Mr A. G. Steel, who certainly writes with no kind of prejudice, declares emphatically that “the more cricket gets into the hands of professional players, the worse will it be for the game and its reputation;” and probably every one who has seen much of first-class cricket in recent years will thoroughly agree with him. But, unfortunately, as matters

stand, professionals are a necessity in county cricket, for the simple reason that there is hardly any amateur bowling worth the name; and it is quite possible—supposing two county elevens to be composed entirely of amateurs, and these good batsmen—for the side which won the toss to stay in for two days out of the three. No match could ever be finished under such circumstances; and even as it is, in the unusual event of a hot summer and on a hard and true wicket, we constantly see the batting get the upper hand even against first-class bowling, and interminable scores are the necessary consequence.

We must admit, therefore, that professionals are a disagreeable necessity in cricket; and we can only feel thankful that so many of them are all that every amateur who has played with or against them acknowledges them to be—unassuming, well-mannered, and, to a certain extent, unspoiled by the manifold temptations which their popularity with the mob brings with it. Personally, we repeat, many of them are all you can wish; professionally—well, it must be remembered that they are playing for their livelihood, that cricket is not so much a game to them as a serious business, and hence they cannot be expected to take the same chivalrous and exalted view of it as the amateur, who plays solely for his pleasure and for the honour of his side.

Accordingly, in those county elevens where the professional element is strong, men play not so much to win the match as to increase their own average, and their sole object is to keep up their wicket, and if possible carry their bat out at the end of the innings, with an utter indifference as to how slowly the runs may be com-

ing in. Nothing is so dispiriting, as well as exasperating, as to watch a first-class professional at Trent Bridge or Bramhall Lane playing over after over with the same studied accuracy and precision, and with the same blank result as regards the score-sheet. On one occasion we are told that Barlow took two hours and a half to make five runs; Scotton was once in for an hour and seven minutes without scoring at all; and another professional (probably Louis Hall is meant) "remained at the wicket an hour and fifty minutes without troubling the scorer. He was then so flustered by the jeering of the mob that he rushed out, hit a catch, was missed, and, amidst as much cheering as if he had completed a century, broke his 'duck's egg.' Nothing in cricket," adds Mr Steel, "can be more dull or dismal than bowling to batsmen of this description on a sodden wicket at Bramhall Lane in a Sheffield fog."<sup>1</sup>

Another detestable practice of modern professionals is to ignore balls on the off side altogether (though they may be perfectly playable) for fear of being caught at cover-point or in the slips. They leave alone the most tempting long-hops and half-volleys, which A. J. Webbe or W. W. Read would cut or drive to the boundary. We have seen Shrewsbury—one of the worst of these offenders—let ball after ball pass by in this tame and unsportsmanlike manner; and if Shrewsbury, who is probably unrivalled in the art of cutting a ball late, acts thus, what can we expect from the rank and file of the professionals?

Dr Grace treats this class of cricketers gently and tenderly; he calls them "slow scorers," and talks of their "unwearied pa-

tience." Well, most of them are his personal friends, and he calls them by their Christian names; but in the case of Scotton, who (as he rightly says) "has broken the heart of many a bowler," he asks, with the faintest touch of sarcasm, "How if there were a Scotton at both ends?" We may carry this awful possibility a step farther, and ask, How if there were an eleven of Scottons, or Louis Halls, or Barlows, or even Shrewsburies, when Shrewsbury is playing a defensive game? It is perfectly clear that if there was such an eleven (which heaven forbid!), and it was once in, it would remain in for ever; for the bowler has not yet been born who could separate such a bundle of "sticks."

It is difficult to see what can be the pleasure or satisfaction to a batsman, especially one who can cut or drive a ball fast enough when he chooses, playing in this slow and wearisome fashion, and scoring perhaps at the rate of eight or nine runs an hour. His style may be unexceptionable, his defence may be perfect, he may weary out bowler after bowler; but after all, such play is a parody or counterfeit of a noble game, and it is no more cricket than to ride through every open gate and broken fence in a run can be called hunting. We do not mean to imply that a batsman shall always aim at a sensational innings, and hit at every ball that is bowled to him without regard to its pace or pitch; but assuredly there is nothing comparable in the world of sport to those supreme and delightful moments which a great batsman, like Mr O'Brien or Mr Stoddart, enjoys, when his nerves are steady, when his eye is set, when the ground is fast and true,

<sup>1</sup> Badminton Library, Cricket, p. 149.

and he hits ball after ball to the boundary with a force and precision that makes the bowler use bad language and excites enthusiasm even in the serene atmosphere of Lord's, while it evokes cheer after cheer from the more unsophisticated spectators at the Oval. Surely this is better than to block and stick, and potter and "smother the ball" all through the summer's day! Surely, in cricket as in battle—

"One crowded hour of glorious life  
Is worth an age without a name."

It may be asked, however, and with some reason—How it is that the spectators can endure these spun-out Bank holiday matches, in which the Notts eleven take such a prominent part, and which undoubtedly attract such huge crowds to witness them? But it must be remembered that, like jockeys and "sprinters," each professional has a large circle of admirers and imitators, and so long as their man is at the wicket and stays there, they are quite indifferent to the slowness with which he scores. Then, again, a large proportion of the crowd simply come to the ground to pass away the time, as they would go to an open-air theatre, where they are content to spend a happy day, solaced by tobacco and occasional "half-pints," in that drowsy and apathetic state which is the British operative's ideal of enjoyment. They would probably resent any rapid scoring as having a disturbing effect on their digestion, whereas the slow batting and leisurely movements of the players have a soothing influence which is inexpressibly delightful to these sons of toil. And lastly, it must be added, the very good-humour of an English crowd makes it impervious to the tedious play and general waste of time, which will drive

an ardent cricketer nearly frantic. Just as a London mob will wait patiently for hours in drizzling rain to see a royal procession, which probably lasts ten minutes at the most, so the lacemaker and mechanic at Trent Bridge will watch, perhaps, twelve consecutive "maiden overs" with a patience that would be sublime if it was not exasperating.

Not only has batting become too cautious and mechanical, but in other respects it must be confessed that cricket at the present day contrasts unfavourably with that played thirty years ago. To use a golfing expression, there are too few "hazards," and the game has been made unduly easy for the batsman. On the dead level of the modern ground, smooth as a billiard-table, "shooters" are a thing unknown, and there is no longer the pleasing uncertainty as to whether a ball will hit you in the ribs or shoot under the bat and knock the leg stump out of the ground. Fast bowlers are rarely found, especially among amateurs; and the leg-hitting, which used to be such a feature in the play of E. M. Grace and R. A. Mitchell, is now impossible, for the simple reason that a ball is never pitched on the "on" side of the wicket. Long catches in the field, again, are made equally impossible by the smallness of the boundaries; there is little risk of being "run out"; and, where the batsman in old times would have been running his hardest for four or five, he now adjusts his pads or talks to the umpire, while some one in the crowd fetches the ball and throws it in. The following description is even truer now than at the time when it was written, more than ten years ago:—

"Nowadays, in five county matches out of six, a batsman will go in on a

wicket so true that he will feel it disgraceful to be clean bowled. At both ends he will find a slow bowler; massed upon the off side he will see about eight fieldsmen—one man in a nondescript place, somewhere about short leg, guarding the entire on side; and behind him will be the wicket-keeper, who may, if he is lucky, at the most get one ball to take every four overs. Then begins the play, which frequently consists in the bowler tossing balls of every variety of length to the off side of the wicket, while the batsman deals with them according as contempt, fury, or caution for the time being prevails in his mind.”<sup>1</sup>

The worst of it is, that this spiritless and mechanical style of play, and this conversion of what should be an animated and exciting game into a speculative business, like Barnum’s show or Buffalo Bill’s circus, is not confined to those matches where professionals rule the roast; but, in addition to this slowness and want of life, unpunctuality in commencing a match, and dawdling over lunch and between the innings—although first-class matches have improved in these respects—are still unfortunately too commonly features of provincial cricket. In towns, for instance, where the clerks and apprentices who make up the local eleven have only their Saturday half-holiday on which to play, it would have been supposed that they would be eager to begin as soon as possible after two o’clock, so as to get all the available daylight. Nothing can be further from their intention. Three o’clock has usually struck before they saunter leisurely on to the ground, smoking cigarettes in a lordly fashion, and each of them followed, like Mr Solomon Pell, by a small boy (the apprentice’s “devil,” in fact) carrying his cricket-bag. Their demeanour is

a happy combination of the aggressiveness of Noah Claypole with the imbecility of Mr Toots; they march slowly to the pavilion and condescend to put on their flannels, which appear to have seen considerably more cricket than their wearers; then, at last, about half-past three, they stroll into the field, and, as the newspapers say, play commences. It is continued in a more or less desultory fashion, and without any startling episodes, till six, when exhausted nature evidently requires refreshment; for whether the one-innings match is finished or not, and though it is still broad daylight, the players retire in a body for their tea. Next week, the local papers contain an account of this brilliant performance, with the average of the chief performer, who is usually a stout and otiose professional, rather the worse for wear.

On the other hand, nothing is so delightful as to see a group of small boys playing the national game in their own free and primitive fashion. Last autumn we watched about a dozen barefooted urchins playing on some rough ground, in a damp meadow by the river-side, with immense spirit and gusto, but with the most inadequate apparatus—a dilapidated old bat, three sticks of unequal length, and a ball that was bursting at the seams. But the eagerness of the players, tempered by an almost judicial gravity at critical moments, was delightful to contemplate; and they were all so thoroughly absorbed in their game that they took not the slightest notice of a spectator. The bowler (aged apparently about nine) had evidently formed his style upon Spofforth, but carried

<sup>1</sup> Lillywhite’s Guide for 1881, p. 25.

it slightly to excess, for he threw himself so far forward after the ball that he would have been frequently no-balled, if there had been an umpire. The batsman (aged about ten) showed a decided capacity for leg-hitting, and pulled balls round from the off side to the on in a manner which E. M. Grace could hardly have equalled in his best days. The field were judiciously placed, chiefly on the on side, with a view to preventing the ball being hit into the river—by no means a remote contingency, as it could not have been more than twenty yards from the wicket. There was a running accompaniment of shouts and yells at each successful stroke, and altogether (as we have said) it was a lively and delightful scene, and though common enough—for you may see our young barbarians all at play on any village green on a summer evening—it was one that Wilkie might have painted or Miss Mitford have described for us, as she has described the match in 'Our Village.' Certainly these urchins, in their natural and unconscious gaiety, seemed hardly to belong to this dreary *fin de siècle*, but to have dropped out of the clouds from some happier sphere, possibly from the "Merrie England" of our forefathers, when gate-money was not, and pads and professionals were alike unknown.

With this parting shot, we may take leave of the professionals, and turn to another exciting, or, as some think, disturbing element in the cricket of recent years—namely, the Australian visits. The first of these took place so far back as 1878, and we can remember even now the excitement and curiosity that pervaded the public mind as to the probable appearance and manners of these strangers. Australia was then (and probably is

still) associated with Botany Bay and Norfolk Island in country districts, and it was supposed by many rustics,—especially by those whose grandfathers had disappeared about the time of the assizes,—that our visitors were the lineal descendants of impenitent thieves, even if they were not doing a flourishing trade in bush-ranging on their own account. It was supposed, also, that their complexions would be of a dusky hue, and the rising generation confidently expected that they would appear in war-paint, and flourish boomerangs instead of cricket-bats. These sanguine expectations were not altogether realised; but it must be confessed that many members of the colonial teams were forbidding and almost truculent in their aspect. The features of the great Spofforth himself (whose looks, however, entirely belied his character) often wore a scowl of deadly hatred as he delivered the ball, followed by an almost fiendish smile of satisfaction as he bowled his man. Their manners, again, scarcely indicated that they belonged to the highest classes of Australian society, who (if we may believe Mr Froude) are in the highest degree cultured and refined. There was even a suspicion, amounting in some cases to a certainty, that several members of these teams, although a "Mr" was prefixed to their names on the score-sheets, could hardly be classed as amateurs in the English sense of the term. Their visits to this country were believed to be prompted not so much by ideas of glory as of gate-money, and it was openly stated (and so far as we know, the statement has never been contradicted) that every Australian received a large sum, on one occasion amounting to as

much as £800 per man, in addition to his travelling expenses.

Again, their manners in the field were often the reverse of what one expects from gentlemen, especially in the seasons of 1878 and 1886. Not only did they wrangle among themselves, and give free-spoken and usually unseasonable advice to their captain; but if they were caught at the wicket, or given out "leg before," they audibly invoked maledictions on the umpire's head, and both suggested at the time, and wrote letters to their friends distinctly stating that our English professionals—men of unimpeachable honesty and integrity—gave wilfully unfair decisions. In short, it was sufficiently patent to all who watched the colonial matches in England, that, in many instances, the Australians were deficient in the temper and self-control which enable gentlemen and sportsmen to show the same equanimity in defeat as in a victory. Furthermore, in Australia itself, the game is entirely in the hands of speculators and bookmakers, who regard it simply as the vehicle for heavy betting, just as the "ring" regards horse-racing in England. On great match-days at Sydney or Melbourne the grounds are filled with roughs and rowdies, while the pavilion is occupied by the great bookmakers and the sporting contingent, who have one and all backed their own side for large amounts, and, if they lose, are apt to vent their feelings in a manner that is more forcible than pleasant. No wonder that under these circumstances the highest class of Australian society keeps aloof from cricket-grounds, or that of recent years cricket itself should have lost much of its popularity both in Victoria and New South Wales.

There was a danger at one time that a similar fate might have befallen English cricket; for early in the present century—"in the days of the dandies"—when Crockford's was in its glory, and fortunes were daily won and lost at hazard and other games of chance, cricket-matches were played for £500 or £1000 a-side. There was heavy wagering as well, and all the turf celebrities attended at Lord's and made their books, just as they would at Epsom or Ascot. The consequences were those recorded by Mr Pycroft: the temptation of making ten pounds by unfair play proved irresistible in only too many instances; matches were constantly bought and sold, and we hear on one occasion of six of the best batsmen in England purposely losing their wickets for eleven runs. There was bare-faced and notorious bribery, and every first-class professional had his price, just as much as a voter in Yarmouth or Old Sarum. Happily, however, the rogues overdid the thing: they quarrelled among themselves and spoiled the market, and this pernicious system died a natural death.

At present we believe the betting element to be almost entirely absent from English cricket, which has thus been fortunately spared the degradation that has fallen upon so-called "athletic sports." These (if one may judge of them from provincial meetings) seem to be the apotheosis of rowdyism and vulgarity—even supposing, what is unfortunately not always the case, that the races are not "squared," and that no trickery or swindling prevails: in fact, they have all the concomitant evils, without the attractions, of a race-course. They are usually a speculation on the part of local publicans

and third-rate sporting men. The competitors are heavily backed, and prodigious sums are made by the gate-money. The line that should separate amateurs from professionals has practically ceased to exist; and though the competitors do not indeed run for money, they run for prizes which have an advertised money-value, and which probably in due time find their way back, "at a reduction," to the silversmith who supplied them. Some of these cyclists and sprinters, vulgarly called "pot-hunters," scour the country in all directions, sweeping up whatever they can get in the way of prizes; and no doubt, however heavily they may be handicapped, they derive a handsome income from their profession. But it is difficult, from a sporting point of view, to see any merit in their "records" or performances, and still more difficult to see that there can be any pleasure or any special skill involved—though we will admit that strength and endurance are necessary—in propelling a treadmill on wheels at so many revolutions per minute, with the automatic precision of a threshing-machine.<sup>1</sup>

Reverting for a moment to the Australians, whom we may perhaps appear to have treated rather hardly, let us at once admit that their visits in some ways did good, for they gave a stimulus and impulse to English cricket which it certainly needed. They put our best players on their mettle, and they introduced to us some of the finest cricketers that the world has seen. First and foremost was Spofforth, the "demon bowler," who had acquired such a mastery

of his art that he could vary his pace without any perceptible variation in his action or delivery, and could make two consecutive balls, pitching on the same spot, break back, the one a few inches, and the next perhaps a couple of feet. Then there was Palmer, almost as deadly a bowler in his day, with the most perfect action and delivery; Giffen, the best all-round player in Australia; Blackham, the prince of wicket-keepers; Turner and Ferris, who lowered more English wickets than man can number; and last, but by no means least, the gigantic Bonnor, said to be the hardest hitter in the world.

Probably there is no game round which so many stories and anecdotes have accumulated as round cricket. They are of all kinds and qualities, and we can only say of them what was said of Martial's epigrams:—

"Sunt bona, sunt quedam mediocria,  
sunt mala plura."

They are, in fact, good, bad, and indifferent, the bad ones probably predominating; but, as years go on, even these increase and multiply and gather strength, till they become veritable rabbinical legends. In fact, nothing is so dangerous as to tell even the most authentic story of the game to a circle of cricketers—not even if you saw the event with your own eyes, or if it happened to your own brother—for your version is at once derided and tossed about, so to speak, and capped by anecdote after anecdote. It sometimes happens, in an unguarded moment,

<sup>1</sup> If any reader considers the above estimate of "athletic sports" exaggerated, we would refer him to the "Badminton" volume on the subject, more especially to pp. 225, 226, 236, 237. We also beg to except the Oxford and Cambridge, indeed all University, sports from these strictures.



that you commit yourself so far as to retail what you fondly imagine to be a very *chef-d'œuvre* in the way of anecdote; but no sooner have you finished than the nearest man says, contemptuously, "Why, *that!* *That* happened to X. at the Oval in '78," naming a date at least ten years earlier than you did. And then your friend proceeds (as you think) most unkindly to tell the company your own story, with a few sensational incidents added to it, and dressed up, as Sir Walter Scott would have said, in a cocked-hat and jack-boots. This is very discouraging to the ingenuous *raconteur*, who hoped to have produced an effect on his hearers; instead of which he is regarded by them as a rather foolish variety of Munchausen,—though all the while he is himself firmly convinced that his own story is as much the genuine and unadulterated article as Pears' soap, and that all others are shams and counterfeits.

But the fact is that cricket, being (as we have said) a game of such infinite variety, is apt to repeat itself, as history does, in its various moods and changes; and there is no doubt that the same incidents, however improbable, actually recur at certain intervals and in divers places, whether it is an extraordinary piece of fielding, a sensational catch, or some ludicrous decision given by a local umpire. For instance, Dr Grace mentions the following fact, in his curiosities of cricket: "Swallows flitting across the wicket stopped the Gloucestershire v. Nottinghamshire match for a short time in 1875." This is surprising, no doubt—the more so as it happens to be true; but a more surprising thing still is told us by Mr Steel, of an Australian who was famous

for his quickness in fielding, as well as for his somnolent habits. He was standing at cover-point, half-asleep as usual, turned suddenly round as the bowler called to him, stretched out his hand, and caught—not the ball, but a swallow that was skimming past. This, also, is good, but we have heard something better still. Mr Henry Tubb, whose name is a household word among cricketers in the Bicester neighbourhood, has in his possession the stuffed body of a swift, which was killed by a cricket-ball hit by a young farmer in a local match. The ball then bounded from the bird into the hands of one of the field, who held it. The batsman was naturally furious. "I'd ha' fetched it out of the ground," he said to Mr Tubb, "if it hadn't been for that ere bloomin' swaller."

Let us take another example of often-repeated stories—this time from the "on side." Every cricketer knows that even to suggest to a bowler nowadays that a "long leg" is a useful man in the field is regarded as an insult; and W. G. Grace tells us how, in a match at Bristol in 1876, he scored six, and his brother Fred seven, from two hits to long leg in one over from Selby, who, of course, had disdained to place a man in that part of the field. Other bowlers, before and since, have probably had similar experience of the fallacy of discarding that valuable gentleman "long leg," when the bowling is (to put it mildly) of a third-rate character. But the crowning folly in this direction was probably committed in a Hertfordshire match some years ago, when a hard-hitting professional was in; the bowling was completely "col-lared," and, as a last resource, Mr N——, the wicket-keeper, was asked to bowl. He cheerfully as-

sented; threw away his pads and gloves, and placed his field. "No," he said at once, "I won't have any 'long leg,' only a 'short leg,' square with the wicket, and all the rest on the off side;" and the field was placed accordingly.

Mr N—— then took a long run and delivered the slowest long-hop to leg that was ever seen by mortal cricketer.

"Look out on the leg-side!" he shouted, as the ball left his hand; whereupon "short leg" and the wicket-keeper threw themselves flat on their faces to avoid what appeared to be certain destruction; while all the fields on the off side sat down, feeling that they had no further interest in the match. And then the batsman, after exchanging a few remarks with the wicket-keeper, proceeded to sweep the ball down-hill for nine, for there was a considerable slope on that side of the ground.

Here, again, are three stories very similar, very extraordinary, but undoubtedly authentic. W. G. Grace tells us that, in 1854, a batsman hit the ball on to the back of the man who was running for him, and was then caught by the wicket-keeper. Dr Charles Wordsworth (the venerable Bishop of St Andrews) in his early days once hit a ball hard to "square leg"; the umpire turned round in alarm, and the ball bounded off his back, and was also caught by the wicket-keeper. "Naturally enough," says the Bishop, "but yet justly (!), he gave me out." Wisden, again, saw with his own eyes a more curious thing still happen. A ball was touched by the bat, bounded from the wicket-keeper's hands on to "point's" head, knocked off his cap, and then fell into "cover-point's" hands, who finally held it.

No account of the humours and vagaries of cricket would be complete without some reference to the umpires—that best abused and most long-suffering class of men, and, we must add, where professionals are employed, the most trustworthy and painstaking exponents of a difficult art. But even the best of umpires makes mistakes occasionally: in spite of himself, his attention now and then wanders from the game, and on one point in particular a question was pertinently asked years ago by the late Mr Fitzgerald—"In these days of long scores how many short runs are detected? and can you or any other intelligent being say how they *can* be detected, when Mr Judex [the umpire] is scanning the blue vault of heaven, or speculating on the number of spectators, the gate-money, the malt-tax, or the girl he left behind him?"<sup>1</sup> In local matches the umpire is usually the blacksmith, or the schoolmaster, or the village publican, or is even chosen haphazard from the crowd at the last moment. These gentlemen cannot of course be expected to have the rules and principles of an intricate game at their finger-ends, and their decisions are often as astounding, and the reasons given for them as inscrutable, as those of the local magistrates. They take such a genial and tolerant view of their duties, and temper justice with mercy to such an extent, that in so far as it depends on their verdict, a good cricketer who happens to be known to them personally, or by reputation, need never really be out at all. One Hampshire umpire, for instance, allowed a bowler to deliver ten balls to the over, because, as he observed confidentially to Mr Steel,

<sup>1</sup> Jerks in from Short-leg, p. 43.

"If Mr —— doan't have a bit of exercise, he woan't relish my steak - pie. Oi'm vaamous for steak - pies." Another, north of the Border, flatly declined to give a certain sporting baronet out who persistently kept his legs, or rather his body, in front of all the three stumps. "Lor' bless you, sir!" was his reply to a remonstrance, "I've been his valet fifteen years, and I dussn't give him out; he's awful wild at times."<sup>1</sup>

Every one has got some pet anecdote more or less to the discredit of the local umpire, and we venture to suggest that it would be a good subject for the prize puzzles in 'Truth' to name the most absurd decision ever given by one of these functionaries on a cricket-ground. The competition, as well as the difficulty of deciding, would no doubt be immense; but we think that the palm might be given to that gentleman (his name unfortunately has perished with him) who shouted almost in one breath and in stentorian tones: "NO BALL—WIDE—HOUT [for the wide unfortunately curled in and hit the wicket]—HOVER!" For in these few words there were no less than four wrong decisions: since clearly, if it was a no-ball, the man wasn't out; if he was out, it could hardly have been a wide; if it was a wide, it couldn't be a no-ball as well; and most certainly, if it was a no-ball, it wasn't "over."

Sometimes, however, a batsman will take the law into his own hands, as once happened in a local match in Yorkshire. A gigantic dalesman appeared, and was caught in the first over. Then the field did what players usually do when they have got rid of an opponent: they chucked the ball about, while others sat down and rested from

their labours, waiting for the big dalesman to go; but he never moved. At last the captain ventured to address him: "I say, sir, you're out." "Oot!" said the man; "nay, I doan't go oot till one o' they [pointing to the wickets] is knocked oot o' t' ground." There was a laugh at this, whereupon he shook his bat fiercely at the scoffers, and added, "and mebbe [may be] not then neither."

No one ventured to laugh again, still less did any one feel inclined to tackle the big dalesman, who remained master of the situation, and the game proceeded till at last one of the stumps *was* knocked out of the ground, when he condescended to go.

The reader has probably by this time had enough, and more than enough, of these legends of the cricket-field, so we may pass at once to the last phase or development of English cricket with which we propose to deal—namely, the wandering clubs, which have multiplied in all directions of late years to an absurd excess, and which the late Mr Fitzgerald stigmatised as a "poli-fangled, many-ribboned, many-lettered, hydra-headed visitation." The very names are often as eccentric as the *noms de plume* adopted by the solvers of acrostics, though it is quite possible that in many cases they may be appropriate enough. Thus we have Owls, Non-entities, Unmitigated Duffers, Incapables, Omnium Gatherums, and Other Johnnies. There is usually no subscription demanded, and there is not the expense of a cricket-ground to keep up. The members lead a roving life in the summer months, and pass the time pleasantly enough, even if their

<sup>1</sup> Badminton Library, Cricket, pp. 230, 233.

cricket is not of a high order of merit.

Two of these wandering clubs, however, stand on a higher level. The first is the Zingari,—the oldest and most celebrated of all,—and its well-known ribbon—the black, red, and yellow—may be called the tricolour of cricket. To wear it marks you out as being not only a good cricketer but a good fellow as well; and, since its foundation in 1845, it has enrolled among its members some of our most distinguished amateurs.

Next to the Zingari come the Free Foresters, founded in 1856, and this club also numbers in its ranks many genial spirits and excellent cricketers, who roam through the midlands and southern counties in July and August, playing against local elevens at various centres. Stern critics may object (and perhaps rightly) that this is not the highest form of the game; that the discipline is lax, the bowling often indifferent, the fielding slipshod, and that all this tends to careless play and deterioration of style. But after all, cricket is a game and not a business; and there is no healthier or pleasanter way of passing a six weeks' holiday, especially for a professional man, than to go on a cricketing tour in good company. Even the first-class amateur is often glad to escape the dull routine of three days' county matches, and play the game in an easier and less exacting manner.

Instead of the dusty ground, surrounded by factories and chimneys, with a dingy crowd poisoning the air with bad tobacco-smoke, you have the fresh green turf of a country park, bordered with ancestral elms, with the white tents and bright dresses of the ladies, and the circle of friends and neighbours. There are no professionals, and there is no gate-money. You are not playing for your average, and you can hazard a remark to the nearest fieldsman, and even drop a catch now and then, without being objurgated by your captain. There is all the pleasant *camaraderie* and good-fellowship which exists between men who have been playing with or against one another ever since their college days. Even if the rain, which nowadays seems to be always with us in the summer months, should make the ground unplayable, there is the house close at hand, and billiards or music make the time pass both quickly and delightfully; and then you thank your stars that you are not at Sheffield or Nottingham in a damp pavilion or a dreary railway hotel. But if you are fortunate in the weather, if the match is interesting and the company congenial (as it always is), then, with these charming surroundings, you feel that life after all is well worth living, and you begin to realise Lord Beaconsfield's idea of paradise—a long midsummer day, when one dines at nine o'clock.

## IN OAKHAM PASTURES.

## CHAPTER I.

LAST night I was haunted !

Not by a white lady with her head under her arm, nor yet by a bogie-man of any kind ; but only by the echo of a sad little song that she (*Dolores*) used to sing to me long ago. And now, looking back through the vista of years which have come and gone, with their gleams of sunshine lighting up the mist of subdued trouble, it seems to me that song just describes her life and tells her tale in its own words :—

"Alas, how easily things go wrong !  
A sigh too much or a kiss too long ;  
And there follows a mist and a weep-  
ing rain,  
And life is never the same again."

So she sang, and sang in a way that left one sitting silent, with a lump in one's throat and a suspiciously moist eye. She did not exert herself, nor perform what I call "fireworks" with her voice ; nor did she scream out her high notes in the manner that makes one leap from one's chair. But in her low sweet voice, full of sympathy and pathos, there was something which made one feel *good*. Just as a glorious sunset or a glimpse of wild and beautiful scenery touches some chord in one's soul, so did her voice raise one's whole being, and seemed to draw one nearer to heaven.

I see her now — looking like some beautiful Eastern picture (such as Long would have loved to paint), clad in an oriental sort of garment. It was what ladies call a tea-gown, I imagine. At all events, it was loosely made of some

soft silky stuff, which draped and fell in graceful loving folds about her stately figure. Orange, too, in colour, I remember, and thrown out in bold relief against the background of old carved oak with which her room was panelled ; while behind her waved gently to and fro the velvety curtains touched by a little sough of briny breath sent up from the moonlit sea, to mingle its fragrance with the mignonette and roses ere it blew softly through the open window of her old Scotch home. The tiny waves broke drowsily on the beach below ; and when her song ceased—with a sort of trembling, half-sobbing sigh—she still remained seated at her piano, letting her slender fingers wander dreamily over the keys, blending harmonies of big, solemn chords, and wending through majors into minors, as the spirit moved her. And I can see her small head thrown back, and a sad, far-off look in her eyes that seemed to carry her far away through all the changes and chances of her life into the years gone by.

What a beautiful woman she was !

A sort of *Cleopatra*, only with a good face, tall and graceful in a lithe, pantherish way, with a head so beautifully set on that it gave her an unconscious queenliness and dignity. Her hair was dark and curly, with gleams of copper in it ; and her eyes—above all, her eyes—were indescribable ! They were hazel, I believe (*she* used to call them green), and her soul dwelt within their depths.

They always looked to me like two mirrors of truth and sympathy, for they laughed when others laughed; but in repose they had a mournfulness that won the interest of all who studied them, and made the world marvel what her past had been that it should have stamped such pathos on her face.

I knew that past, for I had known her all her life. When she was born, her father asked me to stand her sponsor. He was the best friend I ever had; so, notwithstanding my antipathy to very young babies, I consented. Dolores: that was the name by which they christened her, though I should have preferred the homely M. or N.; for it vexed me when I heard that they had decided on such a doleful, almost ominous name.

My faint suggestion that it should be altered into something happier was, however, promptly overruled by her mother—a lady of iron will, before whom all bowed in holy awe, and often, very genuine aversion. She was a Spaniard by birth, and very beautiful too, though with a cruel light in her eye, and a set “you shall” expression, which I did not trust, about her mouth.

She had bent her mind on marrying Lord Rockland from the day on which she first met him, and through her “you shallness” had obtained her object.

He was the best and kindest man that ever lived, and blind to the schemes and artfulness of designing woman—for, like most noble natures, he never doubted that others could be less generous than himself. Won by the spell of her beauty, he offered her his hand and heart, and (what was much more dear to her) his title—thereby con-

verting Juanita Guadalupe into Countess of Rockland. They had been married nearly five years when Dolores made her appearance in the world.

Needless to say, from the first her ladyship had unalterably determined that it should be a boy.

Of course, when she had a baby, it should be a son and heir. That was what she wished, and that was what she intended to have.

So when the news was finally broken to her that the arrival was a girl, her heart turned to stone, and in her disappointment and bitterness she felt that she never could forgive the child.

She was hard to her from the first, and jealous of her later on; for Dolores was the apple of her father's eye, and he gloried in his beautiful child.

As for me, her godfather, my infatuation for her was almost ridiculous, though I had humbly to take my place as a bad fourth in the list of her affections. She used to solemnly assert there were only “four fingers” in the world she loved: her daddy, her bull-dog, her hunting, and “Nunky” (*I was “Nunky,”* though what connection that title had with my relationship as her godfather I never could discover). It always sounded to me like a judicious cross between uncle and donkey; but poor little Doll was so hurt when I suggested this solution, that I was fain to confess my suspicions to be base and unfounded.

Her father had always been my best and dearest friend. We had known each other since boyhood; messed together at Eton, though he was in the Eight while I was only stroke in the “Britannia,” and had always been the best of pals. And afterwards, when he joined the 9th Lancers, I managed to scramble in after him, and we

always had a good time when we were together. He drove the coach and I blew the horn. Some years later, at his father's death, he left the regiment—feeling it his duty to go and live at his own place and take an interest in his tenantry.

Not long afterwards I sent in my papers too, and took up house with my sister in Warwickshire, where I still used to meet dear old Rock constantly at the covert-side; for he had come down to us as M.F.H. Being the finest horseman and keenest sportsman in Great Britain, he had soon wearied of his old grey home on the rocks in the North, and pined for a pack of hounds and a hunting county. Fortunately the Master in my county had just resigned; so with joy I wrote, begging Rock to accept the mastership offered to him by the unanimous vote of every member of the Hunt.

What a grand chap he was! Six feet two; spare and wiry, with a heart of gold, and a laugh that did one good, and made one laugh one's self out of sheer sympathy, even when one had not heard the joke that provoked it.

He worshipped his "Dolly," as he lovingly called Dolores. "See that brat ride," he would say, with a look of pride lighting up his kind blue eyes; "there is not a man in England can see the way she goes when hounds run." And it was true enough, for Dolly was the best horsewoman I ever saw—ever since the days of her babyhood, when she used to fly about the old park at Hazlehurst on one of her wild little shelties, followed by an uproarious pack of fox-hound puppies, which had been given to her to "walk," and chaperoned by a solemn old bulldog with bleary eyes and a broad sweet smile that went straight to the heart.

Besides holding the proud position of her godfather, I was Dolly's slave, abject and submissive, bullied into obedience of the most slavish description by this little brown baby, who flashed her big eyes and ordered me to go and put the puppies "over to her." It was all very well for her to shout forth her orders in imperious baby-talk; but strive as I would to do her behests, I soon lived to learn that fox-hound puppies are imbued with ideas of their own, and soar far above such trifles as coming when they are called, or doing anything to order, unless it falls in with their own tactics of rolling each other over and over, and flying wildly off at a tangent with ears laid back and tail tucked in, for fear the opponent should use it as a handle wherewith to capsize them.

Rock's greatest joy was to be with his child in all her wild escapades, and to teach her to ride and talk "hound language," and even to blow a horn and crack a whip (which is a thing very few women ever achieve). But Dolly did everything by nature; and I remember, when she whipped in to her father, hearing her growl out, "Gar away byke t'im. War' yer doin'?' War' are," in a way that made my hair stand on end, and should have grated away every atom of voice she had ever possessed, if all had their rights.

Ah me! those were happy days. But the old order changes, and the blow fell which sent all the dancing sunshine out of Dolly's hazel eyes; for "there came the mist and the weeping rain," and her "life was never the same again."

One night I was sitting in my own den smoking my beloved and almost blackened pipe, thinking over the hunt we had had that day, and

drawing my own conclusions as to where the fox had *really* gone, and *why* Will had been sent to stop old Gaylass when she feathered up that dry ditch by the roadside. It had been a desperately bad scenting day, and, as ill luck would have it, there was a huge crowd, as usual on a Wednesday in that county—so-called sportsmen, all eager to spoil their own sport, cramming on the top of hounds in a way truly maddening to the huntsman. If only old Jock Rock had been out, things would have been different; but unfortunately he had been away all the week up in the North with Dolly; and though Pine, the kennel huntsman, was very anxious to show sport, he had neither the science nor the quickness of his master; but then no one knew the run of a fox as Rock did, and no one ever got their hounds away

quicker on the top of him. What a treat it was to hear him cheer them in that ringing musical voice! and his halloo always sent cold shivers down my back, and made me thrill from top to toe.

But I am overrunning the line, and must return to my story.

While thus dreaming o'er "the happy day that's done," I heard a violent ring at the door bell, and shortly after a telegram was brought me (I thought it was from old Tom Hawker, offering to come and bring his horses overnight for the meet on Friday), and could hardly believe my eyes when I tore it open and read the words, which seemed to dance and jiggle before me, till I felt my brain reel and my heart stand still, for the words I read were these—

"Come at once; father dying."  
"DOLORES."

## CHAPTER II.

There was no time to lose, and I well remember what a race we had to catch the night express, and the misery of that journey, speeding northwards in answer to Dolly's summons. I could not rest, but kept thinking, thinking, how would it be with her when her father was gone? All her life had been so wrapped up in his; and I was not happy about her future, which must needs be spent in the companionship of her mother, Lady Rockland, who was more unsympathetic to her than any other living creature. She craved for sympathy so, and had always been used to find it in the golden store of her father's loving heart. Poor when, poor when! I grieved for her that night.

When I arrived at last at Rockcraigs—the Scotch ancestral home

of the Rocklands—I knew at once that I had come too late. Eagerly I scanned the windows, and saw with sorrow the blinds drawn down. The eyes were shut of that old grey castle on the sea, with its crest of quaint pepper-pots and turrets, and its setting of fir-trees, over which the jackdaws whirled in circles, cawing weirdly in the grey mystery of the winter morning.

I cannot dwell upon that time—I always think that the loss of one we love is a thing too sacred to be spoken of; but I remained there with Dolly, and tried my best to help her, and to be of what small comfort I could. She, poor child, was crushed to the earth. She bore her sorrow dumbly, and therefore suffered all the more.

Later, when the will was read,



and things began to take shape and settle themselves again, it was found that poor old Jock had left all he could leave to his wife. She had taken good care that this should be so; for before Dolores was born, Lady Rockland had persuaded him to make his will, and to leave all his personalty to her, "for fear you should go out hunting with those dreadful dogs of yours, dear, and never come back," as she playfully said. Poor old Jock! He did as she wished; and, as with many a strong healthy-minded man, the idea of dying and leaving all he loved behind never really seemed to enter his head.

The properties being entailed, passed to a younger brother.

The predominant idea in Lady Rockland's mind now was to go back to Spain, her native land, and travel for a while. Thither of course Dolores must accompany her, though sorely against the grain; so after making over to my care her faithful friend, Ben the bull-dog, a descendant of the ancient smiling hideosity of her babyhood—off they went, attended by maids and footmen, boxes and rugs, and all the paraphernalia incidental to a widowed countess travelling abroad.

After they had started, I returned home to Warwickshire, and recommenced the old routine of hunting five days a-week, though with a heavy heart; for times had changed, and hunting with Pine was a very different game from hunting with Rock; but till the end of the season we had just to wear on and try to make the best of it. I often used to hear from Dolores, and this evening I have been looking up some of her old letters to refresh my memory with her own words. She did not enjoy that part of her life, poor child, judging from those letters, now

yellow and faded as I take them out of my despatch-box and read what she wrote to me in the years gone by—letters free and straight from the heart. She used to confide all her troubles to me. God knows, I would have given all I possessed to bring back the roses to her cheeks, and the joyous light to her big eyes; but all had gone, and sorrow and trials seemed to follow her footsteps. Here we begin, then, from Seville—

"On Monday we left Madrid. I did not care for it, though it is picturesque, with its white awnings drawn across the narrow streets from one housetop to the other, and the great plants of lovely carnations hanging down from the window-sills below in gorgeous showers of red and yellow blossoms. It is pretty seeing the Spanish peasants and hearing them sing their quaint and rather unsatisfactory songs (they always seem to end by coming down on to the wrong note, or at all events, not on to the *right* one), and playing guitars, mandolins, and clacking on their castanets. I was disappointed with the Spanish women, for I had always believed and expected them all to be beautiful, with olive skins and 'Spanish eyes'; instead of which they are round little puddings, with voices which would put a peacock to shame. The men are better looking; I like their smart little Eton jackets and pigtails. We did not stay long in Madrid, though quite long enough for me. Mother was wild to get to her beloved Seville; so off we went on the 22d to Cordova, which is really lovely, and gave me an impression of abroadness, with its funny streets, so narrow that the houses almost touched each other, and cut up into the most impossible corners and alleys: so pretty,

with courtyards full of the loveliest flowers and fountains, guarded by gates of beautiful and delicate ironwork.

"I never shall forget the hot breath of air, heavy with the scent of orange-blossom, when I opened the little narrow wooden door in the big wall and stepped through into the orange grove, in the middle of which stands the mosque of the ancient Moors, like a lovely dream, surrounded with orange-trees covered with fruit and flowers, starlike among the dark shining leaves. The little green lizards run up and down the stems. At the stone fountain, in the centre of the grove, there stood a group of picturesque brown women filling their graceful earthenware water-pots, while they laughed and chattered to the boys and men, who seem to spend their lives basking in the sun and smoking cigarettes."

I heard from her again a little later on: a letter full of animosity against a certain Sir Amos Acre, whom they had met, and to whom Lady Rockland had taken a fancy *pour passer le temps*.

Dolores apparently did not share her mother's sentiments towards this gentleman, for she writes:—

"He is pompous and fat—an Indian something who got himself knighted. He is always following in our wake, making himself agreeable and useful to mother, who allows him to fetch and carry for her. He is very anxious to be charming to me; but I cannot endure him and his horrid prawn's eyes. Mother is going this afternoon to call on some Scotch people who live outside the town. I feel too done up with the heat to go with her; so I suppose Sir Amos will take my place in the victoria, and I shall be too thankful to go

and rest." And again she remains my "loving Dolly."

That letter opened my eyes still further as to what she was undergoing. I had heard before of the said Sir Amos Acre, and knew full well what a snob he was. Years since, when I was in India, I remember hearing of him as a thrifty merchant at Bunkerputti. He was a very common *mister* in those days, but had managed to climb up the social ladder by dint of some civility he showed to the Rajah of Dallygepore, when that worthy made his appearance in London three or four years ago. He had been an assiduous tuft-hunter ever since; and I could quite sympathise with the child's dislike and aversion to his attentions.

It was about this time that I gave up my hunting-box in Warwickshire; for the county was too full of old associations, and I could not bear to go back and see them draw all the old coverts and woods, in which I had heard Jock's cheery voice only a few short months ago. Somehow it all seemed to grow more and more distinct—conspicuous by absence, I suppose—and I felt I never could enjoy a hunt in that county again; so I decided to strike my tent and emigrate into Rutland, and try what a new county and a fresh start would do. One of my chief objects in this was a hope of some day getting Dolly to come and stay with me, and trying to chase some "of her care away hunting the fox"; but in the meanwhile, I had to content myself with her letters, which now seemed to be written in a happier strain. She had met "a boy," who appeared to interest her more than most of her companions; and I really hoped things might come out all right in time, and that Dolly

and her boy "would live happily ever after." But I must look out her happy letter, to see how she described this boy of hers—Ronald St Clair by name. It appears he was the son of the people on whom Lady Rockland went to call outside Seville; and shortly after that he had met and made great friends with Dolly. Making "great friends" meant falling hopelessly in love—I knew that well enough; but it seemed to me that dear Doll, too, was feeling something rather deeper than mere friendship for this Scotch fellow, and I looked forward with deep interest to her next letters.

Here they are, poor little things. People used to tell me I ought "never to keep" old letters; that they should always be burnt at once, for "fear anything happened to me and others should read them." I am glad that I had the strength of mind not to listen to their words of wisdom now, and am thankful to have this pathetic little heap in my Dolly's dear scrawly hand, as one by one I take them out again and read them. In this one she says:—

"How I wish you knew Ronald! you would like him—he is such a *man*. He is not good-looking, but he's got such a kind, honest face, which reminded me so of 'Ben's,' that I took a fancy to him on the spot. He comes almost every day for me, and we go out riding together; and next week we are meditating a trip down to Gib., to have a day with the Calpe hounds before they stop, for he is quite as keen about the hunt as you and I. It will be fun hearing the cry again. You don't know how I pine for it; and Ronald quite sympathises with me. I have not liked anybody so much as Ronald for a long time. [That

meant *ever*, I knew.] We seemed to have known each other always; and he is so strong and restful—in fact, he is a little tiny bit like Daddy, and that is enough for me. And I think he *likes me* rather, too. Oh! there he is just riding up to the door on his nice grey polo-pony, which he brought up from Gib. and I christened for him. ('Joan' we called her, because she was 'old and grey,' and he said she was fast enough to win the Derby!! She is not really old, but it did all right for the name.) I must fly down now, but will write again soon."

I was growing quite fond of her friend Ronald by this time, and managed to learn something about him. The eldest son of an old Scotch family, with a place in Inverness-shire, and a hunting-box in England—age twenty-nine, very popular—been at Eton, had lots of pals, and lots of money. I thought he sounded rather a promising sort of "boy" for my precious godchild. But the next scrawl dashed all my fond hopes to the ground, for poor Doll was once more down in the depths. Her mother was behaving oddly, and had suddenly taken it into her head to make a dead set at Ronald herself—continually thrusting the odious Sir Amos into Dolly's society, and adroitly carrying off Ronald as her own special property. And so the hunt at Gib. never came off after all, because her ladyship had inwardly decided that it should not be so. She had set her mind on going to a bull-fight that very day; and of course she could not go alone; equally of course she could not think of dragging poor dear Dolores to it, as it had such an effect upon her the last time; but *would* dear Mr St Clair take her under his wing? It would be

enchanting going with him, &c. ; and so Ronald was dragged off, leaving Dolly with a very lonely feeling and a very heavy heart, to get through the rest of the day as best she could. It was not only the rest of that day she had to get through, but it resolved into the rest of the stay in Seville ; for from that day forward Lady Rockland never allowed Ronald to be alone with Dolly, under any pretext, though she very often took him out herself in the summer evenings, wandering among the gardens, and laying herself out to charm the boy with her beautiful face and flattering tongue (men are such fools ! I was going to say especially boys ; but, on second thoughts, the folly of allowing ourselves to be fooled by

a flattering woman is not confined to boys alone). Dolly was as straightforward and honest as the day, and consequently no match for a jealous, artful woman like her mother. People used to call her a "clever" woman. It was a cleverness which I never could admire, for it appears to me that any one can be "clever" in that way, provided they are sufficiently unscrupulous. I was furious, I must say ; for I felt that Dolores had loved this man more than she cared to own, and I was wild that he should be weak enough to allow himself to be beguiled away from her by that woman, who did not even shrink from breaking the heart of her own and only child.

## CHAPTER III.

A few days later I received among my usual morning budget two letters from Seville—one in the well-beloved scrawly hand, and the other in the ladylike calligraphy of my Dolly's mother. I was somewhat surprised that she should have honoured me with a letter, and proceeded to seek the explanation inside. It was full of all she had been doing in Seville, and platitudes concerning the weather. It was only towards the end of the letter that I arrived at the point at all. Ah ! here it is :—

"You will be glad to hear how very well your godchild is looking. She is much taken up with a Sir Amos Acre whom we met on our arrival here in September. A man of great ability and charm. He is very rich and cultivated, and in every way a most desirable partner for Dolores. I am doing

my best to help her in every way, and as they appear to be devotedly attached to each other, I have every reason to hope that I may soon write to you again announcing their engagement. — Believe me to be, dear Captain Hay, very truly yours,

"JUANITA ROCKLAND."

Mercy on us ! this was a startler ! And was Dolly's letter, then, to tell me the same thing ? I tore it open frantically, and therein found the other side of the story.

"Darling Nunky," it began, "I am so miserable ; everything seems upside down, and all I want is to get away—right away from everything, for I cannot bear to stay here any longer. Mother keeps on foisting that horrible Sir Amos on me, and he is becoming unbearably attentive, which makes me hate him more than ever. We are always sent on together when

we go for our rides, while mother stays behind, or goes off by some by-path, always keeping Ronald by her side. He never comes near me now, and we seem to have had a quarrel without ever having had one. Somehow I can't make up my mind to ask him what it is, for I think it is his business to speak first; and after all, if he prefers mother's company to mine, he can go with her. I don't care, —nobody cares: 'nothing's new, and nothing's true, and it doesn't matter.' Only, I do long to get away! I cannot bear this dreadful snob any longer. Mother seems to encourage him to be always in our pockets, and it is getting on my nerves.

"If only you would come here to carry me off and give me a hunt in England again, I should get all right, I believe; but I suppose it is hopeless and selfish of me to want you to leave your hunting and come all this way for my sake."

"Hopeless!" It should not be hopeless if I could help it. As to the "selfishness," Doll did not know what it was to be selfish, and it made me feel a perfect brute for not having thought of going to her rescue before; but of course I was under the impression that she was enjoying herself with her Ronald-boy, instead of which I saw it all pretty clearly now. He was in reality but a weak tool in the hands of her mother, who knew full well her powers, and never hesitated in the use to which she put them; while that snob Acre was being continually thrown in her way, because he had a handle to his name—and Lady Rockland would thankfully sell her daughter to any one for an extra title or two.

My work was cut out for me, and I must be up and doing. I

settled to go out the following week to Biarritz, and there to await my orders from Dolly, who in the meantime was to beg her mother to allow her to leave Spain and to join me on my journey homewards. This request gave rise to much indignation on the part of Lady Rockland, who feigned great astonishment at Dolly's wish to leave her and her dear friend Sir Amos. Ronald, it seems, said nothing, and never appeared at the station to see her off; nor did he make any sign of disappointment, nor sorrow at her departure. This stung the poor child more than anything else, and made her even more eager to get away from Spain and back again into the quiet homely outdoor life she loved at home in England.

On Friday the 22d I reached my destination at Biarritz, and next day Dolly arrived accompanied by her maid, having travelled leisurely up *via* Cordova and Madrid. How overjoyed we were to see each other again! though I was shocked to mark how pale and ill my child was looking, and how changed she was in manner. All the sparkle and joy had gone from her, and she seemed to have grown quite listless and weary. Of course the journey from Seville *might* account for it; but I had grave fears that even when the fatigue had passed, her sunshine would not return.

So it happened that we journeyed northwards together; and it was with great satisfaction and joy that Dickie (my unmarried sister and lifelong companion) and I welcomed dear Dolly to our little home in high Leicestershire, where she should have young horses to school and fox-hound puppies to walk, as in the days of old; and

my one great hope was, that she would take to the old ways again and live down the miseries of the past year. She certainly did improve in both health and spirits, and entered into all that I suggested with alacrity; she was much exercised and very busy when Hotspur and Holyday developed distemper, and I had an old chestnut mare, called "Wild Oats," whose progeny had arrived at the interesting ages of five and four respectively. These were Dolly's pet playthings, — wild romps they were: the five-year-old a liver-chestnut colt called "The Rake," with the best of shoulders, a back that would hoist him over a town, and a speck of wicked white in his eye. He would make her a rare hunter in time; but he took a good man to ride him in the meantime, and I sternly refused to allow Doll to do anything more dangerous than school him over the country on off-days. The four-year-old was a bright chestnut—"Wild Agnes" by name—long and low, and as nearly thoroughbred as makes no matter, active as a cat, sharp as a needle, and looked like winning a steeplechase. These, then, were Dolly's toys, and with them she played very contentedly, though very often I used to lose sight of her for the whole afternoon or morning, and found out afterwards that she had been sitting with some sick woman or reading to the old people in the workhouse. She was continually amongst the poor, and they all loved her, and rejoiced when she appeared, always gentle and sympathetic, like a ray of sunshine breaking through their grey and cloudy lives. She used to tell me she never felt happier than when she was doing some little act of kindness for her poorer brethren, and she could not bear

people to think a woman who hunted must consequently be unthoughtful or unwomanly, and too much taken up with sport to trouble about the little works of love which are in reality a woman's greatest privilege and pleasure. And that brings back to my mind another scrap of song which Dolly used to sing me—

"Be good, sweet maid,  
And let who will be clever;  
Do noble things, not dream them all  
day long;  
And so make life, death, and that vast  
for ever  
One grand sweet song."

Yes, she used to make me wish I *could* do "noble things" when she sang that song; but truth to say, few people ever even succeed in *dreaming* them, I am afraid.

This life is made up of glimpses and the few months we all spent together that winter form one of the pleasantest glimpses to which I now look back. It was an open winter, and my horses had the tact to keep sound. Dolly was enjoying herself, and beginning to look better and more like her old self again. She used to come out hunting three days a-week; and I never enjoyed myself half so much when she was not there, for it did me good to see her pleasure, and there was not one in the crowd who could touch her. She could give the best man out two stone and a beating on Bold Brennan, the old dun horse with yellow eyes and a bobtail. Such a clinker he was of the old-fashioned stamp, with a short round body and a fine little head. Doll looked beautiful on him, and it was a treat to see them sailing away together over that sea of grass, flitting over their fences with consummate ease and understanding. I remember one run we had, when she gave them all the go-

by. It was on a Tuesday; the meet was at Brooke (with the Cottesmore), and there was a huge crowd out, as it is rather a favourite place. It was a muggy damp morning that *smelt* like a hunting-day, and a delicious breath of wet dead leaves rose from the ground as we jogged up, amid cheery greetings and good-natured chaff, to draw Prior's Coppice. Doll and I always kept away from our friends while hounds were drawing, as we liked hearing what was going on—and one cannot do that with two or three hundred horsemen talking and laughing on every side. So, as was our custom, on that day we passed quietly inside the wood, and stood silently waiting in the ride while Wilson drew the covert up-wind towards us. Hark! there was a whimper. "That's right, I'll bet." Then came a silence; again another musical throat corroborated the fact that a fox was on foot. "Hyke to 'im, hyke!" from Joe, and a crack of his thong; then one and another spoke to it, till all the pack joined in the glorious chorus. What a cry! There was a rare scent in the covert, that was clear. "Listen! Did I hear a holloa from the top end?" Yes, there it was again—a ringing scream from Will at the corner, and followed by "Gone—awa—aay!" as the hounds crashed through the straggly fence and tumbled into the ridge-and-furrow field beyond—some driving on the line, and others scoring to the cry as they sped away over the grass, pointing for Owston. Meanwhile Doll and I had secured what we were scheming for—a good start; and as I stood up in my stirrups, she settled herself down into her saddle, and we both caught our horses by the head and pushed down the middle ride through the gate

at the bottom, and were striding away in the wake of the pack, happily out of the throng of thundering horsemen, who were hastily racing like a pent-up torrent into the field behind us. Away we went, in and out of the Braunston Lane, over the brow of the hill, and down the vale below into Owston big wood. I thought they were bound to hang there; but not a bit. They kept forging on with a lovely cry right through the wood and away again into the open; while we ploughed and plunged through those hopelessly deep rides, and emerged at last from out its depths on to the grass once more, and so on over the top of Whadborough Hill and down to the left towards Tilton. (I remember every field and every fence all through that run, but it would only bore you to hear all the names of all the places and coverts we either passed through or skirted.) Suffice it to say, we ran into our fox just as he was entering Cream Gorse in the Quorn country; and Doll and I were the first two up at the finish, and the Master made her a pretty speech about her horsemanship, and she turned for home, looking really happy again, with all her troubles thrown to the winds—for there was no room for them on Bold Brennan's short back—and we jogged back to Palthorpe in high good-humour, talking the whole performance over together (which I always think one of the chief pleasures of hunting life).

Time jogged on, too; and though Dolly never used to speak about Ronald St Clair, I could not help feeling that she was still unhappy and troubled about the inexplicable coolness which had arisen between them. (It is always so much more healthy and comfortable to have a quarrel out, if there

is to be a row; but defend me from the silent misunderstanding when both sides believe the other in the wrong, and neither can bring themselves to break the ice. That little rift within the lute is the mischief.) She used to hear at intervals from her mother, who wearied her with reiterations of the prowess and charms of Sir Amos; but of Ronald—never a word. I once asked Dolly whether he was still at Seville; but she did not know, and so the subject dropped.

One day, as she and I were driving to the meet at Ayston, we passed a couple of horses going on.

"Whose are those, Nunky?" asked Dolly. "I don't think I know them, and I never saw the groom out before."

"I don't know, darling," I replied. "Two of the best in England, going on for some young duffer, I expect, who probably won't know his own horses when he sees them at the meet." For, be it said, I was very bitter in my sentiments towards the golden youth of the rising generation; soft I thought them; wanting in grit and backbone; discontented, unless provided with a luncheon-basket and endless cigars, besides a huge flask attached to the saddles of both first and second horses. They have the best horses that money can buy, because they are not men enough to ride a bad one, and even then, unless the hounds run fast and the day be fine and the country perfection, it "isn't good enough." Sometimes, given all these, they will go home early, because the fox didn't go in the right direction, and "no one could be expected to ride over a beastly line like that." I have no sort of patience with them nowadays.

But to return to my story. On arrival at the meet, I was busying myself with Dolly's elastics, and all the inventions and devices with which a riding-habit is cursed, and of which even the safety skirt of the present time is not altogether innocent. She had prevailed on me to let her ride the "Rake" to-day for a treat, as the dun horse was lame, and she was pining to have a hunt on the young one. As usual I gave in; but I felt I should not be happy until I had her safely back at home again; and so, what with seeing to her curb-chain, bit, and girths, &c., the strange horses and their master went out of my head. There were not quite so many people out that day, and we kept close up to the hounds, and left the field just behind them (by way of soothing the Rake, who plunged and fretted if he had any one between himself and the hounds), so it was not until we reached the covert-side that we looked round to see who was out. Of course my eye very soon lit on the new-comer. By Jove, I had maligned him when I made those disdainful remarks to Dolly! He looked like a workman all over, with his long thin legs, good seat, and fine hands; a nice-looking chap too, with quick blue eyes, and a good firm mouth. I liked him involuntarily, and was just about to go up and make his acquaintance (which mercifully is a thing one *can* do out hunting), when I suddenly observed Dolly turn deadly white, and look as if she were going to faint. At the same time the stranger's eyes met hers, and I saw him raise his hat to her in a courteous way (very unlike the bow of the golden youths I had been denouncing on my way to the meet). As he rode up alongside of her, it flashed across me—something told me instinctively—that



this was no less a person than Ronald St Clair. So instead of making my advances, I turned and jogged off after the hounds, deeming it better that they should patch up old scores in private. I was well rewarded when shortly afterwards dear Doll rode up to me, her face lit up with joy, a changed and radiant being, exclaiming—

“O Nunky, I am so thankful! He didn’t *mean* it, after all. Just fancy! mother told him I was engaged to that dreadful Sir Amos, and made him believe he was standing in my way, and behaving ungenerously! and that’s why he wasn’t a bit sorry when I left Spain, and never came to say Good-bye. I never did feel so happy in all my life. Now it is all cleared up, and I know Ronald is the man I thought him. Nunky, dear, he asked me to prove I have forgiven him by promising to be Mrs Ronald. Don’t you think I had better say Yes?”

I think she had answered that question for herself before she ever asked it of me, for I never saw two happier-looking transformations than she and Ronald were half an hour later when hounds found their fox in Wardly Wood, and ran through Ayston Spinny on towards Manton. I was a good deal taken up watching how the Rake comported himself, for though he had been schooled over fences, and jumped like a sky-rocket, he had never seen hounds before. That he was a hand-ful, I could see. Mad keen, as soon as he saw a fence he made up his mind to have it somehow, and as long as he got into the same field with the hounds, *how* he got there mattered little to him. A slashing fencer, if he would only take time; but the sight of hounds seemed to have sent him crazy. My heart was in my mouth with

anxiety for Dolly’s safety, but she was enjoying herself hugely, and riding the violent little brute as only one in a thousand could have handled him. We had been running pretty fast for about twenty minutes, and having turned short to the left from Manton, were now sailing along the green-sward of Oakham pastures by the back of the Grange. It looked as if our fox had made his point for Ranksborough. Dolly was well up to the front, and a little to the left of the hounds, and riding her own line. We were coming to a blackish-looking bullfinch, with a ditch on the take-off side, and I noticed that all the field bore away to the right, though the hounds kept fleeting on straight ahead. Wilson, while turning, still kept his eye on the leading hounds, and in doing so he caught sight of Dolores sailing behind them straight for the fence. He instantly holloed to her, “This way, miss; you can’t get over there!” and immediately a dozen voices raised the cry of “Hold hard! this way.” All to no avail. The Rake was tearing and lunging wildly at his bridle; he would take no denial, though he was only half looking at the fence in his anxiety not to be turned away from the hounds. Dolly knew her only chance lay in sitting quite still with her hands down. She did not like the way her horse was going at the fence, and the last four strides was a wild rush with his head in the air. He took off with the wrong leg, and I heard a sounding crash as he caught his fore-legs in the binder, and fell with his chest against the oaken ox-rail which stood three feet away from the fence on the landing side. That finished it, for the impetus with which he was going sent him against it with such force that he turned a complete

somersault, and lay there with his head doubled under him, and a broken neck. Good heavens, what a ghastly fall! I galloped for my life to the spot where poor Dolly was lying crushed and senseless under the Rake's dead body. (A man could not have saved himself from a fall like that—how much less a woman, handicapped as she is with pommel and habit!) It makes me feel sick and giddy now when I think of it. There were many willing hands, and we extricated her at last, and got her home as well as we could in a borrowed carriage. I remember at the time wondering how it was that Ronald had not helped to get her out. When I came to think of it, I had not seen him since the beginning of the run. I found out all that two hours later, when I was standing miserably at home awaiting the doctor's verdict. Suddenly I heard a horse galloping up the gravel outside. Poor Ronald—for it was he, almost speechless with apprehension—had come to find out what had happened. It appeared that he had lost a shoe early in the run, and had gone off to Oakham to get another put on. In riding across the fields that we had passed ("spooring" our foot-tracks), he came upon a small crowd of people standing round the dead body of a horse, whose crushed saddle and broken pommels told their woful tale.

With horror the poor boy recognised the Rake, and as nobody seemed able to give him any definite information as to what had happened, he turned, and putting spurs to his horse, galloped straight to my house.

Shortly after his arrival the doctor came down looking very grave. I saw at once by his face that there was no hope. When I asked him, he shook his head, and

said that although she might linger on for a time, she could never recover, for her spine was injured beyond all hope.

My God! and had it come to this? Just as the cup of happiness had reached her poor little lips, must it be dashed ruthlessly away? Only that very morning had she blossomed once more into the joyous sunny girl, through the newly-found happiness of knowing her lover strong and true, and now—a very few hours later—she was lying hurt unto death, with no more hope of health or love or life. (No, not of love, for that we lavished on her a thousand times the more.) I asked Ronald to stay with us: poor boy! I knew he could never rest if he were not in the same house, and ever ready to do her behests, and ease her pain with his tender loving care.

It seemed strange irony of fate that the days of Dolly's death should have been among the happiest of her life; but so it was, for she had found that which she had lost—her faith in the man she loved.

Ronald and I watched over her, and hardly ever left her side during those last three months. She never complained, but said she was quite happy with me and Ronny as her nurses. We often used to have what she called "big talks," and it was then that I used to partially understand what a beautiful nature hers was, and why it was that she could impart that longing after all that is pure and good through her very voice when she sang to us; for I believe that her soul had lived in heaven all through her life, and now the time had come when she should join it there.

So she quietly passed away one twilight evening in May just

thirteen years ago. She was lying on her sofa, with the cool breath of spring softly sighing through the open window, her head resting on Ronald's arm, and her dear little brown hand in mine, while the one other creature she loved best sat mournfully at her feet, waiting with wistful eyes for her to get up and take him out for a run. (Poor old Ben! he only dimly understood that those days could never come again.) We had been talking over our ideas of "life and death, and that vast for ever." I remember her saying she thought our lives were partly planned for us by Providence; that when we are born we are each fitted out with a little map, with only big mountains and great rivers already marked out, while the little hills and brooks and towns we are left to fill in for ourselves. It had never struck me before; but I think, after all, it was pretty near the mark. That evening comes back to me very

distinctly. I remember, too, her saying that kindness and charity always seemed to her a better religion than only taking care to go to church on Sunday mornings, and in the afternoons setting to work to crab the complexions or the clothes of the people who occupied the pew in front; and she quoted two little lines, which have remained in my heart ever since:—

"'Tis not enough to mourn our sins—  
'tis but one step to heaven;  
When we are *kind to others*, then we  
know ourselves forgiven."

All her words keep coming back to me to-night, and I can hear the little scraps of song she used to croon to me and Ronald.

Poor Ronald! "The summer's night was a winter's day" indeed to him, after she had gone gently to sleep in his arms, only to wake on the other side of that narrow stream where her Daddy had been waiting to welcome home his own darling "Dolly."

## THE FALL OF BALMACEDA.

BY AN ENGLISH RESIDENT IN CHILE.

THE *diez y ocho* holidays in Santiago this season have been gayer than usual. It is at the national commemoration of the independence of Chile that for one week in the year this dreary capital awakes to life and festivity.

Only those who have been in Chile during the last eight months, and experienced the terrorism and repression that have held the entire population during the dictatorship of Balmaceda, can understand the sudden reaction, and the general rejoicing and relief, that were felt when the civil war ended, and his power was broken. The events of the last few weeks have been strikingly dramatic, with an undercurrent of pathos.

On the 19th September the great review took place on the Santiago race-course. A kind of dais had been arranged in the new grand stand, where the Junta del Gobierno sat in state and surveyed the troops. In the centre of the *cancha* (race-course) were drawn up lines of cavalry, artillery, and infantry; and one by one the regiments marched out of the enclosure, and, following the track, passed in front of the grand stand, while numerous and not altogether unanimous bands clashed out the stirring national anthem of Chile. Flags and white or coloured uniforms made a pleasing contrast to the spring green of the grass; and a characteristic feature was the ceremony of blessing a large crimson banner, presented to the troops by the ladies of Santiago. The chaplain of the forces, a priest in suitably short robes, was on horse-

back among the staff of General Canto. The review was very satisfactory, and the soldiers workmanlike and well drilled; but the effect was marred by the national lack of discipline, which permitted the crowd to mix with the soldiers. At the tail end of one regiment walked a quaint and ragged boy, his little head tied up in a picturesquely dirty bandage, and a tin can hanging on his arm, as he, all unconscious, solemnly marched past the Junta del Gobierno.

Behind the race-course and its brilliant colours came a dark wintry belt of trees, lightened by the delicate pale spring green of a few that were just beginning to bud; and above everything, against a very faint blue sky, towered the beautiful Cordillera, the glory of Chile. A dazzling unbroken whiteness, here and there softened into misty patches, changed almost abruptly into blackness lower down, except where the snow still lay in the hollows, and straggled like tiny streams into the hazy darkness of the slopes.

It was in the midst of this scene, while the *vivas* still sounded, that a whisper began to go round, and excitement visibly gained. The whisper was that Balmaceda had shot himself. To most it was a revelation that he had remained in Santiago. He was believed to be far away, and report said he had already crossed the Cordillera, while one account stated that his mule-driver had recognised and shot him on the way. Many now refused to credit the news of his suicide, and looked upon it as a

mere invention to veil his escape ; and those who did believe it could only say that Balmaceda had but anticipated justice. The news was true.

When Balmaceda took up the reins of government, Chile was in a most prosperous condition,—the national treasury full, commerce and industry flourishing. His path seemed easy, for the machinery of Government ran smoothly, and required no great talent or energy to guide it. But his inordinate vanity and his utter want of honour were his ruin. One by one, he broke faith with every one ; and the fact that in twenty-two months he had nine Ministers of Foreign Affairs speaks volumes for itself. At one time, when Belisario Prato assumed office, and public confidence was thereby restored, Balmaceda had, as it were, a fresh start, and might have avoided further friction ; but co-operation soon became impossible, and the Ministry was dissolved. By a little concession and tact, he might have had the aid of the ablest minds in Chile ; but he deliberately surrounded himself with Ministers of a low class who were unworthy of trust, or else with weak and vain men who were mere tools in his clever hands.

The climax came when the Camera, having no faith in the Ministry, refused supplies, and the annual votes for the continuance of the army and navy ; and Balmaceda practically made himself Dictator, and determined to do without Congress.

When the fleet went out in opposition on the 7th January, no one anticipated the prolonged struggle that followed. It was expected that the army would follow the example of the navy,

and that Balmaceda would find himself powerless. Since the time of the war between Chile and Peru, there had been a certain amount of rivalry between the two services ; but, whether from motives of jealousy, or from motives of extreme caution, or from real loyalty to Balmaceda, it is certain that the army did not back up the navy, and a civil war became inevitable. Foreigners were much struck by the want of spirit shown by civilians who sympathised with the cause, but preferred words and safety to action and danger ; and it is all the more credit to those who did risk all and join the Constitutional force, that they, unaided, succeeded so well in the cause they had at heart. There were, it is true, many plots to make military risings in favour of the Constitutional army ; but these always failed at the last moment, through indecision or treachery, and many lives were uselessly sacrificed. Still, there were cases where great courage and pluck were shown, as, for instance, when the Maipo cleverly slipped out of Valparaiso harbour, and carried many enthusiastic volunteers in safety to the north.

Meanwhile Chile, under Balmaceda, lay beneath a weight of terror. The country was overrun with spies, private correspondence was not respected, freedom of speech was forbidden, the press was almost suppressed, and no one suspected of being unfavourable to the Government was in safety. Imprisonments, floggings, tortures, and inspections of houses at all hours of the day or night, were of frequent occurrence ; and a feeling of general insecurity and uneasiness took possession of every one. In Santiago, three people were not allowed to speak together

in the streets; no carriage might be driven later than six o'clock; and no one might be out after eleven o'clock at night. The sick might suffer without doctors, the dying might pass away without absolution. To wear red, the revolutionary colour, was to ensure imprisonment. And the comic side of the question was by no means wanting. There were amusing stories of mistaken arrests by over-zealous police, who swept in all comers—from the highest diplomats to the most innocent of babies in red-lined perambulators; and foreigners who, trusting to their nationality, courted danger by flaunting red ties in the eyes of the authorities, found themselves in dark and disagreeable cells, and were the cause of much unnecessary trouble to the Ministers of their respective countries. Among the number of these willing law-breakers, but unwilling victims, was one man who, having purposely worn a red camellia, and inconsequently resented the four hours' imprisonment that followed, rushed, as soon as he was released, to pour his grievances into the ears of his Minister, and appeal for satisfaction.

"I congratulate you," was the unexpected reply.

"Upon what?"

"Upon having got out so soon."

When the Constitutional forces landed at Quinteros, they were hailed with joy and enthusiasm; while Balmaceda with a stronger army, but with bad generals, lost footing day by day.

It was just after the disembarkation of the troops that the massacre of Lo Cañas took place—the darkest blot that has stained Balmaceda's name,—the desperate deed of a desperate man. A company of *jovenes*, or youths of good

position, ranging from about fifteen to twenty years of age, formed themselves into a *montonera*—a body of guerillas—with the object of assisting the Constitutional army, by cutting the bridges, railway and telegraph lines between Santiago and the south, so as to prevent the arrival of reinforcements from Concepcion and Talcahuano. The father of one of these boys—himself a follower of Balmaceda—heard of this opposition plan, and, anxious to save his son, and also put a stop to the venture, went at once to the Moneda and asked for a few soldiers to go to Lo Cañas and bring back the lad. But the Government, finding its position desperate, and in the hopes of firmly stamping out all such risings, sent a squadron of cavalry to the *hacienda*. The unfortunate youths were surprised early in the morning, when fast asleep in a small summer residence that stands at the foot of the Cordillera, a little higher up than the *hacienda* house, on the estate of Señor Carlos Walker Martineez. Nine of them were either shot or cut down with the sword, ten more surrendered and were taken prisoners, and others escaped. When the ten prisoners were being marched along the road to Santiago, they were met by an order from Balmaceda to the effect that the officer in charge was to conduct them back to Lo Cañas and shoot them. This was done, and their bodies were then horribly mutilated and burnt. The official inquiry, made by the present Government, has not yet been published, but all the newspapers give a terrible account of the tortures to which the young administrator of the estate was subjected, in order to make him reveal the whereabouts of Carlos Walker

Martínez. He was tied to a tree, cut with swords, and then burned with lighted paraffin; but he heroically refused to betray his patron, and died after about an hour of frightful agony. If the revolution has shown up the cowards who could only talk and pose as victims, it has also shown the heroes who could silently suffer and die.

The failure of this plan to cut the railway between Santiago and Talcahuano was a very great blow to the Constitutional cause. The Junta del Gobierno had expected to meet in the field the garrisons of Valparaíso and of Santiago, but not the troops from the south. For some time they deliberated upon the advisability of returning to their ships, but the want of fresh water on board prevented this undesirable alternative; and, in spite of the overwhelming majority, they determined to meet the forces of Balmaceda and risk everything.

The Dictator's troops were decisively defeated, first at Con Con and afterwards at Placilla; and it is an interesting fact that, for four days during the interval between the two battles, the Government force completely lost touch of the Constitutional army, and had no idea of its whereabouts, all their outposts either deserting or being taken prisoner by the enemy. Communication was completely cut off between Valparaíso and Santiago, and between both of these towns and the seat of war. The Government papers, which were the only ones permitted, continued all this time to give false information concerning the state of affairs, claiming continuous success for Balmaceda. It was only by vague reports that the truth was suspected, even at Valparaíso,

which was within eight miles of both armies.

On Friday the 28th August Balmaceda gave a dinner-party at the Moneda in honour of his wife's Saint's day. It was the fatal day of the great Placilla victory; but his indomitable will kept up the farce until the very end. At about ten o'clock that night the acting Minister of Foreign Affairs, Zañartu, went to the Argentine Legation and asked Señor Uriburu to give the President asylum, with the understanding that it was only for a few days, until some arrangement could be made with the Junta del Gobierno by General Baquedano, in order to enable Balmaceda to leave the country in safety. Shortly after one o'clock, the Dictator, having destroyed most of his private papers, quietly left the Moneda, and took refuge with the Minister of the Argentine Republic, handing over Santiago to General Baquedano to avoid further bloodshed.

The next day dawned on a complete change. The city was full of sound—the long-silent church bells rang, *vivas* echoed ceaselessly. Every window was draped with flags, and ladies might be seen cutting off pieces of red ribbon and throwing them down to the entreating crowd below. No one knew where all the red came from; but the very poorest had secured some scrap of the revolutionary colour, that had meant imprisonment the day before. The Constitutional newspapers were printed once more, and the '*Ferro Carril*' bore the significant date of "From January 8 to August 30," on the morning that it appeared for the first time since the civil war began. Legations that for months had given shelter to *opositores*, now opened their doors to let

them go out in safety, and to admit the hunted followers of Balmaceda.

And the sound of the *vivas* and the tumult of a delighted city must have reached the ears of the one man who, a few hours before, had held the nation in thrall. In a darkened room—for they dared not admit daylight—with one candle to light him, creeping stealthily in list slippers lest his footsteps should be heard, with nothing to brood over but the bitter remembrance of the past and the bitter dread of the future, Balmaceda passed the time that must have dragged so heavily. If the mob that filled the streets had even suspected his hiding-place, nothing could have saved him.

One of the curious features of Balmaceda's fall was, that the night he left the Moneda the entire police force of Santiago, consisting of more than a thousand men, disbanded itself, and men, arms, and horses completely disappeared, leaving the city to the mercy of the mob. They evidently feared the vengeance of the common people, with whom they were deservedly unpopular.

There is little doubt that the sack of the houses owned by Balmaceda's followers, which then began in Santiago, was a politically organised affair. The business was managed in a naively systematic manner; and the leader of each crowd, mounted on a Chile nag, dressed in a *poncho* and a soft hat, and armed with a town-crier's bell, was not the simple countryman that he wished to appear. In some cases the *bajos* (lower storey) of a house would be looted, but not the *altos* (upper storey), because one belonged to a *Balmacedista* and the other to an

*opositor*,—a delicate discernment that could hardly be expected of, say, a French communist mob. And in these cases the evident aim was to destroy, not to steal. The houses were left in such a condition that they looked like unfinished buildings, without any thing entire except the walls and roof. This much is to be said, that had Balmaceda won, many more people, foreigners included, would have suffered, for there was a tremendous majority against him. As it was, only the houses of his few immediate followers were sacked, besides a great many small shops and pawnbrokers. It was a sight that cannot easily be forgotten, to see the crowd rush through the streets, when, later in the day, robbery became more inviting than destruction.

The excited populace hastened from the sacking of some building or private house, carrying along all sorts of broken pieces of furniture, bedsteads and chandeliers. A man toiled past under the weight of a heavy polished wood hat-stand, so enormous that he was obliged, from time to time, to stop and rest. "Mira!" approvingly shouted the ladies in a balcony opposite; "tell us, whose house is it from?" A group ran past, dragging the broken pieces of a statue of Balmaceda, and every now and then they stopped to kick and insult it. Dirty *peons* had possessed themselves of books and pictures; dishevelled women wheeled plush chairs and sofas along the pavement; vans of stolen goods were driven by, and at each moment the *vivas* burst forth.

While all this was going on outside, Balmaceda still remained safely hidden in the Argentine Legation. As time passed by, it became evident that his possi-



bilities of escape were lessening, for General Baquedano declared that he found public opinion too strong for him, and that he was powerless to help the fallen Dictator,—thus shifting the entire responsibility and great danger from his own shoulders to those of Señor Uriburu, who, in spite of his strong sympathies with the Constitutional party, did not, for one instant, shrink from the peril of harbouring such a guest.

The one room in which Balmaceda lived was in a disused part of the house, led to by a private staircase, with a door at the foot, which was always kept locked. His food was prepared by a trustworthy woman-servant,—the only person there, besides his hosts, who knew of his presence. To avoid suspicion, she went out and bought his food every day, and cooked it on a little spirit-lamp up-stairs.

Balmaceda wrote incessantly, occupying himself in making an exposition of his conduct and plan of government; but this he afterwards destroyed.

One day when the door at the foot of the staircase had been accidentally left open, the children of the house ran up, and, playing about, began noisily to thump on the locked door of his room. They little knew that behind it, revolver in hand, stood a desperate man, who, hearing the sounds, and living in constant terror of his life, thought that his hiding-place had been discovered by the people, and waited for death, determined to sell his life dearly. It was a dramatic contrast,—the unconscious children at play on one side of the door; the fallen and desperate man, hidden in the darkness, on the other.

The night before Balmaceda's

death it had been arranged that he should next day deliver himself up to justice, on the conditions that he should be fairly tried. An attempt had been made to secure the promise that, if sentenced to death, the penalty should be commuted; but this point was feared to be impossible of attainment. He was to be accompanied by the Argentine Minister, and was to be driven quietly to the *Penitenciarío*, which should be securely guarded from the mob. Balmaceda himself chose this building as the strongest and most easily defended of all the prisons, knowing that if the people could get him, his fate would be certain and awful.

But early on the morning of the 19th the sound of a shot was heard in his room, and on hurrying there, Señor Uriburu found him lying on his bed, covered to the chest with a sheet, the revolver still in the nerveless fingers, and his head terribly shattered by the bullet, which had passed straight through the brain. He had killed himself in a most determined manner, for the left hand was also blackened with the powder, proving that while he pulled the trigger with one hand, he held the barrel with the other, lest it should slip and fail to destroy him. Death had been instantaneous. It was evident that during the terrible night which preceded his suicide he had thought out his position, and had felt it to be a hopeless one,—realising also, as he said in a letter which he left for Señor Uriburu, that his presence was a danger to all in the house, and that his death might perhaps ensure easier terms for the rest of his followers. It proves his great force of will that he waited until the 18th of September had passed,

and destroyed himself directly his full term of presidency had expired.

Carlos Walker Martineez was the man who removed the revolver from Balmaceda's nerveless hand; and very soon other old friends, whom the civil war had completely severed, gathered round his dead body.

When the Junta del Gobierno had been informed of his death, it was resolved not to publish the event until he should have been decently buried, to prevent outrage from the mob.

With the utmost secrecy they managed to huddle his body into a coach and drive it that night to the cemetery, where an iron coffin was in waiting. And so in the darkness, hurriedly, and as if hiding some terrible crime, they buried the man who, less than a month

before, had been the first in the land.

It is a strange coincidence that Balmaceda committed suicide exactly one month after the massacre of Lo Cañas, on the same day and at the same hour; and he was secretly buried in the vault of a kindly friend who had shown the same charity to the body of one of the poor boys killed in that massacre. They both lie together now, judge and victim.

If Balmaceda sinned much, he also suffered much; but death, which expiates so many crimes, cannot save him from condemnation. For eight dreary months his hand had been heavy on Chile; and those who most blame cannot but feel some shade of pity and awe, realising as they must that "The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small."

## A CHAPTER OF REMINISCENCES.

## LORD ROSEBERY'S 'PITT.'

LET me say at once, Mr Editor, that Lord Rosebery's 'Pitt' is excellent reading. The critics, indeed, have rather lost their heads over it. They seem to be surprised that a peer of the realm can write no less than 286 pages in decent English. It is surely too much to say, as one of them does not hesitate to say of this bright and clever little book, that it is "brilliant," "fascinating," "terse," "masculine," "nervous," "articulate," "clear," "firm," "penetrating," "luminous," "unprejudiced," "broad," "generous," "human," "scrupulously candid," "irradiated with incessant flashes of genial and kindly humour, and frequent felicities of epigrammatic expression,"—in short, "a masterpiece." I should like to know, after all this effusive eulogy, what adjectives the critic has reserved for the imperishable work of the men

"who breathe immortal air,  
Where Orpheus and where Homer are."

Lord Rosebery's style, on the whole, is simple and natural; it is only in the more ambitious passages that we detect a certain crudeness, which, indeed, was to be looked for in a volume which is not the work of a professional scribe. What can the sober critic, who is not carried away by other than literary considerations, make of such passages as these, where (it may be timidly hinted) even the grammar is a trifle faulty? "The attempt to procure the succession of a dull dumb duke to the vapid virtue of Rockingham." "He

charmed equally . . . the meteoric mind of Burke, the pedantic vanity of Parr, the austere virtue of Horner, and the hedgehog soul of Rogers." "Warren Hastings was ambushed by the undying rancour of Francis, and the sleepless humanity of Burke." "On the commercial treaty with France Pitt employed the polite perfidy of his most recent convert." "He secured the scowling hypocrisy of Thurlow and the naval fame of Howe." "He extorted a eulogy from the truculent hostility of Burke." How is a eulogy extorted from truculent hostility? What is the advantage of securing scowling hypocrisy? How can we be sure that it was the pedantic vanity and not the scholarly enthusiasm of Parr that was charmed? How does a dull dumb duke succeed to vapid virtue? How was Warren Hastings ambushed not only by undying rancour but by sleepless humanity? In all these cases too much has been attempted; other opportunities should have been found for characterisation: it would have been infinitely better had we been told with unambiguous directness that it was proposed that Portland should succeed Rockingham; that Burke as well as Parr, that Horner as well as Rogers, were charmed by Fox; that Pitt employed his most recent convert to negotiate the treaty; that he secured the assistance of Thurlow and Howe; that even from Burke a eulogy was extorted; and so on.

But these are blemishes (if

blemishes they be, and I am well aware that tastes differ) that lie on the surface; taken as a whole, the volume (especially in these days of unfair and unscrupulous controversy) is surprisingly sound, just, rational, and in the main unanswerable. Adequate justice is done to Pitt. His splendid abilities as orator and statesman are frankly recognised. The book is written by one of the most brilliant and influential members of the Gladstonian party, who yet sees in the great Tory Minister much to admire and little to condemn. The whirligig of time brings round its revenges; and the publication of such a volume indicates a profound change in public opinion, which is interesting, and ought to be noted.

The great electoral contest at Liverpool, which took place soon after Pitt's death between Mr Canning and Mr Brougham, is still remembered by those who write and by those who read political biographies. "To one man while he lived," Canning declared, "I was devoted with all my heart and all my soul. Since the death of Mr Pitt I acknowledge no leader; my political allegiance lies buried in his grave." To which Brougham replied: "Gentlemen, I stand up in this contest against the friends and followers of Mr Pitt, or, as they partially designate him, the immortal statesman now no more. Immortal in the miseries of his devoted country! Immortal in the wounds of her bleeding liberties! Immortal in the cruel wars which sprang from his cold miscalculating ambition! Immortal in the intolerable taxes, the countless loads of debt, which these wars have flung upon us—which the youngest man among us will not live to see the end of! Immortal in the triumphs of our

enemies and the ruin of our allies—the costly purchase of so much blood and treasure! Immortal in the afflictions of England, and the humiliation of her friends, through the whole results of his twenty years' reign, from the first rays of favour with which a delighted Court gilded his early apostacy, to the deadly glare which is at this moment cast upon his name by the burning metropolis of our last ally! But may no such immortality ever fall to my lot; let me rather live innocent and inglorious; and when at last I cease to serve you and to feel for your wrongs, may I have a humble monument in some nameless stone, to tell that beneath it there rests from his labours in your service *an enemy of the immortal statesman—a friend of peace and of the people.*"

Mr Stapleton informs us that when riding one day with Mr Canning near Brighton, they heard that Brougham was dangerously ill. "Poor fellow!" said Canning, "I am sorry to hear it;" and then added,—"*If he should be taken from the House of Commons, there will be no one left to pound and mash.*" Canning's satiric touch, like Disraeli's, was much lighter, much more deft and dexterous than Brougham's; but the passage I have quoted is a fair specimen of the elaborate invective—the pounding and mashing—which was much esteemed in its day.

What may be called the Brougham-Jeffrey-John Russell estimate of Pitt held the field for long. Through the pages of the 'Edinburgh Review,' a score of brilliant essayists continued to give it a wide circulation. The vehemence of their dislike indeed made them at times not only grotesquely unscrupulous, but in-

sanelly unpatriotic. While they damned Pitt, they canonised Napoleon. Blessing the one, they banned the other. Even the victorious progress of Wellington, the triumphal march from Torres Vedras to the Pyrenees, was either coldly condemned or bitterly derided. About the year 1850, when Lord John Russell's 'Memorials' appeared, the Whig tradition of a desperately wicked and incapable Minister was flourishing vigorously. At the same time the Holland House legend—the cult of a quite fabulous Fox, who was not only the most charming of companions, but the most sagacious of statesmen, and the most trusted of leaders—met with very general acceptance. The dissent of a few obstinate and obsolete Tories did not count; and Lord John Russell concluded his memorial volumes with the portentous intimation,—“It will be my business, if I should be able to continue this work, to point out *the utter want of foresight by which the conduct of Mr Pitt was marked when he led the people of England into a crusade against the people of France.*”

Edinburgh was at that time one of the shrines of the Whig faith; and it was the good fortune of the writer of this paper as a lad (through James Syme, Andrew Coventry, and other true believers who hailed from Fife and Kinross) to see something of the priests who ministered at its altars. “Ebony” has always been as generous as he is just; and he will permit me to say that, during the closing years of his life, Jeffrey, at his pleasant villa of Craigcrook, with his granddaughter at his knee, presented as charming a picture of a serene but vigilant old age as one could wish to see. Sydney Smith years before had said of him when he went

on the bench: “His robes, God knows, will cost him little; one buck-rabbit will clothe him to the heels;” and during the interval the wonderful little man had grown even more transparently delicate and fragile. His boyhood had been earnest and passionate, his manhood energetic and distinguished; but there was a peculiar mellowness about his age. The enthusiasm and the passion had not died out, nor the keen and finely discriminating intellect been dimmed. But now, besides and beyond the fastidious taste, the playful irony, the dignified reserve, there was added an admirable grace and simplicity, a peculiar sweetness and gentleness, which it was difficult to associate with one who had been an unsparing critic and a formidable foe. “A man,” Goethe said the year before he died, “has only to become old to become tolerant;” and Jeffrey was a notable example of the mellowing catholicity of advancing years. It was no wonder that such a man should have retained his influence to the last. Outsiders who had found his collected essays rather thin and jejune, might fail to understand wherein the charm consisted; but then, as Pitt once said of his rival, “they had not been under the wand of the magician.”

It was about the year 1850—the year of Jeffrey's death—that some of us who were then preparing for active life began to rebel against the prevailing superstition. The Whig tradition was still all-powerful in the city where so many of its high-priests had been bred, and from whence its sacred writings had issued; and John Wilson and his jovial companions of the ‘Noctes’ were regarded as outlaws and banditti by the select and privileged caste to whom the true faith had been

'Maga' was then as ever true to her colours; but 'Maga' appealed to a wider than a provincial audience. Might not something be done, we inquired tentatively, to mitigate the severity of the sentence which a rather narrow, if austere virtuous, tribunal had pronounced against those who like ourselves were outside the pale? It was then that a highly speculative friend, whose resources were as slender as his projects were vast, audaciously declared that he was prepared, if properly supported, to give the Dissenters, the rebels, the despised minority, a chance of being heard. "We shall have a weekly paper from which the Whig, and the Whig only, shall be severely excluded. The lion shall lie down with the lamb; ultra-Tories and ultra-Radicals shall work harmoniously together; and in fact, gentlemen, you are welcome to ventilate any paradoxes, or heresies, or superstitions you like, so long as you vigorously assail the common enemy."

On the basis of this elastic confession of faith the 'Edinburgh Guardian' was established about the year 1852. It was published every Saturday, and it lived for four or five years. Spencer Baynes (then Sir William Hamilton's assistant, and afterwards Professor of Logic at St Andrews) was the editor, and among the contributors were E. S. Dallas (afterwards for many years the leading critic of the 'Times'), Sydney Dobell, Alexander Smith, Patrick Alexander, the redoubtable Alister of Skye, and "Shirley"—"Shirley" being the *nom de plume* then assumed for the first time by a half-fledged jurist, who desired for professional reasons (quite unnecessarily, as it turned out) to preserve his anonymity.

There was certainly some ad-

mirable writing in the 'Guardian,'—Dallas's theatrical and artistic articles, and Baynes's weekly "Diary of Juniper Agate" being really first-rate. To "Shirley" the department entitled "Things in General" was intrusted, and in the audacity of one-and-twenty he hit so hard all round that more than once the coach threatened to upset. Edinburgh was then a stronghold of the Free Kirk as well as of the Whigs; and when, in addition to defending Disraeli from the onslaughts of the 'Saturday,' and Currer Bell from the insults of the 'Quarterly,' and Bribery and Corruption (on the ground that if the franchise was an inalienable natural right, a man was entitled to do what he liked with his own) from the political purists, we took to recommending the incomprehensible heresies of Maurice and the muscular latitudinarianism of Kingsley, the paper and its editor began to get into deep water. When even a pacific John Brown—the dear and delightful friend of after-years—was moved to warn us that it was positively sinful to excuse or condone the political peccadilloes of a "splendid scamp" like Dizzy, what mercy could we expect from the successors of John Knox and Balfour of Burley? But I suspect that the direst offence we committed against the code then of binding force in the northern metropolis was a series of semi-historical, semi-political articles (suggested no doubt by Lord John Russell's dullest of dull Memoirs) designed to show that Fox was from the beginning to the end of his career a persistent failure, and that Pitt, on the other hand, was the Pilot who weathered the Storm, and brought the labouring vessel into port.

It was Disraeli himself who first pointed out that the imposing

figure which had filled so large a place in the popular imagination was stuffed with sawdust. Until 'Coningsby' appeared, the Whigs had used the constitutional history of England for the glorification of their own political virtue. Hampden had died on the field and Sidney on the scaffold to enable Mr Macaulay to write a series of brilliant essays in the 'Edinburgh.' The Whigs ever since the glorious Revolution of '88 had been the consistent and persistent advocates of civil and religious liberty; whereas Bolingbroke and Chatham and Pitt had no claim, in respect of the public services they had rendered, to the regard of any enlightened patriot. 'Coningsby,' which was published in the Forties, pricked this "radiant bubble." It then appeared that during the whole or nearly the whole of last century England had been governed by a Venetian oligarchy as unprincipled as it was corrupt. The great Whig houses had usurped the powers of the Crown and invaded the liberties of the people. The monopoly of public virtue on which they had prided themselves turned out to be the merest sham. This novel version of history was at first received with derision; but it made way—slowly but surely; and the claim of the Whig to have been in evil times the one disinterested guardian of civil and religious liberty has ceased to be recognised—is in most quarters, indeed, flatly denied.

The old superstition, however, died hard, and those of us who had taken Mr Disraeli's view from the beginning found considerable difficulty in laying its ghost. As late as 1864, indeed, I was moved to write a reply to an article which appeared, I think, in the 'Edinburgh Review' of that summer.

The 'Edinburgh' held that the history of our legislation during a hundred and fifty years proved, and proved conclusively, that the Whig Walpoles had always been right, and that the Tory Pitts had always been wrong. Any "liberal" measure passed by a Tory had, of course, been stolen from a Whig. Mr Disraeli's sarcasm against Sir Robert Peel was turned against his own friends. They had found the Whigs bathing and had run away with their clothes. This, indeed, had been a favourite thesis with Macaulay, who had rather ponderously ridiculed the opposite view on the occasion of a controversy with Lord Mahon, afterwards Earl Stanhope,—a sound if not a brilliant historian. As the fallacy against which we protested has still a certain currency, it may not be amiss to restate as briefly as may be the substance of the argument on which we relied, more especially as two of the letters which the discussion elicited—one from Mr Disraeli and one from Lord Stanhope—were (and are) so interesting that no apology is needed for putting them in 'Maga.'

The fallacy rests upon the assumption that politics is one of the exact sciences. "I cannot but pause to observe," Lord Mahon wrote, "how much the course of a century has inverted the meaning of our party nicknames—how much a modern Tory resembles a Whig of Queen Anne's reign, and a Tory of Queen Anne's reign a modern Whig." Mr Macaulay promptly retorted. The modern Tories resembled the Whigs of Queen Anne's reign, because the principles which the Whigs recommended had been accepted by the Tories. The Whig had remained consistent; the Tory had gone over to the enemy. The retort cannot be regarded as conclusive. Is it

fair to assume that a party must be inconsistent because it adopts a policy which ten or twenty or fifty years before it had opposed? During these fifty years the world has changed. The conditions have altered. Truth, in a political sense, is a relative term. Lord Bolingbroke said quite truly to Sir William Windham, "It is as much a mistake to depend upon that which is true but impracticable at a certain time, as to depend on that which is neither true nor practicable at any time." Thus the party which votes against an extension of the franchise during one century, and which votes in favour of its extension during the next, may be acting consistently as well as sagaciously. *Everything depends upon the surroundings.* It would have been folly for Somers or Walpole to have extended the suffrage during the first half of the eighteenth century. Had they done so, it is more than probable that the Stuarts would have been restored. Until we recognise that in the political world there is no absolute right or wrong, and that the duty of a legislator is to consider only whether it will be for the general advantage of the community that secret voting (say) or universal suffrage should be introduced under the conditions that exist at the moment, we shall fail to preserve the partition which separates, and ought to separate, the province of politics from the province of ethics.

Moreover, it was positively incorrect to affirm, as Macaulay did,

that during the early part of the eighteenth century the Whigs represented an advanced and the Tories a stationary policy. "The absolute position of the parties has been altered; the relative position remains the same." But as matter of fact the Tories of the first half of the century were the *advanced* party. At least they advocated comprehensive measures of reform which the other side refused to adopt. And the anomaly, if it be an anomaly, is easily explained. There is a great deal of human nature in man. The Tories wanted power; the Whigs possessed it. The Whigs had attacked the prerogative when it was directed against themselves; the Tories, when the Elector of Hanover was "brought across in a storm," were willing to impose limitations on the authority of a sovereign whom they detested. So also with regard to the question of electoral reform. As long as the Whigs corrupted the electoral bodies, the Tories clamoured for change; while the Whigs did not become reformers until the electoral bodies, under the second Pitt, had gone over by tens and fifties to the Tories.

The comments of Mr Disraeli and Lord Stanhope are, as I have said, interesting and characteristic:—

*From Mr Disraeli.*<sup>1</sup>

GROSVENOR GATE,  
May 16, 1864.

"DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your article, which I read this

<sup>1</sup> So far as the experience of 'Maga's' contributors goes, Mr Disraeli was always eager (contrary to the common impression) to acknowledge literary services, and to maintain friendly relations with his brethren of the pen. It was not surprising, perhaps, that the rather fantastic romance to which Sir William Fraser alludes in his recently published 'Disraeli and his Day' ('A remarkable book was published some years ago under the fanciful title of 'Thalatta; or the Great Commoner.' It to some extent idealises Disraeli; it is evident that the author, whoever he was—and this has not been disclosed—took him in some



morning. I read your criticisms always with interest, because they are discriminative, and are founded on knowledge and thought.

"These qualities are rarer in the present day than the world imagines. Everybody writes in a hurry, and the past seems quite obliterated from public memory.

"I need not remind you that Parliamentary Reform was a burning question with the Tories for the quarter of a century at least that followed the Revolution of 1688. Not only Sir William Windham and his friends were in favour of annual Parliaments and universal suffrage, but Sir John Hinde Cotton even advocated the ballot. These were desperate remedies against Whig supremacy. It appeared to me in 1832 that the Reform Act was another 1688, and that influenced my conduct when I entered public life. I don't say this to vindicate my course, but to explain it.

"So also I looked then—as I look now—to a reconciliation between the Tory party and the Roman Catholic subjects of the Queen. This led, thirty years ago and more, to the O'Connell affair; but I have never relinquished my purpose, and have now, I hope, nearly accomplished it.

"If the Tory party is not a national party, it is nothing.

"Pardon, this egotism, which I trust, however, is not my wont; and believe me, dear sir, with respect, faithfully yours,

"B. DISRAELI."

*From Earl Stanhope.*

"GROSVENOR PLACE,  
March 18, 1868.

"SIR,—I thank you for the address upon Lord Bolingbroke which you have had the goodness to send me, and which I have had much pleasure in reading. It gives, I think, a very accurate sketch of that 'all-accomplished' man.

"Allow me also to assure you of the gratification with which a year or two since I read the 'Campaigner at Home.' I was only sorry that you had omitted from that interesting series of chapters the one which I had read as an article in 'Fraser' as to the transmutation of the Whig and Tory parties—the controversy carried on now thirty-five years ago between my lamented friend Lord Macaulay and myself. Your discussion of it was, I thought, very good, and it would have been better still if you had followed it to its final close. For if you will now refer to Lord Macaulay's second article on Lord Chatham, as published in the 'Edinburgh Review,' October 1841, and since collected in his Essays, you will find from the opening passage—enforced by a most ingenious illustration from Dante's *Malebolge*—that Lord Macaulay's opinion of the point at issue had come to be very nearly the same as mine.

"I ask pardon for having so long detained you; and I am, sir, your very faithful servant,

"STANHOPE."

respects as his model"), should have elicited more than one note of flattering appreciation; but even half-a-dozen paragraphs on any political or historical subject with which he was familiar or in which he was interested, would not infrequently be followed within the week by a sparkling commentary from the Chief; and, only a month or two before his death, he wrote, referring to a *jeu d'esprit* which had appeared in this Magazine—a mock-ironical confession of political faith attributed to "Histrionicus"—that he thought it excellently done. "It is capital, and worthy of the good old days of the Rolliad and the Anti-Jacobin."

I have said enough to show that the political horizon has sensibly widened during the past thirty or forty years. We live in a new world. The old landmarks have been removed. Hampden has ceased to die on the field, and Sidney on the scaffold. Fox and Brougham and Jeffrey and Holland House and the 'Edinburgh Review' have fallen quite into the background; while out of the mists of controversy and above the babble of the crowd, rise the great figures of Pitt and Canning and Disraeli. And nothing can bring the change more vividly home to us than to compare the narrow and conventional prejudices of Lord John Russell in his 'Fox' with the masculine independence of Lord Rosebery in his 'Pitt.'

To Lord Rosebery it is now time to return.

His earlier chapters are by no means his best; the narrative, which flags at first, grows in vigour as it proceeds. The comparative languor of the opening pages is possibly explained by the few homely and touching words of preface,—“This little book has been written under many disadvantages, but with a sincere desire to ascertain the truth. My chief happiness in completing it would have been to give it to my wife; it can now only be inscribed to her memory.” But for this, the prolonged contest with the House of Commons, when Pitt was only twenty-five, would probably have been treated with greater fulness and spirit. The pictorial effects which were so appreciated by Macaulay do not appeal to Lord Rosebery's severer taste; but this incident is, perhaps, the most

instructive (as showing the stuff of which he was made) as well as the most striking and picturesque in the career of the youthful Minister. To treat a general engagement, which was certainly *decisive*, as a mere affair of outposts—“the sheet-lightning of history”—is clearly a mistake.

The conflict was one of the most bitter recorded in the annals of Parliament. That Pitt asserted the doctrine of the Constitution when he maintained that Ministers were entitled to appeal to the constituencies against the censure of an adverse Parliament, is not now seriously questioned. But in 1784, the Opposition, secure in the support of a majority of the House, determined to guard against a dissolution. The allies were powerful and unscrupulous. Against the Minister were arrayed the authority of the most experienced statesmen, and the genius of the greatest masters of debate. He was denounced at one time as a piratical adventurer, who had defied the Commons of England, and desecrated the ark of the Constitution; was ridiculed at another as a foolish boy, who required to be taught that the seal of office was not a nursery toy. “The Virgin Minister,” “the heaven-born youth,” “the infant Atlas of the State,” the “new Octavius,” was charged with profligate precocity. But Pitt's indomitable pertinacity was not to be shaken. “The drum is beaten, and the word given is, ‘Die in the last Ditch.’” So Orde wrote to Shelburne.<sup>1</sup> Animated especially by the resolute bearing of the King and the Duke of Richmond (a great noble about whom one would like to know more), the Premier continued to

<sup>1</sup> Life of Lord Shelburne, iii. 407.

maintain his position with a proud indifference to insult and obloquy. To the arguments of the Opposition he replied in skilful speeches which displayed a profound acquaintance with constitutional usage. When the contest had lasted for months—when the Government had suffered a series of “overwhelming” defeats—when argument and invective had been exhausted—the majority were forced to admit that they had been worsted in a hand-to-hand conflict by a Minister not five-and-twenty! “In all my researches in ancient and modern times,” Gibbon emphatically declared, “I have nowhere met with his parallel, who at so early a period of his life discharged so important a trust with so much credit to himself, and so much advantage to his country.”

Why Pitt did not include Lord Shelburne—one of the ablest men of the time, and one of his oldest friends—in his Ministry, is a conundrum which continues to perplex the historical student. Lord Shelburne’s correspondence, which was published some years ago, throws absolutely no light upon the puzzle; and I am not prepared to admit that Lord Rosebery’s explanation can be regarded as adequate. It comes to this,—Shelburne was false and could not be trusted. “It was because Pitt had so truly measured Shelburne’s character that he preferred any risk and any reproach to includ-

ing his late chief in his Cabinet.” But is there any evidence that Shelburne was a worse man than his neighbours,—worse than Thurlow, for instance? or that Pitt had formed a profoundly unfavourable estimate of his character? None that I know of;<sup>1</sup> and until some fresh evidence is produced, the mystery must remain unexplained. There *may* have been something behind of which one knows nothing. It is guess-work, at best. Shelburne was masterful, and Pitt may have preferred a Cabinet of mediocrities. Again, it is barely possible (I give the suggestion for what it is worth) that Shelburne, in an unguarded moment, had spoken of Chatham (as he wrote of him in a spiteful fragment of autobiography) in terms which Chatham’s son was bound to resent, and to resent as a personal, and, indeed, indelible insult.

Of Shelburne’s estimate of the Great Commoner, it is enough to say that it is profoundly unfair, and indeed, if we are to believe the unanimous testimony of their contemporaries, entirely untenable. Yet the weak points of Chatham’s character are accentuated with malicious acuteness and assiduity. “It was the fashion to say that Mr Pitt was violent, impetuous, romantic; a despiser of money, intrigue, and patronage; ignorant of the character of men, and one who disregarded consequences. He certainly was above avarice; but as to everything else

<sup>1</sup> Burke indeed had gone so far as to say that if in morals Shelburne was not a Catiline or a Borgia, “it must not be ascribed to anything but his understanding;” but Burke was habitually extravagant, and whatever else Shelburne might be, he was certainly an able man.

The letters that relate to the exclusion of Shelburne from the Ministry will be found in vol. iii. p. 393 *et seq.* of Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice’s ‘Life.’ They throw little light on the matter. The reasons assigned are obviously not the true reasons; it is clear that Pitt, though he felt that the situation was awkward and embarrassing, had determined from the first that Shelburne should not be asked even for his advice.

he only repressed his desires, and *acted*; he was naturally ostentatious to a degree of ridicule; profuse in his house and family beyond what any degree of prudence could warrant." And much more to the same effect.<sup>1</sup>

When all, however, has been said against Chatham that can be said by open foe or jealous colleague, he remains the most imposing figure of the last century. His mind, it must be admitted, was neither completely furnished nor well balanced. His intellectual methods and processes were slovenly. His sister declared, indeed, that her brother knew nothing accurately except the 'Faery Queen.' He was generally in opposition; his own Ministries were feeble and short-lived. But during the five years when he was virtually in supreme command—from 1757 to 1762—he made the English people what they are. For eighty years England had been a house divided against itself. It was Chatham who revived that spirit of loyal attachment and willing obedience to the State, without which, as Burke finely said, "your army would be a base rabble, and your navy nothing but rotten timber." And it may be affirmed with tolerable confidence, that Chatham's eloquence, though unreported, has not been rivalled. *That*, at least, was the verdict of those who had heard the Great Commoner, and who lived to hear Pitt and Fox and Sheridan at their best. Such of his "luminous sentences" as have been accidentally preserved are charged with a vehemence of contempt, a force of scorn, which we can well believe overwhelmed their victims. He could enshrine a weighty argument in a stately

metaphor as no one else could; as when he opposed Franklin's proposal that British troops should not be quartered in America without the consent of the provincial legislatures. "Such a condition," he declared, "plucks the master-feather from the eagle's wing!" But perhaps his most characteristic outburst is that recorded by Mr Greville in his 'Journal,' on the authority of Lord Holland. "Once in the House of Lords, on a debate during the American war, he said he hoped the king might be awakened from his slumbers. There was a cry of 'Order! order!' 'Order, my lords?' burst out Chatham; 'order? I have not been disorderly, but I *will* be disorderly. I repeat again that I hope his Majesty may be awakened from his slumbers, but that he may be awakened by such an awful apparition as that which drew King Priam's curtains in the dead of the night, and told him of the conflagration of his empire.'"

When Shelburne, bitterly mortified, had been forced to retire into private life, Pitt and Fox were left in undisputed possession, and they remained for years to come the two most notable figures in the political arena. But it is now quite beyond serious controversy that from many causes, to which I can only refer with the utmost brevity, Fox was *overmatched*. A curious letter, written by Lady Holland to her husband in 1767, has been preserved: "I have been this morning with Lady Hester Pitt, and there is little William Pitt, now eight years old, and really the cleverest child I ever saw, and brought up so strictly and proper in his behaviour, that—mark my words—*that little boy will be a thorn in Charles's*

<sup>1</sup> Life of William Earl of Shelburne, by Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, i. 75.  
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*side as long as he lives.*" Had Lady Holland lived in Scotland, they would have held that she possessed the second-sight, or else they would have burnt her for a witch. "The austerity of Pitt's political consecration" is a happy phrase coined by Lord Rosebery. The son of the Great Commoner had been dedicated to the House of Commons from his birth, and he came, like Athene, armed at all points for the fray. Fox, on the other hand, had been badly brought up; all those who had anything to do with his education, including his father, had conspired to undermine his morals and to make him what he became. Thus, when gambling in Paris, and otherwise amusing himself as a mere lad, the Principal of Hertford College wrote to him,—"*As to trigonometry, it is a matter of entire indifference to the other geometricians of the College whether they proceed to the other branches of mathematics or wait a term or two longer. You need not therefore interrupt your amusements by severe studies, for it is wholly unnecessary to take a step onward without you, and therefore we shall wait until we have the pleasure of your company.*"<sup>1</sup> Yet though overmatched, his natural aptitude made him a formidable foe, and he fought on to the last with unfailing good-humour, and a reasoned eloquence that was closely argumentative even when most vehement. It was a contest worthy of Homer's heroes; and a great English poet (only Mr Andrew Lang will have it that he is no poet) must have had some such association in his mind when he wrote in ringing verse,—

"We, we have seen the intellectual  
race  
Of giants stand, like Titans, face to  
face—  
Athos and Ida—with a dashing sea  
Of eloquence between which flowed all  
free,  
As the deep billows of the Ægean roar  
Betwixt the Hellenic and the Phrygian  
shore."

Pitt's is a lonely figure; except Dundas and Canning and Wellesley, he had few intimate friends; even his own colleagues intrigued against him. Thurlow indeed, who was false to the core, denied the impeachment. He had never conspired against the king or his Minister,—"*When I forget my king, may God forget me!*" ("He'll see you d—d first!" Wilkes retorted. "*The best thing that can happen to you,*" said Burke.) Though deeply attached to Lady Eleanor Eden, Pitt never married. He is represented indeed by historians as cold, hard, and unsympathetic,—the truth being that there was something almost pathetic in the fervour of his friendship, and in the eagerness with which he sought for a return of affection from the half-dozen men and women he loved. To the world indeed—and hence the misconception—his bearing was haughty and his face impassive. "From the instant he entered the doorway of the House of Commons, he advanced up the floor with a quick and firm step, his head erect and thrown back, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, nor favouring with a nod or glance" the warmest of his supporters. The contrast between the shy, spare, and haughtily reserved and reticent Minister of

<sup>1</sup> It is only fair to say that Mr Trevelyan read the passage as meaning that Fox was the only member of the College who worked. 'The Early History of Charles James Fox,' by G. O. Trevelyan,—a charming book. When are we to have the later history?

the Crown, and the rotund and jovial Tribune who led the Opposition, must have added immensely to the interest and piquancy of the struggle.

Why did Fox fail?

The life he led was against him. In spite of an iron constitution and a temper that nothing could sour, it weakened and demoralised him. He drank; he gambled; his amours were notorious. The whole world knew that he lay in bed till the afternoon, when, "wrapped in a foul linen night-gown," that barely concealed "his black and bristly person," he met his parliamentary lieutenants and devised the tactics of the campaign. He was seldom home till daylight; the night was spent in undignified frolics or scandalous orgies; and a strictly moral people, as the English profess to be, were not prepared to condone these irregularities.

Nor was he trusted as a politician, as a public man. He was, it was alleged, like his father, a political latitudinarian. The charge was unjust; for he had many sincere convictions; but his conduct on more than one occasion gave colour to the imputation. The unnatural alliance with Lord North was, as he was himself forced to admit, "a measure which success only could justify." On the question of the Regency—the Prince of Wales being his intimate friend and political ally—he propounded a theory of the divine and inherent right of the heir-apparent which was entirely inconsistent with Whig tradition. Then came the French Revolution—a tremendous and incalculable event, the issue of which the wisest could not foresee. Fox must have known, however, that the moral sense of the country had been outraged by the indecent and ferocious excesses of the Republicans; yet he ostenta-

tiously allied himself with those who were held to be the enemies of England. This was the last straw; it broke up the Whig party; thereafter Fox's parliamentary adherents could be counted on the fingers: they could go home, as was said at the time, in a couple of hackney-coaches.

It is impossible, therefore, to regard Fox as an eminent or successful party leader. But, in spite of his excesses, in spite of the wild life he had led, no one of his contemporaries would have denied that he was something better—a brave, honest, and unaffected man. Utterly without malignity, jealousy, or any of the baser and meaner vices that are sometimes unhappily united with genius and great capacity, no man of his time was more warmly loved. The passionate, warm-hearted, thoughtless, dissipated "Charley Fox" was the idol of his friends. Every woman was in love with the sparkling and radiant wit. Every man was honoured by the friendship of the accomplished scholar and the unrivalled orator. And there was no pretence, no affectation, nothing theatrical, as in the case of Chat-ham, to mar his genuine greatness. He did everything with an indolent ease that sought no aid from artifice; both in the House and out of it he was characterised by what Grattan called his "negligent grandeur."

Fox failed; how was it that Pitt succeeded? From what has been already said, it might be concluded that his success was largely, if not mainly, due to the fact that his rival was—Fox. But though the errors and excesses of his rival helped him in many ways, and undoubtedly contributed to his prolonged lease of power, it is not the less true that Pitt was born to rule, and that, apart from a certain stiff-

ness of manner and difficulty of access, he had all the qualities which secure the confidence, if they do not rouse the enthusiasm, of the people. His life was pure. He was, like the Arthur of romance, "a blameless gentleman." The well-worn epigram upon his convivial habits—

"*Pitt*. I cannot see the Speaker, Hal—  
—can you?

*Dundas*. Not see the Speaker? D—m'e,  
I see two,"—

is really a calumny. Pitt, as a delicate and sickly boy, may be said to have been bred and brought up on port wine; but he never drank to excess, though his weak health required the habitual use of stimulants. Then, in spite of weak health, his nerve never failed; only a man of supreme moral courage could have entered, when barely five-and-twenty, upon a desperate conflict with the English Commons. One of Adam Smith's earliest disciples, he was a master of that scientific finance of which Fox, who had

made Sheridan Secretary of the Treasury, was notoriously ignorant.<sup>1</sup> When he came into power, the income of the country, after the prolonged drain of the American war, did not supply the means of supporting even a moderate peace establishment. Within a year his tariff—a tariff based upon the principle of increasing the revenue by enlarged consumption rather than by heavier taxation—gave him a magnificent surplus. He was, besides, entirely disinterested. When he entered Parliament he had a bare pittance of his own,—some £250 a-year; but he rejected without hesitation the splendid provision which the City of London pressed upon him. He had previously refused a sinecure of £3000 a-year,—giving it to Barré, who had fallen blind, and was failing fast.<sup>2</sup> "At the moment," Lord Rosebery remarks, "when men in their despair looked round for a saviour of society, there appeared before them a young university student; rich with lofty eloquence, and heir to

<sup>1</sup> The wags said that during "Sherry's" tenure of office a notice was affixed to the door of the Treasury,—“No applications can be received on Wednesdays, nor any business done during the remainder of the week.”

<sup>2</sup> Lord North, who had also lost his sight, is reported to have said to his old antagonist in the House, with the humour, and good humour, that never deserted him, “Ah, Colonel, whatever may have been our former animosities, I am persuaded there are no two men who would now be more glad to see one another than you and I.”—(Shelburne's Life, iii. 416.) The Lord Holland of our own day used to express his regret that he had never heard North speak; and certainly some of the best humorous sayings that circulate in the House of Commons are attributed to him. Everybody knows his “I wish to God I was,” when an interminable speaker, looking across at the Treasury bench, where North was reclining with closed eyes and folded arms, accused him of “slumbering over the ruin of his country—*asleep at a time*——” Alderman Sandridge, presenting a petition from *Billingsgate*, was complimented with mock gravity: “I will not deny that the worthy Alderman speaks the sentiments, nay, the very *language* of his constituents.” Greville had a very good story from Lord Holland. Tommy Townshend, who was as violent as he was foolish, said in some debate, “Nothing will satisfy me but to have the noble lord's head; I will have his head:” to which North replied, “The honourable gentleman says he will have my head. I bear him no malice in return, for though he says he will have my head, I can assure him that I would on no account have his.”—(The Greville Memoirs, iii. 132.) Why, in these days of “Prime Ministers,” has North been potten?

an immortal name; untainted in character, spotless in life; who showed, the very first day that he met Parliament as Minister, a supreme disdain for the material prizes of political life."

Pitt's general views, moreover, were large and statesmanlike; and had he been given a free hand, the interminable Irish question might have been solved while the century was yet young. Lord Rosebery points out with the utmost candour that the French war made Union a necessity (another French war is of course impossible?), but that the Union was only a fragment of Pitt's healing and remedial policy. The arguments for Union, he admits, appealed with irresistible force to statesmen for whom, struggling in a great war, unity and simplicity of government were everything; but Pitt himself intended to accompany it with Catholic emancipation, the endowment of the Catholic clergy, the reform of an oppressive system of tithe, and possibly a liberal land Act. "Who will say," Lord Rosebery inquires, "that, followed up by large, spontaneous, and simultaneous concessions of this kind, the policy of the Union might not have been a success?" The whole passage is admirable; nothing could be better, indeed, except possibly Sir James Graham's terse and emphatic declaration,—“Mr Pitt was prepared to do the right thing at the right moment; but genius gave way to madness; and two generations have in vain deplored the loss of an opportunity which will never return.”

The party writers who have charged Pitt with being eager for war with France absolutely misunderstand his character. Pitt was fitted by nature and training to make a great peace Minister; he was *forced*, against his will

though not against his judgment, to become the Minister of war. The truth is, that he was eager, passionately eager, to keep aloof from the contest. The storm-cloud had gathered over the Continent; but as it had not darkened the English sky, it was, he maintained, no business of ours. "If," Canning had said in 1794, when vindicating the policy of the Government, "it had been a harmless idiot lunacy, which had contented itself with playing its tricks and practising its fooleries at home, with dressing up strumpets in oak-leaves and inventing nicknames for the calendar, I should have been far from desiring to interrupt their innocent amusements; we might have looked on with hearty contempt indeed, but with a contempt not wholly unmingled with commiseration." It was not Pitt, it was the French and the English people between them, who made war inevitable. When the Convention, on the 19th of November 1792, declared that it was ready to assist any nation that desired to recover its liberty, and that it was prepared to tear up all existing treaties which did not conform to natural law, it virtually declared war against constituted authority in England and elsewhere. But the English people were ready, were eager, to accept the challenge. The atrocities of the Revolution had horrified them; its successes had scared them; and, horror-stricken and panic-stricken, they threw themselves blindly into the fight, and dragged the Minister with them. "To no human being,"—this is the conclusion at which, after an admirably lucid argument, Lord Rosebery arrives,—“did war come with such a curse as to Pitt; by none was it more hated and shunned.”

It is said that, as a war Minister,



Pitt failed. It must be admitted that the war was unfortunate and protracted. But is it fair to attribute its disasters to the incapacity of the Minister? What is meant by a great war Minister? What more could Chatham have done than Pitt did? The arbitrament of battle was against him; the "imperial genius" of Napoleon was against him; but with stout heart and lavish hand he played his part. He was weighted with generals who were past their prime; "some old woman in a red ribbon," as Grenville put it; but he accepted the inevitable defeat with temper and patience, and a rare and admirable equanimity. His allies deserted him; but he went on with dogged pertinacity, confident that in the end he would win. "The decision of Vienna," he wrote to Lord Wellesley in 1799, "is wholly uncertain, and our best comfort is that, if it fails us, we can return to our defensive system with unbroken spirits and resources, and trust to our own anchors to ride out the storm." *Trust to our own anchors to ride out the storm.* That trust Pitt never lost; though Austerlitz, it must be admitted, was a deadly blow.

The Loughborough intrigue of 1801 forced him to resign the office which he had held for eighteen years; but he remained, in spite of his retirement, the most potent personality in Parliament as in the country. "His influence and authority in the House of Commons," even the unfriendly Romilly was obliged to admit, "exceed all belief. *The Ministry seems in the House of Commons, in comparison with him, to be persons*

*of no account.*" But even then he was dying; and though for a brief season he once again held the seals of office, the end was visibly approaching. The last speech he made was in the Guildhall, to which, after Trafalgar, he had been drawn in triumph by the enthusiastic citizens. The speech was brief and pointed. "I place much confidence in my new colleagues," he had said years before; "*I place still more confidence in myself.*" But now he had to warn his countrymen that henceforth they must learn to do without him. "*I return you many thanks for the honour you have done me. But Europe is not to be saved by any single man. England has saved herself by her exertions, and will, as I trust, save Europe by her example.*" With what Lord Rosebery truly calls "the noblest, the tersest, and the last of all his speeches," our sketch of the great Minister must close,—the reasons why Pitt succeeded, why Fox failed, having been, I venture to hope, sufficiently indicated.

For the one as for the other, for Fox as for Pitt, the end was at hand. They spent their lives together, and in death they were not divided. Those of us who, in spite of warning and remonstrance, continue to read Sir Walter, will not have forgotten that the fine lament in 'Marmion' was uttered over the grave in the Abbey where both had been laid within the year:—

"Now is the stately column broke,  
The beacon-light is quenched in smoke,  
The trumpet's silver sound is still,  
The warder silent on the hill."

JOHN SKELTON.

## THE OUTLOOK OF THE NEW YEAR.

THE year upon which we are about to enter is one which can hardly fail to be of grave import to the United Kingdom. Before its close, that general election will almost certainly have taken place, the result of which will determine questions of which the magnitude cannot be exaggerated. It is not only the Government of Lord Salisbury which will be upon its trial, but the fundamental principles of the British constitution. For, disguise it as we may, the main issue before the country will be the maintenance or the diminution of the authority of that representative Parliament which has hitherto been the main depository of political power in Great Britain and Ireland. It is idle to deny the truth of this proposition. If the adoption of a measure of Home Rule for Ireland should comprise the retention of the Irish members at Westminster, it logically and constitutionally follows that England, Scotland, and Wales should have separate chambers, to each of which should be referred the same class of questions with which the Parliament in Dublin would have to deal, so that there would be a restriction and limitation of the powers of the Imperial Parliament, and a consequent division of authority. If, on the other hand, the new proposal should involve the exclusion of the Irish members from the Parliament at Westminster, this would not only be an undeniable act of separation, but would place Ireland under a disadvantage as compared with the sister countries, which would really be a greater wrong than any of which she has hitherto had

to complain. For be it well remembered that Unionists desire to keep Ireland on an equality with Great Britain, that the Parliament of one country should be the Parliament of all, and that the citizenship of the British empire should be the proudest possession alike of English, Scotch, Irish, and Welshmen. It is the Gladstonian party, on the other side, who desire to tempt our countrymen to cultivate their several distinct nationalities at the expense and to the detriment of that common citizenship, and who at the very moment that they vehemently denounce the application of the word Separatist to themselves, are practically throwing their whole weight into the Separatist scales, and daily identifying themselves with a policy which can only lead to separation. These are not arguments, but solid facts. If a Parliament is split up into several Parliaments, its authority must be diminished; and when this is the avowed object of a political party, it seems preposterous that they should display wrath and indignation at the policy of separation being ascribed to their leader and his followers.

Before going further, it seems necessary to deprecate the imputation alike of unfairness and of indulgence in personalities, which has been made against Unionists by certain Gladstonian orators. Nothing can be more unjust or untrue. To expose the inconsistencies of Mr Gladstone is occasionally necessary, but, happily for this great statesman, no moral obliquity is involved in inconsistency; and to adduce his own opinions against himself, and

to point out the inevitable result of the policy which he has propounded, cannot be justly said to be either personal or unfair. Indeed, so to speak, "the boot is on the other leg." It is the Unionist, and especially the Liberal Unionist, leaders who have been overwhelmed with abuse by Gladstonian orators throughout the country. It is true that Mr Labouchere cannot claim the merit of originality in his discreditable comparison of Mr Chamberlain with Judas Iscariot. Any one who will take the trouble to read the history of the Westminster election of 1784, and to study Gillray's caricatures relating to the same, will see that the senior member for Northampton is only plagiarising an attack made at that time by the followers of Mr Fox upon Sir Cecil Wray, who was accused of having deserted and opposed Mr Fox after that statesman had introduced him to the electors of Westminster. Mr Labouchere's attacks are, however, not to be excused by their want of originality; and although they damage no one except the individual who makes them, they afford a sample of the way in which the tone of British politics has been lowered by the Gladstonian party. There are, of course, brilliant exceptions to this rule; but it is lamentable to see the line taken generally by Gladstonian speakers with a view to damage their opponents in the eyes of the electorate.

There is but one excuse to be found for this course of conduct, and that is, of course, the difficulty which these gentlemen experience with regard to the policy of their great leader. They cannot discuss Home Rule, save in the vaguest and most indefinite manner, because it is Mr Gladstone's policy

to go before the country without being pledged to anything save the most general idea upon the subject. The Unionist policy is alike definite and intelligible. As much local government for Ireland as can be given with due regard to the safety of the country and the maintenance of the Queen's authority, but nothing which could or would assume the shape of rivalry to the Imperial Parliament. This is a statement sufficiently clear and explicit, and it is probably one which a large number of British Gladstonians would claim to be equally applicable to their own policy. But this cannot for a moment be admitted. In the first place, the Unionist declines to accept the word Parliament as a description of anything which he is prepared to give to Ireland. It is a word which immediately gives room to doubt, and opens the door to demands which can never be really granted. It is the adoption of this word Parliament which for the moment enables Mr Gladstone to keep together his British and Irish supporters, but which will also in all probability lead to a future disruption of his party. For Mr Gladstone has more than once declared that what he has in view is a statutory Parliament for Ireland, "subordinate to the Imperial Parliament," and more than one of his lieutenants have repeated these words in their harangues throughout the country. But throughout the whole of the agitation upon this subject in Ireland, the tone taken by the leaders of Irish opinion has been of an entirely different character. We have been again and again told that the object of this agitation was to enable Ireland "to take her place among the nations of the world," and to possess her own Parliament sitting in College Green. It is quite true

that Mr Parnell considerably abated the strength of his language when he found in 1886 that Mr Gladstone was about to play his game by the introduction of the thin end of the wedge. Nevertheless, it is impossible for any one to read the speeches which have been delivered by Irish Nationalists during the last six years without feeling convinced that a subordinate Parliament is not that which will fulfil their aspirations or satisfy their demands. Even as recently as the 22d of last November, at a meeting held at a place no less celebrated than Mitchelstown, in the presence of Mr William O'Brien and Mr John Dillon, it was resolved: "That, while we indignantly repudiate the allegation that the Irish cause is to be made subservient to the emergencies of English Liberalism, we consider it prudent and patriotic to trust for the time being to the promises of the Grand Old Man, reserving to ourselves the right to refuse any Home Rule Bill, from any source whatever, derogatory to the honour of Ireland." This limited vote of confidence in Mr Gladstone's Home Rule policy must be read with due recollection of the fact that the complete control of the Irish police and the subordination of Ulster to the Irish Parliament are two points which have been declared by Mr Parnell as indispensable to the satisfactory settlement of the question between Great Britain and Ireland. Mr Gladstone's language upon both these points has been hitherto vague, nor can he be said to be absolutely committed upon either, but the attitude of both sections of Irish "Nationalists" is clear and unmistakable, and on the 17th December it was emphatically declared by Mr Redmond at Waterford that the Nationalist

party "were prepared to accept nothing less than a complete Home Rule Bill, a Bill giving them control over the police, power over every Irish matter, and free absolutely from the interference of England."

Other points might be named upon which demands would certainly be made by the Irish Home Rulers, and if once a Parliament in Dublin had been conceded, the difficulty of refusing such demands would be one of no ordinary magnitude. The popular candidates in Ireland at every election would be the men who would go to Dublin pledged to demand from Great Britain the concession of anything and everything which implied the greater authority of the Imperial Parliament, and instead of having "got Ireland out of the way" (the common jargon of Gladstonians to-day), we should find that we had got a more troublesome Ireland than ever. If, as a nation, she has a right to demand a national Parliament, by what right can we deny her all the usual powers of a nation, and what limit can we fix to her demands to legislate upon every subject of national policy?

These considerations, however, are of necessity ignored by Gladstonian speakers and Gladstonian candidates, because they cannot discuss points, however important, upon which their leader desires to be left unfettered, and which it is better for his purpose to brush away as mere details, in order that nothing may interfere with the more attractive view of Home Rule, upon which alone he would desire that the eyes of the electorate should be fixed. "Ireland for the Irish"—"Government of the people by the people," and such-like platitudes, are captivating at first sight, and are general terms which command general approval until they are dissected and ex-

plained. Then it is that the constituencies discover the fallacies contained or implied in such sentences. "Ireland for the Irish," high-sounding and patriotic as the words may be, apparently means, in Gladstonian mouths, that it would be better for Ireland, for the United Kingdom, or for the civilised world, that Ireland should be left exclusively to the control of the contending Parnellite and anti-Parnellite factions, who were so ready to break each other's heads the other day, or to the management of those Ulster Orangemen who are ready, at short notice, to break the heads of either or both factions. But if the words mean anything commendable, they signify that Ireland should be left to those Irishmen who would promote the welfare of their country by obedience to the law, and by the exercise of quiet and useful industry. Thus interpreted they would do little to advance the Gladstonian cause in Ireland.

Again, what is the meaning of the words so common in Gladstonian harangues—"Government of the people *by* the people"? The words of course contain an axiom which will be readily accepted and approved by all lovers of representative institutions such as those enjoyed by the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. But of what sensible application are those words susceptible when used in connection with the demand for Home Rule in Ireland? Ireland is part of the United Kingdom. Irishmen are a portion and only a portion of the inhabitants of that kingdom. Is it to be maintained that any portion of these inhabitants should be allowed to set up a claim to be governed in some other way than the rest? Surely not. The system of government which commends itself to,

and has been accepted by, the great majority of the whole population, must be accepted by every part of the kingdom and by all its inhabitants; and if the right of Ireland to demand a separate Legislature and a separate Government is to be conceded, the concession can mean nothing but the commencement of the disintegration of the whole system. The truth of this statement is so patent and intelligible that if the case could be plainly set before the electors in every British constituency, there is not the slightest probability that Mr Gladstone would ever again have the opportunity of reintroducing a measure of Home Rule. For this reason, the strategy of the Gladstonian party is mainly directed to the accomplishment of two objects. First, to keep Home Rule at arm's-length, or in other words, by confining themselves to generalities and platitudes such as those to which we have already alluded, to avoid coming to close quarters or discussing the manner in which the principle of Home Rule is to be applied. Secondly, to make it appear to the electorate that many subjects of legislation upon which more or less anxiety is felt in different parts of the country are not only postponed by the necessity of settling the Irish question first, but would be dealt with more readily and more satisfactorily by the party which is pledged to attend to Home Rule in the first place. This view of the case, however, is so transparently fallacious that it scarcely requires argument to expose and confute it. In the first place, if a majority of the new House of Commons should be returned favourable to the principle of Home Rule, it by no means follows that the same men would be favourable to the particular ap-

plication of that principle in the way which Mr Gladstone might propose. The House of Lords would no doubt accept the decisive vote of the House of Commons, provided that the issues upon which that vote was given were issues which had been fairly before the country at the general election, and upon which, therefore, the constituencies might be said to have given their opinion. But if this had not been the case—that is to say, if larger powers were proposed to be given to an Irish Parliament than the country had been clearly led to expect, or if vital portions of the scheme were carried by narrow majorities in the House of Commons—the House of Lords would be only doing its duty if it refused to pass the measure until the country had been again consulted.

This statement of fact is always received by the Gladstonians with counter-statements that “the Lords must yield to the people”; and Mr Gladstone himself has not scrupled to lay hold of some words of Lord Salisbury’s, in order to found upon them angry threats directed against the House of Lords, wholly at variance from the calm and sagacious utterances which might have been expected from a veteran British statesman. It is indeed hard to attribute to any fair and creditable motive the readiness which Mr Gladstone always displays to seek occasion of offence against the House of Lords. It is of course a question for argument whether it is or is not desirable that an upper or second chamber should exist in a country governed under representative institutions. There is doubtless something to be said on both sides, and we are not concerned to argue the question at the present moment. But as long as we are in the actual possession

of a second chamber, it is idle to deny that one of its most patent and most useful functions is to delay the passing of measures which may have been carried through the House of Commons in moments of popular excitement, and thus to afford time for calmer and more deliberate judgment on the part of the people. In a recent speech, Mr Gladstone deemed it fitting to allude to the House of Lords as a power which stood between the throne and the people; but this is a most unfair and erroneous description. The House of Lords exists for the people and by the will of the people, exercised through the sovereign, the supreme head of the people. It is from time to time recruited from those who, in one capacity or another, have served the people, and in the very nature of things it never either could or would try to ignore or to defeat the deliberate wish of the people. But any impartial person will admit that a false step taken in legislation may be of incalculable mischief to the country, and it is in the direct interest of the people that an opportunity should be afforded of avoiding the occurrence of such a disaster. The postponement of legislation for one, two, or even three years is as nothing in the history of a country; but a legislative mistake may easily cause evils of far longer duration. No doubt there is much to be urged against the composition of the House of Lords, and suggestions have frequently been made for its improvement. It should be borne in mind, however, that to impart a representative character to the Upper House, or otherwise to strengthen its composition, would inevitably weaken the position of the other House of Parliament, which at present,

being the sole representative part of the constitution, unquestionably possesses the real power, and can calculate with confidence upon the acquiescence of the non-representative chamber whenever the mandate of the constituencies shall have been given with an unmistakable voice. No greater libel can be disseminated against the House of Lords than the imputation of a desire to thwart the people or to resist the well-ascertained will of the constituencies; and this is so well known to the great body of electors, that it is to be hoped they will not be led away by any such unreal and dishonest cry, or be distracted from attention to the real issues before them by an attempt to get up an agitation against the House of Lords in the interests of a faction, and with no shadow of justification.

It is evident, however, that neither the advantages of Home Rule, nor the possible delinquencies of the House of Lords, have taken such hold upon the constituencies as to satisfy the Gladstonian party of their sufficiency as a political programme at the coming election. Their efforts are therefore directed to the congenial task of persuading the masses in town and country that they have been persistently "sat upon" by the classes in their several localities, and that, if they are only true to themselves, the hour of deliverance is at hand. It never seems to strike the Gladstonian orators who address these speeches to deluded audiences from one end of Great Britain to the other, that if these great wrongs have been perpetrated upon the masses, it must have been mainly owing to the shortcomings and evil-mindedness of the so-called Liberal party whom they assume to represent.

For during the sixty years which have elapsed since the passing of the Reform Bill, that party has held the reins of government for about two-thirds of the time; and during the twenty years from 1868 to 1888, Mr Gladstone himself held the office of Prime Minister for more than half the time. In spite of this, however, our Gladstonian friends continue to harp upon the wearisome theme of "the old reactionary Tory party," which they perfectly well know to have been practically non-existent for half a century, and to impute to their political opponents all the defects and evils in our present system, which they themselves have had so many chances of setting right, but which they have still suffered to exist. The truth is, that neither party has a right to claim a monopoly of sympathy for the masses, or of credit for legislation passed in their behalf. It is a favourite and oft-repeated boast of Gladstonians that it is to their party that the agricultural labourer is indebted for his vote. But the extension of the franchise which gave the labourer his vote was the natural and certain result of that previous extension which established household suffrage in the towns. This, however, was passed by Lord Beaconsfield, then Mr Disraeli, and, according to the Gladstonian theory, must, of course, be laid to the credit of the Tories. But the real truth is, that both extensions were the natural consequences of the development of representative institutions which has been advancing in this country since the earlier part of the present century, and it is idle for either political party to claim the credit for any particular phase or feature of that development. It is as unfair for the Tory party to claim the sole credit of household suf-

frage as for the Liberal party to claim as their own the enfranchisement of the agricultural labourer. Moreover, with regard to the latter, there can be no question that one side just as much as the other desires his prosperity, and that neither side, so far as good intentions go, can fairly be said to have any right to pose as his special friends.

There is, however, one consideration of which it is well to remind both the agricultural labourer and every other class—namely, that the Gladstonians, being bound to bring forward the question of Home Rule in the event of their accession to office, can by no possibility devote time to other legislation until they have disposed of that question. On the other hand, Lord Salisbury's Government has already shown that it will not allow Irish questions to monopolise the whole of the time available for legislation, and the Ministerial programme for the coming session will certainly include measures upon subjects in which England and Scotland, as well as Ireland, are deeply interested. Meanwhile we cannot shut our eyes to the continued attempts made by the Gladstonians to win the suffrages of the electors in the rural constituencies. We may, indeed, deprecate the spirit which directs these attempts, and the insult to the agricultural labourer which is implied in the manner of their conduct. The labourers are not treated as intelligent men who are able to understand and form a judgment upon the political questions of the day. On the contrary, they are treated by the Gladstonian vote-hunters alternately as children and as knaves. If the question of Home Rule is to be approached, there is no attempt to place before the labourer the arguments on one

side or on the other; but it is rather sought to captivate his imagination by magic-lanterns and representations of evictions, so that he may be gulled into the belief that British rule and landlord cruelty are responsible for results which, in nine cases out of ten, have arisen from the pernicious teaching of selfish agitators. If, on the other hand, subjects more directly affecting their own position are to be dealt with, the labouring class are habitually treated by the Gladstonians as a class unable or unwilling to comprehend or accept any argument except that which appeals to the breeches-pocket, or to the more ignoble passions of the human breast. Allotments are promised the labourer, generally by men who have little or no knowledge of the subject, as if the granting of allotments to the whole labouring population were a possible thing, and as if it were certain that the result would be to effect a complete and absolute improvement in their condition. Parish councils are also promised, apparently with no belief that their establishment would improve the general management of parochial affairs; but, according to the Rev. Mr Tuckwell, as something which might achieve the laudable object of dethroning those three terrible enemies—"the squire, the farmer, and the parson." Mr Tuckwell, who propounded these wise opinions at the recent Liberal conference at Newcastle, does not appear to have condescended to explain what would be the precise advantage to the labourer of dethroning the farmer who employs him, the squire who probably finds him his cottage, and the parson who affords him religious instruction. This reverend firebrand apparently thinks that a crusade against



every one better off than himself is a laudable object, and that it is "parson's work" to preach such a crusade rather than the less exciting and more peaceful doctrines of the New Testament. Fortunately, however, such foolish and mischievous teaching is not likely to be attractive to the minds of our honest English labourers. Some indeed may be deluded by peripatetic politicians of the Tuckwell school, and may put their trust in theories which can never be put in practice, and in promises which can never be fulfilled. But agricultural labourers are not the benighted and ignorant class which the Gladstonians appear to believe. They know something more about their own condition of life than their would-be teachers, and are not to be so easily humbugged as the latter suppose. Show them tangible advantages likely to accrue to their class from any legislative change, and they will be as quick as other people to comprehend the matter. But they are also quick to see through the plausible sophistries and to suspect the motives of those who talk to them of advantages which are neither tangible nor intelligible to their understandings. Moreover, the labourers have had the opportunity of judging for themselves which political party it is from which they are likely to receive legislative aid. It cannot be denied that when the Gladstonian party had, in 1885-86, an opportunity of dealing with questions affecting the agricultural labourer, they not only deliberately postponed all such questions, in order to place "Home Rule for Ireland" in the first place in their programme, but Mr Gladstone himself subsequently indulged in a sneer at "a certain Mr Jesse Collings," who had identified himself with agricultural questions,

and especially with that of allotments

It is true that, in spite of this neglect on the part of Mr Gladstone, his friends have been running about all over the country, representing themselves as the special friends of the labourer; but we can only judge of their future performance by their past history. Moreover, they have so far apparently cherished the idea that, when they shall have established parish councils in some form or another, they will have instituted a species of local self-government from which every imaginable benefit is to spring. We need not pause to inquire what powers these councils are to have, and whether they have not been long practically in existence under the name of parish vestries, to which, as a general rule throughout England, all parochial ratepayers belong, and at which all have a right to attend. It is alleged that the great objection to these vestries is that they generally hold their meetings in the daytime, whereas the evening would be more convenient to the labourer. The probability is that the practice of meeting during the daytime originated in this having been found to be the most convenient time for those who were in the habit of attending and transacting the parish business. If the evening be more convenient, and if an elective parish council, or a council for a number of parishes combined in a district, be preferable to a vestry, by all means let it be tried. But to those who are really cognisant of the working of village and parochial life, it will appear more than probable that, as a matter of fact, any such change as that to which we allude would be a change rather of name than of anything

else. Vestries, boards of guardians, highway boards, and the like, may be abolished, and their functions may be handed over to parish councils or to some other body with some such title. But the same people will probably perform the same duties which they do at present: the change will be one of name rather than of reality, and although the presence of labourers upon the governing bodies would be a theoretical improvement, and, where it proved a reality, would be welcomed as such, it is very little likely that, as a rule, even the delight of "dethroning the squire, the farmer, and the parson" would be sufficient to tempt the average labourer to undertake the work of parochial management. The proposal is one which has a popular ring about it, but which can only be useful if accompanied by other measures which have not yet been shadowed forth by the Gladstonian statesmen.

On the other hand, the labourers have seen that Lord Salisbury's Government, proceeding in a cautious and tentative spirit, have already placed upon the statute-book a measure upon this subject, which has had the effect of increasing by upwards of 100,000 the allotments in England; and having taken this action so successfully, their promise to bring in a further measure, dealing with small holdings as well as allotments, may surely be trusted. The agricultural labourers may rest assured that their own squires and farmers, born and bred amongst them, and well acquainted with their wants and wishes, are better able and at least as willing as itinerant orators, lay or clerical, to meet those wishes and wants in a liberal manner, and to carry out such legislation as may really

be necessary in a just and earnest spirit. This is exactly one of those instances in which the wicked policy of striving to set the masses against the classes will fail, because it is senseless as well as wicked, and is founded upon utter ignorance of the prevailing feeling between all grades of the agricultural family. Landowner, farmer, and labourer all know that their real interests are the same. All have suffered together, from the fact that the growing of corn in Great Britain is no longer rendered profitable by artificial laws, which benefited the agricultural world at the expense of the rest of the country. The alternative is now nearer the truth—namely, that the rest of the country is benefited at the expense of the agricultural community—but this does not prevent the feeling of identity of interest which still unites in friendly sympathy all those who depend upon the land. This harmony the Gladstonians would gladly break up, because, as long as it exists, they will make no way in the counties. But inasmuch as they have been tried by the labourers and found wanting, while Lord Salisbury's Government has given practical proof of its goodwill, and has promised further legislative measures, the labourers would be indeed unwise if they suffered themselves to be deluded by the newly discovered zeal for the interests of their class which has been developed by Mr Gladstone and his friends. Let them remember, moreover, that one object of the large section of Mr Gladstone's supporters is avowedly to increase the taxation upon land. At most of the meetings and conferences of their party, the sentence which holds up the landowner to condemnation and contempt is usually followed by

one which demands that, in some form or other, more burdens should be laid upon landed property. Let the labourers well consider this—that the political party which preaches this doctrine is the same which is so loud in its professions of a desire to multiply small holdings and allotments, so that the people may possess the land. But if there be the smallest amount of sincerity in these professions, surely their attempt should be to take off from the land its present burdens, which already interpose a formidable barrier between the poor man and the possession of land.

In connection with this matter, and whilst we are endeavouring to discover whether there is really any pith and substance in the proposals of the Radical party for the improvement of the condition of our rural population, it is impossible to pass by without careful notice and comment the conference of delegates recently summoned by the energetic and indefatigable Mr Schnadhorst for the discussion of rural reforms. Of course it is clear to every person capable of forming an opinion upon the matter, that the main object of the organiser of this conference was to prove to the agricultural labourers throughout the kingdom that the Newcastle programme of the Gladstonians, and the formulated desires and aspirations of the agricultural population, were really one and the same thing. In other words, the conference was neither more nor less than an ingenious device to entice into the Gladstonian camp, and enroll among the Gladstonian janissaries, the whole of the rural population of Great Britain. This may account for the fact that sundry questions—such as Home Rule, one man one vote, and Disestablishment—were lugged into the

discussion, none of which can be said to belong exactly to the class of labour questions, nor to bear directly upon the improvement of the physical or moral condition of the agricultural labourer. The idea, however, seems to be, that these useful planks of a political platform might be strengthened by being, if possible, nailed fast and tight to the questions which more legitimately belong to an agricultural programme, and a gallant attempt was accordingly made to secure this result. It may be doubted, however, whether the attempt was so entirely successful as was desired by the clever concoctors of the conference. The four hundred delegates indeed assembled, ate their breakfasts heartily, listened to speeches upon a variety of subjects more or less interesting, and were doubtless greatly gratified by the appearance of Mr Gladstone and the speech in which he expressed his sympathy with their proceedings. But it is more than doubtful whether the four hundred will have gone back to their villages with such “a message of hope and cheer” as the ‘Daily News’ declares to have been the case. The message, at all events, must have been a little indefinite as far as Mr Gladstone is concerned. We are told by a Liberal candidate, who writes to the ‘Times’ on the subject, that “the high mark of enthusiasm of the delegates was reached when Disestablishment was mentioned.” Yet Mr Gladstone never mentioned the word Disestablishment. We have already alluded to the coming glories of the parish councils, which are to “dethrone the squire, the farmer, and the parson.” Yet, though Mr Gladstone alluded to the parish councils (which certainly do not belong to his party, but

rather to that of Lord Salisbury), never a word did he let fall with regard to the duty of dethroning, which was to be their first and greatest charge when once in full possession of the powers now possessed by those who own the lands and pay the rates. No such thing! Mr Gladstone tells the rural population that when once these parish councils have been established, they will, somehow or other, acquire the control over "roads, footpaths, commons, and rights-of-way"; they will also be able to deal with "sanitary, or rather insanitary, dwellings, and the question of schools," with regard to which he declares that "greater independence is desired by the parents."

It is impossible to tell what Mr Gladstone may have had in his mind, or what he intended to convey to his hearers; but in the above words he can hardly have brought home to their minds any very great improvement likely to result from parish councils in the moral or physical condition of the agricultural labourer. Some of his audience must have had serious heart-searchings as to their ability to persuade their neighbours at home that they would receive much benefit by being called upon to replace those in whose hands is at present vested the authority over roads, paths, insanitary cottages, or schools. Two more points, however, remained to be dealt with by the veteran statesman. He deplored the fact that Society could offer nothing better than the workhouse to the industrious labourer, and stated plainly that this "offering something better" was to be one of the results of this conference. The object is one which every man of ordinary good feel-

ing will at once approve and indorse, and it has been again and again mentioned and approved. But it will be observed that Mr Gladstone does not even hint at the manner in which it is to be attained, and as he has had opportunities of dealing with the question again and again during his political life, and has hitherto left it untouched, it is a little too much to expect that the agricultural labourers will be so easily taken in as to accept him as their special champion, or his party as that from which alone they can hope for legislative benefits. All that Mr Gladstone could bring himself to declare positively, was that parish councils constitute "the straight road, the necessary road, and the only road" to necessary reforms, and specially to his second point—viz., the installing the labourer in "that which is most vital to him in the immediate improvement of his condition—namely, the freer access to and use of the land." With regard to this point, Mr Gladstone boldly declares that "we want the principle of compulsion absolutely embodied in effective provisions," but gives us no hint as to the provisions themselves—the conditions under which he thinks that land should be compulsorily taken from individual owners for the general good—the safeguards to prevent land so taken from being resold—the securities to be taken for its cultivation, and the numerous other points which will have to be carefully considered before "the principle of compulsion" can be safely embodied in the "effective provisions" of a legislative measure. Wise in his generation, Mr Gladstone deals with these questions affecting the rural population much in the same spirit as that



in which he treats the subject of Home Rule for Ireland. "Give me," says he, "a majority in the new Parliament, and let me deal with a free hand with all these questions." But although this might be all very well in the case of a statesman who had never yet been at the head of affairs, it is rather too much to be asked by one who has already been three times Prime Minister of this country, and who has again and again had and neglected opportunities of dealing with all the questions concerning which his active interest has been so recently awakened. Moreover, there is another consideration of which the rural population should not lose sight. In this very same speech of Mr Gladstone to the Conference, he quotes several instances to show that during the last half-century an enormous improvement has taken place in the condition of the wage-earning classes, and, to use his own words, "immense ground has been made in regard to their means of subsistence." Probably there is no class of whom this can be more truly said than of the agricultural labourer. Mr Gladstone would most likely admit this to be a fact, for indeed it is beyond dispute. Whether it be one of the effects of the repeal of the corn laws, or from any other cause which has rendered agricultural labour more valuable, there is no doubt that as a rule wages are better, and the condition of the class as a whole improved. But if, as Mr Gladstone tells us, this great improvement has taken place without direct legislative assistance, we must beware lest our interference retard a natural and salutary development which is still in progress.

There are practical matters to be considered in connection with this question, and especially with

regard to the use of land by the labourer. Mr Gladstone, like many other people who write and speak upon these questions that which they have heard from others, and not the results of their own practical experience, jumbles up the questions of allotments and small holdings, which are things essentially different, and speaks of "a substantial profit of £10 per acre as a not unreasonable estimate." It may be safely stated that no allotment ever produced such a profit except under circumstances most exceptionally favourable as regards soil, position, rent, tithe rent-charge, and rates, with a good season thrown into the bargain. If anything approximating to such a profit were probable or possible as a general thing, the owners of land would long since have been no less anxious than the occupiers to have the system in the widest possible operation. But the real truth is, that to realise a decent profit, an allotment requires to have several conditions attached to its possession. First, the land must be fairly good, and not land which has been run out or exhausted by bad farming; secondly, it must lie near to the dwelling of the occupier; thirdly, there must be easy access to a market for the disposal of the produce; and, fourthly, the rent, tithe, and taxes must be moderate. Common-sense will tell us that the cases can be comparatively few in which all these conditions will be found to exist together. The dwellings of the labourers are frequently in villages; and if every villager was to receive an acre, or even half an acre, of land apiece to-morrow morning, the distances of the allotments from the dwellings must necessarily vary, and some of the holders would fare much better than others in this respect. There is, moreover, another consideration which

is not sufficiently taken into account. If the labourers, as a body, are to be the holders of allotments, and their acquisition of land for this purpose is to be facilitated by legislation, what will be the effect upon the large or even the small farms of the country? Whence is to come the necessary labour required for their cultivation? The question is not one to be easily answered. If the possession of an acre allotment is, generally speaking, a good thing for the labourer, one labourer is as much entitled to it as another; and the parish councils, who, according to Mr Gladstone, are to control the matter, will have plenty to do in deciding as to the disposal of the allotments and the retention upon the larger holdings of sufficient men to allow of the cultivation being carried on. These considerations all point to one conclusion—namely, that the question of bringing the labourers into closer contact with the land, in the way of occupation and possession, is one which is surrounded with difficulties, and not to be dealt with by hasty or impulsive legislation.

Nothing could be more unfortunate than that such a question should be made the battle-field of party, as the Gladstonian party are clearly endeavouring to make it. There can be no valid reason why this should be the case. Both political parties must be supposed to desire the welfare of the rural population, and both are pledged to attempt to promote that welfare upon definite legislative lines. If there be any patriotism left among our statesmen, surely it should be possible, and indeed it should be the aim of all men who are earnest and honest in the matter, to avoid party conflict upon this subject, and to seek the solution of the difficult problem involved in a fair-minded and unselfish spirit. It must be admitted

that Mr Gladstone's speech left the problem very much where it was before, and that his utterances were as vague and indefinite as could have been desired. One statement alone was there in his speech to which another epithet must be applied. Speaking of the extension of the franchise to the rural districts in 1884-85, Mr Gladstone had the temerity to assert that it was carried "after a desperate effort, you will remember, in the House of Lords to defeat it." No one knows better than Mr Gladstone that this statement is utterly and deliberately untrue. The question is not one which admits of doubt. The House of Lords was quite as much in favour of the extension of the suffrage as the House of Commons; but it was necessary to know the principles upon which the constituencies were to be rearranged when the extension had been carried. Mr Gladstone kept as profound a silence about his scheme for redistribution of seats as he does at this moment about his scheme for Irish Home Rule. It was obvious that curious tricks might be played in the redistribution of seats if the one bill was passed without any knowledge of the other. Therefore the House of Lords, after pressing Mr Gladstone in vain to disclose that which never need and never ought to have been concealed, declared that they were quite ready to pass the Franchise Bill as part of a scheme of reform, but that they would not do so *until Parliament was acquainted with the proposals of Mr Gladstone as to the redistribution of seats*. Upon this there followed an autumn agitation and a great deal of "tall talk" on the part of Mr Gladstone and his friends against the House of Lords. By the time Parliament reassembled, Mr Gladstone found



it best to produce his Redistribution Bill, upon which various conferences were held by the leaders of both parties; and as soon as this had been done, the House of Lords cheerfully and willingly passed the Franchise Bill, against which they had never felt or expressed hostility. Nothing can be more unfair or untrue than to represent that "a desperate attempt," or indeed any attempt at all, was made to defeat the bill; and in making such a statement Mr Gladstone shows a contempt for the intelligence of the rural population, and a want of appreciation of their knowledge of current history, which cannot be considered as very flattering to those to whom his words were addressed. With the one exception of this misleading statement, the rural population will do well to note that Mr Gladstone said very little that was positive upon any one of the points upon which they feel interest. His expressions of goodwill towards the agricultural labourer are doubtless genuine, and we need not doubt the sincerity of his desire that the period may be at hand when "the rural population may sit down under the shadow of beneficent legislation, with confidence in the laws and with confidence in the Legislature." At the same time, it may be remarked, in the first place, that these sentiments are shared by men of all parties and all political creeds, and are not by any means confined to Mr Gladstone and his friends; whilst, in the second place, it is impossible not to ask whether this statesman and his party must not be held responsible for any lack of confidence in the laws which they themselves for the most part originated and carried, and for *the course* of legislation which

they have principally directed, and for the non-beneficent character of which they must be chiefly blamed.

The contemplation of the proceedings at this rural conference, taken in connection with the recent "Newcastle programme" of the Gladstonian party, cannot fail to bring to our minds a tolerably clear conception of the present political outlook. On the one hand, we have a party which, having deserted many of the soundest and best traditions of Liberalism, yet claims to be called the Liberal party. This is no random accusation, for a glance at the situation will be sufficient to prove it up to the hilt. Independence of thought and action has hitherto been held to be an indication of a Liberal mind. But this party bows itself to follow implicitly the personal views of one man—and this, too, a man who for more than fifty years of his life can never be said to have belonged to the Liberal party. Then, again, one of the "planks" of the new platform is understood to be Local Option—that is, the right of the majority of the inhabitants of a locality to forbid the sale of beer and spirits to the minority. This may be good or bad, but to call this prohibition Liberal is certainly an abuse of the word. Take again the proposal to limit the working day to eight hours. This may be right or wrong, but it cannot be Liberal to restrict the labourer and to coerce him into idleness. And so throughout the whole of the new school of Liberalism we shall find that real, genuine, old-fashioned Liberal views have been hustled out, in order to make way for the adoption of certain axioms and crotchets of modern democracy which have nothing Liberal about them. Yet the name Liberal is

retained by these illiberal Gladstonians, who make use of the veteran statesman as a figurehead to follow, but whose principles are a conglomeration of doctrines manufactured strictly for vote-catching purposes, and who present to their deluded followers a programme of combined absurdity and inconsistency, which cannot bear the light of discussion. Take, for instance, the cry of "one man one vote," and the denunciation of the present system of registration. One would imagine, from the outburst of indignation upon these subjects, that the malice and wickedness of Tories had been successfully exerted in order to defraud poor Radicals of their votes, or to swamp them by non-resident voters. As a matter of fact, the registration system has been mainly the work of Liberal statesmen, and it is only recently that it has been discovered that there is something wicked and unconstitutional in the possession of more than one vote by any one individual. It was a fundamental item in the old Liberal creed that "representation and taxation should go together." The late discovery, however, discloses the fact that although I may be resident in Sussex, and heavily taxed therein, I must not be allowed to vote on the qualification derived from my Sussex property if I do so in respect of a house in London, on which I have also to bear heavy taxation. It is hard to see who it is that is wronged by my vote in each place; but surely if the new Radical creed deprives me of my vote from either property, it should likewise relieve me of the taxation. One incidental result of the adoption of the "one man one vote" doctrine would be the practical destruction of the university constituencies, as the vast majority of the electors therein

will be doubtless found to have votes at their different residences throughout the country. It may be noted in passing, that it is a popular error to suppose that this plurality of votes has hitherto been altogether advantageous to the Tory party. To a very large extent the men who gave two votes were, under the old system, men who lived in represented towns, and who gave a borough vote in respect of their residence and a county vote in right of some other freehold. Many of these men were Liberal, and the iniquity of one man having more than one vote would never have been discovered by the Radical agents but for the change which has come over a large portion of urban voters, who have been driven back to Conservatism by the eccentricities and follies of Gladstonian politics. Then again, with regard to registration, of course wrong may occasionally be done, and there may be defects in the existing laws which require amendment. But the main reason for any such laws is the necessity of preventing the swamping of the real constituency by persons who have no real interest therein. Such persons even now, in our larger constituencies, undoubtedly attempt to influence the elections, as may be seen by the instances of personation which have been discovered, and which are suspected to have occurred more largely than can be proved. If the term of residence required for an elector be very short, the risk of personation is of course enormously increased, because the real voter is unknown to many of his neighbours; and there is, moreover, the fact that a certain time must elapse before a person can properly be said to be a resident in the constituency.

In considering such mat-



we are bound to take into account the possible loss of his vote by a man who has through accident, and perhaps unavoidably, changed his residence at a particular moment, which kept him off the register; but we are bound in an infinitely greater degree to remember that a far worse wrong may be endured by the constituency if, from want of proper legislative precautions, it is flooded by persons who have no real interest in its affairs, and exposed to risks of personation and fraud from which it has a right to be protected. The strange part of this agitation for an alteration in our electoral system is too remarkable to be overlooked, whether it be considered as a real grievance honestly detected, or as a fanciful objection of symmetrical minds. In either case, the strangeness consists in the fact that the constitutional defects of which complaint is made are as nothing when compared with the grosser and more mischievous anomalies which are left unassailed if not undetected. It may of course be a great hardship in the eyes of some people that a man should be unable to obtain a vote until he has given some practical proof of his intention to remain a resident in the locality in which he desires to vote. It may also be deemed a hardship that any man should have more votes than his neighbour, even though he pay double or treble the amount of taxation which that neighbour contributes to the revenue. But surely it is a much greater hardship upon the whole country that Ireland should have some twenty more, and Great Britain twenty less members, than would be the case if the parliamentary seats were fairly apportioned according to the population. And if one

man one vote is henceforward to be our rule, the principle involved is certainly that each vote should be of equal value, and that the seats in the imperial Parliament should be apportioned accordingly.

Again, there is a point seldom considered, but which cannot be overlooked when Mr Gladstone appeals to the separate nationalities of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and appears to consider it a wrong to them that they should be outvoted and outweighed by England. If contribution to the Inland Revenue of the country be taken into account, England and Wales contribute in round numbers more than ten times as much as Scotland, and more than twenty times as much as Ireland. England, then, being far away the richest partner in the concern, as well as the most populous, has a right to a much larger representation than she at present possesses. By the test of population, England and Wales should have 515 instead of 495 out of the 670 members; and by the test of contribution to the national wealth, a much larger share. In fact, the wrongs of England are far greater than those of Ireland, and it is time that the English electorate refused its support to a party whose leader is constantly ignoring and slighting English interests in order to flatter and attract the smaller nationalities. Indeed it is not too much to say that the whole policy of the Gladstonian party is based upon one single principle—if so it may be called—namely, the principle of securing a majority at the general election. To do this, it is necessary for Mr Gladstone to fool the smaller nationalities by the promise of recognition in a manner which is incompatible with their loyal partnership with the greater nation-

ality with which they are incorporated.

Meanwhile, as regards that greater nationality, the conduct of Mr Gladstone and his friends is carried on upon different lines. Every body of crochet-mongers is carefully tempted into the Gladstonian net, without binding the Gladstonian leaders to the support of the crotchet. Thus, whilst the advocates of an Eight Hours Bill are assured that their chance of success lies in the advent to office of Mr Gladstone, that leader himself has gone no further than to say that he "will pause before agreeing to impose penalties upon" those who wish to work more than eight hours; and his lieutenant, Mr John Morley, has expressed himself against the measure. It is a little too much for human credulity to be asked to believe that these eminent statesmen can be at one and the same time supporters of an Eight Hours Bill and Liberal opponents of restriction upon the free-born labourer. We might go through the whole category of debatable questions now before the country, and we shall find that upon all of them the one desire and attempt of the Gladstonians is to discover the view which will secure the majority of votes. But, so far as concerns the Government of Lord Salisbury, we can discern a higher and a more patriotic aim. There is indeed no old Toryism left; but there is upon the Ministerial side and among their followers throughout the country a sincere desire to promote in every way the welfare of the people, and to march confidently forward upon the path of progressive improvement.

No man can fairly say that the home policy of the present Government has been of a timid or re-

actionary character. As regards Ireland, the greater confidence in the law and the general advance of the people have been remarkable to a degree which has compelled the Opposition to admit the effect though they idly dispute the cause; whilst the conduct of our foreign relations has been of a character which has won the commendation alike of friend and foe. Mr Goschen has been much attacked, but reduced taxation and an annual surplus will satisfy most persons who are wisely content to judge by results. Under these circumstances, we may fairly put it to the electoral body—What have we to gain by a change of Government? Surely there can be but one answer. We are well off: let us remain so. We may have all the admiration possible for the talents and the energy of Mr Gladstone; but even if his accession to office did not produce the disasters which Unionists must anticipate from such an event, it would bring into power and office men whose political conduct during the present Parliament has abundantly proved their unfitness for either the one or the other. It is in the hands of the electorate to determine whether so great a misfortune shall or shall not fall upon the country. We cannot doubt the decision. But to secure the verdict which will retain for us the services of Lord Salisbury and his colleagues, we must be up and stirring. Our desire is to preserve the unity of the empire, and at the same time to secure that Liberal-Conservative policy which evinces itself in a timely recognition of the necessity for progressive legislation. For we live in an age of progress, and the desire of true patriots is by no means to resist or impede that progress, but rather to guide it into the safe channels by which it



may be made to tend to the greater welfare of our country. We must buckle on our armour for the coming election, and under Providence we may do so with a quiet confidence in the result. We are by no means discouraged at the outlook before us. For, however attractive may be the promises, and however alluring the programme of our opponents, we have the calm common-sense of our countrymen on which to rely. To that common-sense we make our appeal: we invite our countrymen to consider how little Gladstonianism has done for the people with all its past opportunities, and how much has been effected by the five years of Lord Salisbury's Government.

Not the least benefit which has accrued to the country during these five years, has been the bringing together and ranging under one banner of many able and honest men who had hitherto been separated by a stress of circumstances rather than by any grave differences of opinion. We may fairly own that, while we hope and believe that the Liberal Unionists have learned something of the progressive character of modern Conservatism, Conservatism has been popularised and liberalised by its contact with this patriotic section of the Liberal party. The rancour with which the latter are assailed by the Gladstonians affords some measure of the value of the services which they have rendered to the constitutional cause. Among the most recent of these services has been the visit of Mr Chamberlain to Edinburgh, his vindication of Unionist policy, and complete expos-

ure of the manner in which the Gladstonians have endeavoured to hoodwink and deceive the electors of Scotland. It will be their own fault if Scottish electors do not now perceive their folly in playing into the hands of Mr Gladstone and his satellites, whose chief parliamentary performance since 1886 has been to impede the measures of practical utility by which the present Government have sought to benefit Scotland. Little, indeed, has Scotland so far gained by the substitution of carpet-baggers and southern Radicals for her old lairds as her representatives, and little has she to look for unless she returns to her old ways, and sends her own children to represent her in the imperial Parliament. Every Scotsman should read and consider Mr Chamberlain's speeches, and if Scotland is true to herself, such speeches should bear good fruit. But whether it be for Scotland, England, or Ireland, no greater evil could befall any part of the United Kingdom than the return to power of those unprincipled politicians by whom Mr Gladstone is surrounded.

If we desire peace abroad and plenty at home, reduced taxation, and diminished expenditure, foreign nations taught to respect Great Britain, and Great Britain determined to maintain her high place among nations as a united empire,—we shall best secure these blessings by refusing to listen to the blandishments of the crotchets-mongers who constitute the bulk of Mr Gladstone's following, and by straining every nerve to maintain in power Lord Salisbury and his Government.

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## ROSEBERRY *v.* GLADSTONE.

LORD ROSEBERRY'S 'Life of Pitt' has been received by critics, as well as by the general public, with an almost unanimous chorus of approval. The copiousness of research, the felicity of diction, and, above all, the fairness and impartiality with which the subject is approached and treated by the author, all tend to justify the favourable verdict which has been pronounced, and convince us that the task which he has so satisfactorily accomplished was undertaken by Lord Rosebery, as he tells us, "with a sincere desire to ascertain the truth." Whilst, however, I cheerfully recognise both the desire and the perseverance with which it has been pursued, I cannot refrain from expressing a humble hope that the attainment of his object may be followed by practical action on the part of Lord Rosebery which will largely increase the benefit he has conferred upon his country by the vindication of the character of one of her greatest Ministers from the unmerited obloquy

with which it has been loaded. For if the truth be as Lord Rosebery believes it to be, and as he has shown it to be in his recent publication, it is hardly possible that he should remain bound to politicians whose whole policy is founded upon the assumption that the truth is something precisely the reverse and opposite from that which he has ascertained it to be. I am speaking, of course, mainly of Irish policy, and I confine myself entirely to those passages of Pitt's biography in which Lord Rosebery deals with Ireland and Irish questions.

Nothing is to my mind more extraordinary than the manner in which Mr Gladstone, after having hoisted the flag of Home Rule, lent himself to such perversions and misrepresentations of Irish history as filled with astonishment every person who had any knowledge of that history, or any impartiality in its investigation. The assumption that for several hundred years Ireland had possessed a national



Parliament; the alternate praise or blame of Grattan's Parliament, as the necessity of his argument required him either to assert its independence or condemn its corruption; the deliberate attempt to impute to British misrule and British cruelty all the evils from which Ireland has suffered,—these were only a few of the numerous exaggerations and misstatements which startled the world when Mr Gladstone appeared in his new character of a Home Ruler in 1886. In that year it fell to my lot to expose some of his inaccuracies in the pages of this Magazine,<sup>1</sup> and the exposure has never been answered, although the inaccuracies have been repeated. To-day, however, two of the most important of these are so dealt with by Lord Rosebery, that it seems a duty to call attention to the matter. I allude to the circumstances connected with the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam in 1795, and the passing of the Act of Union in 1800.

To take these in their proper order, let us first call to mind the views which Mr Gladstone has given to the world. He tells us in 'The Nineteenth Century' of February 1887 that the Irish Parliament passed a "great series of measures which made the years between 1778 and 1795 almost a golden age of Irish history;" and upon a previous occasion he informed us that the Irish Parliament had "made many and great improvements, and was beginning to make more and greater when in 1795 the Tory Government of England stopped the work by recalling Lord Fitzwilliam, to the horror of every Liberal statesman of the day, and of the whole Irish

people." In these passages, and in many others, Mr Gladstone has led the people of Great Britain and Ireland to believe that at the period of which we are speaking Ireland was satisfied with her national Parliament; that this same Parliament was doing its work well; that Lord Fitzwilliam was actively and earnestly engaged in co-operating with Irishmen for the welfare of Ireland; and that the wicked Tory Government, by suddenly recalling Lord Fitzwilliam, dashed the hopes of Ireland to the ground, drove her to rebellion, and was directly responsible for all that followed. In reply to this extravagant and one-sided view, I ventured<sup>2</sup> to point out that the Irish Parliament could hardly be called national when no Catholic could be a member; that if, as constantly alleged by Mr Gladstone's friends, it was corrupt and subservient to the British Government, it was to the latter that its "great series of measures" must be attributed; that Lord Fitzwilliam was not long enough in Ireland to have had much to do with the work with which he was credited; that his recall was caused by his own action; and that although it might be argued that it had hastened the subsequent rebellion, the seeds of treason had long been sown, and the outbreak could not have been long postponed. I pointed out, moreover, that "the Liberal statesmen" of the day could not have been much horrified, since all the other Whigs remained in Mr Pitt's Government, and clearly approved of Lord Fitzwilliam's recall. But nothing which I said nearly approaches the condemnation with which Lord

<sup>1</sup> "Facts and Fictions in Irish History," Blackwood's Magazine, October and November 1886.

<sup>2</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, March 1887, "Mr Gladstone on the Irish Demand."

Rosebery visits Lord Fitzwilliam, or the completeness with which he vindicates Mr Pitt and "the Tory Government" from the charge so recklessly made against them by Mr Gladstone. He says:—

"We are told that Fitzwilliam accepted the Lord-Lieutenancy after long hesitation and with great reluctance. It must, on the other hand, be admitted that *all the facts point to an immediately opposite conclusion*. He discharged letters in every direction. He published his nomination everywhere. He wrote, three months before he was appointed, to offer Thomas Grenville the Chief-Secretaryship. He wrote at the same time to solicit the support of Grattan, and to propose an immediate conference, so that Grattan came at once, accompanied by the Ponsonbys, and full of high hopes, to London. So much did he put himself in Grattan's hands that, after the disputes which ensued, he left to that statesman the ultimate decision whether he should undertake the Lord-Lieutenancy or not. The news of his approaching viceroyalty became common property in Ireland. This premature revelation of an appointment in contemplation, but not actually settled, was the first of *Fitzwilliam's disastrous indiscretions*. It gave a mortal blow to whatever reputation for prudence he may have possessed, and led directly to the unhappy catastrophe which followed. But he did not limit himself to words. He determined to remove Fitzgibbon, the Chancellor, the most powerful man in Ireland. He determined to find high offices, at all costs and by the violent displacement of some of Pitt's oldest adherents, for the two Ponsonbys, the most prominent of the Irish Whigs."

Lord Rosebery goes on to tell us how Pitt became alarmed at "the precipitate proceedings of the revolutionary Lord Lieutenant;" how he "uttered a despairing wish that the promised appointment could be annulled;" but intimated that at any rate Fitzwilliam could only go to Ireland

on condition that he gave satisfaction upon the vital points of adherence to the policy of the Government and the retention of the Chancellor and others of Pitt's friends. Lord Rosebery tells us that there was much discussion and dispute, but that "at last a settlement was arrived at;" that "a final conference was held," at which Fitzwilliam and his Whig colleagues were present. "Every detail of patronage and policy was exhaustively canvassed and settled," and "the results were recorded in a sort of protocol preserved among the Pelham papers. Fitzwilliam was to go as Lord Lieutenant, indeed, but *on the explicit understanding* that there was to be no new system of men or of measures in Ireland; that he should, if possible, prevent any agitation of the Catholic question during the present session; that, in any case, on that or any other important measure he should transmit all the information which he could collect, with his opinion, to the Cabinet; and that he should do nothing to commit the Government in such matters without fresh instructions." Lord Rosebery points out that it was impossible for Fitzwilliam to prevent the agitation of the Catholic question, "*for he was the chief agitator*." He landed in Ireland on January 4, 1795; spent the next day in bed; two days after "summarily dismissed Beresford, a powerful though subordinate officer, a main adviser in Pitt's commercial propositions, and one of Pitt's confidential agents, who was not officially under the Lord Lieutenant at all, but in the Treasury Department—that is, under Pitt himself." This Pitt characterised as "an open breach of a most solemn promise;" but Fitzwilliam continued, and made "a clean sweep" of all Pitt's ad-



herents except Fitzgibbon himself. Lord Rosebery pronounces the just judgment that this proceeding was "wholly incompatible with the stipulation of Pitt, that there was to be no general change in administration or of system." He allows that the condition as regards the Catholic question would have been impossible to maintain, even had Fitzwilliam wished to do so; but he points out that although Fitzwilliam asserted that he was permitted to give the Catholic cause "a handsome support" in case they resolved to bring the question forward, it was clear that, "even upon the assumption that his interpretation was correct, such instructions would apply only to a spontaneous movement, and not to one excited by the Viceroy himself." During the six weeks which Lord Fitzwilliam spent in Ireland, he was constantly "bombarding Portland with letters to press for the immediate settlement of the Catholic question." At first he was unanswered; then on 16th February Portland wrote to declare his views against Catholic emancipation at that time; and "a passage from this strictly confidential despatch Fitzwilliam was afterwards so ill-advised, to say the least, as to publish, with the most disastrous results." On the 19th February he was recalled, and Lord Rosebery declares that, "un-toward as was that event, it must be admitted that the person most responsible for Fitzwilliam's recall was Fitzwilliam himself."

And now, having told us the true story, so far as it is possible to ascertain it, of this important incident, Lord Rosebery proceeds to destroy Mr Gladstone's theories, and to expose the flimsy nature of the fabric upon which he has built

up his charge against the wicked Tory Government. He tells us that "the importance of Lord Fitzwilliam's recall may easily be exaggerated, although it was in truth a political calamity." "*Because it was followed by some miserable years, it has been held to be the cause of the misery of those years. This is surely a misstatement; it was rather a landmark.*" Lord Rosebery is too clear-sighted, and too sincere in his search after the truth, to allow such a misstatement to pass uncontradicted, even when advanced by his political leader. He knows that it is absolutely untrue to state or to imply that Ireland was tranquil and loyal up to the time of Lord Fitzwilliam's recall in 1795. The country had long been undermined by secret societies, and infected with disloyalty which only required opportunity to burst out into open rebellion. In 1784 the Whiteboy outrages had distracted and terrified the country; during the next three years riotous meetings had become so frequent that Parliament passed a Bill in 1787 "to prevent tumultuous risings and assemblies;" in 1791 the spirit of outrage and murder had extended to the North, and in the same year the Society of United Irishmen was established, which had extended itself in 1795, and sown far and wide the seeds of rebellion. It is in that year that Mr Gladstone tells us "Great Britain had to encounter a *united Ireland*"<sup>1</sup> and that "when the critical year of 1795 opened, religious animosities were at their nadir, because the spirit of nationality was at its zenith"! Lord Rosebery gives no countenance to this extraordinary proposition; but whilst he deplores the recall

<sup>1</sup> "The Irish Demand," Nineteenth Century, February 1887.

of Fitzwilliam, he candidly admits its necessity, and points out that "all Fitzwilliam's friends in the Cabinet, who loved Fitzwilliam, and who disliked and distrusted Pitt—all these men, Portland and Windham, Spencer and Loughborough, three of them men of the nicest honour, and cognisant of the entire chain of agreements and events, all unhesitatingly take the part of Pitt against Fitzwilliam." "Who, indeed," says Lord Rosebery, "was the Minister who, having obtained special responsibility for Ireland by the threat of resignation, now recalled Fitzwilliam? who but Portland, himself Fitzwilliam's political friend and chief."

Thus does Lord Rosebery furnish a tolerably conclusive reply to Mr Gladstone's baseless assertion, that Fitzwilliam's recall was effected "to the horror of every Liberal statesman;" and at the same time shows that, however unfortunate, the recall was inevitable, and, being so, cannot be visited either upon Mr Pitt personally or his Government collectively, as one of the heinous sins of Toryism. The truth is that neither Mr Pitt nor his Ministry were unfavourable to Catholic emancipation, but the king was intensely opposed to it, and, as Lord Rosebery truly says, his position was impregnable, because "it was based on the passions and prejudices of the great mass of the people of Great Britain." Fitzwilliam attempted to force the hand of the Government, and to "rush" a question which could not possibly have been carried without a tact and discretion which he did not possess. Therefore his recall came to be necessary. But Lord Rosebery rightly calls the incident "a landmark"; and no one can carefully study the history of Ireland before and after 1795 without ar-

riving at the conclusion that the whole Fitzwilliam episode was only a comparatively insignificant chapter in that history, and though it may have hastened the rebellion, had very little to do with the causes from which that rebellion arose, or with the principles and aims by which the rebels were actuated.

As to the history of the years which followed 1795 up to the passing of the Act of Union, Lord Rosebery again differs from Mr Gladstone in the greater fairness of his views and more judicial accuracy of his statements. Mr Gladstone has one simple, and from his point of view perfectly intelligible, method of proceeding. He casts all the blame upon the "headlong career" of the English Government; and as in his allusions to the earlier history of Ireland, so in his account of the closing years of the eighteenth century, he imputes to English misrule and English tyranny all the evils which have fallen upon that unhappy country. Lord Rosebery, still sincere in his search after truth, cannot follow his leader in this perversion of historical facts. He tells us, indeed, of the "organised persecution to drive the Catholics out of Ulster," and of the aggravation of the evils by the enrolment of the yeomanry, whom he rightly terms "*an undisciplined and uncontrollable force.*" These words are significant, because it is beyond doubt that many of the cruelties perpetrated upon Irish Catholics during, and subsequent to, the rebellion, were perpetrated by this "*undisciplined and uncontrollable force,*" and are not to be charged against the Government, who would have restrained them had they been able to do so. Moreover, Lord Rosebery tells us that, prior to the





existence of the Orange Society and the enrolment of the yeomanry, "the Catholic organisation of the defenders was already in full operation;" and he candidly admits that the excesses committed by "some 60,000 soldiers and militia" whom the Government had quartered in Ireland, were "violent reprisals for the outrages that had been committed by the United Irishmen and defenders." Lord Rosebery fairly tells us that "it does not come within the compass of this narrative to describe that insurrection" (the Irish Rebellion), "its massacres and retaliations." But when he tells us that "on the one side there were murders, roastings, plunder of arms, and a reign of terror; on the other, picketing, scourging, hanging—half or whole—house-burning, and a reign of not less terror,"—he does in effect controvert the audacious attempt of Mr Gladstone to throw all the blame upon England, and supports the only view which can be taken by an honest and impartial mind—namely, that the charge of cruelty perpetrated in the outbreak and in the suppression of the rebellion is a charge only too easily sustainable against either side, and one from which Englishmen and Irishmen should alike shrink from seeking to make political capital of to-day.

But if Lord Rosebery's 'Life of Pitt' rebukes his leader for erroneous statements and fallacious views respecting the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam and the history of the years immediately subsequent to 1795, still more remarkable is their difference with respect to the passing of the Act of Union. It has fallen to Mr Gladstone's lot to condemn many

things and many people, and to apply to one and the other epithets of a more or less vituperative character from the apparently exhaustless supply of which he is the gifted possessor. But upon the Act of Union between Great Britain and Ireland, and upon its authors, the full torrent of his vituperation has of recent years been poured forth, with a continuous flow of vehement denunciation which renders it difficult to imagine how such language, indicative of such intense feeling, could have been so long restrained, and how the statesman who now speaks so forcibly and feels so deeply could have so long remained quiescent, and apparently content to share the general opinion of British statesmen of both political parties upon the Act which he now so strenuously condemns. According to Mr Gladstone, "*unspeakably criminal* were the means by which the Union was brought about, and *utterly insufficient* were the reasons for its adoption."<sup>1</sup> Again, "We took the Parliament of Ireland from her by fraud and force—by a mixture of fraud and force as disgraceful as has ever been recorded in history. . . . Through the executive Government of England, the foulest and most monstrous corruption, joined with the grossest intimidation, was exercised to defile the minds and to purchase the votes of the Irish Parliament."<sup>2</sup> In the same speech he describes the Union as having been "born with disgrace and dishonour;" and alleges that, "having violated all the national traditions of the Irish, it has utterly failed to meet their political and social wants." Again, in spite of his denial of having imputed any "personal

<sup>1</sup> History of an Idea, p. 11.

<sup>2</sup> Speech at Glasgow, June 22, 1886.

motive either to the living or dead,"<sup>1</sup> Mr Gladstone told an Irish deputation at Hawarden that "the spirit of nationality had subsisted in the Irish Parliament; but," said he, "I see with grief and shame—but it is my own conclusion and conviction—that *the main object of the Irish Legislative Union, on the part of those who planned and brought it about, was to depress, to weaken, and, if possible, to extinguish the spirit of Irish nationality.*"

It is impossible to quote one hundredth part of the abuse with which Mr Gladstone has loaded the Union and its authors; but perhaps one more example may be sufficient for my present purpose. At Liverpool he stated—

"I know of no blacker or fouler transaction in the history of man than the making of the Union. Fraud is bad, and force—violence as against right—is bad; but if there is one thing more detestable than another, it is the careful, artful combination of force and fraud applied in the basest manner to the attainment of an end which all Ireland detested. . . . That the detestable union of fraud and force might be consummated, the bribe was held out to the Roman Catholic bishops, in the hope of at any rate slackening their opposition, that if only they would consent to the Union, it should be followed by full admission to civil privileges, and by endowments, &c. Well, I have heard of more bloody proceedings—the *Massacre of St Bartholomew* was a more cruel proceeding—but a more base proceeding, a more vile proceeding is not recorded, in my judgment, upon the page of history, than the process by which the Tory Government of that period brought about the Union with Ireland."

It must be at once admitted that Lord Rosebery is a very little way behind his leader in the vehemence of his denunciation of the

Act of Union, or rather of the means adopted to secure its passage through the Irish Parliament. That Parliament, he tells us, "was practically bribed and bullied out of existence." The corruption was black, hideous, horrible; "revolting at any time, atrocious when it is remembered that it was a nation's birthright that was being sold." I am obliged to pause in my quotation to protest against this misdescription into which Lord Rosebery has fallen. In what sense could the Irish Parliament of 1799 be called "a nation's birthright"? In its origin and conception it had nothing Irish about it, but was the Parliament of the English settlers, one of whose chief employments was to keep down the "Irishry." Although it expanded in later years, it was always dependent upon the English sovereign, both as to its place of meeting, the duration of its sittings, and the number of its members. No member of the Irish national religion was allowed a seat in it; a very large proportion of members (as Lord Rosebery himself tells us) were the nominees of the proprietors of boroughs; and the only means by which any measure could be carried was "by direct or indirect corruption." Surely it is childish to talk of such a Parliament as "a nation's birthright," or to pretend that when 188 out of 300 members of the House of Commons were "nominated by 52 peers and 36 commoners," the "obliteration" of such a legislature could be an injury to the Irish people. But, says Lord Rosebery, "what stands without either shame or palliation was the remodelling, in the autumn and winter of 1799, of the House of Commons after it had rejected the Union

<sup>1</sup> See letter to the Editor of 'Blackwood,' October 30, 1886.



propositions." It is not my desire to deny for a moment that this remodelling took place, but I must at the same time point out that no one has so forcibly placed before us the palliation which may be pleaded as Lord Rosebery himself in the statement with which he presently proceeds to the vindication of Mr Pitt. He tells us that "it must be understood that corruption was not a monstrous, abnormal characteristic of the Union; it was *"the everyday life and atmosphere of Irish politics."* The whole tone of Irish politics and of the Irish Parliament was hopelessly corrupt. "It was only by bribery that the machine could be set going at all." "Had Fitzwilliam been allowed to carry Catholic emancipation in 1795, he could only have done it by the same means;" and if, adds Lord Rosebery, an affirmative answer must be given to the question whether "it was not better that this system should end, rather than go on in the vile old way, hiring, haggling, jobbing, from one dirty day to another, from one miserable year to another, without hope or self-respect, then *the means are to that extent justified, for there were no others.*"

Let us put it in plain terms. Here was a system as bad and as disgraceful—to Ireland as much as to England—as could well be imagined. To put an end to that system would be to the advantage of both countries. This could only be done by force, or by a resort to the corruption to which the Irish were accustomed. No one will nowadays venture to defend corruption as a legitimate weapon to be employed by a Government; but when Lord Rosebery, in defence of Mr Pitt, reminds us that "it is easy on the brink of the twentieth century to censure much in the eighteenth," he must re-

member that this is just as much to be borne in mind when we are criticising the policy of a Government as when we are vindicating the character of a statesman. Before we censure in the vehement and vituperative language of Mr Gladstone, we should place ourselves, as Lord Rosebery suggests, "as far as possible in the atmosphere, circumstances, and conditions of the period which one is considering." If we do this, we shall, according to Lord Rosebery's own showing, find that the English Government not only had to deal with a Parliament in which corruption was indigenous, but that a great deal of what we now call corruption was regarded in a very different light, and described in language far less severe, at the close of the eighteenth century. One of the main allegations of corruption rests on the payments made to the proprietors of Irish boroughs. But Lord Rosebery himself reminds us that "close boroughs then represented not merely a vested interest, but *property of the most tangible and recognised kind.*" When we add to this the fact that these payments were made to those who voted against the Union as well as those who supported it, the property being treated, as Lord Rosebery says, "as chattels at a fixed tariff," we shall perhaps be inclined to apply less violent epithets to the transaction than are applied by men who, having themselves been the proposers in 1886 of a scheme to "buy out the Irish landlords" with British money, are shocked and scandalised at the remembrance of the purchase of Irish boroughs in 1799-1800. Both proposals were made by British Governments in the supposed interests of the country; and if the mealy-mouthed denouncers of Pitt had existed in the earlier period,

they would probably have acted in the spirit and after the instincts of their time, and would have seen nothing extraordinary or unreasonable in the purchase of Irish boroughs.

But whilst Lord Rosebery so far commits himself to the language of his chief as to declare the "corruption by which the Union was carried" to have been "wholesale and horrible," he goes on to say that "it must in fairness be remembered that this was the *only method* known of carrying on Irish government,—the *only means* of passing any measure through the Irish Parliament; that, so far from being an *exceptional* phase of politics, it was *only three or four years of Irish administration* rolled into one." Thus, then, we have the friend and disciple of Mr Gladstone, the man designated by that illustrious statesman as "the man of the future," admitting and declaring that Mr Pitt's Government took "the only means" possible of carrying the Act of Union. Was that Union, then, "a right measure in itself"? Mr Gladstone, as we have seen, denounces it in terms of unmeasured condemnation. Lord Rosebery is wiser and more cautious. He goes so far indeed as to suggest that "even if it be granted that the existing system was vile and rightly ended, and ended by the only practicable methods, it might have been replaced by something better than the Union," and adds that to some of us now living this seems clear enough. But what are his next words? "Had we lived then, is it certain that our judgment would have been the same?"<sup>1</sup> Then, in a passage too long for quotation, but pregnant with interest, he goes on to point out the critical position of Great Britain at the moment, face to

face with the power of Napoleon, threatened by an invasion, "nearly exhausted, and in terrible debt," and in such "an appalling crisis" that "a new arrangement had, *by the admission of all parties*, to be formed for Ireland." Now mark the point to which this brings us. *All parties* admitted there must be "a new arrangement." There was only "one method" by which such an arrangement could be passed through Parliament. "*Grattan himself had tacitly given up his own Parliament as hopeless*, for he had withdrawn from it, and encouraged the discussion of Irish affairs in the British Legislature."<sup>2</sup> "What wonder, then, if, from the natural tendency to draw closer and closer and closer yet in the presence of an overpowering danger, men's minds should have turned *with rare unanimity* to the idea of a Union?" No wonder indeed, but a very great wonder that a statesman who sees so clearly the natural bent of men's minds in such a crisis as that which he describes, should suffer himself to believe in the story of the unpopularity of that Union at the very time when men's minds were turned to it with the "rare unanimity" which he suggests. Lord Rosebery ingenuously continues: "During a campaign even a single Parliament sometimes seems a superfluity, and a second a danger. What would happen if in war, as in the Regency question, the British Parliament should take one line and the Irish Parliament another?" Lord Rosebery, more just than Mr Gladstone in his retrospective view of Mr Pitt and his policy, recognises and realises to some extent the position of the great Minister in 1799-1800, but he fails to grasp all that his own words convey to the impartial reader. The situa-

<sup>1</sup> Rosebery's 'Pitt,' pp. 195, 196.

<sup>2</sup> 'Life of Pitt,' p. 196.



tion which he describes was one of a nature so fearfully critical as to leave no choice to Mr Pitt but to take energetic and decisive action. He took the action which Lord Rosebery proves to have been absolutely necessary, and he employed or suffered to be employed those which Lord Rosebery admits to have been the "only means" at his disposal. Surrounded with danger, harassed alike by war abroad and treasonable intrigues at home, the great Minister went forward on his way,—his one great object being, so far as Ireland was concerned, to knit her more closely to Great Britain by admitting her to the Imperial Parliament upon terms of equality, and treating her in other matters in a spirit of conciliation and friendship. And because he was foiled in part of his nobly conceived policy—because the development and success of that policy was prevented by the obstinacy of the king and the prejudices of a portion of the people—Mr Gladstone thinks himself justified in stigmatising, in such language as I have described, that part of the policy of the Minister which he was able to carry, which was equally proposed in a spirit of loyal goodwill to Ireland, and which was in his view essential to the welfare of the two countries.

Lord Rosebery does not indeed endorse the cruel libel upon Mr Pitt and his colleagues, that their "main object" was to stifle, and "if possible to extinguish, the spirit of Irish nationality." On the contrary, he alludes to some of the potent reasons for which the Act of Union was proposed, and the obvious advantages which would be derived from the "united front" with which Great Britain would now face the world, "with a *Parliament in which the elements of loyalty and stability would be*

in an incalculable majority." Lord Rosebery does something more in his exposure of the cruel misstatement, adopted by Mr Gladstone, that "bribes were held out to the Roman Catholic bishops that if they would consent to the Union, it should be followed by full admission to civil privileges, and by endowments." As a general remark, it may be said that in adopting this statement, Mr Gladstone not only insults the Government which is accused of bribing, but the Catholic Bishops of Ireland who are supposed to have been amenable to the temptation. But the truth is that there was no bribe at all. Lord Rosebery himself says, that "if the British and Irish Parliaments were united, it would be safe, in view of the overwhelming Protestant majority in England and Scotland, to give concessions that otherwise would be impossible to the overwhelming Catholic majority in Ireland." Moreover, it was known that "on Catholic relief and on internal free trade Pitt's mind was set," and these arguments were doubtless before the Catholic bishops when they had to consider their line of action. But Lord Rosebery, evidently feeling the injustice and unworthiness of the accusation, says: "Frere, who knew Pitt well, declared that it was not true that Pitt ever regarded Catholic emancipation as a sop to be offered to the Irish to make them accept the Union. On the contrary, he regarded, as Frere knew, the emancipation of the Catholics as the more important measure of the two, and he would gladly have carried it at any time." The truth is that the Catholics of Ireland, whether priests or laymen, were not likely to be averse to the obliteration of a Parliament from which men of their own creed were excluded; or to be blind to the fact

that the probability of their obtaining just recognition was much greater when they had to deal with a United Parliament. The delay of that recognition was doubtless a great misfortune and a great wrong, but that delay was not the fault of the proposers of the Union, although, of course, it gave a handle to those who in after-years sought the repeal of that measure.

So far as concerns Irish feeling at the time of the passing of the Union, Lord Rosebery adopts the views of those who declare that it was almost entirely opposed to the passage of the measure. The evidence hardly sustains so broad a statement. At the outset there was doubtless much opposition, fostered and stimulated by the owners of boroughs, and by certain great personages who saw themselves about to be deprived of patronage and influence by the proposed alteration. But if Lord Rosebery will consult a volume published in 1887 by Dr Dunbar Ingram, entitled '*A History of the Legislature of Great Britain and Ireland*,' he will find in the sixth chapter ample proof that there was considerable public support of the Union in Ireland, and detailed statements of the reasons by which Catholics were influenced at the time. He will also find that Plowden, Lord Stanhope, and Lord Cornwallis all bore witness to the change of public opinion in favour of the Union. This, however, is a comparatively unimportant part of the controversy. Neither is it important to discuss the question whether a better measure could have been produced than that which was actually passed. No one will contend that it has answered all the purposes of its authors; but there is a pertinent question to be asked which seldom appears to occur to those

who engage in the controversy—namely, Where should we have been to-day without the Union? What would have been the condition of Great Britain and of Ireland if a Parliament had been sitting in Dublin during the years which have elapsed since 1800? If any one supposes that such a state of things could have endured for any length of time, I can only say that his knowledge of human nature in general, and of Irish nature in particular, must be somewhat limited. This, however, for the moment, is beside the point. I took up my pen because I was desirous of showing how Lord Rosebery, in his admirable biography of Pitt, has, in the honourable vindication of that Minister's position and character, shattered and shivered the frail and flimsy foundation upon which Mr Gladstone had built up an attempted historical justification of his attacks upon the Union and its authors. Lord Rosebery has done the Unionist party and the country good service in his exposure of the unfairness, the exaggerations, and the baseless accusations to which Mr Gladstone has unhappily lent himself; in his fair and vivid representation of the crisis which actually existed in 1799-1800, and of the absolute necessity for resolute action on the part of the Minister; and in his practical vindication of the policy of those statesmen of to-day, who, instead of decrying and denouncing as a "paper" union the measure which was honestly and loyally passed in the interests of both countries, are using every legitimate effort to give to Ireland, under the Union, every right, every privilege, and every advantage to which she can lay claim as an integral part of the united empire.

BRABOURNE.



## DIANA: THE HISTORY OF A GREAT MISTAKE.

## CHAPTER I.—HERSELF.

DIANA TRELAWNY was a great heiress in the ordinary sense of the word, though the term was one which she objected to strongly. She was rather a great proprietor and landowner, no longer looking forward to any inheritance, but in full possession of it. She had a fine estate, a fine old English house, and a great deal of money in all kinds of stocks and securities. Besides this, she was a handsome woman, quite sufficiently handsome in the light of her wealth to be called beautiful—not a girl, a beautiful woman of thirty, with some talents, a great deal of character, and a most enviable and desirable position. She was not, indeed, chairman of the quarter-sessions, as she might have been had she written herself Daniel instead of Diana, nor was she even on the commission of the peace. She did not, so far as I am aware, regret either of these disabilities; but these, and a few more of the same kind, were the chief things that distinguished her from the other great county magnates. She paid very little attention to these points of difference. A woman who is rich, and has a commanding position, has few but sentimental grievances to complain of. These sentimental grievances are often very disagreeable, and tell like personal insults by times; but they are practically inoperative in cases like that of Miss Trelawny. She had broken the bonds of youth, the only ones which, in her position, might have restrained her. She had no objections that all the country and all the world *could know she was thirty; and*

being thirty, she claimed full independence, which was as fully accorded to her. She had no tastes or inclinations to make that independence unlovely; and no theory of emancipation which demanded exceptional boldness of fact to justify it—a thing which gets many women into trouble. Her house was as pleasant a house as could be found, her society courted, her character respected. She had all the advantages of a country gentleman, and she had other advantages inseparable from the fact that she was a lady and not a gentleman. A marriageable young squire of her age and good looks would no doubt have been an extremely popular and much-sought-after person; but Diana was more popular and more sought after than any young squire. For even if you take the very worst view of English society, and believe that managing mothers and daughters eager to be married are as abundant as blackberries, the fact still remains that certain reticences must be observed, and that the best women do not throw themselves at the hero's head—or feet. Whereas, in Diana's case, these reticences were scarcely necessary, for everybody paid undisguised court to the beautiful, wealthy, smiling, and gracious young woman, and the best men in the neighbourhood thought no shame to throw themselves at *her* head—or feet, as the case might be. She was more openly courted than any man, for it was more *seemly* and fit that she should be *courted*, and no disgrace to *the* ~~the~~ *country*. The county was *more*

have been to any male potentate. It made a kind of queen of her, always in dutiful and loyal subordination to the real mistress of these realms; but Diana was the queen of the county. Thus her sex was nothing but an additional pedestal to this enviable person: for to be sure she did not much care, being as yet indifferently interested in politics, for the disadvantage of having no vote.

Diana, however, had not always been so fortunate and so great: she was not born the heiress of the Chase, and of all the good things involved in that. Old Lady Trelawny, its last ruler, was a Trelawny born, and princess of the name, as well as a Trelawny by marriage. She and her husband had united the two branches of the family, he having the title and she the property: and had intended in so doing to re-found and concentrate in their descendants the strength of the race, which had become straggling and weakly, running into wild offshoots of collaterals which sucked all the strength from the parent stem. But, alas! there is nothing more remarkable than the indifference of Providence to such arrangements, even in the most important families. In this case Heaven took no notice of the intention at all, but simply left this pair childless, as if their offspring had been of no consequence, confounding all their designs. They could not believe for a long time that such a neglect was possible; but they lived long enough to get over their surprise, and to form a great many new plans for their future heir, who had to be chosen within a certain circle of kinship. It may be supposed that this choice, which had to be made among them, fluttered the family of Trelawny beyond measure, and kept up for

years a wonderful excitement in all its branches. Such a possibility hanging over one's head is very bad for the character, and it is to be feared that the Trelawnys in general made exhibitions of their eagerness in a way which did not please the sharp-sighted old pair to whom the privilege of choice was given.

The only one of all the lineage who did not answer to the general call, and put in some claim more or less servilely to his chance of the inheritance, was a certain Captain John, who had disappeared from the surface of the family long before, and Lady Trelawny knew why. Up to the time when the old lady was seventy, it still seemed quite clear to her that Captain John kept out of the way because he could not bear to see her the wife of Sir John, though such had been her position for the last half-century.

The old pair were at Brighton when the husband's last illness began: and looking from their windows, in the feebleness of their old age, they watched daily a certain procession of girls from one of the many girls' schools (or should I not say establishments for young ladies?) in the place, which amused the old people much. It was an event in Sir John's dull morning when they passed with their fresh faces, in charge of a handsome, stately young woman, who was the English governess. By degrees both Sir John and my lady became interested in this girl: and it may be supposed what a leap of additional warmth was given to the rising fancy when they found out that her name, too, was Trelawny. Trelawnys are not so plentiful as Browns: the old lady drove to Mrs Seymour's school to find out who she was, and sent her half-a-dozen invitations before





Diana could be persuaded to go. "Why should I go? I would in a moment if I could do anything for them; but they are smothered in friends and doctors and servants," said the proud young woman. Mrs Seymour, who was a sensible person, coaxed and persuaded and half compelled the visit; and when it turned out that this stately Diana was the only child of Captain John, it may be supposed what excitement awoke among all the Trelawnys. It gave the old lady a great shock at first, for she had believed in Captain John as living on somewhere in mournful old bachelorhood, keeping out of sight and out of the world in order to escape the misery of seeing herself at seventy the wife of another, and her *désillusionnement* cost her a pang. Afterwards, when she found out that Captain John had married late in life—he was older by ten years than she—a homely little clergyman's daughter who had been kind to him in a little village in Wales where he fished and dreamed his life away, and had died there a dozen years before, her heart was touched more than ever; and it was Lady Trelawny's tears that persuaded Diana, against her will, to leave her independent position and become the nurse and companion of the old people. Before Sir John died the decision was made, but it was the old lady who carried it out. Captain John had been the nearest in blood, first cousin to both husband and wife. His daughter was, of all the Trelawnys, the one most near to them, their natural heir.

A year afterwards Diana had become Miss Trelawny of the Chase, a very great lady, and had taken the county by storm at the first glance. Perhaps, indeed, their want of any previous familiarity with her had something

to do with the position to which she rose immediately in her own right. The county had not seen her grow up, and did not know all her youthful faults and weaknesses, as was the case with most of her fellow-magnates. She came into it full-grown, full-blown, beautiful, stately, independent, neither to be snubbed nor patronised nor put down. The episode of the school, which might have sentenced a humbler woman to exclusion from the reigning caste, what did it matter in a Trelawny? Your princesses born can do anything, the humblest offices. She neither bragged of it nor was ashamed of it, but would mention it simply in her conversation when need was, in the most matter-of-fact way, as a princess ought to do. What did it matter to her one way or another? The humility and the greatness were immaterial to Diana. She was herself in all times and places, and had been herself before she became Miss Trelawny of the Chase; though the title (really a title in the circumstances) suited her admirably. Her neighbour, Mr Biddulph, called her "the image that fell down from Jupiter." Such was her position in the world, eminent, rich, remarkable in position, yet something more—something that had nothing to do with her position, which was simply her, and her alone.

There was one thing, however, which startled the county much, and filled it with disapproval, which would have been warmer had there been any real belief in the purpose announced. Diana declared from the beginning that she would not marry. This is not an announcement which excites very warm belief in any county. If it is not believed of, how should it be

to whom (as everybody still believed in those days) it is the one thing needful? This, however, was what Diana said, quite seriously, without, it was supposed, meaning any joke; and, indeed, joking was not in her character. She said in so many words that she did not mean to marry. There was a great deal to do on the estate, she said, which was true; for the old Trelawnys had done little, and had not at all marched with the times, but contented themselves with the state of affairs which had existed a hundred years ago, or at least in the beginning of the century. The farming was bad, the cottages were bad, everything was behind in Trelawny parish. "But a gentleman could do all that so much better than you could," her friends said to her. "It is my business, and not any problematical gentleman's," said this impracticable young woman. She had a belief in celibacy which was incredible to the community in general; and thought, however bad it might be to make that state compulsory, that unmarried persons, both lay and clerical, were an advantage here and there to their fellow-creatures. The question was discussed continually between her and her neighbours, the Biddulphs, to whom such a rebellion against all the rules which regulate human life seemed monstrous, and not to be put up with. It was un-English, they said—it was wicked; but Diana only smiled. One thing was certain, that this fad kept up her importance and her unique position as the finest of matches could not have done; and it seemed to some of her friends that it was more to Diana's credit to allege this as the reason, than to allow it to be believed that she was guilty of the eccentricity of despising or object-

ing to matrimony. "She would be nobody if she married," they said. "She would just be like other people; but Miss Trelawny of the Chase is a great personage." This was so much more reasonable, so much more natural a motive, everybody felt, than any foolish fancy about work to be done or personal responsibilities to be upheld, that the neighbourhood was quite glad to adopt it. "Diana likes to be important," was an answer to everything; and Diana did not contradict the opinion so universally formed. Perhaps she did like the importance of her position, and even the suitors and suitors' friends who paid such court to her, in hopes of appropriating, some time or other, her solid attractions of money and land and social position to themselves. So Queen Elizabeth did too, I suppose, whatever were the real motives of that astute sovereign for declining to share her throne. Diana did not want her throne to be shared; but she did not, perhaps, being human, dislike the great competition there was for the vacant place.

Besides this, probably there had been experiences in her life which made the question of marriage less attractive to her. Few people live to be thirty without something of the kind, happy or unhappy: but nobody in the neighbourhood of Trelawny had been taken into her confidence in this respect. So she lived in the great house a cheerful and busy life, working at her estate as few landlords take the trouble to work, making a profession of it which cannot be said to be usual. Sometimes she was alone, but more generally there were guests to give the semblance of a family to the huge old mansion: and very pleasant society Diana managed



to gather round her,—people of all kinds, almost of all classes, within the limits which education and refinement made possible—poor people and rich people, great people and small people, in a *mélange* which was both picturesque and pleasant. There is nothing that gives such a zest to society as having been shut out from it for years; and if it was at all common for the poor and aspiring to be frequently raised at once into the possession of great means and independence as had happened to Diana, nothing, I believe, would benefit more by this than society. What dreams she had entertained in her loneliness, when Mrs Seymour's parlour was the highest sphere possible to her, of the fine company she would like to see if she had the power! To sit and work, and listen diligently to the words of wisdom which fell from the lips of the senior curate, sometimes on her own account venturing a respectful remark as to the last story in the 'Monthly Packet,' was all that Diana could hope for in those days; and as she sat with her head bowed and her mind half impatient, half amused, listening to the conversation of these her superiors, it would be endless to tell how many fascinating groups she gathered round her, how much brilliant conversation went flashing about, while Mrs Seymour prosed, and the curate at his ease laid down the law. Sometimes she was half afraid these good people would

hear the fun and the laughter that were going on so near them, and would bend her head close over her needlework to hide the smile upon her face. Strange freaks of fancy? for often now, when the beautiful drawing-room at the Chase was full of the best society, Diana, drooping her head, would hear again Mrs Seymour prosing and the curate laying down the law, and listen to them a while with a smile on her face and very gentle thoughts. But in all probability, had she been born in the purple at Trelawny, and never sat in Mrs Seymour's parlour, she would have been satisfied with the county magnates and fine people within reach, and would not have made those efforts after *good* society which the county enjoyed, yet looked upon with suspicion—wondering why its own provisions in that particular should not be good enough for her, as they had been for her forefathers. It did not injure her popularity, however—rather increased it. The Chase was a pleasant house to visit, and its mistress "a delightful person to know:" and she was one of the best matches in England, and might at any moment turn anybody's second son into an important county gentleman. Can the reader be surprised that on all accounts, and in every section of society, there should be but one opinion about such an important and attractive person as Miss Trelawny of the Chase?

#### CHAPTER II.—HER NEIGHBOURS.

There were very great people in the county, whom I will not venture to describe here,—a duke, with his duchess, and all the fine *things that* naturally belong to

dukes: and two barons, and Sir Johns without number: for the county was large and important. Miss Trelawny, I believe, had she acted with ordinary prudence,

might have had the Marquis, and been Duchess in her day. He was some years younger than she was; but, as everybody said, if his family did not object to that difference of age on the wrong side, why should she? and the young man was fathoms deep in love, and did not get over his disappointment for three months at least; and nothing could have made a finer match than the Trelawny estate with the Duke's lands. However, I am not qualified to enter upon any discussion of the motives of such sublime personages. The neighbours who specially belonged to Diana, and who were most interested in the episode of her life which it is my business to relate, were the Hunstantons, who lived in the nearest "place" to Trelawny, and were deeply attached to its mistress; and another small and insignificant household, which, except in consequence of its connection with Diana, would scarcely have been of sufficient importance to be mentioned at all. This latter family was composed of two ladies, an aunt and a niece—the one a clergyman's widow, the other a clergyman's orphan-child; peevish, humbleminded, weakly little gentlewomen, with nothing remarkable about them except the simple prettiness of the girl, Sophy, who was a soft, smiling, golden-haired creature, unobtrusive and gentle as a little bird. Mrs Norton was disposed to be mysterious about the connection of herself and her niece with Diana, fearing, as she said, to "compromise" a lady in her position; but this connection was of the very simplest kind. Sophy had been at Mrs Seymour's school—a piece of extravagance which had cost her kind aunt a great deal more than she could afford—but the girl had been delicate,

and sea-air had been prescribed for her, and good little Mrs Norton was willing to "live anyhow" in order to secure advantages for the child, to whom she had performed all a mother's duties. Diana was one of the women to whom a dependent of some kind is an invariable appendage, gathered to her by sheer attraction of nature: and Sophy Norton took the place of the necessary burden to be carried about on the other's strong shoulders. The child was delicate, the governess was kind. She nursed her, she petted her, she became to her a sort of amateur mother. Mrs Norton lived in cheap little lodgings at Brighton to be near her little girl, and when she asked the governess to come to tea with Sophy, she too felt that in her way she was exercising kindness and patronage, and that Miss Trelawny's care of Sophy was compensated by the notice which she, a lady of private means, not requiring to work for her living, took of the governess—so that on this foundation of mutual kindness they got on in a very pleasant way.

I will not say that Diana herself felt Mrs Norton's notice to be of the elevating character which the excellent little woman herself supposed: but she was lonely, and very grateful for kindness of any description simply offered. She liked the prattle of the two innocent creatures, the aunt not much wiser than the niece; and she liked the spectacle of their love, which brought sometimes a wistful look to her own face, and sometimes lit her up with smiles, for it had its amusing as well as its tender aspects. When Diana came to her kingdom, it is not to be described what awe, and wonder, and pride, took possession of Mrs Norton's soul. To think that



the governess to whom she had condescended should have risen to be such a great lady! but yet, at the same time, to think that she had always appreciated Miss Trelawny, — always done her best, though that was but little, to show her appreciation! When old Lady Trelawny died, Mrs Norton wrote, with much timidity, to offer, if Diana would like it, a visit of sympathy for one day only—for she had her pride, and meant nothing but kindness, if not perhaps a tremulous expedient of love to recall little Sophy to the mind of one who now might be as good a friend to the little girl “as I tried to be to her, my dear, in her days of poverty.” Diana accepted this not entirely unalloyed kindness. She understood the alloy and forgave it; nay, perhaps liked the little bit of gold there was all the better for that heavenly kind of dross mixed with it—the anxious love of Sophy which prompted her aunt to seek her interest in any practicable way. They came to the Chase for two days, and stayed two months, amusing and refreshing their hostess in her loneliness with their pretty foolish ways. They were like two kittens to Diana; their harmless gambols gave her pleasure such as sensible persons did not always understand. When she had kept them with her all that time, it seemed hard to send the two little things away again into the seaside lodgings or small suburban house which they contemplated. Diana offered them a cottage in her park which had been built by some other kind Trelawny for a poor relation,—a little red house, overgrown with climbing roses and honeysuckle, set in a little clearing of green lawns in the heart of the trees. No words

could tell Sophy's delight with this pretty nest; but Mrs Norton did all she could to maintain her dignity, and to seem to doubt and hesitate a little—firstly, as to whether she ought to accept such a favour from a friend who was not a relation, as she said; and secondly, as to whether in the midst of the trees it might be damp. But in a very short time both these fears were put to flight, and no children were ever more happy over the fitting up of a doll's house than those two little ladies were over their furnishing. And, again, to the wonder of her sensible friends, so was Diana too. Is not a grown-up sister, a young mother, sometimes excited about the doll's house as well as its lawful possessor? Miss Trelawny bought little bits of furniture, sought out scraps of china, had little brackets fitted in the little corners, and stands of flowers set out in the tiny hall. It was a toy mansion for her pets, upon which she expended more trouble than on her own stately dwelling-place; though what she could see in those two silly little women! as Mrs Hunstanton constantly said.

The Hunstantons were of a totally different class. They were landed gentry as good as the Trelawnys themselves, if not quite so rich. They had a house in a great grove of trees which, except in the heat of summer, was not very cheerful, and which was supposed not to be wholesome for the delicate boy who was their eldest hope and the heir. He was a pale melancholy individual, like neither father nor mother, and it was on his account that they constantly spent their winters abroad. Mr Hunstanton was an unsteady man with nerves, who had attacks of neuralgia and no-

tions, and was fond of meddling, people said, with things that did not concern him much. He was thin to the utmost possible of thinness, running about in jerks and thinking in jumps, a hasty man, not wise but yet lovable, and ready to undertake anything for anybody. His wife was as unlike him in person as in character. She was sensible, cool, and indisposed to "mix herself up" with other people's affairs—still handsome though nearly fifty, calm in disposition, and somewhat disposed to criticism, for which she had ample ground in her husband's doings and sayings. They had married late, and had some children still in the nursery, and the weakly boy of sixteen already mentioned, whom it was the chief object of their lives to tide over the difficult period of youth. For him they were always ready to move at a moment's notice, to fly from the east winds or from the damp, or from the too great heats of summer. Climate was one of the few things which both of them believed in, and their house was full of books on the subject, and every new place was eagerly caught at and inquired about. All along the Riviera they had wandered, over Italy with all its islands, into Spain, to Gibraltar, to Algiers, up the Nile—almost as many places as there had been winters in the delicate boy's life. Curiosities from all of these spots which possessed any curiosities filled their rooms, and the acquaintances which an active-minded man like Mr Hunstanton made in these prolonged periods of leisure were beyond counting. He had something to do with private histories all over the world, and had thrust his nervous head into more tangled webs than could be reckoned. His wife, who at first had tried to

restrain him, had long ago given up the attempt as impracticable, and only looked on and wondered and criticised.

Such were Diana's nearest neighbours. The Nortons were in the park, to be got at at a moment's notice—convenient people who could be sent for, who were always ready to fill up a corner, to do anything that might be agreeable. Sophy sung a little pleasantly and prettily, as she did everything. Her aunt was ready to play quadrilles and waltzes, or the simpler kind of accompaniments, till midnight at any time. They were liked by all the much greater people into whose society they had been transplanted bodily, and whom they delighted in, in return, with enthusiasm. The Duchess, on the one occasion when she had spent three days at the Chase, at the time when Diana had been thought possible for her most noble son, paid special attention to Mrs Norton, taking her for the resident clergywoman of the place: and the distinction was one which had never been forgotten. It must be added that, by some special dispensation of Providence, the clergy of the parish were an uncle and nephew—one rector, the other curate; two black-browed, silent men, whose chief use in nature seemed to be (besides their duties in the parish) to balance these two little ladies at Diana's dinner-table. They were both unmarried, and Nature seemed to intend that if not two couplings at least one should result from this singularly appropriate balance of forces. Everybody, however, saw this except the parties concerned, as so often happens. They did not see it at all. The elder Mr Snodgrass unjustly stigmatised poor little Mrs Norton as a gossip; and the younger one had lost his head, not to speak



of his heart, in a vain adoration of Diana, who was about as far removed from him as her namesake in the skies. And this taciturn young man was the favourite butt for Sophy's simple little wit, which was not of a brilliant character indeed, but now and then could be sharp on a personal peculiarity. Thus perverse human nature balked Providence, as seems not unusual on the surface in mortal affairs.

Diana had been reigning for full two years when this story begins, and for more than one the pair of little ladies had been settled in the Red House. They had not complained of the damp during the first winter; but now that another was about to begin, there was a little flutter of talk about Sophy's cough, which had not been lost upon Diana. Sophy, there was no doubt, had a cough. She had not got rid of it last year until the end of May, and though it did not seem to hurt her, it was enough to disturb Mrs Norton, and even to attract Diana's attention whatever she was doing, stopping her in the midst of the most interesting conversation. Was it the humid atmosphere under the trees? was it the green, too luxuriant growth about the Red House? Diana set out walking one October morning, after many thoughts, to satisfy herself on this point. She was fond of the girl in her own person, and she was moved by a still deeper sympathetic sense of the love of the aunt to whom Sophy was everything. What would the economy matter, the pretty house which they had rent free, or even the fine company which Diana felt was still more dear to Mrs Norton—in comparison with her child's health? Diana went across the park, the short cut, not afraid of the moisture which shone on the

grass, in her strong boots and serge dress. She was tall and fully developed, in the long lines and noble curves that became her age: no longer a slim girl, but mature, in the pride and height of life: her step firm and commanding, though light and swift; her fine head held high, not a stoop nor a droop had she; light and strong and beautiful, like a tall lily among the fragile undergrowth of blooms. Sophy was sitting by the window, looking out upon the park, with a basket of flowers before her, and all the flower-vases of the house ranged round her; the air sweet with mignonette; the sunshine coming in over her head, and catching the ruddy glimmer in her hair. "Here is Diana, auntie," she said, getting up to run to the door and welcome her friend. Mrs Norton was sitting with her needlework by the table. There was a pucker in her gentle little brow, for Sophy had coughed three times since breakfast. Something would have to be done. "I will take my courage in both hands, and I will speak to Diana," she said to herself, then looked round the pretty room and sighed.

It was a very pretty room. Diana had almost furnished it, as well as given the house. Opposite the window was an old-fashioned convex mirror, making the prettiest sparkling picture of the park with its trees; a little old cabinet underneath had Mrs Norton's pet china arranged upon it, catching the sunshine: the sofa by the fireside was as softly luxurious, though it was so small, as anything in the Chase. "What have we done that she should have been so good to us! and she will think it ungrateful," Mrs Norton said to herself, drying her eyes.

grateful which was done with such reluctant sorrow. She heard the sound of the voices outside, and got up from her work tearfully, thinking how rash Sophy was with her cough to run to the door. "I shall never get her to take care—here," she thought. "How nice of you to come!" Sophy was saying. "Oh, I was just sitting at the window, wishing and wishing for you—yes, isn't the mignonette sweet?—it is almost the last thing now—the flowers are going. Oh, but come in, come in—you must not stand in the hall; and your boots are wet, Diana. You have come across the grass."

"Which is not a thing for little girls to do," said Diana, letting the long serge skirt drop which she had been carrying looped over her arm. She was fond of long dresses, though they were inconvenient, and had to be looped up. "I have come to speak to your aunt about business, and you may run away for a little. Go and see if your ribbons are all right for this evening: for you are coming up to dinner to meet the Hunstantons and the clergy; and you know in that case you are always to look your best."

"As if I cared how I look, for *them*!" said Sophy. "But are we really, really coming up to-night? My white is not quite fresh enough if Mrs Hunstanton is coming—she is so particular; and my blue is rather shabby; and you don't like my green. What am I to wear? There is the grey Japanese silk you gave me; or shall I put on my pink spotted?"

"Here is the auntie," said Diana. "Send her away, Mrs Norton, for I have something to consult you about."

"Your grey, my love," said Mrs Norton, "with the blue ribbons. That is pretty for this season, and

not so thin. Oh, Diana! I ought to have gone to you. I, too, want to tell you of something. If you should think me ungrateful, or that I don't feel all your kindness to the bottom of my heart——"

"We mean the same thing, poor little auntie. That cough of Sophy's——"

"Then you have noticed it," cried Mrs Norton, turning very pale. "You think it very serious—as I do! like her mother's! O Diana, my child! Perhaps the doctor has said something to you. What shall I do? what shall I do?"

"It is not the least serious," said Diana. "I spoke to the doctor, and he laughed."

"He laughed!" Mrs Norton wavered between relief and offence. Then she shook her head. "I have no confidence in country doctors. He would not have laughed if—if he had any real experience—if—if he knew——"

"Do not cry," said Diana. "Pray, pray do not cry. I have come to propose something to you. I want you to go to Italy with the Hunstantons."

Mrs Norton gave a little shriek. "To Italy! Oh, Diana!" Then she stopped in the first impulse of joy. "You are deceiving me," she said, trembling. "You think it a great deal more serious than you say."

"I think you are the silliest little woman! and if you make me out to have a hundred meanings I never thought of, I will not speak to you any more. Ask the doctor. Ask a dozen doctors if you please. But look here—if you are proud and hoity-toity, why, then, there must be a general dissolution and breaking up of friendship; and you know, Mrs Norton, it is a dreadful thing to break off with and alienate a true friend."





"I do, I do! oh, how could you ever think it of me, Diana? and why do you speak to me so formally? If we were to go away to-morrow and never to come back again, do you think that would make me less grateful to you? And me hoity-toity! was I ever?—could I ever be?—does any one think it possible?"

"Do you know what that is?" said Diana. "I found it in my desk to-day."

Mrs Norton looked at the paper through her tears. She knew very well what it was. Though she was not rich, she prided herself on having travelled abroad in her time, and knowing all about such matters. It was a banker's letter recommending herself to the correspondents of the firm—one of those documents which make the traveller's path easy, and are of more use than any passport—as long as they hold out.

"Now," said Diana, with a threatening aspect, "if you make any objections or say anything disagreeable, I am your landlady, and I shall evict you. If you refuse to go I shall take your roof off. I shall turn out all your furniture; and anybody who pleases may take your china. There! the power of threatening can no further go. And now I must hurry home, for I have a great deal to do to-day. Give me some of Sophy's mignonette. Tell her she is a little goose, and that young Mr Snodgrass prefers pink to blue; and if you were not very inexorable and unkind, his poor uncle—but of course if you will not listen to him, what does it matter what I say? Sophy, good-bye—I have no time to stay."

"But, Diana, Diana!" said Mrs Norton, breathless, with the letter in her hand, rushing to the door *after the hasty visitor*.

"I have not another moment—

there are people waiting: good-bye till the evening," cried Diana, half-way across the lawn, with her blue gown over her arm.

"She will wet her feet, she will catch cold, she will get rheumatism. Oh, if she knew what it was to have neuralgia like me! But Italy!" said Mrs Norton to herself. She went back to her little drawing-room in a flutter of excitement. Italy! It had been the pride of her life to have been at Geneva once in her early days, and in this one expedition she had found a parallel to all she had heard of wonderful and stupendous since then. "I can understand it," she had said, "because, when I was at Geneva—" With this the greatest traveller, and even Mr Hunstanton himself, had been quelled. But now Italy! It took away the little lady's breath. She went in and looked at the banker's letter. Surely it would turn into a bit of rag again in her hands. It could not be real. Italy—and a hundred pounds! Mrs Norton was dumb. She gasped for breath: she had not composure enough to call down Sophy, blissfully occupied in looking up her ribbons, and unaware that there was anything to hear.

Diana went back with a smile on her face. The power of doing such things as this is most likely sweeter when it is newly acquired than when people have possessed it all their life. She liked the indulgence. To be very rich is it not to be in some sort a god upon earth, putting right the wrongs of fortune, and remedying its injustice? It was not so always: had she herself been ill in the old days, she must have borne it, and died in patience without hope of relief; and now to be able to forestall the first possibility of danger to another

seemed very sweet to her. Yet she was not unaware, and the recollection made her smile again, that there was something absurd in the choice of Sophy Norton as the recipient of her bounty. There was many a consumptive girl in the county to whom the help would have been invaluable—but Sophy was not consumptive or unhealthy. She had a cough which was no more dangerous than a toothache, and which had only attracted the notice of her friend from the fact of the supposed dampness of the little Red House in the park. What a curious commentary it was on the inequalities of fortune, and the duty of the rich to bear the burdens of the poor! Mrs Norton was not exactly poor: she had enough to keep a house comfortably enough, therefore it was to her that the rent-free cottage naturally fell; and Sophy had no more need of transportation to a warm climate than one of the elm-trees had, therefore of course it was Sophy who had the means thrust into her hand. What a curious travesty of need and of duty! and what could the great lady say for herself who was so glad to offer this pleasure and favour to her semi-dependants? She did nothing but smile, with an acute sense of those difficulties of life which no one can explain and scarcely any

one overcome. Had Diana known the people to whom this favour would have been most a favour—to whom it might have been life and death—probably they would have been proud persons who would have rebelled at even the most delicate help. No man can save his brother. Those who want help most are those who will not accept, who cannot get it, whose wants are as far removed from the ken of the helpful by natural independence or by ignorance as if there were no help-givers in the world. Her own feelings even were to herself the strangest commentary upon her sincere desire to be of use to her fellow-creatures. This was a joke, a piece of self-indulgence, not noble neighbourliness, such as it was in Diana to do if need were. She laughed at herself and her banker's letter, and the little show of violence with which she had insisted on its acceptance. Who could tell how near at hand and in what imminent need might be the other whom to save Diana would have strained every nerve? And how blind and poor and miserable is human nature, which cannot clear up even these initial difficulties! She went on sighing before the smile had died off her face, feeling amid all her power and capabilities how limited and how poor!

## CHAPTER III.

"I did not think Diana had been such a fool," was the remark of Mrs Hunstanton, when the arrangement was proposed to her. She made no objection to the joint journey. The invalid boy for whom they travelled, and in whom all her hopes were concentrated, was on the whole a

fatiguing companion, dear as he was both to father and mother; and as Mrs Norton was one of the women who are utterly beyond fatigue in the amusement of children, there was compensation for the risk of being bored by the helplessness of the two little women. But that Miss Trelawny



should carry her "infatuation" about these trifling persons to the length of sending them off like an anxious mother because the girl had a cough, filled her with an angry surprise. If she had a cough, what had Diana to do with it? She had an aunt of her own to look after her, and they had, Mrs Hunstanton supposed, enough to live on, or what business had they there at Diana's table meeting the best people in the county? Her unaccountable fondness for them irritated her friend. What could she see in such commonplace persons? for indeed the mixture of amusement and habit and indulgence in Diana's affection was incomprehensible to Mrs Hunstanton, who either was fond of people or disliked them, and disapproved of such complications of feeling. To tell the truth, the Nortons themselves took Diana's kindness as proof of a deep and absorbing love, and asked each other, with a gentle complacency, what they had done to make her so fond of them. "Not that I should wonder at *any one* being fond of you, my darling," the aunt said; a sentiment which the niece echoed warmly, both putting Diana's love down to the credit of the other. Diana herself smiled a little when they talked to her of her love. Yes; she supposed she was fond of them in a way, poor little souls! and she laughed at the indignation of Mrs Hunstanton, which was so *naïve* and open. It was no harm to that good woman, did not take anything from her, that her friend should pet and spoil these little women. Still it irritated her; and to think of this extravagant indulgence of their weaknesses angered her almost beyond bearing. "As for their coming with us, they are welcome to come, I

am sure," she said, thinking, not without a little relief, of Reginald, who was "a handful" on a long journey. She saw in her mind's eye Mrs Norton devoting herself to the boy, petting him—for it was her nature to be always petting somebody—reading to him, finding out endless stores of conundrums and foolish games for his amusement; and she was mollified. It was possible even that, though of themselves bores, they might be a kind of acquisition on the journey; but what Diana could mean by it! Mrs Hunstanton shrugged her shoulders, and made up her mind that human creatures in general were more inscrutable than any other mystery on the face of the earth. She had occasion to learn this truth nearer home. There was her own husband always dancing about on somebody's business, meddling with somebody's affairs. No such temptation disturbed her mind. She was interested about her own people, loved them, and would have spent her last sixpence and her last hour in serving them. But people who did not belong to you! What right had you to be disturbed and deranged by their affairs?

Nevertheless, notwithstanding Mrs Hunstanton's objections to the whole business, she took a good deal of trouble that evening in enlightening the inexperienced travellers, who had a thousand questions to ask.

"When I was at Geneva, there was a light kind of challis which I wore—a kind of dust-colour—with flowers upon it," said Mrs Norton.

"Oh, not dust-colour, dear auntie; let it be grey," said Sophy.

They were all in a flutter of expectation and excitement, eager to be told if new outfits were necessary, and a total change of raiment,

as if they had been going to India. For Mrs Norton, with no rent to pay, was rich enough to indulge Sophy with several new dresses if necessary, and would have liked the business. Mrs Hunstanton cut them very short. "I hope you don't think you are going to eternal summer," she said.

"No, indeed—until we get away from this sad world altogether, Mrs Hunstanton."

Sophy had no desire to escape from this sad world. She said, "But it is much warmer. It is to take away my cough; and Reginald—of course Reginald goes for the warm weather?"

"Equable, equable. We don't jump up and down the thermometer as we do at home. And the place is very dull. You can't think how dull it is—high houses: if you live on the second floor—and unless you are rich you must live on the second, or even the third floor—you can't even see the street. As for a glimmer of sunshine, that is past praying for, if you happen to be on the wrong side. And no society, or next to none. The Italians are very exclusive; and the English—well, the less said about the English the better," said Mrs Hunstanton, in her serious vein.

The two little ladies looked at each other. Tears sprang to Sophy's eyes, who was the one most easily moved. "We must go now," she said, "to please Diana." And then, after a pause, "Diana is so kind. Perhaps she is too kind, auntie. If it had not been all settled for us—you know there are other places which are not dull."

"And ungrateful, too!" Mrs Hunstanton said to herself; but she said nothing more about the dulness of Pisa. She gave them some small instructions, which

restored their cheerfulness; and told them when she meant to start. And though they were damped, their courage rose after the interview was over. "If it was as bad as she says, who would wish to go there?" said Mrs Norton, with unusual shrewdness. "They are going themselves, so we must have some society. Depend upon it, dear, Diana would not send you if she were not sure it was for your good."

Sophy, who had no doubt on this subject, accepted the assurance very sweetly; and Mr Hunstanton, who met them on the road, gave them much greater encouragement. They had come out next day in Diana's own pony-carriage, which neither of them had courage to drive, and they met him on the road, trudging along in his gaiters. "My wife would not give you much advice," he said; "you should have come to me. Take alpaca and that sort of thing, Mrs Norton. Don't you call it alpaca? or merino, is it? Not too thin, nor yet too thick. You will enjoy it very much. None of those blighting colds we have here, but an equable, pleasant temperature. You can always go out every day, and a little pleasant society always at your command. We know people everywhere; and, of course, wherever we are, after knowing you so intimately as Diana's friends, and all that, there will be a corner for you."

"Sophy," said Mrs Norton, with enthusiasm, when he had passed on, "Diana may say what she pleases, and I know she is cleverer than you and I; but for real understanding there is nothing like a gentleman! They know how to convey information, and they are so genuine. Now, ladies are always jealous. It must be jealousy.



What a different account he gave! Mr Hunstanton is a very nice man, and he understands what is due to people in our position. It will be a great advantage to be near them: for whatever Mrs Hunstanton may say, of course they must have some society. Besides, my love," added Mrs Norton, "the great thing is your health. We can bear anything if your cough goes."

"I think it is better since Thursday," said Sophy. Thursday was the day of Diana's visit, when this great step was decided upon.

"I think so too," said the aunt. "You know how one's toothache goes away when one knocks at the dentist's door."

This was perhaps not a very flattering simile: but that Sophy's cough did improve immediately was very apparent. Diana from the great house looked on at the movements in the little one with that amused observation which Mrs Hunstanton could not understand. That Sophy's cough was better, that Mrs Norton was no longer frightened to expose her niece to the cold winds, and even bore with equanimity Sophy's adoption of the "short cut" across the park, which would have alarmed both of them a few weeks before, and that Mrs Norton herself had no neuralgia when she drove out and in to Ireton to do the shopping which she found inevitable,—all this was very apparent to Diana. Mrs Hunstanton, and even Miss Trelawny's maid, remarked these circumstances with wrath, and the former hotly declared it to be utter cynicism and disbelief in human nature which made Diana laugh, and go on petting the little humbugs as much as ever. Is there always perhaps a little cynicism mingled with the toleration of the larger nature? Diana pro-

tested against it warmly, and felt herself injured by the imputation. She did not expect so much as the others did. It pleased herself to be kind and liberal to them. She did not want gratitude. Thus one part of the world will argue for ever, while another part receives the favours given and feels itself relieved from obligation by that very argument; and a third, incapable either of the generosity or the ingratitude, stands by and grows wroth and criticises. After all, it is the givers who have the best of it, though they have all the loss and the largest share of the pain,—which is a paradox, as most things that concern this paradoxical human nature must be.

The travellers went away, and Diana was left alone. Even in the heyday of health and life this is seldom desirable. She was alone in the world. So fortunate, so happy, so capable a woman, with "everything that heart could desire," did her prosperity, her wealth and power, and beautiful surroundings do much for her? I think they did ameliorate her lot to an almost incalculable extent. Shut up in a limited space, in sordid circumstances, poor, with nothing to occupy her active faculties, she would have been like a caged lion. But she had abundance to do—occupations important and valuable and necessary, not the things done for the mere sake of occupation which are the lot of so many women, and indeed also of many men. The work of the estate, taken up for the first time for many generations with genuine enthusiasm, exercised all her powers; and as she had the advantage over most reformers of being able actually to execute a great many of the reforms she had planned, her work kept her going

as perhaps no other work could have done. A reforming despot, eager to set everything right, and really able in many cases to enact the part of Providence, redress wrongs, and do poetic justice among men,—what position could be more sustaining and encouraging to a vigorous and fanciful soul? Diana's "work" occupied her like a profession. She was rich, for what use but the good of others? The most extravagant expenditure possible to herself personally, she thought, could not amount to half of her income—though she loved to have beautiful things about her, and to spend liberally with the generous habit of her nature. She never meant to marry, she never meant to save. The next Trelawny who should succeed her would find an unencumbered estate and an improved one, please God, but hoards of money none. This was the intention of her life. You may believe, if you please, that some disgust of youth with the ordinary arrangements of humanity, some horror of false love, or forgotten outrage of the heart, was at the bottom of the system upon which she had formed her future existence. But whatever this was, she had surmounted the pain of it, and her imagination had been caught by that ideal of the virgin princess, which has something captivating in it, though it is rarely recognised by the world. Then she had herself been poor, and knew how to give succour and who needed it.

But she kept the family lawyers of the Trelawny house, I allow, in a state of fever and exasperation very prejudicial to the health of these respectable gentlemen. They thought her mad, no less, when she proposed to them to give large slices of her income

to this one and the other—not "the poor," in the ordinary sense of the word. Subscriptions to hospitals, to orphanages, to charities in general, that they understood; but a civil list of pensions like the Queen's—sometimes more liberal than her Majesty is permitted to give! "The young woman is mad!" said Mr Seign and Mr Cachet. But it was in favour of Diana's sanity that she had her dresses from Paris, and drove a beautiful pair of horses, and bought pictures, and saw a great deal of society. Her conservatories were the pride of the county; her head gardener a man of such erudition that professors quailed before him. This did not look like insanity; neither did the great Christmas party which gathered in the Chase, when Mr Cachet was one of the guests, and was forced to acknowledge that things had not been carried on with anything like so much splendour in old Sir John's time. She was not a hermit nor an anchorite nor a monomaniac. As for her resolution not to marry, of course that meant solely that she had not yet been addressed by the right man; and when he appeared, no doubt he would make short work with the civil list. This calmed the tone of Messrs Seign & Cachet's remonstrances. They protested on principle against any new "eccentricity" of the feminine Squire of Trelawny; but they trusted in time and the chapter of accidents, and Diana's beauty and her youth—for naturally when she has a large property, however it may be under other circumstances, a woman of thirty has by no means ceased to be young.

Thus Diana occupied herself through the dulness of the winter; but when spring began to thrill nature with its first touches



through the gloom her energy flagged. There was no one with her. Were I to say that these two silly little women in the Red House had been "company" for Diana it would be folly; and yet she missed them and their chatter and their soft voices. How much domestic comfort there is in pleasant looks and smiles and soft tones, even when unaccompanied by high qualities! They had gone away without thinking much of her who was so much their superior, accepting her favours with light hearts, but quite easy in the thought that Diana liked to give. And she, foolish, bigger, nobler creature, missed them! How absurd it was, yet true! And she missed also the Hunstantons, her nearest neighbours, and her strength of winter flagged; and all those imaginations to which "in spring a young man's fancy lightly turns" awoke in Diana's mind—not to thoughts of love, but to those unnamed and unnamable disturbances, longings for something other than what we possess, which are not confined to youth alone. "Folk are longen to gon on pilgrimages,"—old characteristic of human nature never changed! Diana got up one morning with a sudden thought in her mind. She, who for these last two years had been helping all sorts of people to all sorts of pleasure, she had never been anywhere herself, except in the last months of old Lady Trelawny's life, when she went to Cannes with her in an invalid pursuit of the warmth and sunshine. She made up her mind all at once to go to Italy too.

I don't know whether it was fortunate or unfortunate for her, but it was the fact, that her first rapid glance round all her horizon *to try to remember* if she knew *any one who would like to be*

taken there with her—came to nothing. If she chose to go she must make up her mind to go for herself. Well, she said after an interval, why not go for myself! There was nothing unlawful in it, no more than in getting dresses from Paris, which she did without hesitation. Therefore, accordingly, with her usual rapidity, having placed everything on a safe footing that none of her enterprises might be arrested, Diana set off. She sent no warning letters before her. Perhaps this was rash: but it was not as if she expected any special warmth of welcome. She knew exactly how she would be received by all her friends,—how Sophy and her aunt would flutter about her; how Mrs Hunstanton would raise her eyebrows, and proceed to immediate but probably silent speculations as to what had brought her; how Mr Hunstanton would claim her interest in the histories of all his friends; even how sickly Reginald would inspect her to see what she had brought him. All this Diana knew beforehand. She went rapidly across the sea and land on the last wild days of March, and found herself whirled through the Tuscan plain among the almond-trees in the beginning of April. What a flush there was everywhere about of those almond-trees, useful and meant for fruiting, not kept merely to be the earliest ornaments of the garden, like ours! She seemed to be wandering through the backgrounds of all the Italian pictures she knew, seeing the soft evening light strike upon the little cones of hills, the old castles and convents. Was this the Val d'Arno, the country of dreams, and were these the Apennines? There was a vague elation, a sense of wondering joyous unreality, in the very names.

The Hunstantons "knew themselves" in all these places which are frequented by invalids, and knew where to go. They were established in an old palace on the sunny side of the river. There they had saved wood and kept themselves warm all the winter, and now began to talk of the risks of too much heat and the necessity of closing the *persianis*. Reginald was better, and as for Sophy's cough no one had heard it since she left England. It had been cured too soon; but only Mrs Hunstanton recollected this fact, or ever had mentioned it. The Hunstantons had the second floor of the palace, being economical people; the Nortons had a little *appartamento* above. They lived separately, yet together; and Reginald had been so much happier with the Nortons to fall back upon, to find out conundrums for him, and play games with him, and fill up his idle moments, that his mother had forgotten all her objections to her fellow-travellers. Reginald was her very dear son, but he was not an interesting boy. Sometimes even fathers and mothers are conscious of this fact, but kind little Mrs Norton was quite unconscious of it. "I do really believe that Diana, who thinks of everything, saw what an advantage it would be for Reginald, and that she sent them for that, as much as for Sophy's ridiculous little pretence of a cough," Mrs Hunstanton had been saying on the very evening of Diana's arrival. This was when she and her husband were alone after dinner on one of their "off-nights." On alternate evenings they held small receptions,—little gossiping friendly parties which were not parties, and to which the English—of whom this lady had said that the less said of them the better—con-

stantly came. One stranger only interfered on this evening with the conjugal *tête-à-tête*. He was an Italian—a Florentine—of the great house of the Pandolfini, but not a wealthy scion of the race.

"Yes; Sophy is an unselfish little thing. I always told you so. She likes to be of use."

"I observe," said Pandolfini, who bore the title of Cavaliere, but was invariably addressed, according to Italian use and wont, by his Christian name. He spoke good but formal English, avoiding the contractions with which we break the solemnity of our speech. "I observe that it is the epithet for the young lady—unselfish. All the English say so. Is there not, then, another epithet which will mean something more large, more fine?"

"What could be finer than unselfishness?" said Mrs Hunstanton, raising her eyebrows. "Mind, I don't apply it as so many people do; and I was not talking of Sophy, whose chief claim is that she is young and pretty, but of her aunt: or rather, indeed, of Diana."

"Ah, Diana!" said her husband; "that is a different thing altogether."

"And who, then, is Diana?" said Pandolfini, smiling. He had heard the name a great many times; but that any one should be ignorant who Diana was seemed so unlikely to the little party, that the Italian, though a constant visitor, knew nothing of her but her name.

"Oh, Diana! Why, you know she— Who is that, my dear, at the door? We don't expect any one, do we, to-night?"

"I don't expect any one—unless you have forgotten what night it was, as I've known you to do, and asked somebody——"





"Why, why!" said Mr Hunstanton—"God bless me! listen: if I did not know she was safe in England I should say that voice — My dear!—why, it is! Diana, her very self!"

The Italian stood behind backs, smiling and looking on. The room was large and but partially lighted, with frescoes on the walls shining out here and there where there was light enough to see them. He saw a lady come in against one of these illuminated bits of wall, relieved against a mass of dark-crimson drapery, holding out her hands. She was in black, with a lace veil wound about her head. The smile faded off his face as he stood and gazed. He had been thinking of Sophy's type of English woman-kind, which was what he had seen most, with that same amused, indulgent, kind semi-contempt which had been in Diana's mind. But here he was stopped suddenly short. The beautiful face which met his look without being aware of it was pale, partly by nature, partly by fatigue. Her hair was dark, shining with a soft gloss, yet ruffled over her forehead by a tendency to curl which had often disturbed Diana: her eyes of that lustrous and dewy grey which is so rare: her face as perfect in its somewhat long oval as if it had been painted by Luini, but not weak as Luini's faces sometimes are. She stood smiling, putting out her hands, which looked like snow through the cloud of drooping lace. "Yes, it is Diana—the last person in the world you expected to see!" she said.

Pandolfini felt the words echo down to the very bottom of his heart. Surely the very last person in the world he had expected to see,—such a woman as he had *been looking* for all his life! *Fortunately he was in the shade, and*

she was occupied with her friends and the welcome they gave; and though she saw there was a stranger present, could not see, and therefore could not be offended by, his gaze. And an Italian can gaze at a woman without impertinence as a man of no other nation can. If she is beautiful, is it not the homage he owes her? and if she is not beautiful, it is kind to make her think so—to give the admiration due to her sex, if not to her. Presently, however, he awoke to the recollection that English susceptibilities were sometimes shocked by this simple homage. He did not go away as an Englishman would have done, but he went to one of the distant windows, and, half hidden in the curtains, looked on still while they put her in a chair, discharging volleys of questions—while they offered her everything, dinner, tea, wine, all that a traveller might be supposed to require, and she replied with soft laughter and explanations, declaring herself fully refreshed and rested. Then there was a flutter and a rush, and the two little ladies from the third floor came rushing in, called by Reginald, and blotted out the beautiful new-comer with their embracings. When the party remembered him at last, and brought him out of the shadow and presented him to the stranger, Pandolfini, much against his will, had to go away. Not even his Italian simplicity was proof against the little chill that came over the English group as he was brought (of course by good Mr Hunstanton's officious kindness) into the midst of it. "I must not disturb the happiness of the re-seeing," he said in his formal English, carefully pronouncing every syllable. Sophy had been sent by her aunt to fetch something as he got his hat in the anteroom, and lingered

a moment in the great gloomy staircase, lighted only by the little coiled taper she carried, and by the lamp of the servant who stood ready to show him the way down that dark cavern of stairs. It made a curious picture,—the light all centring in Sophy's whiteness, her muslin dress, and the flower face that bloomed over it in all the English glory of complexion. She lingered to say good-night to him, putting out her soft little hand. "You are happy to-night?" he said, looking at her with that kind smile. "How can I help it?" cried Sophy, but with a curious wistful look in her eyes; "Diana has come." Then she ran with a thrill and vibration of light and brightness up into the dark, carrying her taper, and he more heavily went down to the night and the outside world.

Diana has come! He kept saying it to himself all the way back to his lodging, trying to harden the soft syllables in the English way—then melting, softening over them, taking them back to his own tongue. The moon was large in the sky, stooping out of the blue, wondering at him—she, too, who was Diana. He

laughed to himself softly, and then—strange!—felt his eyes full of tears. Why, in the name of every sylvan goddess?—because an English lady whom he had never seen before had suddenly appeared in the big, dim, painted room, where her country-people were staying—the most natural of incidents. What could he do but laugh at himself thus suddenly startled into—sentiment. Yes, that was the word—a foolish word, meaning a foolish thing. But why that filling of the eyes? He was an Anglo-maniac, and it vexed him to feel how southern he was, how unrestrained, overcome in that foolish Italian way by feeling. An Englishman would not have been capable of these absurd tears. And as he pursued his way in the moonlight all the length of the Lung' Arno the bells began to strike their prolonged Italian twenty-two hours, for it was ten o'clock: and every chime all over the city (for need I say every clock was a little behind its brother?), prolonging the twenty-two into half a hundred, struck out the same sound that was in his heart: Di—ana — Diana — Diana! She had come—she whom no one had heard of till to-day.



## M A R B O T.

To the reader of military history the reflection may often have occurred, why it is that the military events of the First Empire continue to command a more vivid interest than the military operations of more modern times, which yet were on a vastly larger scale, and which in some respects had much greater consequences. No victory achieved by Napoleon can compare, in respect of magnitude of the figures to be quoted, with Gravelotte or Sedan. The famous capture of Mack's army at Ulm was a small affair in comparison with the capitulation of Metz. And yet the less recent, and in some respects less momentous events, possess a greater degree of fascination for almost every reader. One reason for this is perhaps to be found in the fact that, large although were the figures dealt with in the Franco-German war, crushing although were the successive defeats of the French army, nevertheless the Germans did not occupy more than a part of the whole French soil; whereas Napoleon practically overran the whole of Europe, and entirely recast its political condition. Further, while we must all admire the military genius which ruled the great events of 1870-71, yet the principal agent in them was, after all, only the staff officer of the nominal commander-in-chief, by whom his personality was in a great measure shrouded at the time, although it is now more clearly recognised. Again, it can hardly be said that the great strategist took an active part in the actual fighting: we picture

him as the calm impassive machine, whose far-seeing and relentless prescience penetrates and confounds all the plans of his enemy, but his personal influence as the general immediately leading the troops was not exerted. On the other hand, the generals who were actually engaged in command of army-corps and divisions were for the most part elderly men, whose names at the outbreak of the war were unknown outside their own country, and who, from that absence of vanity and the high public spirit and sense of duty which in the German army tend to merge the man in the system, have not been much heard of since. Nor, indeed, was much left to the individual volition of any subordinate general: he was always acting under the immediate command of higher authority; the general direction given him was to press the enemy wherever he found him. Beyond such limited variations on that theme as it might be possible for him to execute, there was not much room left for the display of special genius, however great might be the scope afforded for the exercise of courage in leading his men.

On the other hand, although Napoleon never achieved a victory like Sedan, or a capitulation like that of Metz, his personal influence was felt at every point throughout the army, and extended far beyond the military sphere of operations; while the French Marshals, although none of them attained to the first rank as commanders, had almost all at one time or another important independent commands.

and their term of active employment extended in the case of most of them over the whole of the great war—nearly a quarter of a century. Lastly, while the French histories and memoirs of that eventful period are, many of them, conspicuous for literary skill, the Franco-German War has so far been unfortunate in its chroniclers. The official account of that war, although it will be of the utmost use to the historian hereafter, is very hard reading; the recently published memoirs of Von Moltke on the same subject is also a very dry work: it may be added that its intrinsic merits for the English reader have been much lessened by the indifferent character of the translation.

Of the many fascinating books which have been written about the Napoleonic wars, no more interesting one has ever been written than the one which has just appeared, the '*Mémoires du Général Baron de Marbot*,' in three large volumes which do not contain a dull paragraph. They chronicle the life of a soldier who was engaged in almost as many of those wars as was possible for one man to take a part in; they give us also a more particular and vivid account of the famous generals under whom he served than has ever before been available.

Marbot was born in 1782, and was therefore a child at the outbreak of the French Revolution. His father, also a soldier, although belonging to the aristocracy had thrown himself into the movement, and so had maintained his position and rose quickly to high command in the Republican army. Admission to that army in any rank could, at this time, only be obtained as a private soldier, and in 1799 young Marbot, then a mere

enlisted in the 1st Regiment

of Hussars, a corps which had belonged to the old royalist army of France, and was then serving in Italy, in the division of which Marbot's father was about to take the command. Napoleon's wonderful campaign of 1796-97 had already made him the foremost Frenchman of the day. He was at this time on his return from the expedition to Egypt; and the Marbots, father and son, travelling to Italy, met, at Lyons, Napoleon on his way to Paris, and Marbot gives an interesting account of the interview. Napoleon was already contemplating the *coup d'état* shortly to be carried through which brought him to the head of the state, and tried hard to attach Marbot *père* to his party, but the latter was too staunch a Republican to be won over.

Whilst still a recruit, young Marbot fights a duel with one of the leading bullies of the regiment, which recalls a similar episode in the well-known '*Le Conscri*' of Erckmann-Chatrian; and in a few weeks obtains promotion to sergeant for gallantry in leading a detachment of his regiment in a reconnaissance. The officer in command, professing to be taken ill, stopped behind on the way, leaving the detachment to go on without him. The men of the detachment, who were all Alsations knowing neither French nor Italian, unanimously voted Marbot, who was the scholar of the party, to the command of the enterprise, which resulted in the capture of a considerable party of the enemy's outlying pickets and the gain of valuable information about the position of their main body; and on the return of the detachment young Marbot, then barely seventeen, was promoted to sergeant on the spot, while the officer who had



stopped behind was broke for cowardice. A few weeks later, during an engagement with the enemy, a detachment of the regiment with which he was serving attacked and carried off a battery of Austrian artillery in a very dashing way, and the general in command announced his intention of conferring on it three sabres of honour and a sub-lieutenancy. Three out of the five non-commissioned officers had been killed; there remained only Marbot and another, and the promotion was given to him. He was thereon attached to the staff of his father, who commanded three divisions of the army which, under Masséna, was shortly afterwards cut off from France, and sustained the famous siege of Genoa. A short but most interesting account is given of this famous siege, during which famine and the attendant typhus made terrible ravages in the French army, which was reduced, when capitulation was at last forced upon Masséna from absolute failure of food, from 17,000 to less than 4000 men. The losses of the unfortunate people of Genoa were vastly greater. We are accustomed to associate the idea of the French soldier with great gallantry and dash in attack, but want of stability in defence. But it would be impossible for any troops to surpass the heroism of the French under Masséna in this memorable siege, and indeed the history of the whole war abounds in instances of the tenacity of the French troops under disaster, their gallantry in the defence of fortified places, their capacity when led well to come up to time again and again after defeat,—qualities of which the raw conscripts who under Chanzy in the late war made such a gallant stand, furnish another conspicuous illustration.

*The elder Marbot died during*

the siege of Genoa from a wound received in the early part of it; almost all his staff officers were killed or died of typhus. Masséna, who also had lost the greater part of his staff officers, took over young Marbot as an aide-de-camp; and when at the capitulation he obtained a safe-conduct for two staff officers to communicate with Napoleon, who, having just accomplished his celebrated march over the Alps, was executing the movements which led up to the battle of Marengo, he selected Marbot to be one of the two. After describing his journey through the Austrian lines, Marbot says: "Napoleon spoke to me with interest of the loss which I had just experienced, and promised to behave like a father to me if I conducted myself well, and he has kept his word. He was never tired of asking us about what had happened in Genoa, as well as about the strength and the movements of the Austrian corps which we had passed through to reach him at Milan. He kept us about him, and mounted us from his own stables, for we had travelled on post-mules." The two aides-de-camp were thus employed on the First Consul's staff at the battle of Marengo; and at one point of the battle, just as Marbot had returned from carrying an order to another part of the field, "noticing that the horse I was riding had been slightly wounded in the thigh, the First Consul took me by the ear and said, laughing, 'Did I lend you my horses to bring them into this mess?'" Marbot adds: "The Commandant Graziani having died in 1812, I am the only officer who took part in the siege of Genoa as well as in the battle of Marengo."

Returning to Paris after the war, Marbot was appointed extra

aide-de-camp to Bernadotte, who had been a friend of his father, and who was then commanding the Army of the West at Rennes. Bernadotte's personal staff consisted of eleven aides-de-camp, all of whom were either killed or attained to distinction afterwards. At that time the Republican generals in independent command lived in the most sumptuous way, and had apparently as many staff officers as they pleased. The number of horses belonging to Bernadotte and his staff amounted to more than eighty, which it was the particular duty of the extra aide-de-camp to take charge of. On Napoleon attaining to the chief power, he brought this, as every other part of the administrative system, civil as well as military, under strict rule.

From this peaceful but disagreeable occupation of stud-groom to Bernadotte, Marbot was called away to regimental duty on appointment as sub-lieutenant in the 25th Chasseurs, which formed part of the army sent to overawe Portugal, in political communication with the Spanish Government. The two countries being then at peace, the French army marching through Spain met with a very friendly reception, and this portion of Marbot's service was sufficiently pleasing. His first experience of that country was thus vastly different from what followed in later years, while the knowledge he then obtained of Spain proved afterwards very serviceable. He returned with the rest of the troops to France in 1802, and was quartered with his regiment for some time at Toulouse. The following amusing story belongs to this period of his career:—

"One of our captains, a very fine fellow, would have been one of the handsomest men in the army if his

calves had been in harmony with the rest of his body; but his legs were like broomsticks, which was particularly uncomely with the tight pantaloons then worn by the Chasseurs. To remedy this defect, Captain B. had a pair of big pads made in the form of calves, which completed his fine figure. The regulations required that the officers' chargers should have their tails long, like those of the men. Our colonel, M. Moreau, was always splendidly mounted, but all his horses had docked tails; and as he was afraid that General Bourcier, a strict observer of regulations, would find fault with him for setting a bad example to his officers, he had attached for the inspection false tails to all his horses, so well fitted that without knowing it you would never have supposed they were not real ones. The general, at the inspection, knocked the regiment about a good deal, with the result that Captain B.'s calves worked round to his shins, and the horse-hair tail of the colonel's charger got detached from the stump, and was hanging by the string, above which the real docked tail spread out like a turkey-cock."

Young Marbot seeing these absurd figures in front of him when the regiment was pulled up at the end of the inspection, could not restrain "un fou rire des plus éclatants" just in front of the inspector-general, and was ordered into close arrest. But the other officers were similarly affected in turn by the spectacle; and when, later in the day, the general was told of the reason of the outbreak, he was equally amused, and Marbot's arrest was removed.

Shortly after this Marbot left his regiment temporarily to join a cavalry school at Versailles, and while there a happy thought seized him, and on the strength of obligations which Augereau was under to his father, he wrote to the former asking to be appointed to his staff. His mother charged herself with the letter to the general,



who received the widow of his old friend with the greatest kindness, drove off straightway to the Minister of War, "and that very evening brought my mother my warrant of aide-de-camp,"—an appointment which Marbot held for some years, seeing in that capacity an immense amount of service. Augereau has been generally held to be a swaggering, overbearing soldier of the type which the Revolution produced so abundantly; but, says Marbot, "this is a mistake; for although he had passed a tempestuous youth, and had made many mistakes, he was amiable, well-mannered, warm-hearted, and I declare that of the five marshals with whom I have served, it was incontestably he who mitigated most the evils of war, who was the best affected to the people of the country, and who treated his staff most kindly, living with them like a father in the midst of his children." Marbot gives a very interesting biography of his general, whose career was certainly among the most remarkable of that period of ups and downs. Born in 1757, Augereau served for some years as a private soldier in a regiment of carabineers, attaining great reputation as a swordsman and duellist. One of his encounters was especially remarkable. "According to a most absurd custom, there existed an inveterate hatred between different regiments, the cause of which, dating long backwards, was not even known, but which, handed down from age to age, led to duels taking place every time that these corps met each other. Thus the gendarmes of Lunéville and the carabineers had been at war for more than half a century, notwithstanding that they had never *met* each other during the whole of *that time*. At last, at the begin-

ning of the reign of Louis XVI., they met at the camp of Compiègne," when duels at once broke out. To put a stop to this, it was determined to settle the dispute by a single combat between two champions chosen from the respective regiments. The choice of the carabineers fell on Augereau—or, to be more exact, Augereau insisted on taking the place of the man on whom the lot fell, because the latter was married. His antagonist was a notorious bully, and on the ground asked Augereau whether he preferred to be buried in the town or in the country. The latter fate befell himself, as Augereau ran him through, a result of which no public notice was taken by the authorities. But all Augereau's encounters had not so easy an issue, for shortly after this he killed, in an improvised duel, an officer who had drawn upon him and struck him with his sword; and to escape the death which would have been the certain penalty for this offence, he fled the country, and eventually finding his way to the Crimea, took service in the Russian army. After some years he deserted from Russia, and enlisted in the Prussian army. This in the days of Frederick was practically slavery for life, escape from which was almost impossible for a single soldier, it being Frederick's method to turn the whole country on a deserter, and so take him dead or alive. To avoid this fate, Augereau organised a band of Frenchmen, like himself serving in the Prussian army, which deserted in a body, and fought their way across country into Saxony, then an independent kingdom. There he supported himself by dancing and fencing lessons, until able to return to France by the amnesty published on the birth of the Dauphin, when he was readmitted into the

carabineers. After a time he was attached with a body of instructors for service in the Neapolitan army. While at Naples he made a secret marriage with the daughter of a Greek merchant there, and escaped with her to Lisbon, where, on the outbreak of the French Revolution, he was arrested and placed in the prison of the Inquisition, apparently for no other fault than that of being a Frenchman. He owed his liberation to the same circumstance; for his wife appealing to the captain of a French ship in the harbour, the latter demanded the release of the prisoner in such high terms that the demand was granted, and Augereau returned in the ship to France with his wife. He was now thirty-five, without having risen beyond the non-commissioned grade, but his turn of fortune had come: he was promoted in the first instance to captain in the new army, and, rising rapidly in the earlier wars of the Revolution, was one of Napoleon's most distinguished generals in the famous campaigns of 1796-97. Marbot says that Augereau was extremely generous, especially to his brother officers and old friends; and that although he drew a large salary, unlike most members of Napoleon's military aristocracy he died a poor man.

When the war of 1805 with Austria broke out, the Seventh Corps under Augereau formed the left wing of the Grand Army which had for some years been threatening the invasion of England, and which was now transferred to Germany, the Seventh Corps forming the right flank. Augereau held a detached command in the Black Forest and valley of the Upper Danube, and his corps executed the successful operations which led to the capitulation of the army under the

Austrian General Jellachitz. It was thus at too great a distance from the mass of the Grand Army to be brought up in time to share in the crowning victory of Austerlitz; but Marbot, being deputed by his general to carry to Napoleon the colours and other trophies taken from the Austrians, reached the Imperial headquarters before that battle, in which he served on Napoleon's personal staff. He here describes an incident which took place before the battle, interesting as illustrating the combination of severity and indiscipline presented by Napoleon's method of administration, which he entitles, "The danger of telling a good-natured lie."

"The Emperor was accustomed to treat his officers with kindness, but there was one point on which he was perhaps too severe: he held colonels responsible for keeping a great number of men in the ranks of their regiments, and as this is precisely what it is most difficult to do in campaigning, it was a point about which the Emperor was most deceived. The commanders of regiments were so afraid of displeasing him, that they exposed themselves to the liability of having to fight against a number of the enemy disproportionate to the strength of their troops, rather than admit that illness, fatigue, and the necessity of procuring for themselves means of living had compelled a great many of the soldiers to lag in the rear. Thus Napoleon, in spite of his power, never knew exactly the number of combatants at his disposal on the day of battle."

Thus, he goes on to say, on the day before Austerlitz, Napoleon, while riding round the position, noticed the chasseurs à cheval of his guard, a pet regiment, on the move. Very quick at making out the strength of any force, he noticed the weakness of this regiment, and taking a note-book out of his pocket, he sent for the colonel of





the regiment, and said to him in a stern manner that his regiment was entered in his notes as having 1200 effectives, but although it had not yet been engaged, it had not more than 800 present. What had become of the rest? The colonel, a gallant officer but not quick at reply, stammered out in his Franco-Alsatian dialect that there were only a very small number of men missing. The Emperor suspected that it was nearly 400 men short, and turning to Marbot, ordered him to count them and bring him a report of the exact number of men, saying which he galloped off. A certain captain in this regiment was an old friend of Marbot's, and begged him on the score of their friendship to save General Morland from the scrape by concealing from the Emperor its weakness in effectives. Marbot, however, refused to do so, and counting the men, found that the Emperor's estimate had been accurate, and that there were only about 800 men present. Marbot in this difficulty put off returning to headquarters till it was night, when he found the Emperor lying at full length on an immense map. "As soon as he saw me, he cried, 'Well, Marbot, how many chasseurs are there present in my corps? is the number 1200 as Morland pretends?' 'No, Sire,' I replied, 'I counted only 1120—that is to say, 80 short.'" The Emperor, not satisfied with this report, was going late at night to the bivouac of the regiment, when he was interrupted on the way by hearing the bands of the Russian troops, encamped about half a league off, and rode away to make fresh dispositions for the coming battle. Thus, Marbot observes, he *escaped the exposure of his false report, which might have ruined*

his career, and, as he says, "The lesson was a good one for me. Afterwards when I, myself a colonel, was questioned by the Emperor as to the number of effectives present in the squadrons of my regiment, I always told him the exact truth."

Marbot, who, being for the occasion on the Emperor's staff, was in a position to see all that passed, gives an extremely interesting account of Austerlitz. He escaped unhurt that day, but nearly lost his life the following morning in saving a wounded Russian, who had been floating about the lake all the night on a fragment of the ice which had been broken up by the fire of the French artillery during the firing on the Russians, which thus destroyed a great number of the Russians retreating across the lake. Marbot, with another staff officer, inspired by Napoleon's presence, plunged naked into the icy water, and succeeded in bringing the wounded man to shore; but only the cares and comforts obtainable at headquarters saved his life from the shock. Napoleon, having himself given him "some excellent rum" to drink, asked him how he liked his bath. The other officer never recovered, and had to be invalided from the army.

On the termination of the campaign, Augereau and the Seventh Corps were quartered at Darmstadt, where, according to Marbot, the Marshal kept his troops in such good order, and showed such consideration to the people of the country, that the force in occupation although living in free quarters made itself fairly popular. Marbot, ordered to Paris with despatches for Napoleon, was sent by him with despatches to the French Ambassador at Berlin, and while

there saw abundant evidence of the Prussian feeling of hostility towards France which brought about the campaign of Jena in the following autumn. As an introduction to that campaign, in which the Seventh Corps took a conspicuous part, Marbot gives an instructive account of the state of the Prussian army, the composition and worth of which were, in his opinion, altogether insufficient to justify the King of Prussia in attempting to measure himself against the French at that epoch. "The Prussian captain was the proprietor of his company. Their horses, arms, clothing, everything belonged to him: it was a kind of farm which he let out to the Government at a fixed price. There being no conscription, the captains enrolled first all the Prussians they could get, and then all the vagabonds in Europe whom their recruiters could inveigle away from the neighbouring states. But this not being sufficient, the Prussian recruiters carried off by force a great number of men who, made soldiers against their will, were held to service until their age rendered them unfit to carry arms: then they were granted letters authorising them to beg, for there were no pensions. During their service, these men were mixed up among the real Prussians in order to prevent mutiny." "To keep an army of this sort in order," he adds, "a discipline of iron was necessary: the smallest fault was punished by flogging. The Prussian officers were generally well educated, and did their duty well; but half of the officers, men born beyond the frontier, were poor gentlemen from almost all the countries of Europe, who, having taken service simply as a means of livelihood, had no patriotism, and were not devoted to Prussia, whose

cause in adversity they usually abandoned." This criticism of an acute observer contains a moral which we may take to heart. When we speak of an army or nation, it may be very delusive to assume that the organisation, the spirit, and the temper are fixed quantities, always remaining the same without reference to circumstances. No two military bodies could be more unlike each other than the Prussian army before Jena and the German army of the present day; nor have we any right to assume that the British army would always be of the same quality, whatever may be the defects of its administration or the changes made in its organisation.

Prussia and Germany overrun, the French army advanced into Poland against the Russians. The Seventh Corps had a prominent part in this campaign, of which Marbot gives as usual a graphic account; while no more vivid description of Eylau has ever been written. It was here that Marbot, now a captain, got the first of his eleven wounds in carrying an order to the famous battalion, the 14th of the Line, cut off from the rest of the army, to retire from the isolated hill they were occupying, and to which it was impossible to send aid.

"It was the custom in the imperial army for the aides-de-camp to place themselves in file a few paces behind their general, and the one who was at the head of the file carried the first order received, and then placed himself at the end of it when he had executed his commission, so that each one taking an order in turn, danger was equally distributed. A gallant captain of Engineers named Froissard, who, although he was not an aide-de-camp, was attached to the Marshal's staff, being nearest to him, was charged with the order for the 14th. M. Froissard galloped off: we



lost sight of him in the midst of the Cossacks, and we never saw him again, nor heard of him. The Marshal, seeing that the 14th was not moving, sent an officer named David. He met with the same fate as Froissard: we never heard anything more of him. It is probable that both of them, having been killed and stripped, could not be recognised amongst the numerous corpses with which the soil was covered. For the third time the Marshal calls out, 'The officer to go!' It was my turn."

How Marbot executed his order, and brought away the eagle of the 14th, which the commanding officer made over to him to deliver to the Emperor, the battalion being unable to come away, and remaining there to be killed to a man; and how eventually, his horse falling, he was left for some hours on the field, and was afterwards found by his servant, stripped and senseless,—would be too long to describe here, but it was perhaps the most remarkable incident in a remarkable life. He says in conclusion: "In these days, when we are so prodigal of promotion and decorations, some reward would certainly have been given to an officer who braved the dangers I ran in riding up to the 14th at Eylau; but under the Emperor the quality of devotion was considered so natural, it was not given to me, and it never occurred to me to ask for it." Of this battle—probably the most obstinate ever fought by the French—Marbot gives the loss of the Russians at 25,000 men, and that of the French at 20,000, or 45,000 men in all, of whom one half died; and no wonder, considering the weather and the want of proper hospital accommodation.

After a short respite from campaigning spent at Paris with his mother while recovering from his

wounds, Marbot rejoined the army on the staff of Marshal Lannes, to whom Augereau, incapacitated by a wound received at Eylau, transferred his aide-de-camp. He was present at the bloody battle of Friedland, where his horse was killed under him, and he was very nearly disposed of in a charge of Russian cavalry which rode over him. After the peace of Tilsit he returned to France and to Augereau's staff. Augereau, still unfit for active service, procured Marbot's transfer to the staff of Murat, who was then in command of the army formed under the Pyrenees for the coming invasion of Spain. Under Murat, Marbot took part in the opening of the Spanish war. Accompanying his general on his return to France, he received from the Emperor the Cross of the Legion of Honour, at that time a great distinction. After a short stay in Paris, and on Murat resigning his command for the kingdom of Naples, Augereau procured Marbot's appointment to the staff of Marshal Lannes, Murat's successor in Spain. After the battle of Tudela, Marbot was sent off with a despatch to the Emperor announcing the victory. In ordinary course he would have taken the road towards the rear occupied throughout by detachments of French troops; but it was supposed that the army under Ney was advancing diagonally across the front to effect a junction with Lannes, and Marbot was ordered to take the direct line over the mountains for what was supposed to be the position occupied by the head of Ney's columns. Of this service, which the staff of the French army in Spain had to undertake, of carrying despatches from one point of the country to another, Marbot says that it was the most dangerous and arduous

which was ever imposed on them. At first the generals had a service of special couriers to carry their despatches ; but the Emperor, finding that these men were incapable of giving any explanation of what they had seen, ordered that in future despatches should be carried by aides-de-camp. Marbot says he does not exaggerate in placing at more than two hundred the number of staff officers who were killed or taken during the Peninsular war in this particular service. He had a very narrow escape on this occasion. Instead of finding Ney's advanced-guard at the expected point, he came upon the body of a crucified French officer, and was all but caught and killed himself by guerillas. He escaped with a wound, number two, bringing back his despatches with him ; and not being in a fit state to proceed with them by a safer route, they were conveyed to the Emperor by another officer, and he thus lost the promotion of *chef d'escadron*, to which he would have been entitled if taking them himself.

Marbot was with the army which, under the personal command of Ney, followed up the English in their retreat on Corunna, and gives a vivid account of the sufferings which the French troops, equally with the English, suffered on this occasion from the weather and bad roads. An extract may be reproduced :—

"The English troops are excellent, but as they are recruited only by voluntary engagements, and are difficult to procure in time of war, it becomes necessary to admit married men, who are allowed to be accompanied by their families. Thus the regiments drag after them a considerable number of women and children—a grave inconvenience, which Great Britain has never been able to remedy. It happened that at the moment when

the Emperor was passing before him the corps of Soult and Ney, outside the walls of Astorga, cries were heard from an immense barn. This was broken open : it contained from 1000 to 1200 English women and children, who, overcome by the long march of the previous days, made in icy rain, through seas of mud and flooded streams, had not been able to keep up with the army of General Moore, and had taken refuge in this vast barn, where for forty-eight hours they had lived on raw barley. Almost all of the women and children were good-looking, notwithstanding the filthy rags which covered them. They crowded round the Emperor, who, touched by their sad condition, had them lodged in the city, where rations were issued to them ; and Napoleon sent a *parlementaire* to inform the English general that as soon as the weather should permit, the women and children of the soldiers would be given up to him."

Of the battle of Corunna, which Marbot calls neither a victory nor a defeat, he observes that "the general-in-chief, Sir J. Moore, was killed, and his army was able to reach its ships only after immense losses : however, this event, which the French at first considered an advantage, proved very fatal for them, for General Moore was succeeded by Wellington, who did us afterwards so much mischief." Napoleon, it will be remembered, left Spain during the retreat on Corunna, in order to complete his arrangements for the war with Austria, then imminent. With his departure fortune left the French eagles. Henceforward the jealousies of the French marshals nullified the great numerical superiority of the French army over the English, aided although the former was by the political timidity of the British Government of the day and the unpatriotic detraction of Wellington and his army by the remains of the Whig party which was still in opposition. Marbot



makes frequent reference to these jealousies,—how one marshal stood still and refused to allow his corps to take part in an action, while another corps was sustaining a defeat from the English; how no two marshals could ever agree upon a combined plan of operation; and how one marshal sent to the aid of another by Napoleon withdrew his corps at the most critical point of the campaign, pleading that the Emperor's instructions did not permit him to march any further beyond his own district. This ill-feeling among his lieutenants was fostered by Napoleon's habit of centralising all authority in himself—a very good plan when he was in actual command of the army in the field, but a fatal one to pursue when he attempted to direct from Paris, and in detail, all the difficult and complicated operations of the different armies scattered throughout Spain. Centralisation was carried so far that an officer could not be invalided from one of the Spanish armies and sent back to France without specific authority first obtained from the War Department of Paris, as Marbot mentions in more than one instance. In fact, the French system of administration was as highly centralised as ours is at the present day, and, great administrator as Napoleon was, the system broke down even under him. But for these conditions working in his favour, Wellington, with all his skill and courage, would not have been able to maintain himself in Spain; while, as is well known, the British Government of the day would have been only too glad of a reasonable excuse for withdrawing him and his army from that country. It was not until after Salamanca that they gave him a really hearty support.

After Corunna, Lannes was appointed with two corps to undertake the siege of Saragossa, in which famous operation Marbot as usual came in for a full share of the hard knocks, the young aide-de-camp being told off by his general to lead the storming-party at the assault, and badly wounded for the third time. Saragossa taken, Lannes was recalled to France to take a command in the army assembling for the war with Austria. The marshal and his staff did the journey on horseback till they reached the French frontier, when a carriage was obtained and they proceeded by post; but no courier being available, this duty had to be undertaken by the aides-de-camp, each of the three riding in turn ahead of the carriage to procure the next relay of horses. Marbot says: "I will confess that it was a great effort to ride post in this way, when I was barely cured of my two wounds; but I trusted to my youth and good constitution." The first night he started in a violent storm, which wetted him to the skin; he lost his way and got bogged; "my teeth chattered and my wounds ached when my turn came to take my place in the *berline*." Add that the marshal travelled day and night, and could not bear the smell of eating in the carriage, so that his staff had to swallow their food during their turn of outrider, and that the journey was made in this way from the Pyrenees to Paris with hardly a stoppage, and, as Marbot observes, "we may see that the life of an aide-de-camp is not all rose-colour."

In the hard-fought campaign of 1809 Lannes's corps took a conspicuous part, and Marbot's account of it, like everything he writes, is equally lucid in the description of

the general movements of the armies and interesting in the personal details recorded. Of the battle of Eckmühl we may particularly note his description of the famous charge made at the end of the day by three divisions of French cavalry against the mass of the Austrian cavalry, covering the retreat of their army, a charge which completed its rout. Marbot ascribes the triumph of the former to the superiority of the French cuirass. "On the two sides the same courage, the same tenacity, equal numbers, but not equal defensive arms, for the Austrians wore cuirasses only in front; their backs had no protection in a *mêlée*. They received in the back great strokes, given at point by the French troopers, who, having two cuirasses, and not fearing to be wounded behind, thought only of striking, killed a great number of the enemy, and suffered only slight losses. The combat was simply butchery." In the attack on Ratisbon, Marshal Lannes, indignant at the failure of two assaults, seized a scaling-ladder himself, and rushed forward to show the troops the way. His staff took the ladder from him, and two of the number, Marbot and another, led the way themselves, and were first to get into the place, in full view of the French army. Napoleon, who had himself witnessed this gallant feat, gave the order for Marbot's promotion to *chef d'escadron* on the spot, saying to Berthier, the chief of the staff, "You will put this brevet before me the first time that you submit papers;" but Marbot adds that, the pressure of work coming on, the Emperor caused this order to be overlooked, and he had still to distinguish himself on more than one occasion before he actually got this coveted step. His next feat was to cross the Danube at night in

the middle of a tremendous storm, and seize and bring off a couple of Austrian soldiers from the opposite bank. The information given by these men about the strength of the Archduke Charles's army satisfied Napoleon that the whole of the Austrians had crossed over to the left bank of the river, and that he had no opposition to fear in the march onwards to Vienna. Taken before the Emperor to describe his proceedings of the night, Napoleon said to him, "I am very well pleased with you, Chef d'Escadron Marbot;" and says Marbot, "These words being equivalent to a brevet, I was overcome with joy." The Emperor added to the distinction by inviting him to breakfast, an honour never before paid to an officer of his rank; nevertheless, the coveted promotion was still withheld for another month, during which time he was once more wounded.

Essling and Wagram are described in great detail; indeed this is perhaps the best and fullest account that has ever been given of those great battles. The desperate resistance made by the Austrians, their frequent rallies and counter-attacks, and the tremendous losses suffered by the French, indicate that the superiority of the latter to the troops of the other Continental nations was now on the wane, although Marbot does not specifically state this. The jealousy of each other of the marshals, and their insubordination except to Napoleon himself, even when acting immediately under him in the field, is brought out in a very striking manner in this part of the narrative. Among other instances, Bessières so strongly resented being put under Lannes's orders during the battle of Essling, that he drew his sword on him before all the troops, and



the duel was only stopped by the veteran Masséna, who claimed, as the senior of both, the right to separate the disputants. At Essling Lannes was mortally wounded, and died, a few days later, in Marbot's arms. Marbot himself was wounded, and sent into hospital, but was sufficiently recovered to be present at Wagram. At this point of his narrative he gives an anecdote which is worth reproducing here. Up to a short time before the establishment of the Empire, there was no grade in the French regiment intermediate between that of colonel and *chef de bataillon*. Bonaparte, then First Consul, having determined to re-establish in each corps an officer of rank and functions analogous to those of the former lieutenant-colonel, referred to the Council of State the point what title this officer should bear. They suggested that it should be that of lieutenant-colonel. Napoleon, however, was strongly opposed to this, saying that the colonel should be a big man occupying a unique position in the regiment, and that if a lieutenant-colonel were introduced, his inferiors would soon by abbreviation call him, "My colonel"; but it was desirable that if a soldier said he was going to his colonel, it should not be necessary to ask him which colonel. Finally, it was decided that the officer in question intermediate between the colonel and the battalion commanders should be styled "Major." Now comes the moral. At the battle of Essling a French regiment which had been driven out of a village by the Austrians left its colonel behind. Napoleon, hearing of this, rode up to the regiment and asked where the colonel was. Several soldiers replying, "He has just been killed," Napoleon said, "I did not ask if

he is dead, but where is he?" Then a timid voice announced that he had been left in the village. "How is this, soldiers?" cried Napoleon. "You have abandoned the body of your colonel in the enemy's hands! Don't you know that a brave regiment should always be able to show its eagle and its colonel, dead or alive? You have left your colonel in this village—go and find him!" Thereupon the major cried out, "We are dishonoured if we do not bring off our colonel," and advances to the charge. The regiment followed him, carried the village again, and brought the colonel's body back and laid it before the Emperor, who, turning to his staff, said, "You see, when I asked where the colonel was, if there had been a lieutenant-colonel in place of the major, I should have been told, there he is!" Nowadays, after the recent novelty in military rank, if a general were to ride up to a British regiment which had lost its commanding officer, and ask where the colonel was, he would probably be told that the colonel was making a poultice. But, indeed, military rank in the British army has undergone such a levelling-down of late years that it is hard to say where the process is likely to stop.

After the death of Lannes, Marbot joined the staff of Masséna, served in that capacity at the battle of Wagram, and received a severe wound (the fifth) in the subsequent pursuit. After the conclusion of the peace with Austria and a short stay in Paris, he accompanied Masséna to Spain, and served throughout the campaigns of 1810-11 which proved so disastrous to the reputation of that marshal. Of the battle of Busaco, a desperate enterprise on the part of the French, he says

that the infantry had to contend not only against a quantity of obstacles and a most difficult scramble up-hill, "but also against the best shots in Europe, for up to this time the English troops were the only ones which were perfectly exercised in musketry. Their shooting was infinitely superior to that of the other nations." He remarks also that "when the French have a position to defend, after having sprinkled the front and the flanks with skirmishers, they crown the heights ostentatiously with the mass of their troops and the reserves, with the objectionable result of making known to the enemy the vulnerable point of our line. . . . The method employed by the English in a like case seemed to me infinitely preferable, as experience proved in the wars of the Peninsula. After having, as we do, covered the front of the position with skirmishers, they dispose their main force in such a way as to hide it from view, while yet keeping it sufficiently close to the critical point of the position that they can hurl it rapidly on the enemy if the latter comes to close quarters. Thus an attack made unexpectedly upon assailants who, after having suffered heavy losses, believe themselves already victorious, almost always succeeds. We had sad experience of this at the battle of Busaco." Again, in summing up the causes of the French failures in the Peninsular war, he says :—

"But in my own opinion, the principal cause of our reverses—although it has never been pointed out by any of the military men who have written upon the wars of Spain and Portugal—was the immense superiority of the shooting of the English infantry,—a superiority which is due to constant practice at the target, and in a great

degree also to its formation in two ranks. I am aware that a great number of French officers have denied the truth of this last cause; but experience has not the less proved that soldiers squeezed in between the first and third rank fire almost always in the air, and that the third rank cannot take aim at the enemy, of which the two first ranks interrupt the view. It is asserted that two ranks do not afford sufficient resistance against cavalry; but the English infantry doubles its ranks in the flash of an eye, forms four deep to receive the charge, and never have our cavalry been able to surprise it in two ranks—a formation which it quickly reassumes as soon as it wants to re-open fire."

This good shooting has been a distinctive quality of British troops from the day of Cressy and Agincourt; we venture to believe it is still in full vigour; and in no respect have the many measures taken by Sir Frederick Roberts—to call him once more by the old familiar name in which his eminent services have earned the recent distinction, as gratifying to his friends as honourable to himself—to improve the efficiency of the British army in India in every direction been more valuable or successful than in the constant attention and the marked impetus given by him to training in musketry.

Marbot was severely wounded in a cavalry skirmish during the retreat from Torres Vedras, and on Masséna being superseded by Marmont, returned with him to France. His next active service, following shortly after his marriage, was the Russian campaign of 1812, when, for the first time after twelve years' continuous employment on the staff, he served as a regimental officer, Napoleon having appointed him to the command of the 23d Chasseurs. Even then he did not attain at once the





coveted rank ; for the colonel of the regiment, although debarred by illness from serving at the head of it, was an excellent officer whom Napoleon did not wish to supersede until a sedentary appointment could be found for him in France—so that Marbot commanded the regiment, one of the finest in the army, and over 1000 strong at the outset, throughout the campaign in the grade of *chef d'escadron*. Happily for its efficiency, the 23d did not take part in the fatal march to Moscow, but formed part of the army which under Marshal Oudinot was detached to protect the left flank of the Grand Army. The former army was, however, heavily engaged, and sustained great losses—first under Oudinot, whom Marbot holds cheap, and afterwards, on Oudinot being wounded, under Saint Cyr, whom Marbot declares to have had a perfect genius for war, although his great military qualities in battle were marred by extreme indifference to the wants of his troops in quarters. Marbot got his sixth wound in a cavalry charge during this campaign. Oudinot's army joined the remains of the retreating Grand Army at the passage of the Beresina, where, through a combination of misfortunes, what little coherence was still remaining was almost all destroyed. The 23d Chasseurs was one of the few regiments the losses in which from exposure were not so excessive as to break up its organisation, which Marbot ascribes to the circumstance that he had supplied all his men with posteens during their stay in Poland. On this point of exposure he says that the troops which had bivouacked all along the retreat from Moscow (or at least *such of them as survived it*) were *by the end of it quite hardy,*

whereas the troops sent up to support them, and which had been brought out of warm barracks, succumbed immediately to the cold. One such brigade of 3000 men perished in the first night of their bivouac.

Marbot got his grade of colonel during the retreat, and a severe wound from a lance in one of the last cavalry fights of the campaign. Rejoining the regimental depot for a short time during the following spring, he returned to the army with drafts in time for the opening of the campaign of 1813 ; and the 23d, brought up to strength again, took an active part in the fighting of that year, including the three critical days of Leipsic, where Marbot was again wounded, but continued to serve with his regiment, which was attached to the rear-guard during the retreat of the French army to the Rhine.

During 1814 he held a command in France, but was called up for active service during the hundred days, and commanded a cavalry brigade at Waterloo, where he received a lance-wound in the chest. Exiled after the Restoration, he was eventually recalled to the army, and becoming a *persona grata* to the Orleans family, received his eleventh wound in Algeria, while attached to the staff of the Duc d'Orléans. Made a peer of France in 1845, he died during the Crimean war at the age of seventy-two.

These memoirs were prepared late in life for his children, and a more interesting military narrative has never been written. It is not only interesting,—the style is admirable, and the personal memoir is blended with a general review of the campaigns in which he took part, described in a most felicitous manner. The book abounds in

anecdotes, but has also a great deal of very acute criticism. Although an admirer of Napoleon, Marbot was by no means blind to his faults as a strategist and military administrator; while the many distinguished generals under whom he served are described in a way which shows that the writer was a keen judge of character. It is remarkable that so valuable and interesting a work should have remained so long unpublished; but whatever the reason for keeping it back, and whether or not the appearance of the book at the present time be accidental, so brilliant a record of the French army under Napoleon appears at a very appropriate time in the history of that army, to confirm the old confidence in itself which it is now beginning once more to feel. And one moral may be drawn from the graphic picture of the French army under the First Emperor, of which a slight sketch has been attempted here. It is sometimes held that an alleviation may be found of the burden now laid on Europe by its present extraordinary condition of all the nations in arms, from the very fact that it is the whole nation which will have to bear the weight and suffering of war. War, it is said, is no longer waged by governments with hired soldiers and for dynastic purposes, or to gratify personal ambition: the government in democratic countries is merely the representative and agent of the people, and the people at large have no desire to provoke a contest the effect of which will be brought home to every household. To those who regard this as a security for peace, the picture of the French nation and army as

drawn by Marbot is worth attentive study. After Friedland, it may be said the revolutionary fervour had quite worn itself out, and the French nation was at heart as peaceful as it is assumed to be now. Nor were the Frenchmen serving in the ranks different from their countrymen at home. The marshals who had got to the top of the profession were tired of war, and wanted to enjoy the fortunes they had made by it; the conscripts, who had nothing to get by it, were all longing to be back in their villages. Marbot, who represents the professional element at its best, with his spurs to win and honour within his reach, sighed for his young wife and child. But hopes and wishes were of no account against a centralised government, wielded by a perfectly unscrupulous man. And, what is particularly to be remembered, these peaceful aspirations were always borne under by the military spirit engendered in a mass of men held together in the bonds of discipline under an able leader. The gallant Marbot, who was no mere swashbuckler, but a humane, kind-hearted, and very intelligent man, had yet evidently a keen delight in war for its own sake, fostered by habit and the life he led; and the French army as a body went forth with gaiety of heart to a fate almost more certain than the gladiator's, for only a small minority survived. But a so-called popular government, if all authority is centred in it, may be just as despotic as an emperor; and in an army, the sentiment of the citizen is soon merged in the professional spirit of the soldier. A nation in arms is a mighty factor which does not necessarily make for peace.

G. CHESNEY.



## CHRONICLES OF WESTERLY: A PROVINCIAL SKETCH.—CONCLUSION.

## CHAPTER XXXV.—DEVELOPMENTS.

"But, if ye are resolved to marry, God b' w' ye."

—FARQUHAR.

"A scheme

To make your orphan-ward an instrument."

—LORD LYTTON.

"I must away,  
And it is meet I presently set forth."

—SHAKESPEARE.

FORTUNE favoured Adrian to an unusual degree, removing the necessity for the fictitious indisposition and consequent retirement to the solitude of his chamber. When he arrived he found the most intense excitement prevailing at the rectory.

A telegram had just been received from Bateman, announcing his intention to be there in time for dinner. His letter to Kate, of the day before, was written from Dublin, in which there were only vague threats of "turning up," but nothing definite. He wasn't expected for a week. He must have made up his mind on the instant, and travelled all night. When was the telegram sent? From where did it come? How long was it on the road? Ever so many important questions of a like sort had to be asked and re-asked, and discussed over and over again, by Georgie and Kate.

Nobody noticed Adrian in the bustle and hurry and gladness; so that, as it turned out, if he had laid down the lines for himself he could not have engineered them better. When our big lieutenant did, in due time, put in an appearance, a sense of gratitude added, if possible, a greater cordiality to the reception which Adrian gave him on their first introduction to each other—evoking a response from Bateman, in Kate's presence, to the effect that, though doubt-

less she flattered herself that she was the attraction which brought him back in a hurry, it was quite a mistake, as it was entirely a wish to make "uncle" Adrian's acquaintance. He wasn't believed; but he didn't expect to be—so it was all right. All the same, he was in uproarious spirits, which couldn't be repressed or guided.

As a matter of fact, he had come back to take away Kate. He was growing impatient of delay. He would not wait. The ceremony was to be performed by Joe. It was all right; he had got his special licence! So when Tinkler returned there was more excitement than ever, and laughter, and high spirits, in the midst of which Adrian retired, and was hardly missed, particularly as his praises had to be sung, and the changes rung on his good qualities, for Bateman's benefit, by Kate and Georgie, who declared that he had not heard it all before—or half of it—as it was impossible to get it into their letters: besides, there were other things to fill them. By-and-by the lovers paired off; Georgie betook herself to her household duties; and Joe retired, for a quiet hour, to his study, to make notes for his next Sunday's sermon.

Dinner passed off splendidly, so that Adrian's high-strung reserve was unassailed save by some passing pleasantries now and then,

which he easily turned into a different channel; and while the others chatted and laughed, he laid down his line of action, and matured his programme. It worked admirably, and without the slightest hitch. After tea Bateman had to pay a visit to the nursery, as a matter of course, not only to see Hugh asleep, but also to greet his worthy countrywoman, the faithful Bridget, in whose eyes he was the personification of everything admirable. When he and Kate returned to the drawing-room, they were (with that peculiar adaptability of lovers to circumstances) quite content to find it empty; and mutually set it all down to Georgie's thoughtfulness, giving her credit, if not for more kindness than she possessed, at least for more skill and diplomacy.

It was late when the animated conversation in the study ended, and Adrian had come to a full understanding with Joe and Georgie. The gravity of the situation was fully taken in by both. In her delighted excitement she rose to the occasion, showing much force of character and sound common-sense. She fully realised how great a responsibility was thrown upon her, and how necessary it was that she should not break down or fail to play her part in the domestic drama with self-control and discretion. "It was a great strain to put upon her," Adrian said, but it could not possibly be avoided; and without a woman, and a sensible one, in such an emergency, the crisis might be too much for Kate.

"And now," said he, looking at his watch, only to discover how very late it was, "I trust to you implicitly. You must get her to bed. To-morrow—if all goes well—we'll be the happiest household

that has ever figured in the wildest of romances. Bateman has yet to be schooled; so you must send him in for Joe and me to take in hand, and into confidence, before we retire."

"Oh, for goodness' sake don't tell Fitz, whatever you do!" exclaimed Georgie. "He's such a chatterer, he'll spoil all."

"Not a bit of it," said Joe, confidently. "Don't you be afraid. You'll find he'll be of the greatest use to us to-morrow."

"Of course he will," said Adrian. "You see what a capital unemotional buffer he'll make for us all to run against. Besides, he *must* be told: if he wasn't, there's no knowing how he might upset all our plans. A bull in a china-shop would be nothing to him."

And so he was told. He listened with a wild amazement. He could hardly believe the whole story at first, but when he did, he sobered down to rationality and common-sense.

"And, by Jove!" he exclaimed, by way of final comment, as he threw away his cigar-end, "look here, sir! if I had been asked to pick and choose a mother-in-law, I could not have hoped to make a better selection."

"The compliment to her is well deserved—how well you have yet to fully discover," replied Adrian. "A father-in-law, or stepfather-in-law, don't count for much one way or other."

"Oh, doesn't he, though!" responded Fitz, warmly, with a grasp which spoke volumes, as they separated with this big and strange secret between them, for the night.

Georgie laid the train without delay. She went into Kate's bedroom and told her in confidence to prepare for the biggest of big and delightful surprises



that ever could be thought of or imagined.

"It is just no use in the world," she said, in response to Kate's futile efforts to solve the mystery; "because if you were to guess and guess, and guess ever so hard, you couldn't come within miles of it—so there!" and then she fled, deaf to all entreaties. It was a wise preliminary step to take, and Joe thoroughly approved of it, as it would serve to break the suddenness of to-morrow's discovery when it came.

Adrian went next morning to Scottowe and induced Mabel to accompany him to the rectory, to be there when the reply to his telegram arrived. "Mrs Tinkler wished it," he said, "and they all wished it." So she consented, having apparently got over all the great agitation of the previous day, and somehow recovered the peculiar beauty and charm of expression of long ago, which he remembered so well, and which was associated with her smile: the clouds which obscured it were drifting away, and the sunshine of happiness was all that was needed to make her, in his estimation, as beautiful as ever.

Let us pass over now all preliminary stratagems and plans; and condoning his lapses from strict truth in reference to these telegrams, let us lift the curtain on the consummation, after the great rush of excitement has swept over the principal actors, and the after-calm has set in,—Kate and her mother locked in each other's embrace; Georgie holding the baby while he waits for due recognition; the three men alert, and prepared for developments which now can only have an agreeable termination. No description, no analysis can add *anything to the picture*. What

reader is there who cannot fill in the details promptly and feelingly? I hope not one.

It is enough for me to say that it took two whole days to bring the combined emotion down to anything like a normal condition, fit to take into rational consideration suggestions of a new departure as the outcome of the situation. There was to be another marriage besides Kate's; and Adrian was quite as impatient as Fitz. In fact, the unexpected turn which things had taken, and the overwhelming joy which followed the events which we have narrated, had thrust aside altogether the promise which he had made to his father. He had not even written, when he found himself recalled to a sense of duty by the receipt of a communication from Tyson, the soldier-servant, announcing the sudden illness of the Major-General, and asking him to hasten his movements, as he (Tyson) didn't feel equal to the complications which had suddenly arisen.

There was no danger now in leaving the rectory. It was clearly his duty to go at once; and there were two important things to be done which fitted in nicely with the journey. He had to arrange with Mrs Pipperly and Lavinia as to the repurchase of Scottowe; and he had to bring back a special licence, without which Bateman declared he would not permit him to re-enter the premises. It was settled that the two marriages should take place on the same day in the quietest way possible; and so Adrian departed.

When he reached Westerly, he found his father greatly changed—so broken in so short a time as to cause serious alarm.

In Tyson's opinion it was

"prayers was a-knockin' of him over. If he could be got to quit 'em for a spell, sir, I don't doubt," he said, "but we'd soon pick him up. Furthermore, sir, I make bold to say, he might lawfully and without offence take a bit of a rest; seeing he has done enough in that line to entitle him fairly to furlough. Leastways, sir, he ought to be well in advance of the enemy by this time."

Tyson reasoned according to his lights, and out of the most genuine love and concern for his master, without a shade of profanity or levity in his remarks—for he was incapable of either; a hard and sober man, without humour, who spoke only of necessity, or from settled conviction. But the cure which he suggested was impracticable.

Adrian went to consult Dr Collyrium, to whom, in any case, as Georgie's father, he felt he owed a visit. The doctor was of opinion that Tyson's suggestion had a great deal of common-sense in it, but that it came too late. The Major-General could not now be broken of a habit which had become second nature. Like any other habit indulged in to excess, it could not suddenly be given up, even by a much younger man, without great risk: at his age the difficulties and dangers were increased a hundred-fold.

"These devotional and highly emotional exercises, my dear sir, are," said the doctor, "stimulants pure and simple. You have some chance with the excessive dram-drinker, or the smoker; but the medical man is powerless when he comes to deal with a religious enthusiast, and he should be particularly cautious when the patient is a man of extreme old age."

"Of course—yes. I quite see all that," said Adrian, in his per-

plexity; "but what would you advise me to do?"

"Well," said the doctor, holding his chain in his hand, meditatively, for a moment, "I'd advise you to proceed with all the matters of business you have in hand, and that with all possible speed. You understand me? Bring your wife here, to live with the old man, or take him with you to Scottowe: there would be less risk in your coming to him, for many reasons, and your future wife—whose many good qualities are known to me, through Georgie—would be invaluable to him: there is nothing like a lady in the house. Cheer him up, and he may last for many years longer. Give him an interest in life. The great danger is that he may settle down into melancholy, and his mind may go at any moment."

The advice seemed sound and reasonable, and as it fell in with his own views, Adrian lost no time in giving it effect. He had to explain all to his father, both to prepare him for the change and reconcile him to his own second departure. It was a satisfaction to observe that the doctor's advice, as far as it could be tested, had turned out satisfactorily, as the old man received the announcement of the projected marriage, and the prospect of seeing his daughter-in-law, with manifest interest and gratification; and the news aroused a stimulating curiosity which had a most salutary effect upon him, by diverting his thoughts into another channel.

Lavinia, who had heard all the facts about Kate and her mother from Georgie, and from Mrs Piperly all about Adrian's wish to repurchase Scottowe (and his intention to settle it ultimately upon Kate's son), did all in her power to hasten matters, and to avoid unnecessary delay. But there were



certain things which she could not do. Pippetly would not be driven, and he insisted on making his own terms as to the re-sale.

These were finally agreed to by Adrian, who went back to the rectory with the special licence in his pocket, and a good sound reason—over and above a selfish one—for insisting on a speedy realisation of his hopes and wishes.

For his father's sake he must be married immediately. The matter would brook no delay. Dr Collyrium's prescription must be followed forthwith. And thus it came about that he found himself thoroughly at one with Bateman, who said he was determined to have his part of the interesting ceremony performed on the self-same day, by Tinkler, and at the earliest possible date after Adrian's return to the rectory.

Only one small cloud loomed now in the distance, but what magnitude it might assume was an open question. The uncertainty caused apprehension in the mind of Georgie, and she spoke to Joe and Adrian about it on the first opportunity, when she heard that the day was really fixed. How would the poor mother bear the parting from Kate? There was the doubtful point and the serious point. They all three felt it when it came to be put.

"If we could break the blow in any way," Georgie said, speaking to herself rather than to either of the men, "it would be a great matter."

"Yes; and there's the baby, too," put in Joe as a Job's comforter. "It would be hard to say which she is fondest of. If she has to leave them both, I'm afraid it will drive her out of her mind."

Adrian winced at the chance shot, as he thought of how, once before, her reason had given way,

and of that dreadful secret which Tinkler's words brought back to memory.

"Georgie," he exclaimed, in his perplexity, "what is to be done? I look to you to help us all over this difficulty, which in my selfish satisfaction never once occurred to me. But I see it all now, and how real the danger is. My inability as a husband to cope with any combination of difficulties seemed so remote as never to give me a thought. But now——"

"That's always the way with husbands — isn't it, Joe?" said Georgie.

Tinkler assented with a nod, as much to prevent discussion and for peace' sake as for any better reason.

"You dear old thing!" went on Georgie. "And no doubt you think you are everybody and everything, and that I never could get on without you. It seems absurd coming to me for advice, because really and truly I am perplexed and frightened."

There was a pause, during which they vaguely looked at one another, overpowered by the sense of possibly grave complications at the last moment, with which they might be utterly unable to grapple.

"I have it!" said Georgie, with a sudden inspiration. "The baby must be left to his grandmother—there's nothing else for it."

The idea was so unexpectedly audacious that both men were taken aback by it, and abstained from making any remark on the instant—having nothing to say which would meet the difficulties involved in the suggestion.

"If she gets Hugh all to herself to mind and take charge of while Kate is away on her wedding-trip, it will be all right."

"But Kate herself——" feebly began Adrian.

"Never mind," said Georgie, making for the door.

"There are difficulties still," added Tinkler. He, too, was cut short before he could finish his sentence.

"Leave them to me," she said; "you just don't trouble." And so saying she went in quest of Bateman. Having captured him, she brought him straight to the point and told him all—winding up with a solemn uplifting of the first finger as she finished.

"Now you just don't go and spoil all by being obstinate and selfish, and raising objections. You'll have to support me, Fitz—won't you? There's a dear." And now the tone changed to one of pathetic entreaty.

He looked down at her with a big smile overspreading his face. "I'm to give up Hugh?"

"Yes; why not? He doesn't really belong to you at all."

"Are you going to put it as a duty or a favour? There's nothing like having a clear understanding." He spoke in a good-natured tantalising way.

"Ah!" she said, "don't keep me in suspense. Put it any way you like, only don't be selfish and nasty about it."

"That's all very well," said Fitz; "but don't you know in your heart that we men are all actuated by pure selfishness?"

"I don't know anything of the kind, and I don't believe it; and I don't believe that you are—one bit."

"Well, we like to be flattered, —I do: it's quite nice. But you know, joking apart, that not only am I extremely fond of that little chap already; but that I have an object in view which will be altogether frustrated if I comply."

"Oh yes, I know all about

that," Georgie retorted impatiently; "such an utterly absurd idea! Kate told me all about it. The notion of you not liking to go on your wedding-trip without a baby, because people would stare so if they thought you were newly married. Why, I declare you are a bigger baby than Hugh!"

"Well, I admit it does sound ridiculous; but all the same I'd rather have him—just to take the edge off vulgar curiosity. People don't stare if they think you are a twelvemonth old Benedick. It makes all the difference."

"It would make no difference except to encourage you in a piece of deception. They'd stare just as much, because Kate is so pretty. Besides, I never will speak to you again if you don't do what I want—so there!"

Georgie's "So there!" had immense power in it always. The good-natured Bateman gave in at last; and having won him over, she marched him straight off to the nursery, where Hugh just then ruled supreme. She could count now on Kate being in a minority of one, so that there was no doubt about ultimately conquering her—Bridget being neutral. There was a vigorous contest while it lasted; but when Kate found that even Fitz had deserted her, she gave in, with Bridget, at her own request, thrown in. To Mabel the consignment was an intense delight; and there can be no second opinion as to the wisdom shown by Georgie in carrying out a scheme which reflected equal credit on her head and heart. She had laid down the lines of attack so skilfully, that, from the first, there was nothing for Kate but surrender. With Georgie and her own mother, Adrian, Tinkler, and Fitz, all against her, she must only make





the best terms she could, which were that this matchless baby should only be intrusted to his grandmother for one month "at the very outside."

Everybody was satisfied except Fitz, who was driven to find his only consolation in the feeling that he had really made the greatest sacrifice of all, and received the smallest acknowledgment and recognition of it.

It was settled that, when Kate returned to claim her boy, Adrian was to take up his residence at Scottowe with mother and daughter, and to formally install the future heir. Her heart was so full of hope, and sunshine, and gratitude, that she felt glad she

had given way for her mother's sake. Mabel took possession of the boy as though he was now her own exclusive property; and a friendly jealousy at once sprang up between her and Bridget, which Hugh provokingly fostered by a strict impartiality in dispensing his patronage, so that neither could claim a victory.

Adrian's only trouble was as to whether he should be able to safely get his father moved to Scottowe. At his time of life, and in his state of health, there was great risk. However, Tyson and he must, by-and-by, do their best when the time came—of course with Dr Collyrium to aid and advise.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.—PALLIDA MORS.

"Out of the world he must that once comes in;  
No man exempted is."

—HERRICK.

"The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid,  
And the last words, that dust to dust conveyed!"

—TICKELL.

Mabel Barry—or West, as we have known her—and Kate both changed their names under happy auspices on the same day. The Rev. Joseph Tinkler performed the ceremony in the most satisfactory manner. Of course, under the circumstances, everything was as quiet as it was possible to keep it; but neither mother nor daughter would be satisfied if the function had not been gone through in church—special licences notwithstanding.

It was atrociously improper and incorrect of Georgie, I admit—looking back now upon the whole business—to harbour Adrian and Fitz for days under the same roof with their intended wives. Mrs Husch and Mrs Canon Fungus would have been scandalised if it had come to their

ears—and rightly scandalised; but I doubt if this would have weighed heavily on the minds and consciences of the two men. All the same, I repeat it was very wrong, and highly reprehensible, no doubt; and Georgie ought not to have allowed it.

Ah, well! it is all over now; but, my good sir, do you not remember how, in years gone by, you and I were wont to shirk and dodge those detestable proprieties, and to make very little of them in the days when—? But no: this is a profitless retrospect. Yet Eros is not dead, remember; and we have daughters now to whom Mrs Grundy has very kindly, and of her own motion, stood in the responsible capacity of social god-mother, and it behoves us to be reticent

and discreet—to assume a virtue if we have it not.

To the curious inquirer as to the kind of reception Kate was likely to get from the inmates of Rathvarney, we reply that it will be only necessary to refer to the pages of ‘Culmshire Folk.’ I remember that when the dear Lady Culmshire was leaving that hospitable mansion, her last words to the mother of the infant Fitz were : “Mind, Blanche, when I am gone, don’t make a little goose of yourself about him. He’s probably not going to die every time he cries ; and remember, when he is able to walk let him go about in summer just as he likes, without mufflers and gloves, for the most beautiful sight in the world is a fine chubby brown boy, well toasted by the sun.” This advice was tendered in reference to the son and heir, whose last act has been to take the fateful matrimonial plunge towards which events have for some time been irresistibly tending.

Fitz returned with his bride to the paternal roof, without the smallest misgivings as to the result. He knew that there were warm hearts awaiting him, and Kate was surely born to love and be loved by everybody. She had that winning weakness of character which disarms hostility among women, allied to that beauty of figure and feature, form and colour combined, which enlist the sympathies of men. We may safely see her off to Ireland, quite confident that she will soon become a prime favourite among her husband’s relatives.

Adrian hastened, with Mabel and her young charge, to Westerly. Possessing her, he was content—the measure of his happiness was complete ; but he could not quite shake off the feeling of anxiety

about his aged father, which had in it a touch of self-reproach. Now there was no time to be lost, and he did not pause to speculate on the complications likely to arise from any incompatibility of temper or theological differences. He relied on the good sense of his wife, and on his own tact, to avert any serious consequences ; but, be the consequences what they might, his duty was clear, and that was to be near his father.

The old man dropped into the new order of things quite naturally. He received them with the stately old-time courtesy of the soldier and the gentleman ; but there was a great change visible to Adrian.

The fire had died out, and life merely smouldered, as it were. The brightness of eye was dimmed, and the quickness of intellect gone. In fact, so manifest had this change been to the faithful Tyson, that he had his doubts about letting women into the house at all : it was therefore with feelings of satisfaction that he saw how Mabel’s presence worked for good, and he took heart thereat, and became tolerant and even friendly to Bridget. Hugh was kept in the background at first, as Mabel wished to make her own footing secure before she felt her way in any other direction. She was so quiet and equable, forceful and calm, that her presence gradually, indeed very soon, became a gratification and a reserve of strength to the old man, which was always watchfully, but unobtrusively, at his service.

Her devotion to him was only equalled by that of Adrian ; but all this tender care was of little avail—the mind was surely and only too rapidly giving way.

When the novelty of their presence had worn off, he grew si-



lent, and by degrees his memory seemed wholly to desert him, and to wander aimlessly among incidents of the long-forgotten past. But the most alarming symptom was the sudden decay of all religious enthusiasm which set in—the cessation of all theological combativeness. The mental machinery had evidently worn out and failed. It was a break-down of both mind and body, which Dr Collyrium declared to be only what was natural, and reasonably to be expected. The system had given way, and was exhausted. "You must look for nothing more, sir, now," said he, "than second childhood."

The association of ideas suggested Hugh.

"Do you think," Mabel asked, "that the presence of the baby would have a good or bad effect?"

"I don't know, my dear lady," responded the doctor. "It is really quite impossible to say in these cases, when a man begins to dote. But I think you might try the baby. It can't do any harm."

The experiment revived hope a little. The old man brightened up when he made the acquaintance of Hugh in a way which surprised everybody, and nobody more than the doctor; who thereupon, taking the hint, adroitly availed himself of every opportunity to implant in the Major-General's enfeebled mind some fixed but vague idea of relationship and grandfatherhood. By diligent planting and nurture it took root, as even a stray seed will, and fructified. Tyson and Bridget were made parties to the plot, and enjoined to foster the delusion, since it was found to have such a beneficial effect; and Adrian and Mabel were, by force of circumstances, gradually and by acquiescence led into it. It was surely a harmless and well-

intentioned fraud, and one which the most rigorous moralist might pardon.

Things got to such a pass soon that the old man could not bear to lose sight of the boy, and was restless and uneasy when away from him. He would sit silently and patiently watching by the bed while the child slept. Every turn and movement gave him concern, and the slightest cry alarmed him into impatient calls for "Tyson! Tyson!" He seemed to ignore the presence of Bridget altogether, or to be unaware of her presence, till she put in her unavoidably periodical claims to co-proprietorship in the baby, and took possession of him to dress or undress. Perhaps it was not, after all, so much forgetfulness about Bridget, but rather that the failing memory, when a strain was put upon it, recalled more readily and with less effort the familiar name of Tyson, whose comment on the state of things was—

"Well, well, it's the foolishlest end that ever I see, and the most sorrowful. A brave old sodger that never allowed the devil himself to get the upper hand, doctor—to look at him now, circumwented, upsat, and tee-totally put about and bashed by a innocent babby!"

The patient's whole soul seemed wrapped up in Hugh; and for a time Mabel hoped that the child would be the means of restoring him to some mental health and activity. But Adrian felt this to be impossible,—it was too late. The lamp of life had burned down too low, and the light was but a flickering in the socket, spasmodic and uncertain. His greatest happiness was to have the child in his sole keeping; and sometimes Mabel would take the boy up, and place him, sleeping, in the old man's arms; who would motionless and immo-

precious burden in charge, till the familiar call, "Tyson! Tyson!" announced the fact that Master Hugh's eyes had suddenly opened, and his legs and arms had become too active to be controlled by his enfeebled custodian. To Mabel all this was a touching and beautiful experience.

They watched him anxiously, these loving souls. All saw that the end was not far off.

It came at last, peacefully and silently. An agonised cry from Bridget, which rang through the house like an alarm-bell, told that the unbidden guest had entered and made good his footing.

While the young strong life lay sleeping calmly and unconsciously in his embrace, the old warrior passed away without a struggle, into silence and peace.

The scene was one to move the stoutest heart, as those around him endeavoured lovingly to separate the living from the dead. There was no call now for "Tyson! Tyson!" The familiar voice was hushed. But Hugh—awakened—wailed with the touching bitterness of childhood, as though nature had suddenly given to him some subtle prescience that the tenderly protective arms would clasp him no more,—some indefinable instinct which told him that the link between the future and the past was broken, and that the sympathetic heart was still. A like feeling must have crossed Mabel's mind as she took the child and tried to comfort him: it stirred also the untutored emotions of Bridget to their lowest depth, as she stood sorrowfully silent in the background.

The two strong tearless men carried the dead away, and laid him on his camp-bed, with that respectful tenderness and solicitude which the awful reality of death evokes, but which the cold associates or acknow-

ledge; and yet how terribly eloquent is death, all voiceless and utterly silent though it be!

Adrian, bending, pressed his hot lips against the marble forehead, and smoothed the silvery hair as it lay upon the pillow. The noble features wore a placid smile, and had that peculiar look of returned youthfulness which the grim visitor puts on as if to mock us in our sorrow, and make regret more keen. When that regret is mingled with a sense of remorse, as in Adrian's case, who can gauge the agony of the living, or say how far repentance may now avail, or the noble soul be comforted which has left the silent tenement of clay?

Tyson, seeing how greatly moved Adrian was, essayed to speak words of comfort to the best of his ability. "I make bold to say, sir, that at the last muster it will be all right. I am only a humble sodger, sir, but I make bold to say it—it will surely be all right. Amen! The Lord have mercy upon us!"

What more authoritative announcement could be made by bishop, priest, or deacon? None! The speculations of Plato on immortality have been formulated into "a sure and certain hope"; but beyond that hope, how much lies vague and undefined! Tyson had no philosophic doubts or misgivings. To him the anthropomorphic idea was alone intelligible, reasonable, and comforting; and that justice would be done he doubted not.

On the day of the funeral Westerly was in mourning all along the line of route. Every shop had its shutters up, bearing silent witness to the esteem in which the deceased was held by all parties and creeds alike. He was buried with full military honours; and a firing-party of his own corps of Sappers discharged the farewell volley over his grave. Who that



has ever witnessed a soldier's funeral—be he private or general—can forget its profound melancholy and touching solemnity? The heart must be hard indeed that is not moved thereby. On this occasion interest and pathos were added to the scene by the presence of the white-haired bishop, and by his short and eloquent discourse delivered at the grave. There were rigid Churchmen to whom his appearance on the occasion betokened a tolerant laxity amounting to latitudinarianism; but to him this mattered little. He spoke for nearly a quarter of an hour—burning words but simple withal, which went home to the hearts of his hearers.

"As in the body politic," he said in conclusion, "we find a great army devoted to the sovereign, composed of many regiments and many men, united against a common danger, so do we find in the Church militant a like combination enlisted under the banner of the King of kings, and making war against the enemy of our souls. Let us be thankful that this is so, and hold in due reverence the memory of this noble soldier, who has fallen in the service of the Cross. And therefore also, I say, quit ye like men! Be strong even as he, our departed brother, was strong! Be ye—also as he was—faithful unto death!"

## CHAPTER XXXVII.—SUMMING UP.

"So here they're lodged,—  
In faith a pretty nest."—Hoon.

I have just returned from Scot-towe, where I spent a most enjoyable fortnight in a quiet way with Adrian and his wife. Bateman and Kate were there. He has elected to continue his military career to which he is so much attached, and he is now quartered somewhere in the North—at Edinburgh, I think. Hugh has been wisely left with his grandmother; the idea being that, as he is ultimately to become Adrian's heir, and to succeed to the old place, it is highly desirable that he should become attached both to his benefactors and to it. Kate sees the sense and reasonableness of this, and is quite reconciled to the temporary estrangement which is to redound so much to her boy's welfare and advantage. She knows that he will be well cared for. In fact, between Adrian and Mabel, Bridget and Tyson, he bids fair to have a "high old time" of it. In-

deed they have all become so fond of him, that it is quite on the cards he may be spoiled. However, he is so young yet that it is rather premature to speculate; but we may be quite certain that he will not be neglected.

Tyson has already become jealous of the ascendancy of Bridget, and is most anxiously looking forward to the time when the little chap shall be relieved from what he contemptuously calls the control of "petticoat sergeants," and be handed over to him for that training which is alone manly and legitimate. But Bridget is tenacious of her rights, and equally jealous of her influence; so that there is a bitter conflict looming in the distance, in which Master Hugh will himself by-and-by have some voice. It is a settled thing that he is to go into the army—as far as Tyson, of his own ——— can settle it.



Tyson has three rooted convictions—namely, that soldiering is the only profession for a gentleman to follow; that the army has gone to the devil; and that the “or’nary civilun ain’t nowadays worth fightin’ for.” There is a fine inconsistency about the holding of these joint convictions: they are not logically on all-fours—they do not hang together. But what of that? I have myself known quite as incongruous convictions to be held, for which brave men have not hesitated to die, and which, in some cases, they have endeavoured to live up to—a far more difficult undertaking.

I learn by a letter just received from Tinkler that Miss Harman is expected at the rectory for a short stay, and I am sorry that I shall miss her. I am reminded, by the mention of her name, that I have in the latter half of this narrative almost forgotten to chronicle her doings. She has, indeed, been crushed out by the emotional incidents connected with the advent of Adrian on the scene, and by the events which followed; but all the same her destiny has shaped itself, and her future may safely be surmised. The Major is on his way home; and, being less of an enthusiast as to his profession than our friend Fitzmaurice Bateman, is about to retire and to settle down as a country gentleman. Indeed Tyntern is already in the hands of the painters and decorators, so that much time will not elapse before it owns a mistress fit to grace the position, and whose

presence within easy visiting distance of Scottowe will add an additional charm to that already favoured locality.

Now touching aunt Polly. If there is one thing more than another which I hate it is eavesdropping, but when it is unintentional it may surely be pardoned. I came, the other day, upon a scene which has, to my mind, a certain significance. I saw Mr Pippetly holding her right hand in both his own, very much as I used to hold a bird’s nest full of eggs, in the days when I made raids upon the occupants of the hedgerow, and my intense gratification called forth the utmost solicitude about, and tenderness for, the unlawful possession. I need hardly say that I beat a hasty retreat—and there the matter rests, as far as I am concerned.

Stole has taken up warmly the principles of the Society for the Unification of Christendom (to which I wish every success), and is actively engaged in founding a branch in Westerly,—an effort which, as yet, has only resulted in his being set down by the general evangelical public as a Jesuit, and by Bishop Quodlibet as “a mere visionary”—a man labouring under a temporary and harmless hallucination, which, in the Canon’s opinion, can only be thoroughly cured by matrimony. But this is a very drastic remedy at the best; and it is, moreover, one to which I think Stole is now conscientiously opposed, on other and higher grounds than mere curative ones.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.—FINAL.

“Vivitur ex rapto; non hospes ab hospite tutus.”—OVID.

It only remains for me to say a few words about my friend Joel.  
—his mother a few days ago

in the main street; and, after the customary interchange of small-talk about the weather and what not,



I said that I was glad to hear the news of her son's intention of going into the Church.

She became dignified and distant on the instant. "I trust," she said, "that we are all in the Church—Joel among the number."

You could have knocked me down with a feather. I acknowledged the slip by correcting it on the spur of the moment, as best I could—but very tamely, as it turned out.

"Yes, of course; I should have said going into the Ministry," and I uttered the last word as if I clearly intended to give it a capital M. The result, even then, was not satisfactory.

She spoke at me now, slowly and with frigid distinctness of utterance—"He is about to take Holy Orders: perhaps you mean that." This was as much as to say that, though there might be such a thing as a Baptist minister, or a Wesleyan minister, or a Presbyterian or a Unitarian one, her son was not of these, but of the Episcopal Church as by law established. I felt that the best thing I could do would be to beat a retreat as expeditiously as possible.

I came across the young gentleman himself, later on in the day, standing in the club porch. The place was crowded with sporting men, who had arrived for the coming races. Since the death of old Major-General Byng-Hudson, Hinch had triumphed all along the line; and these races were now established on a firm basis—very much to the gratification of other natives besides Joel Fungus. I thought to slip by unobserved, but did not succeed.

"Holloa! I say, old chap, how long have you been here? Since yesterday only! Come up for the races, of course?"

"Well, no," I said, "not exactly."

"Well, partially. Going to combine business and pleasure. Come in. You're not a member? Oh, never mind; I'll put your name down as a visitor. That'll be all right. What'll you take? Have you anything on?"

"Nothing, thanks. I haven't anything on. The fact is, I never bet."

A young fellow in breeches and gaiters, and of a drab hue all over, including his face and hair, took one foot off the parapet, and the horn handle of a riding-whip out of his mouth, and coughed. I felt that there was a consensus of opinion developed on the instant, very much to my prejudice. The porch cleared as if by magic. I felt it absolutely incumbent on me to explain myself to Joel.

"Of course," I went on, "I don't pretend to say that it is a crime to go to a race, or even to bet."

"That's comforting," responded Joel, good-humouredly; "but I may tell you in confidence that it doesn't square with my governor's views. I wish it did."

"What I feel is," said I, gaining courage, "that races are the cause of so much evil. They lead to dissipation of all kinds, encourage drinking (I felt I had him there), and foster crime, and—and—bring ruin on so many promising young men. Statistics most unquestionably show——"

"Oh, my dear fellow, draw it mild," Joel interrupted. "Statistics are simply all humbug. You can prove almost anything by statistics."

"I have heard that before from those who have found them inconvenient," I remarked, throwing, as I flattered myself, an effective touch of irony into the remark, and lost on Joel.

"Well, it is quite true, all the same. Look here! Suppose a race is timed to start at a certain hour. I go by my own ticker. If it is fast or slow, never mind; I know where I am, and I can allow for it. But if I have developed a fad for statistics, I rush into a clock-shop, and I come out of it no wiser than I went in. Why, it is any hour at all by statistics inside; and to make matters worse, the confounded clocks all speak at once."

Joel's theory had something in it both comic and plausible. I laughed, and said so. He was pleased, flattered, and encouraged by the admission.

We went in.

"Now that you have got into temptation," said he, "you may as well yield to it with a good grace. I'll take you fifteen to one against Bluebottle."

"Well, thanks very much; but, as I said before, I'm not a betting man."

Joel looked at me solemnly, both hands deep in his trousers-pockets, and balancing himself mentally on his heels. It struck me that he was on the point of consigning me, in his own estimation, to a point very low down indeed. The tainted moral atmosphere must have had a very bad effect upon me; because, instead of boldly maintaining the opinions which I held on these matters, I made the halting excuse that it was "too risky a business."

"That's a popular error," said Joel, promptly.

"If the best horse always won," I remarked, tentatively.

"Why, there you are—that's just it. If he did, it would spoil the whole thing, my dear man. But the risk is governed entirely by the theory of averages: it is heavily handicapped by a mathe-

matical certainty, if you only know what you are about. So that, for all practical purposes, risk does not exist, or at least should not count."

"But there must surely be big losses, or there would not be big gains. There are two sides to every question."

"There's the mistake again. I go in for belief in only one side. Of course if there are two people, in that sense there may be two sides; but a practical man should be content with singleness of purpose. Being only a unit, you should be satisfied with one; and, in racing matters, all you have got to do is to see and be on the right side."

"Well, I confess myself a duffer. I don't know much about it," I said, apologetically. "Is it true that a fellow, if he is smart enough, can so bet as to actually insure himself against loss—even though he should not win? I never could understand that."

"It is—quite true. All you want is to be able to make a book. I was explaining it all to-day to my sisters, and I think Dolly took in the theory. Ethel is not near so smart. I put things in a general way, thus. Take my governor. There are, we'll say, three events to come off—the Mitre, the Deaconry, the Archdeaconry. Well, I back him heavily to win on the first event; somebody else backs him against me for the next event, and the next. I go back on the transaction with another set of fellows, and reverse the process; or perhaps I spot him to get placed for the third—and so on. I may realise a good thing, but I can't be hit if I am posted up. There are other things which come in as factors, of course," he added, seeing that I looked bewildered.

"Yes; the dark horse and the





straight tip," I edged in. "I rather fancy the straight tip 'bosses the show.'" And here I felt myself endeavouring to look as if I knew a thing or two—which I really didn't, as his so-called explanation made matters worse with regard to bookmaking. Did he mean to mystify me?

"Very often," he continued, "the terms are synonymous. You know Chedder—the Rev. John Chedder? Clever chap enough, though the Bishop don't half like him since he declined to go on the deputation against the races. Well, I scored off him some time ago, and netted a tenner. It is a case exactly in point. He backed my governor's chances of the Scottowe preferment. I went for a dark horse—Tinkler. You know Tinkler. I got the straight tip from the Bishop's butler, who does a good deal on the quiet in the sporting line; and, by Jove, sir! Tinkler came in first—had a walk over! Governor wasn't even a bad second. Stole and a lot more were simply out of it. The dark horse and the straight tip are practically interchangeable terms. If you have the straight tip you know the dark horse, and *vice versa*. In this instance Tinkler was the dual agent, and did the trick."

The last word was well chosen in reference to Joel's part of the business, as it appeared to me; but I did not say so, because (as I persuaded myself to believe) we were interrupted by a new-comer.

"Oh, here's Towls!" cried Joel, "our senior wrangler. That's the boy to make a book and to explain

all about the process. Towls, my friend Nondum; Nondum, Mr Towls." He bowed and so did I; then to get over the awkwardness of not knowing what to say all of a sudden, we shook hands most cordially.

Frequently, even after having had time to think, I am at a loss for talk, and my embarrassment was increased on this occasion by the firm conviction that I was looked upon as an outsider in the great social and pecuniary issues which bring about these sporting events. I was among these men by accident, but not of them by initiatory rites.

An inspiration seemed to strike Towls. "Let me put you down for a 'sweep,' Mr Nondum! It's only a sov. Our mutual friend Joel is in for it. Try your luck. Innocence and virtue are sometimes rewarded in this world."

I yielded—to avoid ridicule. It was cowardly, but I here openly confess it. From that day to this I have never repeated the questionable proceeding.

But the curious part of the story remains to be told. I won that "sweep." It came to thirty pounds. I could hardly believe my eyes when Towls sent me a cheque with a congratulatory letter. The money recouped me for expenditure on wedding-presents to Mrs Byng-Hudson, Mrs Tinkler, and Mrs Bateman; and I have registered a vow that I will undertake a penitential journey to hear Joel preach his first sermon, no matter in what quarter of the globe that interesting event may take place.

## THE CAMP OF WALLENSTEIN.

BY FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

*Translated by* SIR THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B.

[It is a matter of lasting regret that, when Coleridge translated the Second and Third Parts of Schiller's Trilogy on the story of Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland, he did not also translate the First Part, to which Schiller attached importance, as an essential prelude to the other two. Coleridge had the MS. supplied to him; but, according to Professor Brandl (*Life of Coleridge*, Lady Eastlake's Translation, p. 260), he entirely omitted it, because "the short lines puzzled him as much as the broad humour, and he did not want to become prosaic." The explanation is not satisfactory. Coleridge,—who better?—could have mastered the short rhyming lines without an effort; and what is there in the humour of situation or character of this dramatic sketch to puzzle a man so familiar as he was with the humour of Shakespeare and the Elizabethan dramatists, and so thoroughly appreciative of it? The true reason is probably to be found in the small sum, only £100, which, it is now known, was paid to Coleridge for his labours, and in a very natural misgiving as to this part of Schiller's work being acceptable to the then prevailing English taste. The reception given to his masterly rendering of the finer portions of the Trilogy showed that he had good reason for this misgiving. It fell dead from the press; caused serious loss to Mr Murray, its publisher—was treated by him as waste-paper; and only by men who were themselves poets, such as Southey, Campbell, Wordsworth, and, above all, Walter Scott, was it recognised as adding a notable addition to English literature, while enriching the original with passages of exquisite beauty. This judgment time has confirmed. Thanks to Coleridge, no one of Schiller's works is more widely known or admired, wherever English is spoken, than the "Piccolomini" and "The Death of Wallenstein." But without the preliminary "Camp of Wallenstein," a full estimate of the author's conception is impossible. It was intended by Schiller to place the reader in a position at once to realise the state of the European continent at the period in the Thirty Years' War in which the action takes place, and at the same time to understand the conflict of interests which eventuated in the tragic fall of his hero. In the fine Prologue to the Trilogy, spoken at its production in the year 1798 at the Court Theatre of Weimar, Schiller writes:—

in the midst of the political and moral turmoil of that war

—and



Of devastation, plunder, misery.  
 In huge tumultuous masses is the world  
 Fermenting, nor, so far as eye can see,  
 Glimmers one ray of hope, that peace is near.  
 Throughout the realm rings the wild clash of arms,  
 The towns are all mere deserts,—Magdeburg  
 In ruins,—industry and art are dead.  
 The cit is nought, the soldier paramount,  
 Morals by rampant vice are laughed to scorn,  
 And savage hordes, in the long war grown wild,  
 Squat in their rags on the untended soil."

Callot in his "Miseries of War" paints to the eye with appalling truth all, and more than all, that the poet thus indicates in words. What one of the great camps of the day was—with its licentious bands of mercenaries, drawn from all quarters, heedless of the suffering and ruin which followed their course, the mass attached to their leader by a belief in his destiny, and in the organising power which bound Victory to his chariot-wheels, while others were ready to desert his standard at the call of the Emperor, whom that leader professed to serve—Schiller has painted with great dramatic force, and with a breadth of humour unusual in his works. In dealing with the rough vigour of such a work, the translator is necessarily placed at a great disadvantage. He can only hope that the spirit of the original has not wholly evaporated under his hands.]

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

|                                          |                    |
|------------------------------------------|--------------------|
| SERGEANT-MAJOR } of a regiment of Tertz- | RECRUIT.           |
| TRUMPETER } ky's Carabineers.            | CITIZEN.           |
| ARTILLERYMAN.                            | PEASANT.           |
| SHARPSHOOTERS.                           | PEASANT'S SON.     |
| TWO JÄGERS of Holk's Dragoons.           | CAPUCHIN.          |
| ARQUEBUSIERS of Tiefenbach's Regiment.   | CAMP SCHOOLMASTER. |
| CUIRASSIER of a Walloon Regiment.        | SUTLER WOMAN.      |
| CUIRASSIER of a Lombard Regiment.        | SERVANT GIRL.      |
| CROATS.                                  | SOLDIER BOYS.      |
| UHLANS.                                  | MUSICIANS.         |

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SCENE.—THE CAMP BEFORE PILSEN IN BOHEMIA.

*Sutler's tent, with booths. A moving crowd of soldiers of all colours and uniforms. All the tables are occupied. CROATS and UHLANS cooking at a fire. A SUTLER WOMAN serving wine. SOLDIER BOYS throwing dice on a drum-head. Singing in the tent. A PEASANT and his SON advance.*

PEASANT'S SON. Father, we'll better be off, I fear,  
 Out of this rabble of soldiers here.  
 They're a surly overbearing lot,  
 And as like to do us a mischief as not.

PEAS. Bah! Who's afraid, boy? They won't eat us,  
 Though they turn up a li

See yonder new batch of recruits ! They're all  
 Fresh from the banks of the Main and Saal.  
 They have lots of booty, things rich and rare,  
 All ours, if deftly we lay our snare.  
 A captain, through by a comrade's stroke,  
 Left me two dice that had brought him luck.  
 I'll just have a trial to-day, to see  
 If their power be as great as it used to be.  
 To make a poor month must be our care.  
 They're a happy-go-lucky rollicking crew :  
 If flattered, they're free with their cash, and so,  
 As lightly it came, make it lightly go.  
 If they plunder our goods by the basket, why,  
 To regain them in spoonfuls we e'en must try :  
 With the sword if they ruthlessly hew and hack,  
 With craft and with wile we must pay them back.

*Singing and shouting from the tent.*

Mercy upon us, how they shout !  
 And the peasant's skin has to pay for all.  
 These last eight months this rabble rout  
 Have harried us out of both bed and stall.  
 For miles on miles the country round  
 Nowhere will feather or hoof be found,—  
 All gone,—so now for our hungry maw  
 We have only our own bones left to gnaw.  
 Things are as bad, ay, worse than when  
 The Saxons knocked us about like mad,  
 And yet they call themselves Kaiser's men !  
 Box. Here's two of them coming. Not much to be had  
 Out of them, to judge by their looks.

PEAR. Oh, they  
 Are thorough Bohemians, blood and bone,  
 Of the Carabineers, Count Tertzky's own.  
 They've been quartered here this many a day.  
 Of all the lot they are quite the worst.  
 They strut and they swagger as if they'd burst,  
 Too high and mighty, as they think,  
 To join the boor in a stoup of drink.  
 But yonder, away to the left, I see  
 Three Riflemen round a fire, and these,  
 I'd swear by their looks, are Tyrolese.  
 Come, Emmerich, come ! To them will we.  
 Light-hearted fellows, ready to join  
 In any fun going, with lots of coin.

*Enter SERGEANT-MAJOR, TRUMPETER, and UHLAN.*

TRUMP. (to the PEARANT). What want you here ? Clear out,  
 I say !

PEAR. Kind sir, a bit and sup ! To-day  
 No money has crossed our door !

TRUMP. Bah! You  
Must always be guzzling and swilling, too.  
UHL. (*with glass in hand*). Had nothing for breakfast?  
Drink, dog, drink!

(*Goes off with the PEASANT to the tent.*)

SERGT. (*to the TRUMPETER*). Was it for nothing, do you think,  
This morning they dealt us double pay?  
Only to give us a lark? What next?  
TRUMP. You know the Duchess comes here to-day  
With the princess, her daughter.

SERGT. A mere pretext!  
The troops from foreign parts, that here  
At Pilsen find themselves massed, 'tis clear,  
Must be won over to share our luck  
By lots of liquor and lots of tuck,  
That, finding themselves in clover thus,  
They may heartily cast in their lot with us.  
TRUMP. Ay! They're at their tricks again, no doubt!  
SERGT. These generals, commanders, all in full feather——  
TRUMP. What it all means I can't make out.  
SERGT. That here in such pumbers have come together——  
TRUMP. Haven't taken such pains for mere sport. No, no!  
SERGT. These whisperings, these messages to and fro——  
TRUMP. Ay, ay!

SERGT. And the bewigged old stager  
From Vienna, with his gold chain, who's been  
Prying all round since yestere'en,  
He's not here for nothing, that I'll wager.

TRUMP. Another of their bloodhounds sped  
To lead the chase against the Duke.

SERGT. Mark me! They trust us not. They dread  
The Friedländer's close brooding look.  
He has climbed too high for them, and so  
They'd like, if they could, to bring him low.

TRUMP. But we'll uphold him, that will we.  
Ah, if all thought like you and me!

SERGT. Our regiment, and the other four,  
His brother-in-law Count Tertzky's corps,  
The stoutest in the camp, are all  
Resolved with him to stand or fall.  
'Twas himself that brought us here. What's more,  
The whole staff of captains were placed by him,  
And to him they are bound with life and limb.

*Enter a CROAT, with a necklace, followed by RIFLEMAN.*

RIFLE. Where did you steal that necklace, Croat?  
Will you deal? To you it's not worth a groat.  
Take this brace of pistols for it?

CRO. I won't.

You'd like to cozen me, but you don't !

RIFLE. Well, this blue cap, you shall have that too.  
Only just now in a raffle I won it.

There ! Look, how smart ! And quite brand-new.

CRO. (*holding up the necklace in the sun*). But this is all  
pearls and garnets fine.

How it sparkles, see, when the sun is on it !

RIFLE. (*snatching the necklace*). I'll throw in with the lot  
this flask of mine. (*Examining the necklace*.)

All I care for is its sparkle and shine.

TRUMP. Good lord ! How he bubbles the Croat ! Absurd !  
Half shares, old boy, and mum's the word.

CRO. (*who has put on the cap*). I like your cap.

RIFLE. (*winking to the TRUMPETER*). A bargain, then !  
I call you to witness, gentlemen.

*Enter ARTILLERYMAN.*

ARTIL. (*to SERGEANT*). How goes it, brother Carabineer ?  
Are we to go on loitering here,  
Warming our hands, when the foe so near  
His force in the field has already placed ?

SERGT. What ? In the field ? Why all this haste ?  
The roads are not yet open.

ARTIL. For me,  
Most certainly not. This life so free  
Is a life exactly to my taste ;  
But a scout has come in hot-foot, with news  
That Ratisbon has fallen.

TRUMP. The deuce !  
Ha ! Then we shall soon be jogging too.

SERGT. Indeed ! For the Bavarian, who  
Has to our Prince been never true ?  
Not likely for him we should sweat our fat.

ARTIL. You think so ? I'd not be too sure of that.

*Enter two JÄGERS, SUTLER WOMAN, SOLDIER BOYS, SCHOOLMASTER  
SERVANT GIRL.*

FIRST JÄGER. See, see !  
We've lighted on jolly good company.

TRUMP. Who are these green-coats ? Can you tell ?  
Smart fellows, and carry themselves right well.

SERGT. Holk's Jägers. That silver lace was ne'er  
Honestly come by at Leipzig Fair.

SUT. WOM. Here's luck, and welcome, sirs !  
FIRST JÄGER. What ! You !

Gustel of Blasewitz ! Can this be true ?

SUT. WOM. Ay, right you are ! And mossoso, I know,  
Is long-legged Peter of Itzeho,  
Who in one night, on revel bent,



His father's golden ducats spent  
At Glückstadt with our regiment.

FIRST JÄGER. And for the rifle dropped the pen.

SUT. WOM. So, so! We are old acquaintance, then?

FIRST JÄGER. And here in Bohemia meet again.

SUT. WOM. To-day here, yonder to-morrow, as war  
With its thorny besom from place to place  
Sweeps us along at a rattling pace.

Oh, since that day I have wandered far.

FIRST JÄGER. No doubt, no doubt! That's very plain.

SUT. WOM. I trooped as far up as Temeswar,  
Jolting along with the baggage train,  
When we hunted the Mansfeldt with might and main.  
Before Stralsund a tent I had,  
But my business there went all to the bad;  
To Mantua with the reliefs I went,  
With the *de Feria* came out again,  
And then with a regiment from Spain  
I made an excursion as far as Ghent.

Now in Bohemia here am I,  
To recover old debts,—at least, I'll try,  
If the Duke would but lend me a helping hand,—  
And there is my tent at your command.

FIRST JÄGER. Never fear! You'll get every copper, old girl.  
But what have you done with that Scottish churl,  
You had in tow with you there?

SUT. WOM. What! He!  
The scoundrel! He played a fine trick on me.  
Bolted, and took with him all the tin  
I had worn myself to the bones to win.  
All he left me was this young lazy lout. (*Pointing to the boy.*)  
SOL. BOY (*running up to her*). Is it father, mammy, you're  
talking about?

FIRST JÄGER. Well, well, the Kaiser must feed the lad.  
Recruits for the army must be had.

SCH. (*coming up*). Off to the camp-school, march!

FIRST JÄGER. He, too,  
Has a horror of stuffy rooms, like you.

SERV. GIRL (*entering*). They want to be off, aunt.

SUT. WOM. Coming, straight!

FIRST JÄGER. Ha! Who is this little rogue?

SUT. WOM. Oh, she  
Is my sister's child, well-born, sedate.

FIRST JÄGER. A favourite niece, I see, I see.

(*Exit SUTLER WOMAN.*)

SEC. JÄGER (*taking hold of the GIRL*). Stay, pretty maid  
with us! Do, now! Stay!

GIRL. Can't! Customers waiting over the way.

(*Disengages herself, and exits.*)

FIRST JÄGER. That girl is a toothsome morsel, egad!  
And that aunt of hers, sounds! I can recall,

How the topping swells of our regiment all  
 For her comely face would fight like mad.  
 The heaps of queer people that one has known,  
 And oh, since then, how the time has flown !  
 And who can tell what may yet befall ?

(*To the SERGEANT and TRUMPETER.*)

Your health, sirs ! An we might presume,  
 We'd be glad to have a place here too.

SERGE. With all my heart, we can make room,  
 And so to Bohemia welcome you.

FIRST JÄGER. Snug quarters here ! We had sorry fare  
 In the enemy's country—pinched and spare.

TRUMP. You don't look like it. You're in fine feather.

SERGE. Ay, ay, on the Saal, and in Meissen too,  
 They don't speak loudly in praise of you.

SEC. JÄGER. All bosh ! About nothing to make a fuss !  
 With the Croats it was different altogether ;  
 'Twas only the gleanings were left for us.

TRUMP. Why, you have a brand-new lace cravat,  
 And your hose, how handsomely they sit !  
 And your linen so fine, and your feathered hat,  
 All speak of the good things on which you lit.  
 Some folks, 'tis plain, have been in luck's way,  
 And that is what not one of us can say.

SERGE. But then, as the Duke's own regiment,  
 Respect and honour are both our due.

FIRST JÄGER. For us, that's a scurvy compliment.  
 We bear the Duke's name as well as you.

SERGE. Ah, but you belong to the common rout !

FIRST JÄGER. And you're of a special brand, no doubt !  
 'Tis only the coat that is different,  
 And I with my own am well content.

SERGE. Sir Jäger, I'm sorry for you, I own,  
 To be so mixed up with the boorish scum ;  
 You only can learn high style and tone,  
 When close to the General's self you come.

FIRST JÄGER. Small good to you has that teaching done.  
 His style of spitting, his style of cough,  
 Fairly enough you hit them off ;  
 But his genius, his spirit, are not displayed,—  
 To my thinking, at least,—on the grand parade.

SEC. JÄGER. Look you ! Ask after us where you may ;  
 Friedland's Wild Huntamen, the people say !  
 And we shame not the name, for on we go  
 Slap-dash through the country of friend and foe ;  
 Across the seed-field, through the yellow corn—  
 Well do they know Holk's hunting-horn !  
 In a moment's flash, be it near or far,  
 Swift as the deluge, there we are,—  
 Like flaming fire, that at midnight deep  
 Sweeps into men's homes, as they're locked in sleep,—



When we come, nor fight nor flight avails.  
 Order we scoff at, and discipline fails,—  
 In our sinewy arms both mistress and maid  
 Are helpless, for war is a ruthless trade.  
 'Tis no brag; just ask, and you'll find it truth;  
 In Voigtland, Westphalia, and in Baireuth,  
 Any place where we have but once passed through,—  
 There children, and children's children too,  
 When hundreds of years have gone by, and more,  
 Will be telling of Holk and his Jäger corps.

SERGEANT. Very like! But, riot and revel, are they  
 All that go to make up the good soldier, eh?  
 Or the far-seeing eye, the mind, the tact  
 To perceive the how and the when to act?

FIRST JÄGER. 'Tis freedom makes him! Cut that stuff!  
 We've had of that rubbish quite enough.  
 Fled I from school, and from bookman's lore,  
 To drudge like a galley-slave at the oar?  
 Left I the counting-house, desk, and pen,  
 To meet with them all in the camp again?  
 No! An idle life and a jolly for me,  
 Something new every day to see,  
 Trust frankly to what the moment may bring,  
 Not one glance backward or forward fling,—  
 'Twas for this to the Kaiser I sold my skin,  
 Flung care to the devil, come loss, come win.  
 Order me where the shot is thickest;  
 Over the Rhine, at its deepest, quickest,  
 Where every third man is done for, and I  
 Will not be the man to shirk or shy;  
 But, by your leave, about anything more  
 People mustn't torment me, or worry, or bore.

SERGEANT. Well, well, if that be all that you lack, it  
 Is safe to be found 'neath the soldier's jacket.

FIRST JÄGER. What damnable torture and grind we dree'd  
 With that plague of his people, Gustavus the Swede!  
 He made a church of his camp, decreed  
 Set hours for prayers, neither short nor few,  
 At morning *réveillé* and evening tattoo.  
 And if we'd been going the pace, good lack!  
 Preached at us himself from his charger's back.

SERGEANT. A God-fearing gentleman, to be sure!

FIRST JÄGER. The light-heeled hussies he would not  
 stand.

Off to church they must pack, to be wed out of hand;  
 So I cut—that was more than I could endure.

SERGEANT. Things are different there now, I hear say.

FIRST JÄGER. Then to the Leaguers I trotted away,  
 Who on Magdeburg were preparing to move.  
 Ah, things ran there in a different groove;  
 Revel and mirth were all to the fore,  
 Wine and wassail, and wenches galore.

By my faith, we had lots of frolic and fun,  
For Tilly knew how men's hearts are won ;  
He pinched himself, but he left his men  
Their swing, without asking the how and when ;  
And if on his purse-strings you did not pull,  
"Live and let live !" was his motto and rule.  
But fortune from Tilly slipped away  
After that fatal Leipzig day.  
Everything then got out of joint,  
Every plan we made somehow missed its point ;  
Wherever we showed, wherever we knocked,  
Men scowled at us, and doors were locked ;  
From place to place we were hustled on,  
But the awe we used to inspire was gone ;  
So service I with the Saxon took,  
For that, I thought, would just suit my book.  
SERGT. Well ! And you joined in the nick to share  
Bohemia's spoils.

FIRST JÄGER. I did badly there.  
Strict discipline was the rule, nor could  
We sack and rack as an enemy should.  
The Kaiser's castles we had to guard,  
To bow and to beck, and to speak by the card.  
Warfare like that was a farce, a jest,  
A sickly half-hearted business at best ;  
A downright rupture they did not want ;  
Booty and honour, in short, were scant,  
So I soon grew tired, and was minded then  
To take to my scrivener's desk again,  
When I heard the tuck of Duke Friedland's drum,  
Inviting stout hearts to his flag to come.

SERGT. And here how long do you think you'll stay ?

FIRST JÄGER. Pshaw, man ! So long as he rules the day.  
By my soul, I'll stick to him, never fear !  
Could a soldier be better off than here ?  
Here war is waged, as war should be,  
On a scale that is grandly planned and free,  
And the soul, that quickens the mass all through,  
Sweeps with the force of a driving gale  
The meanest trooper along with it too.  
Here I cock my bonnet, and never quail,  
Can over your burgher swagger and stride,  
Just as Friedland treads down the Princes' pride.  
Here things go, as in old times they went,  
When all to the might of the sabre bent ;  
Here only one crime or offence is known,  
'Gainst orders given to kick or groan,  
What's not forbidden you're free to do,  
And no one asks, "Of what creed are you ?"  
In a word, of things there are only two,  
What belongs to the army, and what does not,  
And I with the colours cast in my lot.

SERGT. Ha, now you speak to the purpose ! Good !  
Just as a trooper of Friedland's should.

FIRST JÄGER. Not merely official is his command,  
A power derived from the Kaiser's hand.  
For the Kaiser's service he cares not a rap.  
What good has he for the Kaiser won ?  
With all his vast power, what has he done,  
To shield the land from wrong and mishap ?  
A soldier's kingdom, at that he aims,  
For that he would set the world in flames ;  
For that he would ruthlessly trample down  
Order and law, peer, burgher, and clown.

SERGT. Hush, hush ! What whirling words are these ?

FIRST JÄGER. What I think I will speak, when and how I  
please.

Speech, says the General, speech is free.

SERGT. That's true. He was standing close by me,  
And I heard him say it : " Speech is free,  
Action is mute, obedience blind ! "  
These were his very words, I mind.

FIRST JÄGER. I wot not whether they were or no,  
But whatever the words, the fact is so.

SEC. JÄGER. He never has known defeat or shame,  
As other men have so often done.  
Tilly himself outlived his fame.  
But under the Friedländer's flag to fight  
Is as good as to say, there's a victory won.  
He holds luck bound by a spell of might  
To stand fast by him through wrong, through right :  
Under his banner who fights, in short,  
Has powers at his back of no common sort,  
For all the world knows full well,  
The Friedländer keeps in his private pay  
A devil he's conjured out of hell.

SERGT. Ay, his life is charmed,—no doubt of that.  
For all through Lützen's bloody fray  
He rode, and never was seen to quail,  
Up and down through the fiery hail.  
Riddled with bullets was his hat,  
The balls they whizzed through boots and cravat,  
They left their mark for all to see,  
But not e'en a scratch on the skin had he,  
Because it was shielded and salved so well  
By the ointment he gets from that imp of hell.

FIRST JÄGER. What cock-and-bull stories are these you tell ?  
He wears an elk-skin jacket, and no  
Bullet through that could ever go.

SERGT. 'Tis the ointment does it, with wizard spell  
From herbs unholy distilled and brewed.

TRUMP. Whatever does it, it can't be good.

SERGT. He reads in the stars too, so they say,  
*What's coming, both near and far away.*

But I know better, how that betides.  
 A little grey man to his chamber glides  
 Through lockfast doors at the dead of night,—  
 The sentries have many times challenged the wight,—  
 And something of moment was sure to fall out,  
 When that little grey doublet was seen about.

SEC. JÄGER. Yes! He has sold himself to the devil, that's clear.

So we, too, make a good time of it here.

*Enter a RECRUIT from the tent, with a tin cap on his head, and a wine-flask in his hand; a CITIZEN and a DRAGOON.*

REC. Love to father and uncle! I  
 Am a soldier,—have bid them a long good-bye.  
 FIRST JÄGER. See there! A younker, and freshly caught!  
 CIT. Oh, Franz, reflect! You'll rue it, you ought.

REC. (*sings*). Fifing and drumming,  
 Music of war!  
 Ranging and roaming  
 Near and afar;  
 Careering on steed  
 Of mettle and speed;  
 Good sword on side,  
 On, far and wide,  
 Frolic and light  
 As a finch in its flight,  
 Over thicket and tree  
 Through the air go we!

Huzzah! The Friedländer's banner for me!

SEC. JÄGER. A jolly good fellow, 'tis plain to see.

CIT. He comes of good people. Oh, set him free!

FIRST JÄGER. Were we picked up in the gutter? Not we.

CIT. He has money, I tell you, and means not small.

Just feel the fine stuff his jerkin is made of.

TRUMP. The Kaiser's coat is the finest of all.

CIT. A small cap factory he'll have the trade of.

SEC. JÄGER. Here he'll do what he likes, and none be afraid of.

CIT. His grandmother's shop will be his, and her wares.

FIRST JÄGER. Pooh! To traffic in brimstone matches who cares?

CIT. His godfather's tap will be his, beside;

A cellar with twenty stout butts of wine.

TRUMP. These with his comrades he'll divide.

SEC. JÄGER. Come! For a tent have a share of mine!

CIT. In tears and anguish he leaves a bride.

FIRST JÄGER. Good! Of his iron heart a sign!

CIT. His grandam will die in sheer despair.

SEC. JÄGER. All the better! He'll sooner come in as heir.

SERET. (*advances with a solemn air and lays his hand upon the RECRUIT's metal cap*).

Mark now ! You've weighed well what you do ;  
 You have doffed the old man, and donned the new ;  
 With your helmet and fighting gear you claim  
 A place among men that are known to fame.  
 You must show among them a noble bearing.

FIRST JÄGER. Above all, of your cash you must not be  
 sparing.

SERGT. Your ship is launched, and your sails are set,  
 The wind of good fortune's breezes to get ;  
 The world is before you, its wealth, its tares ;  
 What can he hope for, who nothing dares ?  
 Your cit jogs on, all drowze and fag,  
 In one dull round, like the dyer's nag.  
 The soldier may rise,—who can tell, how far ?—  
 For nowadays everything's settled by war.  
 Just look at me ! In the coat I wear  
 The Kaiser's baton, pray, mark, I bear.  
 All earthly sway, it is meet you know,  
 Of a surety must from the baton flow ;  
 The sceptre itself in the monarch's hand  
 Is only a baton, all understand.  
 Rise to be corporal, then you may deem  
 Your foot's on the ladder of power supreme,  
 And you, too, may rise to that great height.

FIRST JÄGER. Provided you only can read and write.

SERGT. This I'll prove to you by a case I know,—  
 To myself it happened not long ago.  
 There's Buttler, the chief of our corps, I vow,  
 Some thirty years back, at Cöln on the Rhine,  
 He served with me in the ranks of the line,  
 And they call him major-general now.  
 How was this ? To the front himself he flung,  
 Till with his exploits the whole world rung ;  
 But my deserts in the background hung.  
 What's more, e'en Friedland's self, you see,  
 Our leader—and who has such might as he ?—  
 Whom all men humble themselves before,  
 Was once a poor noble, and nothing more ;  
 But he threw in his lot with the Goddess of War,  
 So built up his fortunes to what they are ;  
 Stands next to the Kaiser in honour, and who  
 Can say what he'll rise to, what miss, what do ?  
 (*With a sly look.*) For the Judgment Day we've not yet come  
 to.

FIRST JÄGER. He began in a small way, and now is so  
 great !

For at Altdorf, in his student days,  
 He indulged,—the truth by your leave to state,—  
 In rather rollicking madcap ways.  
 Very early he knocked his famulus down,  
 On which the gentry of Nürnberg town,  
 Nothing would stop them, but straight they must

Into jail the young brawler thrust ;  
 It had just been built, and whoever came  
 Into it first, 'twas to bear his name.  
 Now, what did he do, the clever rogue ?  
 Why, he lets his poodle run on before ;  
 So to this day they call it after the dog.  
 By this you can see the wild brain he bore :  
 Of all our master's great deeds not one  
 Delights me so much as this stroke of fun.

*(During this speech the SERVANT GIRL has been standing by ; the SECOND JÄGER begins toying with her.)*

DRA. Comrade, you drop it ! I say no more.

SEC. JÄGER. Why the devil should you thrust in your oar ?

DRA. Drop it, I tell you ! The wench is mine.

FIRST JÄGER. The tit-bit yours only ? Pooh ! All very fine.  
 Dragoon, you're demented. All yours, forsooth !

SEC. JÄGER. Wants something, he does, for his private tooth !

A wench's pretty face must be  
 To the general camp as sunshine free. *(Kisses her.)*

DRA. *(drags her away)*. I say I won't have it. You, cut and run !

FIRST JÄGER. Huzzah, the pipers ! Let's have some fun !

SEC. JÄGER *(to the DRAGOON)*. Do you mean business ?  
 Well, I'm your man !

SERG. Peace, masters ! He's free to kiss who can !

*Enter Bohemian bagpipers, who play a waltz, first slowly, then faster and faster.*  
*The FIRST JÄGER dances with the SERVANT GIRL, the SUTLER WOMAN with the RECRUIT. The GIRL runs off, followed by the JÄGER, who catches in his arms a CAPUCHIN MONK, as he enters.*

CAPU. Huzzah ! hurroo ! and hullabaloo !

Fine doings these, and with me here too !

A Christian army, and these its works ?

Are we Anabaptists, or are we Turks ?

Making on Sunday such riot and rout,

As if the Almighty had the gout,

And couldn't strike in, to kick you about.

Is this a time to caper and fling,

To spend in debauch and junketing ?

*Quid hic statis otiosi ?*

Why stand you with hands in your bosom, when

On the Danube war's Furies are loose again ;

When Bavaria's bulwark is broken down,

When the Swede in his clutch holds Ratisbon town ?

Yet here in Bohemia the army lies,

Stuffing its paunch, and blinking its eyes,

Bottles, not battles, its chief concern,

Wine-stoup and tabors liked better than sabres,

Drabbing and dicing, grabbing and slicing

Oxen, but skulking from Oxenstiern !

Christendom mourns in sackcloth and ashes,

But the soldier nothing or daunts or dashes,  
 Things may go better, or things may go worse,  
 All he thinks of is filling his purse ;  
 'Tis a time of tears and of loud lament,  
 Signs and wonders from heaven are sent,  
 The mantle of war, deep dyed in gore,  
 Is spread by the Lord the broad heavens o'er,  
 And from heaven's windows He waves abroad  
 A comet like an avenging rod.

The world is one great house of wail,  
 Swimming in blood is the Church's ark ;  
 And the Roman Empire, God save the mark !  
 We must now as the Roman Pauper hail.  
 The rolling Rhine runs blood, not wine,  
 The cloisters are pillaged, like rifled nests,  
 The bishoprics turned into desert wastes,  
 The abbeys and convents are changed into  
 Mere dens of a roistering murderous crew,  
 And all our lands, that were once so blest,  
 Are now by the wofullest want oppressed.

At whose door, think you, lies the blame ?  
 That will I tell, to your endless shame.  
 Take it from me, that it all begins  
 From your iniquities and sins,  
 From the horrible heathen life which you  
 Are leading, you men, and your officers too ;  
 For sin is the magnet, whose unseen hand  
 Draweth on iron into the land ;  
 On ill deeds follow mishap and woe,  
 As tears to the pungent onion flow ;  
 On the heels of the U must come the V,  
 Such is the order of A, B, C.

*Ubi erit victoriae spes,  
 Si offenditur Deus ?* That hits the case.  
 How may any one hope for victory, who  
 Gives the go-by to mass and to sermon too,  
 Who does no mortal thing, but stay  
 In taverns boozing by night and by day ?  
 The woman in the Evangel found  
 The penny she lost by looking around ;  
 Saul found his father's asses again,  
 And Joseph his brethren, these nice young men ;  
 But whoso seeks in a camp for the fear  
 Of God, for a sense of shame or right,  
 Will not find much of these virtues here,  
 Though he were to set hundreds of lamps alight.  
 Even the soldiers, as we in the Gospels read,  
 To John in the Wilderness made repair,  
 Gave to the Preacher their willing heed,  
 And were shrived and baptised too, then and there.  
*Quid faciemus nos ?* asked some.  
 How may we to Abraham's bosom come ?

*Et ait illis* : and he replies,  
*Neminem concutiatis*,  
 Do no man hurt in any wise ;  
*Nec calumniam faciatis*,  
 Nor to calumny give yourselves, or lies !  
*Contenti estote*, content you alway  
*Stipendiis vestris*, with your pay,  
 And cursed be drinking, and drabbing, and play !  
 There is a commandment, "Thou shalt not take  
 The name of Almighty God in vain ;"  
 And where is more cursing, or more profane,  
 Than here at headquarters, to make one quake ?  
 Why, if for every oath you fling  
 In the face of heaven with blaspheming tongue,  
 The bells all round here had to be rung,  
 There would soon be no sextons left to ring.  
 And if for every wicked prayer  
 You out of your unwashed mouths let fall,  
 There dropped from your poll a single hair,  
 Ere night 'twould be smooth as an ivory ball,  
 Ay, though Absalom's locks beside yours were small.  
 Joshua, of course, was a soldier too ;  
 King David the giant Goliath slew ;  
 But where in the Scriptures, Old and New,  
 Is it written, that they blasphemed like you ?  
 'Twere just as easy, I should have thought,  
 To say "God help us !" or "God wot !"   
 And would answer its purpose quite as well  
 As to say, "You be damned !" or "You go to hell !"   
 But what the cask is filled up with, so  
 With that will it bubble and overflow.

Again, 'tis commanded, "Thou shalt not steal !"   
 Well, that to the letter you obey,  
 For you carry things off in the openest way.  
 From your vulture talons and hawk-like eyes,  
 No gold can be hidden, though locked it lies  
 In the strongest chest in the strongest room ;  
 The calf is not safe in its mother's womb ;  
 You take the egg, and the hen that lays it.  
*Contenti estote*. The Preacher says it,  
 Therefore content ye to be fed  
 With the rations you get of the army bread.  
 But wherefore rebuke the servants' sins,  
 When the scandal with those he serves begins ?  
 As the limbs are, so is the head as well !  
 What *he* believes in, who can tell ?

FIRST JÄGER. Sir Priest, you may rail at us, rank and file,  
 But our General, him you shall not revile.

CAPU. *Ne custodias gregem meam !*  
 An Ahab he is, a Jerobeam,  
 That leads men from the one true way  
 To heresy and false gods astray.



TRUMP. *and REC.* You'd better stop talking like that, I say!

CAPU. A swaggering, blustering braggart he is,  
That intends to make all the strong places his;  
With his godless mouth he has vowed that he  
Of Stralsund town must the master be,  
Though with chains it were bound to heaven withal.

TRUMP. Will nobody stop his slanderous squall?

CAPU. A wizard, a raiser of devils, a Saul,  
A Holofernes, a Jehu, abhorred  
For denying, like Peter, his Master and Lord,  
So he cannot abide to hear the cock crow.

BOTH JÄGERS. You've done for yourself by that last blow.

CAPU. A cunning fox of a Herod he!

TRUMP. *and the two JÄGERS (rushing in upon him).* Shut  
up! or a dead man soon you'll be!

CROATS *(interposing to stop them).* Stay where you are,  
priest! Never fear!

Finish up your sermon! We want to hear.

CAPU. *(raising his voice).* A proud Nebuchadnezzar from  
head to foot,

A heretical father of lies, to boot!

He goes by the name of Wallenstone,

And truly he is to us all a stone

Of offence and stumbling, and that alone;

And in Friedland there ne'er can be peace indeed,

Till of Friedland's self the land is freed.

*(While speaking these last words, raising his voice as he  
speaks, he has been gradually moving away, while the  
CROATS keep the rest of the soldiers from getting at  
him.)*

FIRST JÄGER *(to the SERGEANT).* What he meant by the  
cock, I'd like to know,

Makes the General shake, when he hears it crow.

'Twas meant, eh? in scorn and ridicule solely?

SERGT. There I can help you. No, not wholly.

By birth the General's rather queer,

He has an especially sensitive ear,

He's clean upset, if a cat but mew,

And if a cock crows, it makes him grue.

FIRST JÄGER. The lion in that is the same as he.

SERGT. Mouse-quiet must everything round him be.

This rule the sentries have all to keep;

He has things to think of so many and deep.

VOICES *(heard in the tent: uproar).* Seize him, the rascal!

The rogue, to try it!

PEAS. *(heard from the tent).* Help! Mercy! Help!

OTHER VOICES. Stand back! Be quiet!

FIRST JÄGER. Deuce take me, yonder there's fighting afoot!

SEC. JÄGER. Then I'll be in it.

*(The JÄGERS exeunt into the tent, as the SUTLER  
WOMAN comes from it.)*

SUT. WOM.

The thief, the brute!

TRUMP. Hillos, dame! What's put you in such a heat?

SUT. WOM. The scoundrel, runagate, cut-purse, cheat?  
In my tent that this should have come to pass!  
To shame me before all the camp! Alas!

SERGT. Gossip, what's up?

SUT. WOM. Oh, such a row!

They caught a rascal peasant just now,  
With the loaded dice on him, by which he won.

SERGT. And here they are bringing him, with his son.

*Enter SOLDIERS dragging in the PEASANT.*

FIRST JÄGER. He must swing!

SHARPSHOOTERS and DRAGOONS. To the Provost! Bring  
him along!

SERGT. Doom follows fast on the heels of wrong.

SUT. WOM. In an hour he'll be capering in the air.

SERGT. An evil trade brings evil pay.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER. This comes of driving men to despair.

For, look ye, we ruin them first, so they

Betake them to stealing, and well they may.

TRUMP. How! What? Speak up for him? The cur!

Has the devil set all your wits astir?

FIRST AR. Well, the boor is a man—in a sort of way.

FIRST JÄGER. Don't mind them. They're some of Tiefen-  
bach's corps;

Sons of tailors and glovers, that's what they are.

At Brieg they saw barrack life,—nothing more.

What should they know of the ways of war?

*Enter CUIRASSIERS.*

FIRST CUIR. Peace! Why are you knocking the boor  
about?

FIRST SHA. A swindling knave! Caught cheating at play.

FIRST CUIR. And has cheated you to some purpose, eh?

FIRST SHA. He has. Yes, thoroughly cleaned me out.

FIRST CUIR. How? You, sir, you a Friedländer's man,

And could let yourself so very far down

As to try your luck with a boorish clown!

(*To the PEASANT.*) Run, fellow! Be off as fast as you can.

(*PEASANT runs away, the others draw together.*)

FIRST AR. He makes short work—he is firm as steel.

The right way that with such folk to deal.

Where hails he from? No Bohemian he.

SUT. WOM. A Walloon—a man to respect, you see.

A Pappenheim cuirassier, I trow.

FIRST DRA. (*advancing*). The young Piccolomini leads them  
now!

On the field of Lützen him they took

For colonel, did it off their own hook,

When Pappenheim fell in the mêlée there.

FIRST AR. A step so venturous did they dare?

FIRST DRA. This regiment is exceptional quite.

It ever was foremost in the fight,  
It has rules of its own by which to steer,  
And the Friedländer holds it especially dear.

FIRST CUIR. (*to his comrade*). Can the news be true? How was it heard?

SEC. CUIR. I have it upon our Colonel's word.

FIRST CUIR. We're not their dogs, to be treated thus.

FIRST JÄGER. What's wrong there? They seem to be much put out.

SEC. JÄGER. Is it anything, masters, that touches us?

FIRST CUIR. Something you'll none of you smile about.

(SOLDIERS *gather round him*.)

They to the Netherlands want to lend us,

Jägers, cuirassiers, riflemen,

Eight thousand strong they propose to send us.

SUT. WOM. What! Off on the trot there once again!

'Twas only yesterday I got back.

SEC. CUIR. (*to the DRAGOONS*). You Buttler's men must saddle too.

FIRST CUIR. And we Walloons are told off with you.

SUT. WOM. The very best squadrons of all the pack!

FIRST CUIR. We have to escort him from Milan.

FIRST JÄGER. The Infanta? Maddening! Such a man!

SEC. JÄGER. That swindling priest! The devil and all!

FIRST CUIR. What! Leave the Friedländer, the best,

The kindest of generals to his men,

To take with the Spaniard the field again,

The skinflint, whom we in our hearts detest!

No, that won't work. We shall rather bolt.

TRUMP. The deuce! To be led by that priest-ridden dolt!

We sold our blood to the Kaiser, that

We did, but not to the Spanish red hat.

SEC. JÄGER. 'Twas on Friedland's word and credit, in fine,

That we took troopers' service, and

But for our love for the Wallenstein

He'd never have got us, this Ferdinand.

FIRST DRA. Did Friedland not make us the troops we are?

We shall steer, shall we not, by his fortune's star?

SERGT. Steady, friends, steady! To me give ear.

Talking will be of no service here.

I see a bit farther than any of you.

There's a trick in all this, and a dark one too.

FIRST JÄGER. Stand at attention! All be still!

SERGT. First, gossip Gustel, for me fill

A nip of good liquor, to wet my throat,

And then you shall hear what I'd have you note.

SUT. WOM. (*serving out*). Here it is, Master Sergeant. You gave me a fright.

Things won't be so bad, eh,—not ruinous quite?

SERGT. Look, sirs, 'tis right that every man

On what's under his nose should form his plan;

Still we must, as our General used to say,

Look about us, and things as a whole survey.  
 The Friedländer's troops is the name we bear;  
 The burgher, he quarters us everywhere,  
 Warms us and feeds us, and makes us good cheer;  
 The boor, he must yoke his horse and steer  
 To haul our baggage-waggons, although  
 He kick ever so much against doing so.  
 Let a corporal only with some seven men  
 Be seen riding on to a village, why then  
 He is owned as chief magistrate there, and may  
 Make every soul his commands obey.  
 Yet, confound them! they like us not, not they,  
 And rather would see the devil's own face,  
 Than our buff jerkins about the place.  
 Thunder and 'ounds! why don't they chase  
 Us out of the country, since that's the case?  
 In numbers they're more than our match, the knaves,  
 And if we have swords, they have their staves.  
 To laugh at them, then, why are we able?  
 Because, massed as we are, we are formidable!

FIRST JÄGER. Ay, ay! In the mass, the power lies there.  
 Duke Friedland made proof that this was so,  
 When he raised for the Kaiser,—some eight years ago  
 Or nine,—this great army from everywhere.  
 Of only twelve thousand at first would they hear;  
 These, he said, I can never feed;  
 But give me sixty, and then, indeed,  
 Of their starving I'll have not the slightest fear.  
 And so we became soldiers of Wallenstein.

SEER. For example, from this right hand of mine  
 Chop a finger, one of the five I own,  
 Though it were but the little one, do you opine,  
 That you've taken that finger, and that alone?  
 No, by Jove! with my hand you have played the deuce!  
 'Tis only a stump, of no further use.  
 Now, these eight thousand horse, which they  
 To Flanders purpose to draft away,  
 Are the army's little finger. Yes!  
 Do you flatter yourselves, if them we lose,  
 That our force is only one-fifth the less?  
 No, bless you! A general smash ensues.  
 Away go respect, awe, terror, too,  
 The boor's cockscomb swells up anew.  
 In the Vienna Chancery they'll prepare  
 Our billets for us, and prescribe our fare,  
 And we'll be poor beggars, as once we were.  
 And how long it will be, who can tell,  
 Ere they take our General away as well?  
 He's not in high favour at Court, and then  
 We should all be clean done for, gentlemen.  
 Who then would help us to get our pay,

NO. DCCCCXI.

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Or see that they kept to our contracts, eh?  
 Who has the brain, the nerve to command,  
 The quick keen eye, and the resolute hand,  
 This hotch-potch army to keep in control,  
 And weld it together in one great whole?  
 Now, by way of example, speak, Dragoon,  
 What might your native country be?

FIRST DRA. I am from Ireland, far over the sea.

SERGT. (*to the two CUIRASSIERS*). You, sir, I know, are a  
 Walloon;

A Lombard you, we can tell by your tongue.

FIRST CUIR. Who am I? That's what I could never find  
 out;

I was stolen, when I was so very young.

SERGT. You also don't hail from hereabout.

FIRST AR. From Buchau I, on the Federstrand.

SERGT. Neighbour, and you?

SEC. AR. From Switzerland.

SERGT. (*to SECOND JÄGER*). And what is your mother  
 country, Jäger?

SEC. JÄGER. Hard by Wismar my parents dwell.

SERGT. (*pointing to the TRUMPETER*). And he there and I,  
 we come from Eger.

Now, I put it to you, could any one tell,  
 That we from North and from South were so  
 Together drifted, like flakes of snow?  
 Do we not look, as though our whole stock  
 Were all chipped out of the self-same block?  
 Against the foe do we not stand fast,  
 Like metal in one mould run and cast?  
 Do we not fit in together, clean  
 As the teeth of the wheels of some great machine?  
 And who has welded us all so well,  
 That one from another no man can tell?  
 Who, who, but he, the Wallenstein?

FIRST JÄGER. It would never have struck this pate of mine,  
 How we came to fit in so well as we seem;  
 I was always content to float with the stream.

FIRST CUIR. That's quite my view—the Sergeant's right.  
 Fain would they strike at the army's might,  
 So they'd keep us soldiers down, that they  
 Alone may have sovereign rule and sway.  
 Yes, 'tis a conspiracy, a plot!

SUT. WOM. Conspiracy! God grant, 'tis not!  
 I'll not get a rap of what's due to me.

SERGT. Just so. All round 'twill be bankruptcy.  
 Lots of the captains and generals too,  
 In order to raise their regiments, drew  
 From their private coffers the needful cash;  
 They wanted, moreover, to cut a dash,  
 So greatly beyond their means they went.  
 In hopes to make profit on what

But they'll lose every stiver, yes, one and all,  
If their leader, and ours, the Duke, should fall.

SUT. WOM. I'll be ruined, O Lord, and to such an amount!  
Half the army is down in my books. The Count  
Isolani, that bad paymaster, is here  
Two hundred dollars at least in arrear.

FIRST CUIR. Now, comrades all, what's to be done?  
One course can serve us, and only one.  
United they cannot harm us; our plan  
Is to stick together, then, all as one man.  
Let them issue their orders! Here we stand,  
Rooted fast in Bohemian land.  
We'll not march out of it anyhow.  
The soldier fights for his honour now.

SEC. JÄGER. We'll not be driven round the country so.  
Let them come, and that they shall quickly know!

FIRST AR. Good sirs, mind what you're after. This  
The Kaiser's wish and his order is.

TRUMP. Oh, much for the Kaiser do we care!

FIRST AR. Don't say that again! You had best beware.

TRUMP. But what I said is the simple fact.

FIRST JÄGER. True! I've always been given to understand  
That the Friedländer here has sole command.

SERGT. So he has! 'Twas the bargain he made, and pact;  
He has absolute power, you must be told,  
To carry on war, to conclude a peace;  
He can confiscate any man's gear and gold,  
Can hang and can pardon, with power of police,  
Can make officers, colonels even,—in short,  
No honour, but he has authority for't.  
And this he has under the Kaiser's hand.

FIRST AR. The Duke is able, a man for command,  
But what is he else, come great come small,  
But the Kaiser's servant, as we are all?

SERGT. As we! You are greatly mistaken. He  
Is a Prince of the Empire, direct and free,  
No better Bavaria's self can be.  
Did these eyes not see,—you'll believe me now,—  
When I was on guard at Brandeis, how  
The Kaiser allowed him in presence there  
His hat on his princely head to wear!

FIRST AR. That was for Mecklenburg, we may surmise, sir  
Which then he held in pawn from the Kaiser.

FIRST JÄGER (*to the SERGEANT*). How! Even in the pres-  
ence he wore his hat?

There's something uncommonly strange in that.

SERGT. (*feeling in his pocket*). If my word you doubt, i  
what I've told,  
Here is something to prove it your hand can hold. (*Showing  
a coin.*)

Whose image and superscription is this?

SUT. WOM. Show me! A Wallenstein piece it is.

SERGT. There you have it ! Can anything clearer be ?  
 What Prince is more of a Prince than he ?  
 Don't he coin his own money, like Ferdinand ?  
 Has he not his own subjects, and his own land ?  
 Is he not as his Highness by all men known ?  
 Has he not, then, the right to have troops of his own ?

FIRST AR. That right will by nobody be denied ;  
 But we're to the Kaiser by duty tied,  
 And the Kaiser it is who pays us.

TRUMP.

What !

There in your teeth I say you lie.  
 The Kaiser it is who pays us not.  
 Is it not now forty weeks gone by,  
 That they've kept on promising day by day,  
 But not a rap have we seen of our pay ?

FIRST AR. 'Tis in very good hands, we may suppose !

FIRST CUIR. Peace, masters, peace ! Would you come to  
 blows ?

What madness is this, to be quarrelling so,  
 As to whether the Kaiser's our master or no ?  
 Why, 'tis just because it's our pride to show,  
 That we must be treated with due respect  
 As his trusty troopers, that we object  
 To be shifted and shunted wherever he wants,  
 At the nod of priests and of sycophants.  
 Say yourselves, is it not for your master's gain,  
 That his soldiers their dignity should maintain ?  
 Who but they can raise and uphold his state,  
 As that of a mighty potentate ?  
 Can throughout Christendom far and near  
 Make his word something for men to fear ?  
 Let those submit to his yoke and thrall,  
 To whom the bulk of his favours fall.  
 We, who in none of his splendours share,  
 Toil only is ours, hard blows, and hard fare,  
 And the pride that within our hearts we bear.

FIRST JÄGER. Every great tyrant, and every great Kaiser,  
 Saw things in that light, and were very much wiser.  
 All others they worried, and taxed, and oppressed,  
 But took care that their soldiers should have of the best.

FIRST CUIR. The soldier must be to his worth awake.  
 If he plies not his craft with a noble aim,  
 He'd better keep out of it. In the game,  
 If I am to play with my life for stake,  
 I must count for something, or in the strife  
 I become a mere butcher, like your born  
 Croât, and look down on myself with scorn.

BOTH JÄGERS. Yes, honour is more, much more than life !

FIRST CUIR. The sword is neither a spade nor plough.  
 'Twere folly to till with it anyhow.  
 For us there ripens nor corn nor grass ;  
 Homeless, the soldier is doomed to pass

From country to country far and wide ;  
 Warm himself he may not at his own fireside ;  
 Away from fair cities he needs must roam,  
 Away from the sports of the village green,  
 Away from the vintage, the harvest home ;  
 These are only by him from the distance seen.  
 Let him lose his self-respect, and then  
 What's left him to boast of, gentlemen ?  
 He must have something to call his own,  
 Or back on mere murder and rapine be thrown.

FIRST AR. 'Tis a wretched, wretched life, God wot !

FIRST CUIR. And yet for another I'd change it not.  
 I have been round the world a deal, and had  
 Experience of all sorts, good and bad ;  
 I've served in my time the King of Spain,  
 With the Venice Republic have service ta'en,  
 Also with the kingdom of Napoli,  
 But none of them all brought luck to me.  
 With merchant, too, and knight I've been,  
 Of craftsman and Jesuit taken note,  
 But of all the doublets that I have seen,  
 None pleased me so much as my own steel-coat.

FIRST AR. Well, so much as that I can scarcely say.

FIRST CUIR. Who wants in this world to make his way,  
 Must be stirring and worrying night and day ;  
 To place and high honours whoever would tend,  
 'Neath the golden load his back must bend ;  
 Whoe'er would enjoy a father's blessing,  
 And his children's and children's children's caressing,  
 Some honest trade let him calmly ply ;  
 But no mind for that sort of thing have I.  
 Free would I live, and would die as free,  
 Will rob no man, will be no man's heir,  
 And down from my nag look, true devil-may-care,  
 On the hurly-burly under me.

FIRST JÄGER. Bravo ! My sentiments to a T.

FIRST AR. To you, then, it seems the best of jokes  
 To ride roughshod over other folks ?

FIRST CUIR. The times are hard : nor is the sword  
 With justice always in strict accord,  
 But let no one say that the fault is mine,  
 If I somewhat to the sword incline.  
 Humane in war I would gladly be,  
 But I'll not let any one drum on me.

FIRST AR. Who is to blame but we soldiers—yes, we,  
 That the people are sunk in such misery ?  
 This wretched war, with its want and woe,  
 Is like into sixteen years to go.

FIRST CUIR. Brother, all men cannot in one note praise  
 The dear God above us, and His ways.  
 One wants the sun, it makes others fret,  
 This wants dry weather, and that wants wet.



Where you see nothing but want and woe,  
 Life seems to me all sunshine and glow.  
 If boors and burghers are made to smart,  
 I really pity them from my heart ;  
 But I can't mend matters ; 'tis like when we  
 Are ordered to charge the enemy.  
 Away with a snort our chargers rush,  
 No matter what lies in their way to crush ;  
 Be it brother, or son, my very own,  
 My soul may be rent by his agonised groan,  
 But on I must dash o'er his body, nor stay  
 One moment to carry him out of the fray.

FIRST JÄGER. Ay, mind number one, that's the only way !

FIRST CUIR. And since it so happens, that for the while  
 The soldier is favoured by fortune's smile,  
 Let us clutch with both hands the goods she sends ;  
 Our day will be short, for we have no friends.  
 Of a sudden a peace will be hurried on,  
 And then is our occupation gone ;  
 Out packs the soldier, in stalks the boor,  
 And all will be then as it was of yore.  
 Now here we are still a united band,  
 And here we have still the upmost hand ;  
 But once let our ranks be broken, I'll swear,  
 We shall soon be starving on Lenten fare.

FIRST JÄGER. No, that must never be. Let us  
 Stand all as one man united thus !

SEC. JÄGER. Yes ! Let us be one ! 'Tis the proper thing !

FIRST AR. (*taking out his leathern purse*). Well, mistress,  
 how much have we got to pay ?

SUT. WOM. Oh, a trifle scarcely worth mentioning.  
 (*They settle.*)

TRUMP. It's a right good job that you're going away.  
 You'd only make mischief, were you to stay.

(*Exeunt ARQUEBUSIERS.*)

FIRST CUIR. I'm sorry. They are else good fellows enough.

FIRST JÄGER. But to talk such pitiful puling stuff !

SEC. JÄGER. Now we're here by ourselves, let us think  
 how we are

This new device best to meet and mar.

TRUMP. How best ! Why, simply refuse to stir.

FIRST CUIR. No, nothing that is against discipline, sir.  
 Let each of us now to his corps away,  
 And the matter before his comrades lay,  
 And show them the reasons, why we are  
 Resolved we shall not be moved off so far.  
 I'll answer for my Walloons. They'll do  
 Exactly as I do through and through.

SERGT. Count Tertzky's regiment, horse and foot,  
 To a man, I'll be sworn, will follow suit.

SEC. CUIR. (*posting himself beside the first*). Lombard and  
 Walloon stick side by side.

FIRST JÄGER. Freedom's the Jäger's life and pride.

SEC. JÄGER. Freedom must rest upon might, so I  
With Wallenstein shall live and die.

FIRST SHA. The man of Lorraine with the tide will swim,  
Where sport's to be had you are sure of him.

DRA. Success is the Irishman's guiding star.

SEC. SHA. Tyrolese follow only their liege lord in war.

FIRST CUIR. So therefore let every regiment  
Write out a memorial, and plainly say,  
That here together we mean to stay,  
That neither force nor craft, away  
From Friedland shall drive us soldiers of his,  
Who to us a very father is.  
Hand this, with profound respect, when done,  
To Piccolomini,—I mean the son,—  
Who's right well up to this sort of thing.  
With Duke Friedland he just what he likes can do,  
And he stands in the highest favour, too,  
At Court with the Kaiser and the King.

SEC. JÄGER. Come, stick to that text! Let us all agree!  
Piccolomini shall our spokesman be.

ALL TOGETHER. Piccolomini shall our spokesman be!  
(*Are about to leave.*)

SERGT. A glass, friends, before you go, with me!  
Here's a health to the Piccolomini!

SUT. WOM. (*fetches a flask*). No scores for this! 'Tis free  
to you all,

And the best of good luck your plan befall!

CUIR. The soldier shall rule the day!

BOTH JÄGERS. The peasant shall pay!

DRAGOONS and SHARPSHOOTERS. The army shall flourish,  
you'll see!

TRUMP. and SERGT. And Friedland shall its commander  
be!

SECOND CUIRASSIER (*sings*).

Up, comrades, to horse! Up, saddle and mount!

To the field! What shall we be afraid of?

There still doth a true man for something count,

There his heart shows what mettle it's made of.

No other for him can answer there,

All alone by himself he must do and dare.

(*Whilst he is singing, the SOLDIERS advance from  
the background and sing in chorus—*)

No other for him can answer there,

All alone by himself he must do and dare.

DRAGOON.

From the earth fair freedom away has flown,

We see but the master and mastered,

And falsehood and cunning, they triumph alone

In a world grown slavish and dastard.

Who has to look death in the face, and can,  
The soldier alone is the true free man!

*Chorus.*

Who has to look death in the face, and can,  
The soldier alone is the true free man!

FIRST JÄGER.

The troubles of life he daffs aside,  
Of care he recks nothing, nor sorrow,  
To encounter his fate he will boldly ride,  
If it come not to-day, 'twill to-morrow,  
And if to-morrow, why then to-day  
With his lass and his glass let him sport and play.  
(*Chorus as before. The glasses are replenished.*)

SERGEANT.

They drop down from heaven, his pleasant gains,  
Without either straining or struggle,  
The farmer out of earth's bosom strains  
His pitiful pittance to juggle.  
He digs and he shovels, till life is past,  
And digs till he digs his own grave at last.  
(*Chorus as before.*)

FIRST JÄGER.

A dreaded guest is the trooper tall,  
With his swift horse swiftly ridden.  
When the lamps are bright in the bridal hall,  
He comes to the feast unbidden;  
He woos not with vows, he woos not with gold,  
But bears off the bride like a reiver bold!  
(*Chorus as before.*)

SECOND CUIRASSIER.

Why weeps the wench? The soldier must roam;  
Let him push on ahead and forget her!  
He has upon earth no abiding home,  
His fancy no true love can fetter.  
He is kept on the move by his restless lot,  
His heart may be touched, but he loses it not.  
(*Chorus as before.*)

FIRST JÄGER (*takes the two next him by the hand; the others do the same, and all form a semicircle.*)

Then up, comrades, up! To the field away!  
There a man may breathe freely and lightly.  
Youth boils in your veins, life bubbles up gay,  
Up, then, while it sparkles still brightly!  
Who fears to venture his life on a throw,  
What life is that craven will never know.

(*Chorus as before.*)

(*The curtain falls while they are singing.*)

## TEA AT THE MAINS.

WE might not, at another time, have looked upon a tea-drinking at the Mains as a very exciting form of dissipation. But to Ella and me, aged ten and eleven respectively, it was a serious and responsible business, as it was our first entrance into society unguarded by anybody old enough to set us an example of good manners. Our parents being absent, the kind farmer's wife had thought it would be "a divert" for the young gentlefolks, and had invited the whole party, including the governess, to partake of her genteel hospitality. But our governess was a martyr to neuralgia, and dreaded the evening air. She was also afraid of being left alone at home. "What if a strange man should enter the house?" she said. So Daphne, our eldest sister, decided to stay behind and protect the nervous lady, and dismissed us with an admonition to behave politely, but not to eat more cake and jam than we could help.

Mr Affleck was our father's principal tenant, but had seldom or never, as far as I understood, been able to pay his rent. Nevertheless he maintained a prosperous and thriving appearance. He was a remarkably big strong man, with bushy black hair, whiskers, and beard, and a very long, straight, upper lip, shaven but stubbly. We looked upon him as a type of masculine ugliness, and considered that he exactly fulfilled our ideal of a gorilla, except that the ape probably possessed a more sportive and genial character—for Mr Affleck was a very serious man, an elder of the Free Kirk, and an authority upon all religious ques-

tions. This alarming fact recurred to St Clair's mind as he walked between Ella and me on our way to the farm. St Clair was our only brother. Our youngest sister Rosie followed with Petite, the little Maltese terrier.

"I say," said St Clair, stopping suddenly with a tragic start, "what are we to say if Mr Affleck asks us why we were not in church on Sunday? What duffers we were to go to the Established Church!"

It had hitherto been our usual custom to attend public worship at the Free Church, not by any means as a matter of principle, but simply because the parish church happened to be a mile and a half farther off, and was thought to be too long a walk for little Rosie. But the Sunday before being a fine day, and Rosie's sixth birthday, we had thought it time to make a change, to our great satisfaction for the moment.

"Would it be rude to say we had been at the Established Church?" I inquired, diffidently.

"Of course it would," returned St Clair—"the height of rudeness. I've heard Mr Affleck say there is no salvation in the Establishment. Better let him think we didn't go to church at all."

"Perhaps he won't ask us," said Ella.

"He's sure to," said St Clair, gloomily.

"Oh dear!" sighed Ella, "how I wish we had Daphne! Even Miss Tucker would be better than nobody."

Mr Affleck's dwelling was rather a pretty one, and as we opened the gate we stopped to admire the well-kept garden. A gravel walk led

straight up to the door, on each side of which bloomed late crimson tulips, wallflower, and London pride, while the house itself was covered with a jargonelle pear-tree, now white with blossom. We had no need to ring the bell, for the farm lass at once appeared at the door, and ushered us, with much solemnity, into a bedroom to take off our things. This apartment did not seem to be inhabited. It was elegantly furnished, and abounded with crochet mats, shell pin-cushions, and china lambs and dogs, from the contemplation of which we had great difficulty in tearing Rosie away. On the chest of drawers a looking-glass was placed for our use, and there too were laid out a comb and brush, a paper of pins of all sizes, Bogatsky's 'Golden Treasury,' and the Shorter Catechism. Here were also to be seen daguerreotypes of the family, very smudgy and washed out, besides a modern photograph representing Wilhelmina, the married daughter of the house, and Wilhelmina's baby, and her husband standing behind, with his hand on her shoulder. We might have spent a much longer time in admiring these treasures but for the remonstrances of St Clair, who, being a singularly well-behaved boy himself, was in mortal dread that we should disgrace him. He dragged Rosie forcibly away, and opened the door; and the lass, who, we were shocked to find, had been waiting patiently outside, next conducted us to the parlour, where, on this festive occasion, Mr and Mrs Affleck were both sitting, although in general they lived in the kitchen. Mrs Affleck was a fat comfortable woman, good-natured and motherly. She had a habit of turning up her eyes and making Scriptural quotations; but

this, I am sure, was only assumed in deference to her husband, to whom she was a most dutiful and admiring wife. She had put on her best gown in honour of our visit, a grey alpaca with black and gold buttons; and some lavender bows adorned the limp black net cap which was her invariable head-dress. Mr Affleck had made no change in his dress, except that he had taken off his boots and substituted a pair of green carpet-slippers, ornamented with brown dogs' heads.

When the pair had welcomed us with polite formality, and invited us to "take chairs," had inquired for missy and the "go-verness," and remarked that Mr St Clair was a very tall boy, and Petite a very small dog, the conversation began to languish. I was painfully conscious that I was the only member of the company who had not contributed a remark; and St Clair, whose chair was next to mine, frowned fiercely upon me, and formed with his lips the words "say something," which sealed my lips effectually. Finding me still dumb, St Clair gave me a contemptuous but severe kick, and said something himself.

"What a beautiful picture that is, Mrs Affleck!" said he, in a voice which sounded so high and unnatural in the silence that we all jumped. The work of art to which my brother referred represented a dark and rocky scene, in which a group of figures in plaids was dimly to be discerned, and underneath it was written, "The Covenanters' Retreat."

We made a point of admiring this picture every time we came, and Mrs Affleck always made the same speech in reply. She said that whenever she looked upon it she was thankful she was not

driven to living in dens and caves of the earth, where many a one must have lost his health. We next turned our attention to a leopard-skin which was spread on the floor, and heard how "Wilhelminy's husband, when he was in the East Indies, had killed the dangerous beast." St Clair examined the skin all over to find the shot-holes, and Rosie danced upon it, causing Mr. Affleck to compare her to a weaned child putting its hand on the cockatrice' den, and his wife to quote the lines—

"Our feet on dragons trample shall,  
And on the lions young."

Mrs Affleck was now called out of the room by the lass, who opened the door, looked at her in a mysterious manner, and then withdrew. Mr Affleck being left alone to entertain us, an alarm once more possessed St Clair's mind lest he should reprove us for our defection as regarded church-going, and he telegraphed vigorously to each of us to talk, and so divert attention from the subject. We understood his signs perfectly; but unhappily the volatile Ella was seized with an inclination to giggle, while nervousness deprived me of the power of speech. Mr Affleck meanwhile was looking at his watch impatiently, and presently he said, "Rintoul's late." At this our alarm increased; for the Rev. Hercules Rintoul was the Free Kirk minister at whose feet we ought to have sat on Sunday, and whom we were evidently to meet at tea. At the same instant the door-bell rang, and the lass, instead of answering it, entered precipitately, came to a stop in front of my chair, and said breathlessly, "Please to rise." I obeyed, wondering, whereupon the

lass snatched up my chair and carried it off to the dining-room, I suppose for Mr Rintoul to sit upon, leaving me helplessly rooted to the spot. At this sight Ella could no longer control herself; she broke into peals of laughter, and I joined her, for I was easily infected with fits of unseasonable giggling. We laughed until we cried; while St Clair sat looking as if he would like to kill us, and Mr Affleck, who at first had looked merely surprised, was heard to murmur something about the crackling of thorns under a pot. Mr Rintoul presently came in, followed by Mrs Affleck, and we went down to tea, which was laid out in the dining-room, and presented a very magnificent appearance. There was a nosegay of flowers in the middle of the table, bound very tightly together, and packed into a blue hyacinth-glass. There was a large silver teapot—at least it looked like silver, it was so bright—and a highly interesting butter-dish with a silver cow upon it. There was every imaginable variety of scones and cakes, also a beautiful honeycomb, and different sorts of jam in glass dishes. Our host authoritatively desired Mr Rintoul to "ask a blessin'," which he did rather nervously, contriving to convey a delicate compliment to the excellence of the food he saw before him. He was obviously very much afraid of his host, who was the chief pillar of his church, and Mr Affleck seemed to regard the minister rather as his pupil than as his spiritual guide. Mr Rintoul was young, and had but lately come to the neighbourhood. He was small, lame, and sickly-looking, but more refined than many of his class; and was so shy and nervous that he evidently did not



know what he ate, but buttered his shortbread and put raspberry-jam into his tea, protesting all the time that it was most excellent. We were all pressed to eat both by our host and hostess, and few had the strength of mind to refuse anything offered to them.

"Take it up, Miss Elly—it'll do you no ill." "Take another cup of tea, Mr St Clair, if *you* please." "Miss Lettice, you'll take some apple jeely, and pass it to Miss Rosie." "I must have Mr Rintoul's opeenion of our honey."

The unhappy minister protested, though in vain, against taking any more sweetmeats; but observed that the honeycomb was a wonderful structure to be raised by the insect race; to which Mrs Affleck answered, sighing, "that they little creatures of bees might well be an example to the human frame."

These remarks showed that the meal was nearly at an end, for at first a solemn silence had reigned, broken only by the necessary civilities of the table. Mr Affleck pushed back his chair and called for some more hot water: he disdained tea, and had been drinking strong whisky-toddy steadily, and now, having mixed himself a still stiffer tumbler, he invited Mr Rintoul to partake. But the little minister declined, urging that he was "a total abstainer from alcoholic beverages."

"That's bad," said Mr Affleck, in rather an offended tone.

"Not that I disapprove of the use of alcohol, Mr Affleck, in the case of a gentleman like yourself. Far from it, sir—far from it. But the cause of temperance is better promoted by example in my case."

"You're wrong, Rintoul—you're wrong!" said Mr Affleck, waxing argumentative under the influence

of the toddy. "Tak' the case of Teemothy. Teemothy was a man—shuperior, doubtless, in speeritual gifts, but no' so unlike yourself in form. I would say," he continued, surveying his guest with a calm and dispassionate eye, "that in respect of size ye were just something seemilar. What does Paul recommend?"

"A little wine for the stomach's sake," answered Mr Rintoul, meekly; "but——"

"Wine," said Mr Affleck, "may in this passage be also interpreted speerits, as I have been informed by first-class co-mentators; and in like manner I would recommend speerits to you, Rintoul."

"It's a pity but you had turned your mind to the ministry in early life," said Mr Rintoul, changing the subject dexterously. "You would have made a fine speaker."

"I would not say that I could preach a sermon," replied Mr Affleck, modestly, yet not without sternness; "but I hope that I can draw an inference, and the inference I draw here is speerits."

Mr Rintoul looked appealingly at his hostess; but that worthy matron was sitting with downcast eyes twirling her thumbs, as she usually did during her husband's flights of eloquence. He next sought by our help to divert the current of Mr Affleck's thoughts, and turning to Ella, who sat next to him, he said, blunderingly and helplessly, that he hoped we were all well at home.

"I did not happen to observe any of you on Sabbath," he went on, "and I feared some domestic affliction had kept you absent from worship."

"Oh no," answered Ella, with ready presence of mind, speaking very fast to bring in as long a story as she could. "Papa and

mamma have gone to Edinburgh for a week. They started on Friday by the one o'clock train, and——"

"And what kept *you* from the house of prayer?" demanded Mr Affleck.

The dreaded question had come. St Clair trod violently on my foot under the table—not that I had any intention of doing anything; and we all looked at our plates in confusion.

"I like Dr Goodall's church best," observed Rosie, calmly, after a silence, during which she had evidently been weighing the respective merits of the two places of worship.

"And what makes you like *it* best, little missy?" asked Mr Rintoul, kindly, and with an attempt at playfulness.

Rosie seldom gave a direct answer to any question. "Daphne says we're always to go there now," she said. "And I'm glad. It has a nicer smell."

"You see what it is, Rintoul," said Mr Affleck, regarding the minister sternly with one eye, "when the very babes reject ye."

We all looked at our host in alarm. It was a relief to see that he did not notice us at all; but why did he seem angry with Mr Rintoul? and what was the matter with his eyes? One of those orbs had become fixed in its gaze, while the other revolved in a curious manner without seeming to see anything.

"You're as bad as Goodall himself," he continued: "as bad? you're worse,—a La-odicean—a lukewarm vessel. And me that has laboured for ye to come to this vineyard! I've wrestled for ye, man—I've just *wrestled*!"—here Mr Affleck made a demon-

stration with his arms to express the violent nature of the mental struggle. "This is a terrible place," he went on, dropping his voice and becoming slightly affected. "Oh, it's a terrible place! When I was in Aberdeen I never wanted a freend that would come and take me by the hand and say, 'Mr Affleck, how's your soul?' But here they care no more about your soul than if it was made of cast-metal!"

With these melancholy words Mr Affleck laid down his head upon his arms, and remained apparently overcome by his feelings.

The minister turned very red, looked doubtfully at Mrs Affleck, and rose from his seat.

"I—I doubt I'll need to be moving," he said. "It's getting late, and I'm pretty busy at present. Mr St Clair, and you, missies, would you be inclined to give me your company a bit, as we go the same road?"

St Clair rose, evidently relieved, and bade good-night to Mrs Affleck, who, to our surprise, made no attempt to detain us. But Ella and I doubted whether it was either kind or polite to leave our host thus overcome by sorrow without offering any consolatory remarks. We stopped and looked at him, and at length Ella touched him on the shoulder and said timidly, "Good night, Mr Affleck." He raised his head, and seemed to collect himself.

"That's—these pigeons of your brother's," he said. "They're mischeevous brutes."

"Our pigeons!" I said in surprise. "The fantails? But they are not here—they are at home."

"And will ye hinder them coming here to eat my hens' meat?" demanded our host. "Will ye hinder them coming in at my vera





door, even on the Sabbath-day, and working their abominations in my vera scullery? If I had gotten a grip of that beast, I would have wrung its neck—I would have wrung its neck."

"Tuts, Affleck!" said his wife, taking compassion on us, "what way would you scare the young misses? They're but bairns. It's just that he was put about, Miss Lettice, on Sabbath morning, when he was going to shave himself for the kirk, to see the creature sitting curdookiting and curdooing before its own image at his glass in the scullery."

"They are so tame," I pleaded. "They often come into our room. You know pigeons are fond of a looking-glass."

"Maybe so," said Mr Affleck, "but yon beast was a spectacle of vanity and of sin, the which was an offence to be seen."

We stood irresolute, afraid to bid

our judge good-night, and afraid to go away without doing so.

Mrs Affleck brought a cup of tea to her husband's side, but he waved it away.

"None of your tea for me! I began life," he said, waving his arm feebly, "at the pleugh's tail, and I've raised myself to my present poseetion by my own industry, and worldly vanities I spurned them. And or ever I came here to this land o' corruption, where Satan's seat is——"

Here we were hurried out of the room by Mr Rintoul, who seemed to think we might resent this unfavourable description of my father's property; but as we went through the passage we still heard Mr Affleck's sonorous voice concluding his harangue—

"I joined a seeck society, and I joined a buryin' society, but I'm for none of your d——d temperance. Where's the speerits?"

## TROUBLED EGYPT, AND THE LATE KHEDIVE.

THERE is a tendency in this country among educated and liberal-minded people—among people even who have followed the course of events in the world of politics during the past twenty years with close attention and an interest beyond the average—to heap upon the shoulders of one man the primary blame for all that long list of crushing misfortunes in Egypt which began with the ruinous concession for the Suez Canal and culminated in the death of Gordon at Khartoum. The mention of this man's name in conversation calls forth the stilted smile that greets an equivocal allusion, coupled with a head-shake of reprobation of his manifold wickedness. Stories of his loose, dissolute life, his spoilt-child caprices, his wanton extravagances, and his reckless unthinking expenditure, are in all our memories, side by side with dark tales of his cruelties to a people already crushed to the earth beneath their burden; of extortions from a patient starving peasantry, by the teeth of the scourge, of the means to gratify his unbridled passions; of treacheries to trusted friends, of unscrupulous use of hideous secret means for removing a foe whom he feared or making a place for a parasite whom he favoured. To many minds, indeed, the worst types of oriental tyranny and licence engrafted with the exotic refinements of Western depravity are embodied in the person of Ismail Pasha.

It is no part of my present purpose to parade as the apologist of the ex-Khedive. With the blame cast upon him, though much of it is unjust, I have nothing to do. It is my intention, indeed, to refer

to him only in so far as his acts cannot be disassociated from their consequences to his son. For himself, whatever be his faults, his vices, his criminality even, he has surely paid the penalty amply and in full. Shorn of all save the merest semblance of state, reft of all power, hurled from place, and robbed of fortune, of honours, of the opportunity for intrigue, and of that yet more precious possession, the joy of detecting and combating intrigue in others, which was the very essence of his existence,—he has finally lost his liberty, and is doomed now to drag on until the end the chains of gilded captivity in his splendid prison-palace of Emirghian on the Bosphorus shore.

To me it has always argued a grave deterioration of that keen, bright intellect that Ismail so unquestionably possessed, that he should have permitted himself to be tempted into a visit to Constantinople. He cannot have concealed from himself its dangers. He would never in his younger days have essayed to confront them. Yet he went, not blindfold; he had before his eyes examples of what he must expect. There were already in and around Stamboul several bright birds of gaudy plumage, from Tunis, from Baghdad, and elsewhere—though none so rare as he—breaking their beaks against the gold bars of their cages, but knowing that their struggles were vain. Yet, despite all this, he ventured into the snare, and Europe will know him no more.

The reign of Ismail can be summed up in two well-known sentences: "Great expectations,"



"large deductions." It was essentially a reign of action. It teemed with mighty projects which were carried, many of them, to most successful issue, and if this result was invariably attained at stupendous, at crushing cost, the fault lay not entirely with the ex-Khedive. On Ismail's accession, he found the administration of his country in a condition of chaotic decay. Nothing remained but the ruins of his grandfather's great work, and everything had to be begun afresh, and new life infused into the languishing undertakings of the founder of the dynasty. His father Ibrahim, Mehemet Ali's warrior-son, one of the most attractive figures of his time, brave, upright, just—the sword-hand of the mighty man of Cavalla, the victor of Konieh, the vanquisher of Khosrew, who had swept like a flame through Syria and Arabia—had died leaving no trace upon the institutions of his country. His military genius was his title to fame, and the record of his battles was the record of his life. Yet he had proved himself in Syria so able an administrator that, had his life been prolonged, much of the history of Egypt might have been different. He died, however, after a reign of only two months, and the power devolved upon his nephew, Abbas. Abbas Pasha may be said to have been a man of order, inasmuch as he died without debts. But this was perhaps the only good thing that came of his reign. He treated Egypt like a conquered province. He was a tyrant, cruel, and hard with the people—yet his able and well-regulated administration eased their burden. At his death the army numbered 80,000 men and 20,000 Bashi-bazouks. Everything was in perfect order. Artillery, cavalry,

equipment, nothing was lacking, and yet there was no deficit in the budget. He cannot, however, be called an enlightened Prince. On his accession, the original idea occurred to him to hold a public general examination of both the teachers and pupils of the schools founded by Mehemet Ali. The examination took place in his presence at Abou-Zabel, with results so disastrous to both masters and boys that Abbas decreed the immediate closing of all schools. In their place he founded the "Mafroussa," a nursery intended for the training of officers for the army. It has been said of Abbas that he was possessed of much common-sense. But it may be argued that he lacked discrimination. This was indeed the cause of his undoing. He had a whimsical fancy, and permitted himself to follow its dictates. On one occasion, for instance, when the important question of the huge dam across the fork of the Nile some twenty miles below Cairo was urged upon him, he grew impatient. "You are always worrying me about your 'barrage,'" he said; "an idea has struck me. Those great masses of stone, the Pyramids, are standing in the desert useless. Why not take the stone from them? Is it not a good idea?"

Another time, when his prime minister, Hassan Pasha Monasterli, implored him to sign a decree prohibiting the sale of hash-eesh, Abbas demurred. "The people must take something to amuse themselves," he said. "If I prohibit hash-eesh, they will buy rakki from the Greeks, who will put revolutionary ideas into their heads. Hash-eesh stupefies; rakki excites the brain."

He hated foreigners. He avoided the society of natives, and shut

himself up entirely from the world; and, after four years' reign, when the order came from Stamboul that he should be strangled as a punishment for suspected treason against the suzerain, he had none to help him to resist his fate, and died as miserably as he had lived.

His successor, Said, a surviving son of Mehemet Ali, was a man of very different complexion. He was as fond of show and extravagance as Abbas had been of parsimony and order. An autocrat, full of whims and caprice, he early abolished the Council of Ministers, with which none of his predecessors had interfered. He wished to do and to be everything himself, and though some of his ideas were good, he lacked anything approaching to system. Like Abbas he took great interest in his army, yet in it he was constantly making absurd changes. One day he would have 50,000 men, the next day half or double the number, according to the impulse of the moment. Yet it was Said who first endeavoured to introduce some sort of order into the administration of the Soudan provinces, which he had found on his accession in a deplorable condition. Abbas had applied a system of his own to the Soudan, which may account to some extent for his immunity from debt at the time of his death. He maintained a large force in the annexed provinces for the simple purpose of extorting exorbitant taxes from a discontented population. It was under his auspices that in 1853 the first trading voyage to the Upper Nile was started by Mr Petherick, an English merchant, and consul for England at Khartoum. Petherick was followed by other traders, who established posts far up country, and organised armed bands

under Arab commanders. It was soon found that slave-hunting paid even better than ivory, and raids were therefore made on the surrounding tribes.

With the resolution of organising a better state of things, Said, in the year 1857, made a rapid tour through the Soudan provinces. At Berber he proclaimed the abolition of slavery; at Khartoum he organised a new Government for the five provinces then forming the Egyptian Soudan—i.e., Kordofan, Sennar, Taka, Berber, and Dongola. He ordered that the excessive taxes on the lands and on the water-wheels of the people should be discontinued, and he established postal services on dromedaries across the desert.

That journey of Said from Cairo to Khartoum is still remembered, still talked of throughout the Soudan. I have heard of it at Halfa and at Dongola—at Massauah, and at Senhiet, and at Suakim. At Dongola my head camel-driver and guide, a Tunisian bedawee, whose proud boast it was that he had accompanied the expedition, never tired of telling the glories of that triumphal progress, when Said, in a carriage-and-four, surrounded by an army of 50,000 men, followed the bank of the Nile for 1900 miles. The horrors of that terrific march,—the fearful mortality of troops, the utter ruin of the populace after the passage of this devastating locust-flight, the tyranny, the exactions that heralded its approach—all are forgotten; only the bright memory remains of "the great Pasha," bedizened with gold, rolling in a carriage (the only wheeled vehicle ever seen in the country) over the broken rocks and through the drifting sands, and distributing smiles to the cowering villagers.

The anti-climax to Said's



reforms came very soon. About the year 1860 the European traders sold their stations to their Arab agents, who paid rental to the Egyptian Government. Then was the heyday of the Djellabat (slave-dealers), of Zubehr Rahama and Suleiman his son, and the misery and ruin of the people was increased tenfold.

Said was in every way the reverse of Abbas. He was sociable, quick, witty, loving especially the society of foreigners—an agreeable conversationalist, speaking French like a Parisian, and enjoying of all things the intricate witticisms of which that language is capable. In common with all the members of the Khedivial family he possessed a great sense of humour, and he was a wit of no mean order. Like Abbas he was no patron of public instruction. When one day his old tutor Koenig Bey begged him to reopen the schools suppressed by Abbas, he replied blandly, "Why open the eyes of the people? they will only be more difficult to rule." He was brave, though wanting in moral courage; he was well disposed to his family, to whom he restored their estates confiscated by Abbas; and he was recklessly generous. He paid for the decoration of one of the reception-rooms at Abdin Palace the enormous sum of ten million francs, and had so little sense of the worth of the money that when M. Bravais (who, by the way, was the original of Daudet's 'Nabob') complained that a certain estimate in Italian lire had been taken too low, he simply replied, "Well, put it in English livres," and it was done.

Said's title to remembrance by posterity, however, and it forms my chief reason for mention of him, is in the fact that to him belongs the doubtful merit of hav-

ing contracted the first Egyptian loan.

As a consequence of his commitments to the Suez Canal Company, amounting to nearly £4,000,000, added to the pressure of a heavy floating debt, Said found himself forced to saddle his country with a public loan and a public debt. In 1862 he concluded the first public loan in London, with Fruhling, Goschen, & Co. (in room of two private loans made previously in Paris). The amount was £3,292,800 at 7 per cent, and 1 per cent amortisation, but it realised only two and a half millions, showing therefore a dead loss of £800,000 (which at 8 per cent represented a payment of £64,000, for money never seen). Having accomplished this, he died, and left to his successor a burden of ten millions of liability, three millions of which was foreign debt; a rotten administration, great disorder, and in addition the—for Egypt—disastrous Suez Canal concession, with all its ruinous and mischievous obligations. This concession, by the way, it is freely asserted, M. de Lesseps easily persuaded him to sign, without even having read it. This, doubtless his worst act, was one of which he never appeared to comprehend the gravity; for though when near death he freely expressed regret that he had burdened his country with a public debt and loan, he showed no contrition for saddling his nephew with the burden of millions, to come against which he had merely advanced £100,000 towards preliminary expenses.

When Mehemet Tewfik was born, the very title of Khedive was still lacking to the dignity of the governors of Egypt. Recognition of the right of his family to hereditary succession in the post of Wali of that pashalik had in-

deed, twelve years before, been wrested by Mehemet Ali's stern determination from the Porte, and, despite Lord Palmerston's strenuous opposition, had been grudgingly ratified by Europe. The suzerain rights which remained to the Caliph-ul-Islam were still being gradually transferred, for adequate consideration, to the *de facto* ruler. The final assertion, indeed, of the almighty prerogatives of the sovereign power at Stamboul, may be said to have found its expression in the removal of Abbas by that time-honoured oriental instrument, the silken cord. This was at a time when Tewfik was still a pet of the harem, and his father Ismail—then not even heir-presumptive—was simply a wealthy country gentleman, occupied exclusively with agriculture and the administration of his extensive properties. (He possessed at this time an income of about £160,000 per annum in land on which there were no debts and no mortgages.)

On the 15th of November 1852—that is to say, eleven years before he became Viceroy of Egypt—a slave in the household of Ismail Pasha presented him with a son. She was not, properly speaking, one of the ladies of his harem. She was, indeed, a peasant girl, employed in some quite menial capacity in the establishment. But it chanced, first, that her master had at the time but three wives—one short of the number prescribed by Mohammedan law—and secondly, that none of these ladies was at the time the mother of a living male child. Sons had been born to them, indeed, but had not survived, and in Moslem households female children are of no account. The healthy child of the fellah slave-girl, therefore, was Ismail's eldest son, and the mere fact of his birth gave his mother a right

to the vacant position of fourth wife. It is not too much to say that Ismail, who had regarded the little love-affair wholly in the light of an episode, was vastly chagrined by the occurrence. He was in no hurry to concede to the lady the privilege which was her just due, and as a result this modern Hagar (from whom, no doubt, the sympathy of her sister wives was still further alienated by the fact that they immediately began to bear sons) met for long years with but scant courtesy at the hands, and in the palaces, of her lord. On the other hand her title as fourth wife was unassailable, and though Ismail disliked her, she could not be put aside.

When, shortly after the death of his elder brother Ahmed, Ismail succeeded to the viceregal throne, his first undertaking was to obtain at any cost, by the employment of any means in his power, the alteration of the succession so that the Khedivial title should descend from father to son. This had been the dream of Mehemet Ali's life, the great object for which he had vainly struggled, and which the short-sightedness of Europe had wantonly frustrated. Ismail was shrewd enough to see that the constant change of the viceroyalty from one branch of the family to another was inevitably fatal to the establishment of any stable government. But it is probable that his detestation of the prince, who in due course might succeed him, did even more to stimulate his effort than did his love of his country. According to the old law of succession, Prince Halim, youngest son of Mehemet Ali, was heir-presumptive to his nephew; next to him Prince Osman, eldest son of Moustapha Fazil; after him Prince Ibrahim, son of Ismail's elder brother Ahmed; and finally

Tewfik. Thus no one gained more by the alteration of the law than Tewfik himself, who from fourth in order became first, with, moreover, succession secured to his children, who would otherwise have had but a very remote chance of ever succeeding. But it may be believed that it was with no thought of the despised Tewfik in his mind that Ismail lavished money and promises in Stamboul to achieve his purpose. His second and favourite wife, the Princess Djenajar, had given him a son, Ibrahim Hilmy Pasha, on whom he had fixed his hopes as a successor. This second princess it was, indeed, who conducted with consummate ability many of the delicate inter-harem negotiations in Constantinople, which were finally to secure her husband's object. She would hardly have thus laboured for the benefit of the son of the outcast fourth princess.

What may have been the money price of Ismail's success is not accurately known. It has been asserted that in actual cash he had to spend three millions sterling in Stamboul, and when he was asked by a friend if this estimate was not an enormous exaggeration, he answered laconically, "It was not less." Certainly on his first visit to Constantinople his overtures were very coolly received, and all he was able to obtain by means of a present of £50,000 to the Grand Vizier was a *hatt* granting him permission to make certain financial arrangements without first submitting them to the Porte. But he was not to be discouraged. He put in force his favourite adage, "*Les petits cadeaux entretiennent l'amitié, et les grands l'augmentent.*" At last he obtained a decisive audience; £900,000 in gold placed at the feet of his

Majesty secured a most favourable reception, and on the 9th June 1866 a firman altered the succession. Yet at the last moment he saw his primary object defeated. When it became necessary to name the future ruler of Egypt, both Porte and Powers insisted that the change should be in favour of the eldest son, and Ismail was forced to submit. The firman, after settling the succession in tail male by order of primogeniture and providing for a regency, recognised the complete autonomy of the Khedive in all internal matters, and gave him the right to bestow military grades as high as colonel and civil grades as high as bey. It moreover authorised him to contract loans without permission, to enter into commercial or other treaties with foreign Powers as long as they did not interfere with the political treaties of the Sublime Porte, and also empowered him to increase his army and navy.

Thus Tewfik again unconsciously triumphed, a circumstance which did not tend to strengthen his father's affection for him. But though he disliked his son, Ismail, having submitted to the inevitable, at once adopted steps to have him treated in accordance with his new position. He took, it is true, no special trouble about his education. Other sons were sent to Paris, to Oxford, to Woolwich, but Tewfik remained at home. On one occasion, when eighteen years of age, he had obtained a tardy and ungracious permission to make a European tour, but the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, when he had as yet barely reached Vienna, caused him to be at once recalled. This indeed was the only visit paid by Tewfik to Europe during his life. His father, however, established him in fitting state

in a palace at Koubeh, near Cairo, gave him an allowance of £30,000 a-year, and, when the time came, in 1872 married him appropriately to Amina Hanoum, a daughter of El Hamy Pasha, another great-grandson of Mehemet Ali.

For five years after his marriage Tewfik's life was altogether uneventful. Very simple, even homely, in all his tastes and pursuits, he lived entirely on his estate, devoting himself to agriculture, and acquired the reputation of being a juster landlord and a more lenient master than generally rules the destinies of the Egyptian fellah. He hated all parade, loved his home, and showed himself to be an excellent husband and father, in the fullest European sense of the terms. He was utterly unknown outside of his neighbourhood, and his homely life and serious occupations drew down upon him the undisguised contempt of his more polished brothers, who lived and shone in the brilliant European society that Ismail loved to gather around him. Tewfik's serious turn of mind found a useful field of activity, when he was but two-and-twenty, in the education of the young. In his palace of Koubeh he founded, at his own expense, a school for orphans and for sons of officers. This institution, which he maintained at a cost of £4600 a-year, was organised on the model of Continental schools for cadets, great attention being given to the bodily development of the students. Some 120 pupils, whose ages varied from ten to twenty, received a capital education under conscientious and painstaking masters in the establishment, which Tewfik was in the habit of visiting almost every day.

His interest in this foundation abated somewhat—though he con-

tinued to maintain it—after his accession. He then founded, or rather revived, the Ali school opposite the Abdin Palace, where his two sons, Abbas (the present Khedive) and Mehemet Ali, were primarily educated, with about a hundred boys, the sons of princes and pashas. In this school, although it is only intended for the children of the rich, education is gratuitous, the Khedive providing everything, including uniforms and a somewhat luxurious table. Within its walls perfect equality prevails, and the sons of the Khedive were treated exactly like the other boys. It was significant of the state of feeling in the country on the subject of education when Tewfik opened this school, that, notwithstanding the fact that he placed his own sons in the establishment, and that he paid for everything, he had almost to employ force to obtain the number of students he had provided for.

Tewfik would have been well content to prolong this life of quiet well-doing had events permitted. His enemies, who were chiefly members of his own family, contemptuously proclaimed that his ignorance of, and complete separation from, public affairs, was merely the result of a lack of intelligence, if not of a weak mind. Outside the pale of his relatives, however, he had acquired among Europeans and natives alike an enviable reputation for the prudence and good taste with which he held himself aloof from the network of intrigue that enmeshed the Court of Cairo. His initiation into public life was of a very imperfect character. In 1878, Ismail, having unceremoniously dismissed Nubar Pasha as chief of the Ministry in which De Blignières and Rivers Wilson held portfolios, required a respectable figurehead





nominal president of the council, and by a not unhappy inspiration named his son Tewfik, then twenty-seven years old, for the post. Tewfik's own estimate of the value of the position he was called to showed a more intelligent appreciation of the situation than did his astute father. "If I am young when I take office," he said, "I shall not be much older when I leave it." Events justified this anticipation. During the few months the ministry lasted he did little, save to confirm the impression that if he had not inherited his father's ambition he also lacked his irrepressible love of intrigue. At length, finding that much was done in his name that he could not approve, and much more that he did not understand, he fulfilled his own prophecy and resigned.

In 1879 Ismail had run to the end of his tether. In the seventeen years of his reign his inherited public debt of three millions had been swelled to over one hundred millions. It is needless to say that he had not had the money. According to the official report of Mr Cave on the result of his financial investigation in 1876—a mission which, despite Lord Derby's formal declaration to the contrary, clearly foreshadowed the course of England's future intervention in Egyptian affairs—the Khedive and Egypt had netted out of this nominal amount of a hundred millions only forty-five, of which he had already paid no less than thirty-one millions in interest and amortisation. The impression still exists, however, that Ismail squandered all the money he obtained from Europe, although it is beyond controversy that the bondholders had it all back, and that Egypt paid in addition for a vast series of great public works, which Ismail's restless activity in every

direction had caused to be carried out on a scale far beyond, not the wants but the resources of the country. All credit for the fact that he undoubtedly raised Egypt in the scale of nations lies still hidden beneath the load of debt with which he crushed the land. Yet during his reign he had doubled the revenues, more than doubled the imports, trebled the exports, increased the area of cultivated land 30 per cent, constructed 8400 miles of fresh-water canals, 5000 miles of telegraphs, and 900 miles of railways, and had raised the number of public schools from 185 to 4185. But he himself had become impossible, and his removal was an imperative necessity which brooked no further delay.

The ex-Khedive had a favourite phrase with which he justified his most unjustifiable actions. "It became necessary," he would say, as indeed he said it of the blackest act of treachery he ever committed—the murder in his dahabieh on the Nile of his trusted friend and ally, the Monfettisch Ismail Sadyk Pasha, his minister of finance. And when England and France decided that this sentence was applicable to his own removal from power, and prevailed with the Porte to issue the firman deposing him, he thoroughly appreciated the necessity of the step, and with his customary shrug of the shoulders submitted unresisting to the decree.

Up to the last moment, however, he refused to believe that he would be deposed.

Intrigues of every kind were convulsing Stamboul, and Ismail, who had been sounded on the subject of his abdication, was, like the martyr of fable when given his choice of being burned at the stake or boiled alive, despairingly asking if there was not some other all

native. The conduct of Abraham Pasha, his agent at Constantinople, served still further to mislead him. His repeated assurances that if enough money reached Stamboul all would be well, deluded the Khedive into sending fabulous sums to his "suzerain" up to the very moment when he threw him aside like a sucked orange.

On June 24, 1879, he received a telegram from his agent saying that the Sultan refused to depose him; but at four o'clock the following morning the English and French consuls-general sought out Cherif Pasha and made him accompany them to the palace. The chief eunuch refused to awaken his master; but Cherif, raising his voice, exclaimed that when the Prime Minister and the representatives of the great Powers deemed it necessary to disturb the sovereign at such an hour, it was imperative for him to give them audience. Some minutes later Ismail was made acquainted with the despatches from Constantinople, but still refused to abdicate. The *dénouement*, however, was at hand.

A few hours later two interesting comedies were being enacted within a few miles of each other. At Koubeh, Prince Tewfik, walking in his garden, was hurriedly approached by a servant who saluted him as "Effendina." It is stated that this unlucky messenger had his ears boxed for his zeal by the viceregal hands; but Cherif Pasha, following a few minutes later, confirmed the news.

At Abdin, at the same time, another comedy was proceeding. Up-stairs, Ismail was arguing with a European friend who sought to persuade him to abdicate. Down-stairs, Khairi Pasha, keeper of the seals, was nervously fingering a telegram from Stamboul addressed to "Ismail Pasha,

ex-Khedive of Egypt." He dared not present it; and it was not until the arrival of burly Cherif, fresh from Koubeh, that the fateful despatch reached its destination.

When Tewfik, an hour later, reached Abdin by his father's wish, Ismail was awaiting him in the long north room of the palace (burned down last year). As the door opened he rose to receive his son standing, and walked across the room to meet him. Having raised Tewfik's hands to his lips, he then kissed him on both cheeks. "I salute my Effendina," he said. "May he be more successful than his father!"

Three days later he had left the country, carrying with him thirty great chests of jewels, £150,000 in gold for his immediate necessities, and accompanied by seventy ladies of his harem and a regiment of followers.

Seldom has a reign been ushered in more forbiddingly than was that of the young Khedive. The dignity of the Khedivate, the whole fabric of apparently limitless authority, shorn of which an Eastern potentate is but a mere object of ridicule in the eyes of his subjects, had been already cruelly shaken by the manner in which Ismail's retirement had been brought about. In making his successor a mere figurehead, stripped of all influence, robbed of any share of authority,—nothing but a peg, in short, on which to hang a thin curtain covering an irksome foreign control,—England and France completed the undermining of every principle of personal authority, without which government in the East is impossible, and as carefully, as though of full intention, prepared the ground for the events which reached their climax at Tel-el-Kebir. The Powers had got rid of Ismail in order to have t



own way in Egypt; and in substituting for him a successor lacking initiative, and to whom they permitted no will of his own, they sought merely to give an Egyptian label to Anglo-French rule, and in starting this ill-starred venture altogether overlooked the inevitable consequences.

It must be confessed that Tewfik made a bad beginning; but in the position in which he was placed, to do better might well have baffled an abler man—as, indeed, it had baffled the Cabinets of England and France. As matters stood, there existed neither authority, nor power, nor respect. There was merely an inexperienced youth animated by good but vague intentions, surrounded by a crowd of interested adventurers left to restore order among dissatisfied officials, a ruined and starving people, and a powerful and disaffected army.

Small wonder, then, that for four or five months there was administrative anarchy from which the re-establishment of that comedy of cross purposes—the dual control—essayed to rescue the country with but brief success. Pashas were shelved, and resented it; officials saw their bread taken from them by foreigners (of whom 1300 held positions under the Government at a total monthly cost of £31,588); the army trembled at impending reductions; and the fellaheen, whom order and equalised taxation would ultimately have benefited, saw only in the new order of affairs a fresh attempt, on the part of the foreigners they had already such good reason to dislike, to extract yet further taxes from their over-mortgaged lands. With the agents of the dual control themselves there was no fault to be found. *M. de Blignières* was a talented

Frenchman, with a considerable knowledge of the country, with no little tact, and animated as regards England and England's aims with a spirit very different from that which has guided the conduct of French representatives in Cairo since 1882. But though *M. de Blignières* was anxious to work in harmony with his English colleague Major Baring (who has since given abundant proof of his eminent capacity to govern the country), strangely enough this very good understanding—his desire to sink the individual interests of England and France in a common endeavour to serve Egypt—was interpreted by French chauvinists as high treason; and in numerous petitions for his recall it was quite openly asserted by his own countrymen that he was sold to the English. One of these petitions, indeed, signed by persons he had refused to aid in some nefarious scheme of concession, went so far as to proclaim that the signatories had actually seen a cheque drawn in *M. de Blignières's* favour signed “Beaconsfield, Premier Ministre d’Angleterre.”

The dual control with its consequent frictions, its petty rivalries, and its intrigues, was as great a blunder as any ever committed in Egypt. Throughout 1880 and 1881 it dragged on its checkered course. Tewfik was Khedive. The control misgoverned. And it may well be imagined how Khedive, Pashas, and people must have secretly longed for the riddance of the hateful incubus.

Major Baring—who had during his stay in the country gained golden opinions alike from natives and Europeans—had left Egypt to take up a post in India, and had been replaced by *Mr (now Sir) Auckland Colvin* when t

tion of the army, simmering ever since the Rivers Wilson episode, which was the immediate cause of Ismail's deposition, was partly through the ineptitude of the Riaz Government, but mainly through the inexplicable policy of the English Government permitted to reach the boiling-point of open rebellion.

The first appearance on the political stage of the so-called national party as represented by Arabi and the army had been on February 18, 1879, when 400 out of 2500 ill-used officers made a demonstration against Nubar Pasha and Mr Rivers Wilson, at the Ministry of Finance, claiming their heavy arrears. Although the Khedive rescued Mr Wilson and quelled the riot, it has been said that Ismail was himself the instigator of the movement. It is probable that, if this had been the case, Arabi's known hostility to Ismail would have brought the fact to light at the time when he was being tried for his life. However this may be, there is no doubt that the terror of Ismail's person overawing all prevented the mutiny from spreading throughout the entire army.

As soon as Ismail was no longer at the head of affairs to exact submission, three of the colonels in command of regiments—Arabi, Ali Fehmi, and Abd-el-Al—prompted by Mahmoud Pasha Sami, started a systematic opposition to the War Office, resenting, as they pretended, Osman Pasha Rifky's (the Minister of War) partiality to the Circassian officers. Wanting to better their own position and that of the officers, they availed themselves of the hardships inflicted on the privates to give more force to their pleadings, and by amalgamating their cause with that of the men, they had the pretext of being able to speak in the

name of the army—just as, later on, by a similar process, they took upon themselves to speak for the people.

Granting the justice of their grievances, and certainly those of the men, the way the colonels set to work was contrary to all notions of a disciplined army; for, ignoring altogether their superior officers—in fact, Livas (general of brigade) and Feriks (general of division) might as well not have existed—they insisted upon transacting business direct with the War Office, and when they did not succeed by bullying Osman Pasha Rifky, simply declined to obey his or anybody's orders; finally addressing themselves to Riaz, the Prime Minister, no longer with petitions but with demands.

They took advantage of Tewfik's helpless state to provoke a conflict, and, challenged by his subordinates, Osman Pasha Rifky determined on bringing them to justice; but instead of openly stating his intentions, he sent for them under a futile pretext, and had them arrested as soon as they entered the Ministry. This is a proceeding which, undignified as it is contrary to all notions of fairness, has been recently shown to be fraught with danger. The officers of the first regiment broke into the council-room of the Ministry of War, ill-treated the minister, and then, having released the prisoners by force, proceeded to the palace of Abdin, followed by the men of the regiment, and demanded from the Khedive the dismissal of the Minister of War, and redress for their grievances, which consisted principally in the promotion of the Turkish and Circassian officers. The Khedive informed the French and English agents that he had no means of resistance, and no regiment on which he could count;



and news having arrived that another regiment was marching in from Tourah, his Highness dismissed the Minister of War, and appointed Mahmoud Pashi Sami in his stead. Tranquillity was thereupon restored, and on the following day the mutinous colonels, reinstated in their regiments, made their submission to the Khedive.

Thus the 1st of February 1881 gave birth to Arabi, and from this day the influence of the army went on increasing. In obliging the Khedive to appoint their nominee in the room of Osman Pasha Rifky, the colonels knew that henceforth they were masters of the situation.

The increased ascendancy of the army soon showed itself in a practical shape. On the 20th of April two decrees were issued, the first increasing the pay of the land and sea forces to an extent imposing an additional charge of from £50,000 to £60,000 a-year; the second instituting a commission to inquire into the regulations and organisation of the army. The commission consisted of the Minister of War as president, of eleven generals, of whom four were Europeans, and of nine colonels, with one exception all Mussulmans, and among whom was Arabi Bey, one of the chief actors in the revolt of February.

Great blame has been cast on Tewfik Pasha by ignorant and malevolent critics for his attitude throughout this time of trial. It has been said that he alternately bullied the rebels and pandered to them—that when they were humble he was inexorable, and when they asserted themselves he cringed. If this charge be justifiable, and there is some truth in it, Tewfik merited in no way the *censure he received*. He had been

told that, if he obeyed the advice of his English friends, all would be well; and with the loyalty that characterised every action of his life, having agreed to obey their dictates, he kept his word. It was no fault of his if the counsels of his advisers jumped from A to Z and back again every twenty-four hours. Ultimatums, penultimatums, and ante-penultimatums, as they grew contemptuously to be called, were issued and withdrawn, and shuffled and dealt again, like so many cards in a round-game, and with as little certainty of result. Tewfik was told to be firm, and was firm as a rock till the ground was drawn from beneath him; and merely, as a measure of self-preservation, he was forced to show a conciliatory spirit, which had its customary expression now as on a subsequent occasion (at Ramleh, after the bombardment), in a lavish distribution of decorations. He was assured he should be supported by ships of war and by soldiers, only to learn in the hour when he needed it most, that no such aid would be forthcoming; and being placed in this dilemma—or, indeed, series of dilemmas—it is not surprising that, with the caution innate in every Eastern prince, he should have endeavoured to so order matters as to save at least his own neck.

Arabi at this time was a fellah something over forty years of age. He was six feet high, of well-built massive figure, but with the heavy stooping shoulders, the projecting head, and the slouching, shuffling gait of the water-buffaloes he had been wont in youth to tend. The striking feature of his face was his large dreamy eyes—eyes, indeed, that seldom looked his interlocutor in the face, but seemed to be fixed either on his breast or

looking far over his head into another world. There is little doubt that his eyes and his abstracted manner had much to do with his ultimate influence over the populace. He was a man as absolutely without education as he was lacking in ability. He had considerable knowledge of the Koran, much of which he had learned by heart, and could, without effort, repeat at great length; and he had an odd but not commendable faculty for droning on for twenty minutes or so at a time a string of copy-book platitudes unconnected with each other, or with any subject under discussion. It is probable that he was honest,—Mahmoud Sami, who conspired with him, has frankly declared that he lacked intelligence to be otherwise; and, like all Arabs, he was intensely revengeful. He was, taken all in all, about as humble a tool as could well have been selected for the furtherance of a purpose of whose results England at any rate has no present reason to complain.

In the early part of 1882 hatred of the Circassians filled Arabi's little mind, and he had been but a few days in power before all of them whom he could seize under any pretext were in prison. There he visited them by night, and sought to obtain by torture evidence that would enable him to take the life of his enemy, Osman Rifky. Many tragedies have been enacted in Egypt, but it is difficult to believe that any more hideous brutality has ever been practised so near our own day than that which this heartless and cold-blooded peasant directed each evening in the Abdin prison. At length the Khedive stepped between Arabi and his victims, and saved them from death by torture by a sentence of banishment.

There is every reason to believe that on the 10th of June 1882 Arabi felt himself perilously near his fall, and was hovering on the verge of submission. Next day there was a rising of the Arab populace in Alexandria against the Europeans. On that afternoon Dervish Pasha, the Sultan's envoy, was awaiting the visit of Mahmoud Sami and Arabi to tender their submission. He had played his trump-card, and felt confident of success. They came, but not to submit. The news of the horrors being perpetrated in Alexandria had not yet reached the palace, but there is reason to suppose it was not unknown to Arabi. At any rate he expressed his devotion to the Sultan, but declared that he must refuse his submission except by the express commands of his Majesty.

Dervish, furious, dismissed them. Ten minutes later news of the massacre was brought him. There was nothing to be done. Order must be restored at any cost, and the only man who could do it was Arabi. Instantly an aide-de-camp was sent to summon him to the palace. "Let Dervish come himself," was the insolent reply; and only on the great envoy's appearance at his house would he telegraph the orders to his soldiers, without which they had refused to act.

On the 8th of July it was that Arabi's attitude decided the British Admiral to send a final ultimatum threatening to bombard the forts unless they were handed over to him. Before doing so he earnestly counselled the Khedive to leave the city and to seek a place of safety. Mr Auckland Colvin, speaking as British Controller, and to some extent on behalf of Sir Edward Malet, whose health had given way, urged the same course, which was



supported by all his advisers, European and native, as well as by personal friends. It was pointed out to him that there were 6000 hostile troops in the forts, and that the population could not be trusted to refrain from outrage in the event of either victory or defeat; that his own yacht was in the harbour; that either the P. and O. mail-steamer then in port, or any of the men-of-war of neutral Powers, would afford him protection. To all these counsels Tewfik had but one answer—"I am still Khedive, and I remain with my people in the hour of their danger."

Much criticism has been passed on the attitude of Tewfik throughout the Arabi crisis, and it has been freely said of him that he lacked courage at a moment when the fellah Cromwell might easily have been cowed. There was not much indeed of a Cromwell in Arabi when he stood pale and trembling before Tewfik in Abdin Square; not much of the fearless tribune when he sheathed his sword at Effendina's bidding. On this occasion, no doubt, Tewfik lacked at least nerve and initiative, if not, indeed, actual courage. Had he followed the spirited and manly advice of Mr Colvin—had he arrested the traitor in sight of all, or cut him down as was his right—there would have been an end of all mutinies. Alas! he did neither. "We are between four fires," he said, when Arabi had sheathed his sword, and Colvin whispered, "Now is your moment." "We are between four fires, what can I do? we shall all be killed."

On other occasions, however, at a time when a mighty fleet was preparing to bombard the forts, the strongest of which was only a few yards from his palace walls; when not only his own subjects but Europeans had fled from the

town for safety,—he not only showed no fear, but nothing would induce him to vacate the post where he deemed it his duty to himself and his subjects to remain. Only at the last moment did he consent to put himself actually beyond reach of the shells, at his palace of Ramleh, three miles outside the town. Here, even, his life and that of the vice-reine, who loyally stood by him, were for two days in the utmost danger. The rebel soldiery surrounded the palace. Twice their commanders had sent orders for his destruction; and it was only with the utmost difficulty, and by persuading his guards that he desired to join Arabi at Kaffr-Dowar, that he by subterfuge obtained a train and bribed his way back to Alexandria. The deserted town was in flames, when, with other Englishmen, the writer made his way up the Marina Street. At the entrance of the Mahomet Ali Square the huge ornate wooden façade of the Zizinia Palace was one mass of glowing flame, and as we were about to dash past it with all speed, fell bodily forward into the square. Through the dense smoke, the whirlwind of flying sparks and scattered embers, a small body of cavalry could be dimly seen escorting a carriage which had halted only in time to avoid destruction by the burning mass. A few minutes later, making our way into the square from the other side, we met the carriage again. In it was seated Tewfik returning through the ruins of his finest city to the shattered remnant of his palace of Ras-el-tin, and as we stood aside to allow him passage he saluted us with all the courtly grace of the days of his Shoubra drives.

Yet to the ruler of the country—at the time ruler only in name—every step made in that melancholy progress must have given a fresh heavy blow, a further bitter humiliation. The scene was one, indeed, to unnerve even a stranger to the land, how much more then its viceroy? No words can fittingly convey the impression made by the desolate, wretched, and abandoned city on those who viewed it that day. There is something very terrible in the aspect of a big modern town in all of whose length and breadth no living human creature is to be seen. And thus it was in Alexandria on the 13th July 1882. In all the town the flames alone were alive. The only sounds to be heard were the roll and rumble of falling masonry where the fire had done its work, or the roar and crackle of the flames as they grappled with a fresh task. Every house-door stood wide open. Every shop-front was shattered, displaying the wreck within. The silent lonely streets were strewn thick with the jetsam of the looters' hurried flight. The most miscellaneous articles lay heaped upon the side-walks. The roadways were littered with every kind of wreckage—mirrors, jewel-cases, bales of cloth or silk, shattered porcelain, broken furniture, tinned provisions, iron safes, their sides torn and dented by adze and bullet. Everything that was too cumbersome to carry away the wreckers had destroyed in sheer luxury of wantonness. Pianos knelt on broken legs in the roads, or hung half out of first-floor windows, their wires torn bodily out as though by lightning, their keyboards battered and spiky. Sofas and arm-chairs stood in front gardens, or sprawled on flights of steps, ripped and gutted.

The general search had been for hidden money, the native mind making no account of banks; and as money could not be found, the most obvious vengeance was to destroy all objects on which it had been wasted. Through this woful scene of desolation the Khedive's escort, white handkerchief on sleeve and white flag on sabre-point, had to guide their master. Now and then the little procession had to dash hurriedly down a side-street to escape a falling house or wall. Now and then a halt had to be called while the way was cleared—sometimes of a mass of *débris*, sometimes of the stripped, mutilated corpse of a luckless European, anon of half the stock in trade of a haberdasher or a milliner heaped in the road, and abandoned as worthless to the looters. Now and again his Highness had a momentary sight of a blue-gowned incendiary, with his petroleum-can and armful of cotton, skulking off amid the lime-dust and the shadows. Now and again he had a doll's house view of half a house, the other half having fallen away, with tables, chairs, and bedsteads rocking half in space on each of several storeys, and pictures carefully swathed hanging from rent and blistered walls. In one such house (a mere corner was left of it) a dog, singed to the skin, howled dismally beside a cradle on the fourth floor.

A terrible experience, indeed, must that drive have been to a young sovereign in whose mind, beside the sorrow and the shame, some thought of the cost to him and to his country cannot fail to have entered. Of this cost—of the pecuniary loss sustained through the pillage and incendiarism—some idea may be formed from the statistics subsequently furnished by





the International Commission of Indemnities. The total sum awarded was 106,830,226 francs, or £4,341,011. Of this sum 26,750,175 francs, or £1,070,007, was given for house property destroyed; and 34,635,050 francs, or £1,338,402, for furniture; and 43,395,061 francs, or £1,735,806, for merchandise. When it is borne in mind that the decree appointing the Commission expressly excluded claims for money, jewellery, securities, and works of art, it will be obvious that the total value of property destroyed must have considerably exceeded the sums quoted.

Yet in the midst of this fearful scene of desolation and rapine—himself but now escaped from the doom decreed for him by Toulba—with anarchy supreme throughout his realm, and the foreign authors of the mischief, whether friends or foes to him he hardly knew, waiting to receive his person in the palace they had partially destroyed, Tewfik had the courage to maintain an appearance of dignified composure, and to salute with the kindly grace of his least troubled days the few Englishmen who uncovered before him. I did not as yet know him, but I never believed evil of him after that day. Throughout this crisis his calm demeanour excited much comment among the Englishmen who were thrown in contact with him, and probably aided to place some of his actions in an unfavourable light.

Certainly in the weeks that followed opinions were greatly divided as to the Khedive. Many persons there were, even among those most behind the scenes, who suspected that Mehemet Tewfik, with customary oriental duplicity, was seeking at once to hunt with *the hounds* and run with the hare.

It was not so; but had the charge been justified, could we have greatly blamed him? He made some mistakes that at the time appeared something more than foolish. Among them the celebrated correspondence with Arabi at Kaffr Dowar has perhaps excited most attention. It was on the 15th July, two days after his entry into Alexandria, that he summoned Arabi to him; and that his Minister of War telegraphed in reply that "his Highness would be glad to hear that recruits were coming in to assist him to fight the English." Then, on the 22d, he published a decree dismissing Arabi from his post of Minister of War, and proclaiming him a rebel. This in itself was admirable, but its effect was marred in a ludicrous manner by the reasons assigned for the step, which, as set forth, were his insufficient resistance to the British fleet, the loss of 400 guns, allowing the English to land, retreating to Kaffr Dowar, and not coming to his Khedive when summoned. It cannot be denied that, considering the relations between the Khedive and the British forces at this time, this decree, issued at a time when Tewfik was no longer under any sort of coercion, was on the surface as quaint a sample of an oriental document as often comes to light. It is, however, capable of explanation. That it was foolish is beyond question, but a knowledge of the current of ideas which had produced it in Tewfik's mind removes all thought of treachery on his part. Placed in a position of exceptional difficulty, he had two reasons for issuing this curious document. On one side was the Khedive, protected by the forces of Great Britain, which, having cheerfully destroyed Alexandria—or per-

mitted it to be destroyed (it is but the more criminal), and may the blame for that shameful blunder lie heavy wherever it be due—were not strong enough to advance beyond the walls. On the other side was Arabi, and behind him the whole country, the entire populace, all the princes and nobles, all the wealthy towns, the capital itself, the entire army, and all the war material that was not left to the British to destroy (another shameful blunder) in the Alexandria forts.

Arabi's chief strength lay in his unscrupulous and barbarous mode of warfare; and there was so terrible a dread among the officials at the palace of what he might do or allow to be done to their property in Cairo and elsewhere, that the Khedive's action was paralysed. Would Cairo be burned and sacked, as Alexandria had been? was the question in every one's mind, and the odds were freely laid on the event. Then, again, he had at the time no certainty as to what England was going to do, and the business had already been so handsomely muddled as to leave him every margin for doubt. And, lastly, he had an idea of wiping off all old scores and beginning anew. It was true that the soldiers were fighting against his orders; but if he proclaimed it so, they became in the same moment rebels. He wished to avoid this: he wished above all things for peace, and to secure it he was ready to open the door for their escape—to accept the responsibility for what had been done, to cover their guilt by his proclamation. "Only come in now; only obey me, now that I have made peace with the English, and I will take the past on myself." This was his design. This was the writing between the lines; and it

will hardly be deemed that, in so electing, he showed himself to be courageous, honest, well-intentioned, and humane, even if a little foolish.

"En tout cas," said one of Tewfik's Ministers, with rather bitter wit, looking round upon the havoc wrought by England's half-hearted intervention, "s'il s'agit de mettre l'ordre en Egypte mieux vaut entrer par la Porte que par les fenêtres." There were at the time not a few who endorsed this opinion. Despite the Arab proverb which says, "The grass grows not where the Turk has trod;" despite the Ottoman tendency to echo the historic dictum, "J'y suis—j'y reste," the reflection could not fail to occur frequently to Tewfik, as it did to others, that, had his suzerain been permitted to send to his aid those twenty battalions he had implored, this bitter cup at least would not have been presented to him. That the Sultan's interference would ultimately have been ruinous to Egypt is indisputable; but it would have been less immediately ruinous than the permitted destruction of Alexandria, for which no censure can be too severe.

The pricking of the Arabi wind-bag proved no very hazardous affair. A good deal more has been made of Tel-el-Kebir than can honestly be said to have been merited by that somewhat sloppy triumph.

The Egyptian soldier to-day—and especially his black brother from the Soudan—has developed, under the careful training of his zealous and self-sacrificing English officers, into as good fighting material, Thomas Atkins excepted, as I for one would wish to march with. But in those days he was a very different animal.

"What can you expect," said Lord Palmerston, speaking of the



Turks, "of a people who wear no heels to their boots?" The Egyptian officer under Arabi wore not only no heels to his boots, but for choice no boots to his feet, and passed all the time he could spare—and it was considerable—from slouching through parade, in a wadded cotton gown, with those white-stockinged appendages curled beneath him on a divan.

And as the Egyptian officer, so the private. Moreover, the soldier had an unwritten code by which to regulate his demeanour. On his periodical visits to his village, he commonly thrashed his way into popular favour. And his brother fellaheen, who had thought rather meanly of him for being caught and made a soldier, recognised at once his claims on their respect. "He beats us," they would say, "therefore he is our superior; turn we the other cheek." In the same way, when any one, in uniform or not, beat the soldier, he in turn said, "Evidently this is my superior," and bowed himself to the smiter. Above all, he did not want to fight. He did not mind being hurt. He hardly resented being killed—some one has always to be killed, and "*Allah y arriif*" (God knows best); but fight he would not. In the Russo-Turkish war, Khedive Ismail sent a large force to aid his suzerain in the field, upon the Sultan's appeal. The Egyptian camp at Shumla was a picture of affluent comfort beside the ragged, haggard, hungry Turkish brigades. Bright new uniforms, splendid equipment, well-found tents, men full of health and fatness. And there it ended. Every morning outside the hospital quarters, where the English doctors slaved without cess in the shambles of Turkish wounded, there paraded a long string of Egyptian soldiers, each of whom

had lost the two first fingers of his trigger hand. He was a stoic after a manner, was the fellah Asker. A little suffering maybe was necessary, but it was quickly over. Two fingers on the muzzle of the rifle, and the great toe on the trigger, and the trick was done, and then adieu the bleak Balkan slopes, and hey for sunny Egypt once more. But, at all costs, no violence. No rude contact with a rakki-maddened Muscov, shrewdly armed.

How great has been the change, how admirably the Egyptian soldier has developed, has been amply shown by his conduct in the past few years, and most notably at Tokar last spring; and no praise could be too high for the officers who have brought him to this state of perfection. But as to the Egyptian soldier of the old *régime*; whoso saw him in Turkey in 1877, and finally at the massacre of Valentine Baker's ill-fated expedition in February 1884, which was the immediate cause of British military action in the Sudan (and the two of whose regiments, that were the first to break, had been opposed to England at Tel-el-Kebir), may be pardoned for cheapening somewhat in his mind that much-lauded victory of British arms on the Sweet-Water Canal. This, however, matters but little, since as a defeat it was conclusive, and put a stop to the whole rebellion. The laconic telegram sent by Yacoub Pasha Sami, who was the Under-Secretary of War in the insurgent camp to Abd-el-Al, who was still stoutly holding out (against nothing) with his black troops in Damietta, describes the situation with delicious *naïveté*. "At half-past ten in the morning, Turkish time"—runs the message—"the enemy attacked the line of intrenchments, and firing commenced on both sides. We caused a large

number of the enemy to perish beside the line of intrenchments" (the whole British loss killed was but nine officers and forty-eight non-commissioned officers and men). "I found a train about to leave Tel-el-Kebir, and got in with a few wounded. I know nothing after that except that on leaving Tel-el-Kebir I saw that a train had been smashed. Please take the necessary precautions." This gentleman's condition of mind was very much that of all the chief officers of his army. They all—and Arabi first among them—took train, or engines, or horses, mules, or camels, and got away as fast as might be, and knew nothing after that, and begged somebody—it did not matter whom—to take the necessary precautions. Never did gas from a torn balloon disperse more thoroughly than did Arabi's great following on the 13th Sept. 1882.

Those whose privilege it was to enter Cairo on the heels of General Sir Drury Lowe will not readily forget the impression produced upon them by the seething hordes of wondering, panic-stricken natives who thronged the streets of that astonished city. They it was, be it remembered, who until the last moment had believed implicitly the boastful vapouring reports daily published by Arabi of his triumphs over his English foes; they it was who, with the extravagant credulity of ignorant fanaticism, had regarded as representations of facts those marvellous, ill-drawn, colour-blotched posters issued in profusion by the rebel commander, depicting the annihilation of the British fleet in Alexandria waters; they it was who, taught that the captured midshipman Duchair, who had wandered into the lines at

Kafir Dowar, was the only son of the British admiral, saved alone from drowning with all in his father's ships, had with contemptuous mirth dragged through the streets of the town and beneath the windows of the citadel, where the young man lay captive, a mangy cur, whose appellation in Arabic permitted the suggestion that the son of Seymour<sup>1</sup> was an unclean creature. And now that they found English cavalry in their midst and Indian troops camped beneath their walls, now that their false leaders were either already in prison or being daily brought back in ignominy to jail, they knew not, poor bewildered folk, what to think and what to believe, and in their plight could do nought but pace the streets open-mouthed for days and nights together, gazing in utter amazement at those strange animals, the Highlanders, and those even more fearsome objects, the Indian cavalry men. That it was some time before either natives or foreigners settled down will not be hard of belief. "You must be very glad," I said pleasantly to a young officer of Highlanders, "to find yourself in Cairo after the discomforts of the desert. The remark was innocent enough, but it was resented. "My experience," said he, shortly, "of the blessings of civilisation hitherto has been that I have slept in a gutter with my mosquito curtain hitched to a lamp-post." In a few days, however, the town resumed its ordinary complexion. The Khedive returned to Abdin Palace, on whose threshold the blood of slaughtered bullocks proclaimed the inauguration of a new era of progress. The three days' illuminations flickered and died

<sup>1</sup> Ebn Seymour, son of a female dog.



out, and the reinstalled ruler commenced conscientiously and loyally his rôle of constitutional sovereign. The farce known as the Arabi trial was not, perhaps, a very worthy beginning of a new career; but for this Tewfik must not be blamed. So complicated a network of intrigue, involving Turkey, France, many of the highest men in Egypt, the royal princes, even the suzerain himself, would have been brought to light by full investigation, that it was in every way better to let the unsavoury matter fall to the ground, even at the cost of practical immunity to some of those most criminally concerned.

It might well be thought that a period of respite would have been allowed to this distressful country in which to recover somewhat from the blows already massed upon it. It was not to be. Scarcely had the Arabi revolt been suppressed than trouble arose in another quarter, which, thanks to the conditions that circumscribed it,—the enormous distances to be traversed before the heart of the evil could be attacked, the insuperable difficulties in the way of effective military movements, and the absurd mismanagement also of the principal military operations that were undertaken,—is likely, even after ten years' unremitting strife, to prove a thorn something more than vexatious in Egypt's side for a considerable time to come.

It was in October 1882 that Abdul Kader, Governor-General of the Soudan, who may be supposed to have known very little of the inner workings of the Arabi plot, telegraphed to Cairo announcing that the troops he had sent against the Mahdi (for the Mahdi was already a power) had been cut off, and demanding reinforcements

of 10,000 men. They were sent to him, with what result we know. Poor Hicks Pasha and his English staff were the first of that long list of victims sacrificed on the altar of those great false prophets, the tide of whose power ebbed and flowed between El Obeid and Downing Street. And while General Hicks was toiling through the desert sands towards his grave at El Rahat (the place of repose), than which no spot could have been more admirably named as the last resting-place of nine thousand men, a yet more insidious enemy than the *Jehadieh* attacked Lower Egypt in her midst. This terrible foe—the cholera—made its headquarters at Damietta, than which a more ruinous, unsavoury, and picturesque hothouse of foul germs never desecrated the mouth of a noble river. Once a prosperous and thriving town, Damietta was undone by the construction of the Suez Canal, and the consequent mushroom-growth of Port Said on piles out of the mud. Nor was nature any kinder than man to the historic town. To complete its ruin and discomfiture, a sand-bar silted across the river mouth, with the result that only small sailing craft can now approach the little bay. As a consequence the population, once numbering near a hundred thousand, drifted sadly away or died of sheer weariness, and none came to replace them. Then the long sojourn of Abd-el-Al and his black troops, aided and abetted by a plague among the cattle of the delta—the imposition of a horn tax on the burial of beasts had inspired the frugal-minded peasantry to push their carcasses gently into the canals or river flowing by their doors, when the kindly current floated the carrion into Damietta's keel-forsaken harbour—and coupled with an exceptionally sultry

summer, produced the natural and inevitable result. The disease incubated in the most favourable conditions that could have been provided, ravaged poor stricken Damietta, ran flame-like up the Nile, and along the water-ways, to Mansourah, to Beneh, to Tantah, and Zagazig, and finally settled with a firm hold on the river-side quarters of the capital itself, where gradually it spent its force and was stamped out. This, however, was a work of time, and though ably performed under Salem Pasha (the same whose treatment of the late Khedive has been the subject of some remark in the European press) and the twelve English medical men who volunteered from London to aid him, it was not completed without affording to Tewfik an opportunity to give another proof of the passive courage and devotion with which his honest soul was filled.

The Court was at Alexandria—as is usual at the season—when the scourge reached the hovels of Boulak. There was great clamour for strict isolation, for rigid cordons, for stern measures of repression on pain of death, of all inhabitants of the pestilence-stricken districts. Tewfik, as in duty bound, sanctioned and ratified all the regulations that could aid to confine the disease within given limits, and then announced his intention of putting his own head into the lion's mouth by returning to Cairo. Protestations, appeals, were vain. He would go where his people suffered. And go he did—accompanied, as indeed he was in all his troubles, by the Khediviah, his wife—as stanch and devoted a little lady as ever worthy gentleman deserved. And arrived at Cairo, he drove around the hospitals, visiting the sufferers, examining into and ministering to

their comforts, and supplying the needs of the poor and the bereaved from his private purse—a purse at no time too well filled.

It would not be possible within the limits of a magazine article—which is already long—to follow the course of the Soudan rebellion from its inception down to the present time. Still less would it be possible to discuss, or to criticise, the lamentable blunders, the childlike errors of judgment, the bland ignorance of causes and results, the disregard of everyday experience, the vacillations, the hesitancies, the outputtings and withdrawals which have gone to give to the movement the momentous gravity it has acquired. Somewhere the blame should rest, and rest heavily. For all that has happened in the Soudan provinces—from the death of Hicks to the fall of Khartoum—England is primarily responsible. It was in January 1884 that Gordon went to Khartoum. In the following February and March Generals Graham and Stewart inflicted crushing defeat on the forces of Osman Digna at Tokar and Tamai. Berber was then still loyal; and after those signal victories had a force—even a small force—been sent, as Sir Herbert Stewart so eagerly desired, along the Berber road to the town that was at once the key of the Nile and of the desert routes, there had needed no Nile expedition with its voyageurs and its Sidi boys and whale-boats, its nigger minstrels and its gampots and its failure: there had been no fall of Khartoum, no martyrdom of Gordon, no withdrawal from and abandonment on behalf of the Khedive of the immense territory conquered by his forefathers, and now allowed to lapse into such hideous anarchy as has convulsed no other corner of the globe.



For now ten years Egypt has at no time been free from war upon her borders. It was ever recorded against the Soudan that it cost more money than the province produced to maintain Egyptian power there. How are the tables now turned, when it costs as much, if not more, to keep the Soudanese out of Egypt! And when will be the end? There has been no element of finality in anything done hitherto, and we know nothing of passing events in that great terror-ridden land. This much we do know, however—recent events have taught it—that in inverse ratio to the extent of our ignorance of the doings of the *Jehadiéh* and their leaders is their knowledge of our acts and declared intentions in Egypt. The Khalifa is regularly supplied by his agents with the translations of all newspaper matter published in this country and in France. If we were as well informed as to events and projects at Omdurrman, there would unquestionably be no further talk of England's withdrawal from the Nile delta.

But whatever may have been England's errors in the Soudan operations, there can be no question as to the able conduct of the affairs of Egypt proper in the past ten years by the Khedive's Ministers, aided by the agents of this country, and by English officials lent to the Viceregal Government. Egypt is to-day in a condition of peaceful law-abiding prosperity, such as ten years ago the most sanguine of her well-wishers could not have anticipated for her. Much, however, remains to be done before it would be, not merely wise or prudent, but even possible, to leave her to herself. *Much more before*—when at length *so abandoned*—she will be able to

take her place among the civilised nations of the world. Despite twelve years of English guidance of the helm of State—to withdraw which guidance to-day would at once force the burdened vessel back upon the reefs of anarchy and intrigue from which we rescued it—there linger yet in the hearts of the people of Egypt strange prepossessions for relics of barbarism, for practices the very mention of which would sicken the European reader, for cruel retributive legislation, for repellent customs and horrible punishments,—long indulged unchecked, only slowly to be stamped out, and altogether unsuspected by the ignorant persons who cackle glib platitudes about “Egypt for the Egyptians.” From a simple example—the first to my hand—a clue to the extent to which the restraining influence of English supervision over native administration is still necessary may be found, perhaps, in the following extract from a letter addressed by Sir Evelyn Baring to Lord Salisbury in June 1890, if read together with some of the salient points of the measure to which it refers:—

“A short time ago the Egyptian Government submitted to the Council the draft of a law, having for its object the more effectual suppression of brigandage, the name usually applied here to attacks made by organised bodies of armed men on houses and villages. It was proposed that when attacks of this nature resulted in murder, capital punishment might be inflicted, not only, as at present, on the person or persons who could be proved to have committed the act which was the cause of death, but also on those who had organised or who commanded the band of robbers.

“This proposal was quite reasonable. Moreover, as the right of appeal exists, and as several European judges sit on the Court of Appeal, a solid guarantee was af-

forded against injustice or undue severity.

"With a view to bringing its proposal into harmony with the requirements of the Sheriât or sacred law of Islam, the Government, in conformity, I believe, with its usual practice, consulted the Sheikh-el-Abbassi before submitting the draft to the Legislative Council. I should explain that the Sheikh-el-Abbassi occupies the position of Grand Mufti. He is the recognised official expositor of Mohammedan law. He it is who issues *fatwa* (legal opinions).

"The Sheikh prepared a counter-project, which he communicated to the Egyptian Government. This counter-project not being accepted, the Sheikh submitted it to the Legislative Council when the discussion of the Government measure took place.

"I need not attempt to summarise the Sheikh's proposal. It is obviously based on principles which would not now be applied in any civilised State. Nevertheless, as your lordship will observe, a majority of the Council voted in favour of it.

"Under the organic law of Egypt the Government is not obliged to accept the views of the Council. There is, therefore, of course no prospect whatever of the proposal made by the Sheikh-el-Abbassi being adopted. The incident is only important in so far as it shows the views on the administration of justice held by certain sections of the community in Egypt. It also affords some indication of what might occur were free institutions too rapidly developed in this country.—I have, &c.,  
"E. BARING."

The following were some of the punishments advocated in the proposal, in favour of which a large majority of the Council voted. It was left to the discretion of the Imam (Chief of the State) to pronounce against the brigands convicted of assassination and robbery any one of the six following penalties:—

1. Amputation of the right hand and the left foot, followed by capital punishment.

2. Amputation as above, and crucifixion.

3. Amputation as above, capital punishment, and crucifixion.

4. Capital punishment and crucifixion.

5. Capital punishment alone.

6. Crucifixion alone.

"Crucifixion consists in binding the condemned alive upon a scaffolding, killing him by piercing him in the body with a spear, and leaving the corpse exposed for three days."

"Upon a gibbet fixed perpendicularly in the ground are attached two cross-bars, one a certain distance above the other. The condemned is bound upon this structure with arms and legs outstretched to the utmost. In this position he shall be pierced in the left breast with a spear, which must be turned in the wound until death shall ensue."

This is what would be implied by "Egypt for the Egyptians."

Surely not much more need be said.

In appearance Tewfik Pasha, while bearing a certain resemblance to his father, in so far as a rather good-looking dark man can resemble a strikingly ugly red one, yet wore many strong traces of the fellah side of his parentage. At first sight he doubtless struck his visitor as being a somewhat heavy, stolid, almost clumsy brained Ottoman, who, despite a graceful dignity, inseparable from his origin and training, possessed little more intellectual expression than does the "Turk's head" known in this country. But when his interest was awakened in his visitor's conversation, and in this he was neither backward nor hard to please, his face was at once lit up with that pleasant winning smile which has a peculiar charm in grave Turkish faces. Perhaps the most lasting impression he con-





veyed to those who knew him was a strong belief in his sincerity, his absolute honesty, his truth and single-mindedness. That he meant and believed everything he said was at once transparent, and this in itself roused a healthful sympathy in him, which grew with his acquaintance. Diffident almost to a fault, shy—nervous even—to a degree unusual in orientals, he had, when at ease, a great sweetness of manner, coupled with a certain facile dignity that sat well on him, but through which rippled at times waves of boyish roguishness that endeared him immediately to those by whom he was attracted. A dry wit and a strong sense of humour are thoroughly characteristic of both Turks and Arabs. In Tewfik, perhaps, humour was not the strongest point, but he readily and keenly appreciated a ludicrous or ridiculous situation. A gentleman who has elected to remain anonymous has several good stories of him in this connection, some of which will bear repetition. When England and France were re-establishing the dual control to which Tewfik was said to be opposed, one of Tenniel's cartoons represented him as objecting to his "new pair of boots." When it was shown to the Khedive he looked at it closely and then said, "Ah, but this is a *pair*. Your Mr Punch should have drawn two odd boots—one of English make, one of French make." Although obliged to wear the odd pair—and very painful it must have been—he preferred undoubtedly to stand upon the English sole and swing the other foot as loosely as might be. Indeed he never attempted to conceal his strong English prepossessions. In his own household he had about him English body-servants, coachmen, and grooms; his sons had an

English tutor, his daughter an English nurse, and the princess an English maid. And he was fond of speaking English—which he did but imperfectly—whenever occasion offered. He was fully conscious of his want of perfection, and was always immensely pleased when his sons Abbas and Mehemet Ali—who as children spoke the language as their own—corrected him and said, "That's not right, father. You can't speak English at all."

The Khedive, oddly enough for an oriental, did not smoke, with the result that the palace cigarettes—invariably handed round with coffee—were notoriously the worst in Cairo, and except in the case of absolute strangers it was ludicrous to see how tobacco was avoided in his presence. He always carried a cigarette-case, however, and delighted in offering it and little presents of money to the English sentries placed on guard round his palace when first Cairo was occupied by British troops. He loved to tell stories of his experiences with these guards.

An early riser, he was in the habit of either beginning his reading of official reports or walking in his garden in the cool sunrise hour. One morning, returning to the palace from a walk in the gardens of Ghizireh, he was stopped by a sentry.

"Yer can't go in 'ere, yer know," said the man of war, with the Briton's amiable contempt for the fat little "furiner."

"But I belong to the palace," faltered the Khedive, delighted.

"Oh, do yer? Got a good place?"

"Very good," said Tewfik, diffidently.

"Ah, yer look like it. Bustin' times, I suppose. Nothing to do and plenty to eat. I wouldn't

mind serving your master. Would he stand six shilling a-day? What sort of feller is he?"

And then, alas! the sergeant coming round recognised and saluted the Khedive, to the vast discomfort of Thomas Atkins and to the chagrin of his Highness, who would fain have heard more about himself, and who probably had never received a more sincere offer of service.

There is only one phrase that can adequately sum up the late Khedive's character. He was a thoroughly honourable gentleman. Above all things, he was loyal—loyal to the backbone. In spite of every temptation and provocation, he refused to intrigue against his father. Equally loyal when he had accepted, much against his will, the detestable dual control which he predicted would fail, as indeed it did, he supported it loyally through recurrent blunders. When, long before any one else, he foresaw the ultimate significance of the Arabi movement, he loyally accepted and loyally maintained the rôle of constitutional sovereign which was given him. Loyal to England and to France—until France abandoned him—he turned a deaf ear to the Porte.

Still loyal, he accepted Lord Dufferin's constitution, knowing full well that it could not meet the requirements of the country; and finally, when, after a series of extravagant blunders, such as must have made his blood boil, England, having first lost him Khartoum and then handed over the rich Dongola province to the enemy, finally called upon him to abandon altogether the extensive territory won for Egypt by his great-uncle and his father, he, trusting loyally to England's wisdom, accepted the sacrifice and made no complaint.

He was not, maybe, a strong ruler. But what place has there been for a strong ruler in Egypt in the past twelve years? What might not an ambitious or treacherous prince—an Abbas, a Said, or an Ismail—have done to set Europe, ay, and Turkey, in a fume? His loyalty, his patience, his scrupulous honesty, his kindly and amiable disposition, and his shrewd common-sense have undoubtedly stood England as well as Egypt in goodly stead.

And with that let us leave him to his rest.

FRANCIS SCUDANORE.



## AFTER BIGHORN IN KAMSCHATKA.

If hope deferred maketh the heart sick, it is nevertheless equally true that a little delay most marvellously enhances the zest of realisation. When I found myself steaming steadily northward in the Pacific "fifties," fog all round us, and Kamschatka as our goal, I began to think that a few days more would see my long-cherished desire of killing a Kamschatkan bighorn satisfied. Already I pictured myself engaged in that delightful though slightly gory operation of "removing the mask." Already I contemplated in imagination the beautiful curly horns. Already my naturalist's interests were aroused at the thought of bringing to bag an animal unknown to sportsmen and only barely known to science. All these pleasant anticipations, however, were a long time coming off,—so long a time, in fact, that I thought they would never come off at all. Several weeks had passed, and I had ridden, tramped, and paddled many a weary mile before I laid low my first Kamschatkan *Ovis*. But when that event took place, I felt that I was more than rewarded. Perhaps the charm of the surroundings had something to do with one's enjoyment. That is a question I will not enter upon. I only know that I got more pleasure out of the affair than I have experienced in killing much bigger game. And then our luck was phenomenal. Fortune was a long time in smiling on us, but when she did do so, she positively beamed.

"But bighorn are no great rarities," the reader will probably say. No, they are not, or at least the *Rocky Mountain* bighorn (*Ovis*

*montana*) is not, and it is that species which the world at large knows as bighorn. But the animal which forms the subject of my story is another thing—not unlike it, indeed, but still quite a distinct species. Its characters and measurements belong to the domain of zoology rather than that of periodical literature; but if any one should desire fully to comprehend the points of difference between the two animals, he cannot do better than consult Sir Victor Brooke's article on Wild Sheep in the pages of the 'Zoological Society's Proceedings' for 1875.

*Mais revenons à nos moutons*: let us come back, in the most literal sense of the word, to our sheep, the Asiatic Bighorn, known to naturalists as *Ovis nivicola* of Eschscholtz. As soon as the yacht *Marchesa* had let go her anchors in the placid waters of Petropaulovsky harbour, we hastened to inform ourselves upon our chances of sport, and to put things in train for the long journey through the heart of the country which we had previously resolved upon. It did not take us long to make acquaintance with the greater number of the inhabitants of the little village which remoteness has created a capital, and we soon learnt that the outlook was even better than we had expected. It is upon the sable that the hunting energies of the natives are concentrated, and it was therefore only natural for them to suppose that we also should make that valuable little beast the chief object of our expedition. They could hardly understand that it was bear and bighorn that we were after. The skins of the former, it is true,

were worth two or three roubles; but as for the sheep—why, the mutton was good enough, of course, but the pelt was absolutely valueless.

Concerning bears we got information enough; but that is another story, as Mr Rudyard Kipling would put it,—a story which demands a separate telling. The bighorn were another thing altogether. “Were they rare?” No, not rare, but localised. And then it was the wrong season. “You should be here in the winter, you know; then you would get Argali, plenty of them. Now it is no good.” We said that it would doubtless be very pleasant—though possibly a little chilly—to winter with them; but that circumstances unluckily forbade it, and we should have to do what we could with summer and autumn. Then came the usual vague and worthless information that all of us know so well who have tried to thrash out the grain of truth from the husk of native stupidity.

Matters were in this state when we had the good fortune to light upon a certain Jacof Ivanovitch, an old sable-hunter, and at length we were able to get hold of something definite at first-hand. Here was a person who had shot the bighorn with his own hand—and not one, but many. He could take us straight to the place, a sea-cliff not fifty miles from Petropaulovsky, where he felt certain that they were still abundant; for that part of the peninsula is uninhabited, and no one had been there since his visit some two or three years previously. There was a wonderful harbour, according to his account, with good holding ground, which had the advantage of being close at hand. Everything, in short, was as easy and pleasant as if it had been made for

us. It was all so easy, indeed, that in our hearts I don't think we much believed in it, although Jacof was the stolidest of stolid Russians, and a hunter by profession. Nevertheless we made up our minds to try the place as soon as we had finished our expedition through the interior. This admitted of no delay, for the season was already advanced; but Jacof's Betchevinskaia Bay could wait. Meanwhile we took on that individual as head man, and a day or two later saw our party *en route* for the head-waters of the Kamschatka river, with the hope that we might somehow find our way down it to its mouth.

The results of that journey I have told elsewhere. Not long after starting we realised the fact that we had much underestimated the distance, and it then became our aim and object to get over the ground with as much speed as possible. The yacht was to meet us on a certain date at the mouth of the river, and we dared not leave her knocking about a dangerous and unsurveyed coast any longer than was absolutely necessary. Thus it came about that we passed through as pretty a country for sport of all kinds as I have ever seen, without once being able to give it a fair trial. Our spare time was fully occupied in taking observations and photographs, and we had to limit our shooting to the needs of the party.

I think we all submitted with a tolerable grace to the inevitable until we came upon a few huts some days after leaving Petropaulovsky, and found the head of a freshly killed young bighorn ram lying at the door of one of them. It needed all our strength of mind to conquer the temptation to stop and try our luck; but we were sustained in the effort by



Jacof, who phlegmatically observed that it was not worth the trouble, when they could be got so easily and in such numbers at Betchevinskaia Bay. We laid the flattering unction to our souls, and turned our backs on the mountains to resume our march. But somehow that much-belauded cliff stuck in our throats, and our doubts and misgivings gained upon us. "He lays it on too thick about that confounded bay"—an opinion expressed with more force than literary grace by one of us—was the sum and substance of what we were all thinking, and we had more than half a mind to turn back.

We did not do so, however, and a couple of days more brought us to the little settlement of Gunal, nestled at the foot of a very picturesque and likely-looking range some 4000 feet in height. Here the people told us that bighorn were abundant, but that it was of little use going after them until the fresh snow had driven them down on to the lower fells,—the higher peaks, where they are always found in summer, being very difficult to work, and the animals themselves very shy during that season. We had not here the temptation of seeing any of the *disjecta membra*, so we continued our journey in peace, and it was not until we were in the neighbourhood of the great volcanoes at the mouth of the Kamschatka river that we heard anything further of our quarry. There it was reported that bighorn were to be found on the mountains; but as far as we could learn, no one had ever shot them.

So far, then, *Ovis nivicola* was an unknown quantity to us when we finished our expedition and regained the yacht. Jacof, however, had proved himself a good *man all round*, and his information

unusually correct. And so it came about that when we were on our way down to Petropaulovsky after working the east coast in search of walrus, and it was proposed to put the accuracy of his oft-repeated story to the test, the proposition was carried without a dissentient voice; and accordingly, one fine afternoon in mid-September, the Marchesa lay her course for Betchevinskaia Bay.

At daybreak next morning we were nearing our destination. We ran close inshore, and scanned the coast with our glasses, in order to make out the entrance of the bay. Suddenly one of us, who had been idly looking at the cliffs, exclaimed, "Why, *there* they are—any number of them!" and there, sure enough, they were. In more than one place we could distinctly make out little clumps of the animals—three or four, or more, together. It was evident that Jacof had not led us astray after all.

Ten minutes later we were at the entrance of the much-talked-of bay, and the anchors rested on the good holding-ground we had been promised. Breakfast was rapidly discussed and pipes lit. Our gear, I need hardly say, was ready for action. So, while the boats were being got round to the gangway, we held a council of war, to which Jacof was duly admitted, in order to settle the plan of action.

We saw directly that the ground was remarkably easy to work. The coast-line ran east and west, and the narrow bay, or inlet, as it should rather be called, cut into it at right angles for a depth of five miles like a fjord. About three miles eastward lay another very large bay. Between the two, as Jacof and our glasses told us, was the ground—a hammer-shaped peninsula being thus formed,

whose terminal sea-face was the favourite resort of the bighorn. This cliff was five or six hundred feet in height, in some places very precipitous, but for the most part furnished with a sort of under-cliff more or less accessible to a good climber. Beneath was a beach commanding a good bit of the ground; and inland from the cliff, as we afterwards discovered, there was tolerably easy country, which nevertheless would have been totally impassable from the dense scrub which almost everywhere covered it, had it not been for the numerous bear-paths with which it abounded.

We did not take long deciding on our plan. From the lie of the land it was evident that, but for unforeseen circumstances, we might count upon surrounding the game and working them backwards and forwards along the cliff pretty well as we pleased. We accordingly landed our second Russian hunter and our worthy chief engineer—a steady and reliable shot—with instructions to wait until we had gained the top of the cliff, and then to work slowly along the beach and occupy good posts. Meanwhile, three of us, with Jacof as guide, commenced our part of the proceedings, which was to scramble up the cliffs as best we could at a point about a couple of miles down the fjord, so as to take the game well in rear. We had no choice, however, as a matter of fact, for at no other point was the ascent practicable.

Our climb to the top was neither difficult nor dangerous, but it necessitated a considerable amount of exertion, and we were all glad of a rest before proceeding. We soon hit off a well-worn bear-path, and found ourselves walking breast-high through dense scrub, which now and again deepened and met

over our heads to form a tunnel. In every direction these paths crossed and recrossed each other, testifying to the numbers of bears in the neighbourhood. A little farther we heard a crashing of bushes to our right, which told us that we had disturbed one; but the undergrowth was too thick to allow of our sighting him, and we pursued our way in silence. After a time our progress became less rapid, and we struggled with difficulty through the network of interlacing boughs, to be rewarded at length by getting into more open ground. We then found that we were within a couple of hundred yards of the edge of the cliff, and had hardly time to realise that fact before an enormous bear—the largest, in fact, that we had seen in Kamschatka—broke cover on our left, crashing through the scrub with as much ease as a man would go through a hay-field, and affording two of us a snap shot. Alas! our lucky star had not yet risen. But one bullet told, and that so far back that the wound was unlikely to prove fatal; and while we were debating whether we should follow up the track or leave it until we had explored the cliffs for bighorn, an event occurred which put the whole affair for the moment out of our minds.

Jacof—worthy but unlettered soul—who had been leading, and was some distance ahead of us at the moment of our firing, had thought fit to pursue his way to the edge of the cliff without the smallest attempt at either silence or concealment. As ill-luck would have it, a small troop of bighorn were directly beneath him—a fact which he was good enough to announce to us by voice and gesture which would have done credit to a performer in an Australian corroboree. **Ho!** we got over that last hun-



yards I hardly remember. I only know that when we reached the edge of the cliff, dead beat, our garments fluttering in the breeze, and rage at our hearts, we were just in time to get off two perfectly useless barrels at some dark objects which were in the act of disappearing round a corner.

Over the events of the next five minutes I will draw a veil. The first thing to be settled was what was to be done with the offender. Under ordinary circumstances, instant execution would have seemed to us too good for him. But in the present case he could plead the strong extenuating circumstance that without his aid we should never have discovered this spot, and that, in spite of our having made such a mess of the affair, there was a good probability of our not going on board empty-handed. Accordingly it was decided that he was to go back and take up his post upon the beach at the fjord end, in order to turn the game if necessary; and thither he was despatched at once, after a short but trenchant admonitory lecture.

The two guns below, we calculated, must have already got into position; so we lost no time in separating so as to command, as far as we could, the entire range of the sea-cliff from above. P. took the western or fjord end, K. walked on to the middle division, while it fell to my lot to look after the eastern third, which was terminated by the deep bay I have already spoken of. Near the edge of the precipice the ground was tolerably free of bush, and I found I could get along without much difficulty, keeping a little inland, and reconnoitring carefully from time to time. But the steep slopes of the *undercliff* showed no signs of life, and after a time I began to think

that, whatever good fortune might have befallen the others, there was not much in store for myself. At that moment I heard a double shot on my right, which told me that the centre gun had probably come upon those we had first fired at, for they had taken to the right on being disturbed. Below me the cliff sloped away in a very steep but still accessible gradient, and ran out to form a little spur which was crowned at the extremity with thick bush. It occurred to me that, if the game were headed and passed towards me, this would form an admirable spot from which to get a shot. It did not take long to act upon the idea, and to find myself in an even better position than I had anticipated, for I discovered that I could command the cliffs admirably on both sides.

I was hardly comfortably settled before three bighorn came suddenly into view in the direction I had expected. Although trotting briskly at first, they soon dropped into a walk, halting from time to time, and eventually coming to a standstill within a couple of hundred yards of my post. I suppose even the coolest and oldest sportsmen are more or less affected on sighting *new* game, more especially if it should happen to be of a species whose heads they have long coveted as trophies; and I cannot honestly claim to have formed an exception to the rule. I was unwilling to risk a shot, and contented myself with watching them through my telescope. What delightful moments those are! As I watched, I thought how admirably Nature matches her fauna with the flora and scenery by which they are surrounded. Here, on this stern and almost gloomy coast, with its stunted vegetation and yet unmelted snows, the bulky frame

and massive horns of this gigantic sheep seemed to be thoroughly in keeping. No gazelle, fragile-limbed and delicate, would have harmonised with such a scene. In the low but thick forests, in default of mammoths, what could we have more suitable than the large and powerful Kamschatkan bear? And then on the black rocks of the iron-bound coast beneath us are the great sea-lions and still more massive walrus.

A sudden movement of retreat on the part of the game stopped my meditations, and drew from me a hazardous and ineffectual shot. In such matters the best of us are liable to err, and it would have been better if I had risked the long but steady shot they had previously offered me. I had felt so certain that they would come within easy range, however, that I was considerably disappointed. The consolation of the proverbial "better luck next time" is of little use to most of us on these occasions, but I had to accept it for lack of a better; and thinking that all chance of sport was over at the post I was occupying, I decided to make my way to the top of the cliff again and try the fresh ground to the eastward. I was in the act of scrambling back when the sound of distant shots reached my ears; and thinking it better to await events where I was, I descended again—for after all, as I reflected, we had eight or nine head completely surrounded on the western side, while upon the other I should have to content myself with possibilities.

Lucky was it that I did so. Not that I was rewarded at first, for I must have sat motionless for half an hour or more without seeing a sign of game. The time rarely hangs heavily upon a natur-

alist's hands on such occasions, however. It is rare that plant or bird or insect is not at hand to interest or teach him. As I watched, a nutcracker came and perched upon a tree hard by, regarding me with inquisitive eye. The Kamschatkan birds are in many cases extraordinarily tame, and I remember upon one occasion being approached within a foot or two by a small warbler who seemed anxious to gain the friendship of the strange being who had invaded her solitudes. But just now all thoughts of ornithology were driven from my mind by the sudden appearance of two bighorn, which trotted out from behind some rocks a long distance below me, scrambling and jumping along a breakneck track, where a single false step would have been fatal, with a dexterity and ease which were astonishing in so large and heavily built an animal. From the position in which I was lying they offered me a very awkward shot, and when the smoke cleared away I was hardly astonished to find that I had missed again. I felt I could not blame myself over the matter; but such reflections are as little satisfying as a Barnecide's feast. I had had three chances within an hour or two, and had missed clean on each occasion. Only those who have been in similar case when after rare and much-coveted game can realise my feelings.

Fortune seemed nevertheless determined to do her best for me. As I sat cogitating over my next move—whether it would be best to follow along the cliff after the beasts I had just fired at, which had not been driven back by the shot, or to remain as I was—I fancied I heard a slight noise as of moving pebbles quite close below me. I was not left long in suspense





the instant afterwards a splendid ram bighorn suddenly revealed himself to my astonished gaze within ten yards of where I sat, actually crossing the little ridge upon which I had established myself. How he had got there I could not at first conceive, but I afterwards found a small track, evidently made by these creatures, which passed along the face of the precipitous cliff to my right, so that at one time he must have been even closer to me than when I saw him. The grand beast was perfectly unconscious of my presence, and walked briskly on, keeping his head turned seaward, from which direction the wind was fortunately blowing. But if I had undergone the miseries of disappointment before, I was doomed to far worse torments of tantalisation now, for between us there intervened the bush already mentioned, which, though sufficiently thin to permit my seeing his every movement, completely precluded all idea of using my Express. How I longed for a solid bullet and a good driving charge, such as the soul of Sir Samuel Baker loveth! But the hollow bullet would have been too risky to try through such stunted hardwood scrub, and my only chance was to sit motionless until he had passed. I thought he would never get across that little strip of ground, and my feelings as I saw his apology for a tail slowly disappearing over the edge may be imagined. I still sat for a few seconds before going after him, lest he should hear the noise of my movement over the rough ground, and then crept up as rapidly and silently as I could and looked over. He was in full view on a tremendously steep slope about 120 yards off, going away from me, and offering *a splendid raking shot*. I felt he *was mine*, and as I pressed the

trigger he sank and went whirling over and over sideways down the cliff, disappearing for a moment or two, then coming into view again, till at length he came to a standstill on the beach 600 feet below, where I could see him with the telescope lying on his back with his legs up.

I had still a mile or so of new ground on my left, and it seemed to me more than possible that it might hold game. Moreover, the two which had managed to get past me were also in that direction, and I thought it unlikely that animals which had been so little disturbed by man would go far. Once more, then, I scrambled up to the top of the cliff and continued my way eastward, walking along the edge and cautiously examining the undercliff below me with my glass,—for in such broken ground it would not have been difficult to pass over even larger animals than bighorn. I had not walked half a mile before I again sighted the two I had fired at; but the distance was greater than I liked, and I decided to try and better my position. Making a detour, and approaching the edge more nearly opposite to where they stood, I found on looking over that one, which appeared to carry the best horns, was more or less hidden by some rocks, but the other—suspicious, apparently, of danger—stood broadside on upon a little knoll, throwing up his head from time to time, and sniffing the air as if he got wind of one of our party below. For a second or two I hesitated, thinking that the other might offer me a chance, but it was not for long. “A bird in the hand” is a good motto when after the larger game, and resting my rifle on the ground I took the easier shot. There was no excuse for missing, and as the bullet made

the well-known sound dear to the heart of the sportsman, I saw that it had broken the shoulder, and the animal, staggering a yard or two, fell over seawards and was lost to view. His comrade went off at top speed without giving me the opportunity of a shot.

Descending the cliff at this spot was quite out of the question; so I made my way as quickly as I could to the nearest promontory which commanded the ground, hoping to get sight of the creature somewhere. That he was dead I felt pretty sure. Nothing of him was to be seen, however, and I concluded that he had rolled down to the beach, the greater part of which was invisible from where I stood. I felt now that I had done pretty well. It was barely noon: I had killed two bighorn, and there was still a good chance of another; so I pulled out my pipe and allowed myself a few minutes' rest.

Moments such as these, sandwiched between fruition and hope, are worth living for; but unfortunately they do not last long, and I was soon on my legs once more, steering, as before, for the bay. After a time I came upon the scrub again, and, taking advantage of a bear-path, found myself being led so far inland that I returned; but the cover near the cliff was so thick that I could not force my way through, and had to take to the path again. I was struck, as before, with the multiplicity of these bear-tracks. In our journey through the peninsula we found these creatures everywhere abundant; and by the side of the rivers, throughout their whole extent, are firmly trodden paths some two feet wide or more, made entirely by them, for Bruin dearly loves fish. Actual figures, however, give an even better idea of their num-

bers. At a small hamlet on the Botcheresk river we learnt that over ninety had been killed during the summer, which was then only half over.

I reached the bay at length with no further incident except the disturbing of a bear—no uncommon event in Kamschatka, as may be gathered from what has been said. But, as usual, the beast was invisible, and though quite close, only revealed his presence by a great crashing in the bushes. A few steps farther led me to where he had been—a thickish but stunted tree, with the ground trodden down around it, and its trunk deeply scored by the marks of claws—so deeply, in fact, that the animal evidently resorted to it habitually for the purpose of sharpening or cleaning them. It was useless, of course, to follow him up in such cover; and as there was no great chance of bighorn beyond, I resolved to return, for the day was now getting on, and I was anxious to get the game on board before nightfall.

I did not expect much in the way of sport on my return journey, but I thought it worth while to keep an eye upon the cliffs now and then. I had no option as to route, indeed, for it would have been impossible for me to force my way through the thick cover that barred my path in every other direction. The sun was still possessed of some power, although October was nearly upon us, and I began to feel the effects of the morning's exertion. My careful search over the old ground was productive of no result; so after a time I dropped into a quiet saunter, with my ideas rather more fixed upon bringing in the game already killed than upon adding to my bag. My rifle was over my shoulder, and I was scrambling



ling up a little hill, when suddenly, coming upon a rough slope of cliff which a recent landslip had carved out, I found myself standing within a dozen yards of a very much astonished bighorn—a fine old ram of the fifth or sixth year. For a moment we both stood motionless; the next I had fired almost before I was conscious of it, but not a moment too soon, for the beast was in the act of turning as I touched the trigger. It was his last voluntary movement. The next instant he was rolling down the precipice. I watched him for a moment or two till he disappeared over the edge of a projecting shoulder, to find a resting-place upon the beach below.

After this, I felt that I could grumble no longer over the misfortunes of the morning. It is not often given to us to shoot three bighorn in a day, and when we do we can afford to forget contemporary failures. I turned my face homeward, therefore, with that feeling of complete satisfaction with the world at large, which is for the most part the special privilege of youth. Perhaps it was this frame of mind which led me into the vulgar error of a short cut. I ought to have known that the thick scrub of which I have spoken was to all intents and purposes impassable; but I attempted, nevertheless, to cross a belt of it about a hundred yards in width. Before I had gone a quarter of the distance, I felt that I had my work cut out for me. The branches, growing seaward and interlacing in all directions, formed a mat so dense and resistant, that it was only by exerting my utmost strength that I could force my way through. My feet hardly ever touched the ground, and my difficulties were still further in-

creased by my legs becoming wedged in the forks of the branches, so that I fell again and again, till from sheer exhaustion I became almost unable to rise. What would have happened if the bush had been another fifty yards wider I hardly like to think, for when I rolled on to the grass on the far side I was pretty well senseless.

It is wonderful how quickly the balance of strength is regained in cases like this. A rest and a draught of water from a little rivulet close by brought me round completely before half an hour had passed, and I was soon on board the yacht discussing a hasty meal before starting in the dinghy to pick up the slain. None of my companions had returned. A little later we were on our way, and approaching the cliff and looking up, I saw that the fun was not yet over; for, perched upon a little pinnacle, some 400 feet above me, stood yet another of our quarry. In sailor language, there was "a bit of a popple on," and I suffered the tortures of Tantalus in striving to hold my rifle steady. It was impossible; and though I felt certain that from the shore he would not be in view, we rowed in on the chance. However, the difficulty was settled for us by the animal himself, who, as we afterwards found, had been driven into a corner by some of our party on the cliff above. He made a short run forward as if to try and break back, but turned again and attempted to regain his original position. Either he missed his footing or a piece of the cliff gave way, and he slipped. The next instant, after a vain but desperate effort to save himself, he was whirling through 400 feet of space. I noticed that, as he fell, there was no apparent muscular movement whatever, the body being

held quite stiff and straight. He struck the rocks within a few yards of us, for by this time we were close to land; and on going up, I found one of the massive horns broken short off, and the whole of the hind-quarters shattered into a mass of bleeding pulp. No sheep was ever more painlessly and rapidly converted into mutton.

While we were engaged in getting the carcass into the dinghy, the lifeboat came in sight round the corner laden with four other bighorn, among which were my first and third kills. I had found three already safe on board the yacht, so that our bag now numbered eight. But we had not finished yet. The young ram whose fall and death we had just witnessed had been cornered in company with another, which it was at first thought had succeeded in breaking back. This proved not to have been the case, fortunately for us, and on reaching the yacht again we were able to see the conclusion of the drama with our glasses, the scene of the last act being the cliffs upon the fjord side, where the animal had endeavoured to double back on finding its path by the sea-face barred. This attempt had, of course, been foreseen, and P. and our indefatigable chief engineer were there to intercept it. We could see their quarry dodging rapidly backwards and forwards among the bush and rocks of the undercliff, fully alive to the danger, but uncertain how to escape it. His hesitation cost him his life. We saw two little puffs of smoke jet out from above, and then a dark body rolled over and over down the precipice, bringing up in a small hollow, from which it was hauled out and pushed down to the beach below with some little difficulty by the crew of the life-

boat, who, like ourselves, had witnessed the whole affair from the water. A little later all our party were safely on board, tolerably tired out after our exertions, but feeling that we would any day willingly undergo ten times the fatigue for a like success.

I do not ever remember a more profuse result of a day's sport. Our decks were like a butcher's shop on Boxing-day. In every direction the men were skinning, cleaning, breaking up, and salting down. The scene was worthy of a permanent record; and though the daylight was waning, I put up my camera and managed to get a fair negative. The crew thought that they had reached an earthly paradise, and would no doubt have liked to remain for ever in a place where the finest of salmon, grouse, and mutton could be had for the killing. The facetious members of the fo'c'sle ticketed the carcasses with the placards, "FIRST PRIZE, PETREPAULSKY CATTLE - SHOW;" "PRIME, 11½d. per lb.," and so on; and all hands were excessively pleased with themselves. When we turned in, it was to the soundest and most refreshing of sleeps. Bighorn with phenomenal heads and walrus with tusks a yard long floated round us in our dreams, which were filled not more with recollections of our past good fortune than with equally pleasing anticipations of the morrow.

The chronicle of that day's events must be left to some other occasion. It is enough to say here that we did almost as well as, if not better than, on the occasion now recorded, although we did not obtain so many bighorn. However, before we left the coast we had killed fourteen, besides walrus and seals, and a goodly quantity of grouse, duck, and capercaillie.

The sportsman will find many worse places on the earth's surface than the little-known peninsula of Kamschatka.

Now a word or two upon the animal which forms my text. The Kamschatkan bighorn stands on the average about forty inches at the shoulder, and is a little over five feet six inches in extreme length. The largest head we shot bore horns measuring thirty-eight inches round the curve. Their circumference at the base was fourteen inches, and the distance from tip to tip two feet two inches. The animal is very bulky in build; and the chest girth, which varied very little in the different specimens, was only two or three inches short of five feet. In spite of this, it is as agile as a chamois, and makes nothing of the most perilous paths. The general colour is a brown-grey, the head and neck rather greyer than the rest of the body. Both tail and ears are remarkably short. The coat in those that we shot was very long and thick, almost like that of a reindeer; but autumn was well advanced, and I have no doubt that in summer it is much thinner. It was curious that we should not only never have shot, but never even have seen, the females. All those that fell to our rifles were rams of (as far as we could judge) from three to six years old. Whether the females always herd together or only at certain seasons it is difficult to say, and we were unable to get any information from the natives upon this point.

The taste of the meat when quite fresh was slightly rank, but upon the second day the unpleasant flavour had entirely disappeared, and all of us agreed that a more

delicious mutton did not exist. Nor do I think that this opinion was the result of the appetites with which the glorious air of a Kamschatkan autumn had provided us. Tender, juicy, and with just the right delicate suspicion of venison about it, it was fit for the table of the proverbial alderman; and if a butcher could only introduce the meat to the British public in the condition in which we partook of it, he would doubtless make a rapid fortune. Little enough of the animals was wasted. All hands, whether in forecastle or saloon, feasted upon them for some days; the skins were duly dried, and the heads and horns, it is needless to say, carefully prepared. Finally, two of the best skeletons were macerated for museum purposes. The trouble we spent over them, alas! was wasted. Before the *Marchesa* reached the welcome shelter of Yokohama Bay she was destined to encounter that most exceedingly unpleasant natural phenomenon, a typhoon. Caught in such a position that the course which, by the rules of seamanship, she ought to have steered would have put her ashore, she was forced to pass through the storm-centre. When the affair was over, and we emerged, sadly knocked about, and with the loss of one of our men, the lifeboat, and forty feet or more of the bulwarks, I awoke to the fact that my treasured skeletons had been last seen bleaching upon the top of the deck-house. When I went to look for them, I found a thigh-bone and a rib or two; and the skeleton of *Ovis nivicola* yet remains to be brought to England.

F. H. H. GUILLEMARD.



## THE OLD SALOON.

A HUNDRED or even fifty years ago it would have been a strange thing indeed to have gathered together a handful of books of travel and stirring adventure written by women. Fiction has never been strange to the feminine pen: it is in some sort the natural kind of expression for a woman, and it is the only intellectual sphere—always excepting that imperial one of government, the greatest of all, in which the few women who have been placed in it have excelled in a sovereign and noble way—in which they have attained the highest rank. And poetry has been congenial in its way, though the same thing cannot be said for that art; for no woman has ever been a great poet, excepting, perhaps, that unknown Sappho, of whom anything may be believed, because of the very fact that there is so little remaining to build her fame upon. But the world of travel has been hitherto little trod by female feet. Wherever it can be called travel at all, in those wilds where the aids of civilisation have been left behind, and all that the adventurer sees is new, it has seemed an inappropriate exercise for the more delicate portion of the human race—the weaker vessel, to use a less complimentary epithet. It seems, however, a moot question in many ways whether this distinction ever existed, or, at least, whether it exists any longer. Women are the weaker vessel in so far as athletic force goes. They cannot, except in a few exceptional instances, lift the same weights and carry the same burdens as men; but in point of endurance the same disability seldom appears. By nature, and in the flesh, they

have a great many more burdens to bear, and have learned the lesson that these are inevitable, and have to be borne. They are more easily provisioned than men, subsisting upon a smaller amount of food, and in most cases giving less importance to it. A being whose comfort is secured by a little hot water and a pinch of tea is really better off than him to whom stronger stimulants and more extensive meals are necessary; so that it is quite possible, in the searching inquiries that are put to every human problem nowadays (though, in most instances, with small success), that the tide of opinion may be turned, and it may come to be the general conviction that women are stronger than men. This is the opinion, to start with, of the old nurses of a past age, to whose humble convictions, the growth of experience, we have come back in so many cases from the chimeras of medicine. A boy-baby, according to the judgment of these mothers of wisdom, is much more difficult to “rare” than a little girl. We have never known why; but the idea is deeply enrooted in that respectable race. More precaution has to be taken with him from his birth. His sister may whimper as she likes; but he must not cry, lest dreadful unknown evils may take place. It is perhaps a daring thing to say, but, like most paradoxes, it has certainly some truth in it. The weaker vessel is the stronger in many ways. In the most primitive condition of society, women continually do more work than men. Among the poorer classes, though the woman does not till the soil, she carries the hod, it is the pri



universally employed and deeply believed in, that a woman's work is never done. The Eight Hours Bill, if it were to become law to-morrow, would not shorten the hours or slacken the bonds of the men's wives. The husbands require a greater amount of actual physical force for their work, and have relatively more fatigue ; but they come home to rest, or they go to their evening resort, whether it be a prim and respectable working-man's club or the less estimable public-house—to rest ; but the wives' work is never done.

In the higher classes, the balance of labour is of course different ; but the woman who regulates and rules over a household, either the smaller one which requires constant supervision, or the great one with all its responsibilities, has not an idle life any more than the husband has, who may happen to be a professional man, or an ordinary labourer in the common ways of life. Yet the men constantly break down from overwork, and the women very rarely if ever. The same thing holds with a better and more genuine comparison in the ranks, for instance, of literary people, which nowadays contain almost as many women as men. Once more, it is the man who breaks down from the constant strain of work. If he is a small performer on the pen, he gets writer's cramp ; otherwise he breaks down in health, has to be taken abroad, or perhaps to give up writing altogether to preserve his life,—while the woman, his contemporary, goes on serenely with a smile, piling up volume upon volume, with the measured and sedate force of a conscientious day-labourer. This is not, the reader will perceive, *any claim of equality for the sexes. No such thing!* There is no

equality anywhere ; it is a figment of the foolish imagination. Perhaps the man always writes better, works better, than the woman. That is none of our argument : which is, that the weaker vessel is often physically the stronger of the two—so far as endurance at least and the powers of continuance are concerned.

We waive, however, the argument, to come to our band of ladies, who usher in the New Year or terminate the old with their travels and their records of them. We have here the story of one of the most wild and painful journeys on record, into lands undiscovered of the ordinary globe-trotter—and the history of an adventurous sojourn in an Eastern colony, a tale of war and misery, along with more tranquil records. These are all the personal chronicles of the achievements of independent travellers, and in several instances of women alone, pressing forward upon the untrodden paths for the pleasure of it, and that passion of movement and eager enterprise which it would be derogatory to call curiosity, yet which is a sort of nobler brother of that common quality. This passion has pushed Miss Gordon Cumming by many tracks across the face of the civilised and semi-civilised world : it has urged Mrs Bishop, like a willing steed, to wilder and stranger regions still. Nothing is more notable than this passion of the traveller, who, to satisfy it, leaves all conditions of comfort and ease behind him—or her, as in the present case—gives up the home with all its mild luxuries, the security of the household lamp and hearth, and goes forth to the desert or the mountain, on towards the wide horizon which ever widens as she goes, and changes the tem-

perate circle, the sober zone of the known and visible, for a larger and a larger firmament, and an ever-increasing desire,—until the long levels of the endless road seem to whirl round her, in points ever vanishing into further and further distance, till every track is lost across the endless waste, and it seems that the solitary figure, pressing onwards always to the sky-line, must somewhere brush against that last barrier, without ever attaining to the much-desired end. But what is the end that is desired? It would be hard to tell. Travels for a purpose are like novels with a purpose, things which have not the element of spontaneousness and disinterestedness which are dear to man: if they are excellent otherwise, we pardon the object, which as often as not we are glad to think is a pretence: but no more. There was a book which was delightful to our youth, called the 'Bible in Spain.' We hope it is still dear to our successors. The writer was no doubt a conscientious agent of the Bible Society, then so important, and it was his mission to sell and distribute Bibles. He did so with integrity and zeal, protesting to himself that this was the aim of his existence. But his readers knew far better than that. He was there because he loved to be there, sweeping us all with him, a breathless band; rejoicing in the untrodden paths, the place where nobody had been except Don Quixote and all the marvellous people who recall him at every turn: seeing everything all round him from horizon to horizon with those brilliant eager eyes which belong to his kind, alive to every variety and change;

and only remembering suddenly, after he had snatched the impression of some vivacious dazzling city, or long, wavering, winding, up-and-down sheep-track over the hills, that he had Bibles to sell. Only in such an instance do we forgive the traveller who has an aim.

All this, however, is wildly apart from the first thing we have here to do, which is to put our travellers gently aside for a moment, while we open a book<sup>1</sup> which is full of travelling yet is no traveller's book, and illustrates the foregone conclusion that to travel in the way of business and because you cannot help it is not to travel at all. Notwithstanding this, it would ill befit us to show so little courtesy to her Majesty's whilom representative as not to put her first in the list of the traveller-ladies whom it is our desire to honour. It may be said that it is the illustrious statesman, the husband of the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, who is her Majesty's representative; but if there ever was a representative position it is that of a Vice-reine, and everybody knows how much depends upon the qualities of the lady who assumes that great post, although she is only a Consort, and holds her office by right of another. We have no doubt that Lady Dufferin was an admirable Vice-queen. She shows every sign of grace that it is possible to desire in that condition of life. She is sprightly, good-humoured, ready to see the fun of it, and yet to take it all very seriously, as becomes the substitute of a monarch. Her receptions, her drawing-rooms, her solemn appearances in all the magnificence of full dress and

<sup>1</sup> *My Canadian Journal, 1872-1878.* By the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava. London: John Murray.



diamonds—along with the sports, the continual entertainments, the dances and delights which were in the strictest sense of the word Duty (with a big D) to the wife of the Governor-General—seem all to have been gone through with un-failing spirit, and the greatest care to leave out nobody, to be courteous to everybody: which must be so difficult a task in every such position, not always attained to by the most elaborate arrangements at home, and doubly hard in the fluctuating world of a colony where there are no convenient leading-strings of rank, and where the wealth which is unfortunately, yet inevitably, the chief title to social honours, is so variable a foundation. It is said, we believe, in Canada, that the most popular of Viceroys stretched the lines of Court hospitality rather too far, and made it an embarrassing business for his successor to draw them in again when he sailed triumphantly away to fresh woods and pastures new. But this of course does not appear in the journals of the Vice-queen, where all is cordiality, brightness, and pleasure. The *contretemps* are either left out or there were none of them, the whole record being one of success and enjoyment, buoyant spirits and triumphant assemblies, and universal satisfaction on all hands.

And yet, alas! after all, amid the most glorious surroundings, it is not much more than a "chronicle of small-beer" which her Excellency has to present to us. There is nothing, we believe, so engrossing as the life of a Court—certainly there is no atmosphere in which small matters are so apt to look like big ones, and a dinner-party to take rank as an important event. Gravity and humour both yield to that imperious, almost awful, necessity of arranging differ-

ent claims and pleasing everybody, to which all things else give way. How are such matters arranged in a Viceregal Colonial Court, where there is no guidance such as is the salvation of the home official of rank? But into these secrets of more than statecraft Lady Dufferin gives us no glimpse. She does not tell us how she settled between the rival claims of Mrs Smith and Mrs Brown, which should walk out of the room first. Perhaps Mrs Brown and Mrs Smith would not have liked to hear what searchings of heart there were as to their respective precedence. But when one thinks of it, what a solemn, what a terrible question! Did the A.D.C., most serious, much-burdened official, ransack all the records to find out some possible line of descent or ancestral distinction which should turn the scale in favour of one or other of these ladies? Was it made a question of age, invidious but still natural? or of good looks, or good manners, or powers of conversation, more invidious still? or What was it? We ask the question with awe, and a sense of the overwhelming seriousness of the question which does not always accompany the discussion of matters of State. And how was it settled in the end? And did Lady Dufferin venture to laugh when her vizier laid that tremendous question before her? We wish that her ladyship had thrown a little light upon such really momentous matters. But we must all bow before the dignified reticences of State. "Great arrangements and discussions go on about the coming Drawing-room," she says on one occasion. "Who is to have the *entrée*? Who are to have seats? Which way are these people to come in, and which way those?" Such are the faint indications

given us of the secrets of the prison-house; and it was well, perhaps, to spare us the harrowing narrative of the anxieties so lightly slurred over. There is a very pretty good-natured note of a little party, made up for the benefit of a young lady "who is going to marry an Englishman, and who wanted to dine here before going home," which sheds a sensation of warmth and kindness over the matter. We remember a story told by a Scotch humorist of the prayer of a young lady in similar circumstances, a member of a large family, just about to be married, that mamma would please to give her the wing of the chicken just for once, before the moment of her promotion to the rank of those who eat wings of chickens by sacred right. To dine at Government House was evidently a similar gratification.

Lady Dufferin's accounts of her balls, luncheons, receptions, &c., may be left for the edification of the reader who likes such narratives; but sometimes her experiences are amusing—especially when she goes a-touring, and above all in the United States, of which strange country it is so difficult to form a consistent idea. Now that everybody goes there, and we are all so respectful of the differences between us, and inclined to say at least, whether we think it or not, that our friends over the water are quite as civilised and much more clever than ourselves—it is curious how increasingly difficult it has become to know what their natural life is like. Laurence Oliphant's dashing sketches of the diplomatic society of America are of a very different calibre from those of Lady Dufferin (who, by the way, gives a comical patronising little notice of a visit from that remarkable man and his

delightful wife), but he does not remark upon the deficiencies of detail which catch the lady's eye. The dinner-tables, which are without ornament, a broad plain of unadorned tablecloth, empty of all the paraphernalia of flowers, crystal, and silver with which ours are loaded, struck Lady Dufferin both in America and Canada. "No plate, no ornament, no china on the table—no luxury whatever," she says. But, on the other hand, here is a hotel at Chicago which seems to have come out of the 'Arabian Nights.'

"It is a palace: marble staircases, broad passages, handsomely carpeted and furnished with crimson-satin sofas and chairs; chimney-pieces from Italy, in lofty rooms also beautifully furnished; fine glasses, every luxury in fact. Each bedroom opens into a sitting-room, and off mine there is a bath-room, with hot and cold water laid on. The bedroom has velvet-pile carpets with Aubusson patterns, plain crimson curtains and chairs—such as I wish I had in my drawing-room at Clondeboye. When we arrived we were presented to the manager, were seated in a comfortable room, and were 'elevated' to our flat. The manager walked along and talked amicably to us. Pointing out the sitting-room, he said: 'This is the young gentlemen's room;' and then, laying hold of D.'s arm with both hands, added, 'I don't know whether you are to be counted among them, my lord!'"

D., it need not be said, was the Governor-General, ever charming ever young, in respect to whom the manager's joke is comprehensible at least. It is not, however, of these gorgeous caravanserais in the centre of the civilised world, but of other hostleries in the outskirts of the world, that Lady Dufferin writes: "One falls into very bad manners at these hotels. The dinner is before one in W"

dishes, and one dips a fork into each dish, and takes bits of this and of that in the same plate, and uses one's knife promiscuously for salt, butter, and the whole dinner." This is the reverse of the gorgeoussness of which her Excellency's maid, coming from the misery of a sea-voyage, peevishly declared that "we want none of their splendours."

Several amusing persons, however, appear here and there through the maze of company. One of these is the gorgeous Indian, clad in a scarlet blanket, who "produced an old sock, from which he extracted with pride a written paper, signed by an English admiral, which informed the reader that this Indian was a decidedly bad character, but that he had behaved better than usual on some particular occasion." Another is a Chinese cook, called by the name of Ah Sâm, which recalls the original Heathen Chinese of everybody's knowledge, and whose plea for a disputed sleeping-place is admirable. Their Excellencies were at the time making a steamboat their palace on the Fraser river.

"Captain Layton had slept on shore last night, but as we start very early to-morrow he wished to have a cabin in the steamer, so he said to Ah Sâm, 'You take your mattress and put it on the floor somewhere, as I am going to sleep here to-night.' 'Oh,' says Ah Sâm, 'me workee hard, Captain Layton no work; me want good bed; if Captain Layton get in first he have it, if me get in first me have it.' So at nine o'clock the whole saloon was disturbed by the snores of Ah Sâm, who retired very early indeed, to make sure of keeping the bed. He is a great character, and always takes his boots off in the coach, lest he should be made to walk up the hills."

*There are some interesting ac-*

counts also to be found of the Indians who appear at so many points in the viceregal journeys. It is good to hear of the complete and most beneficial sway exercised over them at one place by the missionary, Mr Duncan, whose influence seems to have changed a little group of savages into a comfortable well-ordered Christian community in a manner which is almost miraculous—but which occurs now and then in all regions where there is a man capable of ruling and of engaging the love and veneration of his subjects. "When he first came, the Indians were some of them cannibals, and all exercised the most horrible heathen rites and ceremonies, had several wives, and knew no law. Now Metlacattah is quieter than a white village of its size: the Indians themselves are police, and they form a council which settles all their local matters." The visit to this model village is full of interest.

"We started in boats directly after breakfast, our staff being dressed in red, to please the Indians. As we approached the shore they, the Indians, fired off two cannons; and when we landed we found a very respectable guard of honour ready to present arms. A boarded place had been prepared on the grass for us to stand upon, and round it were all the inhabitants of the village. They had received no notice of our intention to visit them before our arrival last night, so the greater part were absent on their summer fishing tours, and we saw only about a hundred. These, instead of being scantily clothed in blankets, were all, men, women, and children, remarkably well dressed—the men in cloth clothes, the women in neatly made prints, with bright-coloured handkerchiefs on their heads and shawls over their shoulders. They and everything we saw here were quite Dutch in their cleanliness. . . . We next saw their council-room, and in it a peculiar fireplace

which they have in all the cottages, and which D. would like to put in some large hall somewhere. It is a good-sized square in the very middle of the room, with the chimney directly over it. Every one in the room is thus able to get an equal share of the fire, and it looks most cheerful with people sitting all round it."

This seems an admirable idea for some inventor, and sounds particularly cheering in the depths of an English winter, when we have just arrived at our annual conviction that an English open fireplace, though delightful to look at, is, without other aid, quite inadequate to keep warmth in any ordinary-sized room. We should like to know, however, whether there are fireplaces on each side of this square, or if three are blank? In the one case the four fires would be extravagant; in the other, the cheerfulness, though probably not the warmth, which it might be possible to spread on all sides by fire-bricks or other such arrangement, would be much diminished. But we must pause in the enthusiasm of discussing a new method of warming, which is apt to go too much to the heart while snow lies on the ground, and the chill goes to the marrow of our bones. One becomes less and less pleased with seasonable weather as the years go round.

Mrs Grimwood's simple story<sup>1</sup> carries us into a world afar of semi-savage life, very different from Lady Dufferin's imperial record. This is not a book in which much light is shed upon the dreary and miserable occurrences which have marked the name of Manipur with so sinister a sign in all our memories. Indeed it is a pity that Mrs Grimwood should not have been advised that the light-hearted and

girlish narrative of her original settlement with her husband in that remote and solitary place was much out of character with the tragedy of its conclusion: though even that tragedy, it must be allowed, is made as little of as possible, and drops in the little commonplace record into extraordinary unimportance, with that curious effect, which is common to unskilled story and pictures without atmosphere, of being really of less consequence than the torn stockings and lost slippers which are nearest to the spectator's eye. It is, however, not without use as showing how complete was the peace and how perfect the contentment of the young English pair in their pretty house among the savage yet friendly tribes, toying with a family of fierce native princes as if they had been tom-cats instead of tigers, and living with perfect youthful *insouciance* upon the edge of their volcano, fearing nothing. The drawing-room with its knick-knacks, which the young lady regrets so bitterly, enumerating in the deepest misery of the tragic night her photograph frames and mirrors shattered by the shells, is a symbol in its way of the extraordinary composure and conviction that all must go well under the British flag, which is often combined with so much temerity and foolishness, yet is a sublime thing in its way. The artless picture of all those grim surroundings, the old general whom the pretty young English lady laid upon her pretty sofa and nursed as if he had been a genial old grandpapa: the pleasure in the visits of the "royalties," who were all so kind to her, stand out in wonderful contrast to the after events: but it is curious that it

<sup>1</sup> *My Three Years in Manipur.* By Ethel St Clair Grimwood. London: Bentley

never seems to have occurred to her to attempt any appeal to these potentates when her husband, as she thought, was in their power. To be sure, there was little time to think of anything in the sudden horrible necessity of flight, which became evident to the little party after the brief swagger of its cheerful intention to carry everything before it. It was not, of course, to be expected that any light as to the unfortunate expedition itself could be derived from Mrs Grimwood's story; but it makes the mystery of that expedition deeper, and involves the whole procedure afterwards in a horrible mist of confusion, through which everybody's motives and actions grow more incomprehensible than ever. Why was that expedition ever sent to disturb the complete calm? why, leaving the heads of the party in the hands of the savages whom they had insulted, did they all scramble off in the dark through unimaginable difficulties and dangers? The poor girl who accompanied them did not know. She does not attempt to explain. Her own flight, in her simple indoor dress and little shoes, scrambling along with or after the party, over hedges and ditches and up and down the thorny hillsides, is all that she is capable of thinking of. The story as she tells it has little of the heroic in it. It is nothing but a dreadful scramble, with every circumstance of misery, for bare life.

We can hardly help feeling that it is a pity the poor little book was ever published. The publication of a book is a thing, we know, that must nowadays inevitably follow every remarkable event. Yet it is unfortunate that incidents so tragical should be shorn of their natural importance instead of magnified by the

first personal account of them. Will anything ever be known of it further, one wonders? why the authorities interfered at all? why, if the princes were to be beguiled, the attempt to beguile them was made so clumsily? what was the meaning of the whole confused and hopeless business, rashness, over-boldness, panic, disaster, and all? The poor young Brackenbury, happy boy, amusing his comrades one night, dying in anguish the next, his body left in the burning house, while the dreadful *sauve qui peut* went on, affords an episode which makes the blood run cold. Amid a thousand records of victory, there must now and again occur, we suppose, some such miserable failure, if only to prove that the English raj is not an infallible institution, and cannot go on of itself always triumphant, which is the feeling common to Englishmen—and a very admirable way of regarding the matter in general, yet bound to have exceptions here and there. The only thing to be glad of is that the men who trusted themselves so guilelessly in the hands of the enemy were killed at once, and did not endure either tortures of anxiety as to what had been done with those whom they had left behind, or to know themselves deserted without even an attempt to learn what was their fate.

What an outcry there was over this story when it first became public! Victoria Crosses flying about, in the imagination of a susceptible people, and no reward too great for the young heroine who had endured so much. Poor young lady! it was a terrible passage for her out of her peaceful life; and a most forlorn young figure it is which she presents to us, wet and dirty and miserable, shoeless and hatless, toiling over

the trackless waste, anxious about her husband, and sore at heart for her wedding presents, all lost in the "pretty home" which she had left smoking and burning over relics more precious still than these. But we can only admire the Queen's wise discretion, which as usual has hit upon the right thing and not too much, with which to reward the young sufferer, who, let us hope, has yet better and brighter days before her.

We come to very different experiences indeed when we leave these fightings and troubles behind us, and set out upon the march with Mrs Bishop,<sup>1</sup> under whose guidance we have already made so many pilgrimages. Her book is altogether "for the use of the laity," like Mr Froude's latest publication, dedicated to "the untravelled many": which is kind, and embraces, in her sense, the greater part of the world; for though we have all travelled in these days, at the names of Persia and Kurdistan we are mute and cover our faces, not daring to produce our little ramblings about the European continent, which we are in general so fond of setting forth when there is no occasion for such vanities. We remember, after a very brief excursion into the East, with what semi-contempt (though real exultation) we discovered Europe on the left-hand side of the Dardanelles, and concluded, from the looks of it, that at this point at least it was a desert continent, still to be explored and settled. Mrs Bishop, we opine, has something of the same feeling in a naturally much larger and stronger way. She picks us up on the edge of "the Gulf," to wit,

the Persian—as if the intervening lands and seas were too common to be worthy of a word; and how proud we should be, and how we should rise in our own esteem, if we had gone half that way, without any further aim at all! Perhaps it is the same feeling of contempt for the known and practicable which makes Mrs Bishop begin upon her map the red line which marks her way only at Bagdad—that ancient city of the imagination being distant enough and wild enough to be worthy of note, but not the previous portion of the road from Bushire—which she accomplished comfortably in a steamer up the Tigris, something as other people travel. It is, we allow, a little unromantic, ordinary, not appropriate, to arrive at Bagdad with all the comforts of the Sautmarket behind one, instead of across the desert from Damascus, slowly progressing with one's house on one's back, so to speak, one's tents and baggage, in which journey, to be sure, much civilisation, and comforts of all kinds, and the protection even we believe of Messrs Cook, may now be attained.

But Bagdad, as seen through Mrs Bishop's eyes, is not that city in which cream tarts with pepper in them were once manufactured for the delectation of the faithful. We have a Scriptural association indeed with the one article of food made known to us, the so-called Fish of Tobias, a huge specimen of which is carried on the back of every donkey, the entire larder and provision of the poor Arab: but not any recollection from the 'Thousand and One Nights'; and the bazaars, we are told, are full of rubbish, bright-coloured handkerchiefs, trumpery little or-

<sup>1</sup> Journeys in Persia and Kurdistan. By Mrs Bishop (Isabella L. Bird). London: Murray.

naments, "tin boxes with mirror lids," which are considered by the Arabs things of price, and shine in many a tent, the much-prized "fairing" of the Bedouin bride. Altogether there is no air of Eastern romance in the Bagdad of Mrs Bishop's sketch. The Arabs are such Arabs as are to be seen in so far advanced a border city, between the known and unknown, as Cairo, which our traveller despises unfeignedly. The Arab cloak, wide, shapeless, but, in its way, picturesque, as well as admirably useful; the *kiffiyeh*, or silk shawl, which forms the head-gear, fastened on by a double fillet of black camel's hair,—may be seen on all the outskirts of the East: and the camel and donkey are equally universal attendants, though we gratefully add the Fish of Tobias as a new feature. It is only when Bagdad is passed that the real journey begins. It is true, however, that Mrs Bishop here begins the gentle but persistent plea for medical missionaries, which runs like a thread through her book, and sets one wondering whether this was the "definite object" of her journey, which, she says tantalisingly, "it is not necessary to obtrude on the reader." The reader always likes, as a matter of fact, to know such things, and must necessarily set his wits to work to guess what definite object an English (or Scotch?) lady could have in view in travelling through Persia and Kurdistan, when he is not told—except that, indeed, we know Mrs Bishop requires no very precise object (or perhaps only never has confided to us what she requires) to send her forth to the ends of the world. Anyhow, this is a point which reappears again and again in the narrative.

"In two years in the East," she says, "I have not seen any European wel-

comed so cordially as Dr Sutton into Moslem homes. The Hakim, exhibiting in quiet continuance in well-doing the legible and easily recognised higher fruits of Christianity, while refraining from harsh and irreverent onslaughts on the creed of those whose sufferings he mitigates, is everywhere blessed. Six months later," Mrs Bishop adds, "a Bakhtiari chief, a bigoted Moslem, said to me, at the conclusion of an earnest plea for European medical advice, 'Yes; Jesus was a great prophet. Send us a Hakim in His likeness'; and doubtless the nearer that likeness is, the greater is the success."

It is somewhat astounding to hear that "the mercury was at 37° at breakfast-time this morning," in a place so associated with burning sands and blazing skies as Bagdad: and that in the very land of sunshine the good mission people, with nothing but rooms open to the outer air to sit in, cheerfully breakfasted, wrote, and worked, wrapped in ulsters and greatcoats, in this temperature. It is quite impossible to associate Haroun-al-Raschid with a thermometer at freezing-point, as it constantly is during the winter. On the other hand, it must be allowed that the winter is short.

It was in the midst of it that Mrs Bishop set out. So severe was it, and so terrible the route, that but for the good offices of an officer travelling to Teheran—or, as she spells it, Thran—on public business, she could not have gone at all. She began her journey on a beautiful day in January, with an unclouded sky, a warm sun, and everything auspicious.

"The desert freedom was all around, and the nameless charm of a nomadic life. The naked plain which stretched to the horizon was broken only by the brown tents of Arabs, mixed up with brown patches of migrating flocks, strings of brown camels, straggling caravans, and companies of

Arab horsemen heavily armed. An expanse of dried mud, the mirage continually seen, a cloudless sky, and a brilliant sun,—this was all. I felt better at once in the pure exhilarating desert air, and nervousness about the journey was left behind. I even indulged in a gallop, and, except for her impetuosity, which carried me into the middle of a caravan, and turning round a few times, the mule behaved so irreproachably, that I forgot the potential possibilities of evil. Still I do not think that there can ever be that perfect correspondence of will between a mule and his rider that there is between a horse and his rider.

"The mirage was almost continual and grossly deceptive. Fair blue lakes appeared, with palms and towers mirrored on their glassy surfaces, giving place to snowy ranges, with bright waters at their feet, fringed by tall trees, changing into stately processions, all so absolutely real that the actual often seemed the delusion. These deceptions, continued for several hours, were humiliating and exasperating."

But the journey did not long go on under circumstances so delightful. That very night the encampment was made in mud and cold; and before long the record becomes one of such unmitigated hardship, that it is almost incredible that a softly nurtured European should have endured it. A room without doors or with doors that would not close, looking out upon the crowded courtyard of a khan full of mules, dogs, horses, and men, and sometimes sheep—is the best shelter ever attained. This last item is one which means almost more in the way of discomfort than any other. We remember the intolerable smell which arose when the wind blew from their quarters in the forepart of the ship, inoculating all the freshness of a Mediterranean breeze with the odours of the sheep taken in at one of the Greek islands, to be

conveyed to another—with a sickening sense of disgust in the recollection. Sometimes, still worse, the unfortunate traveller had not even a mud-built room, with or without a door, but a mere recess in the wall—one of a series of deep nooks surrounding the courtyard, as the sedilia surround the chancel of an old Norman church, with a mass of living creatures rolling, struggling, fighting, and hustling each other in the court, knee-deep in mud, below. "Such must have been the inn at Bethlehem," Mrs Bishop says; yet we hope, if there is truth in tradition, that it was not quite so dreadful. In the midst of this terrible journey, however, there occurred one or two oases,—the first at the town of Khannikin (a jovial sort of name), where Mrs Bishop was lodged in the Governor's house, and where she had an opportunity of seeing something of the native life, both rich and poor. Even in this home of luxury the roof leaked, and our traveller had to sleep in a waterproof cloak. Her experiences with the lady of the house may be passed over as commonplace; but the course of existence which she could see from her windows in a little poor Turkish house close to the great one, is interesting, and though it is rather too long for quotation, we give as much of it as is possible.

"My neighbours' premises consist of a very small and mean yard—now a foot deep in black mire—a cowshed, and a room without windows, with a black uneven floor and black slimy rafters, neither worse nor better than many hovels in the Western Isles of Scotland. A man in middle life, a woman of dubious age, two girls from eight to ten years old, and a boy a little older, are the occupants. The furniture consists of some wadded quilts, a copper pot, an iron girdle" (*Scottie*, no doubt, meaning a fl



round plate of iron upon which cakes are baked), "a clay ewer or two, a long knife, a wooden spoon, a clay receptacle for grain, two or three earthenware basins glazed green, and a wicker tray. The cowshed contains—besides the cow, which is fed on dried thistles—a spade, an open basket, and a baggage-pad. A few fowls live in the house, and are disconcerted to find they cannot get out of it without swimming.

"The weather is cold and raw, fuel is enormously dear, work is at a standstill, and cold and *ennui* keep my neighbours in bed till the day is well advanced. Bed consists of a wadded quilt laid on the floor, with another for a covering. The man and boy sleep at one end of the room, the woman and girls at the other, with covered heads. None make any change in their dress at night, except that the man takes off the *pagri* of his turban, retaining only a skull-cap.

"The woman gets up first, lights a fire of tamarisk twigs and thistles in a hole in the middle of the floor, makes porridge of some coarse brownish flour and water, and sets it on to warm,—to boil it with the means at her disposal is impossible. She wades across the yard; gives the cow a bunch of thistles; milks it into a basin; adds a little leaven to the milk, which she shakes in a goat-skin till it is thick; carries the skin and the basket into the house; feeds the fowls from the basket; and then rouses her lord. He rises, stretches himself, yawns, and places himself cross-legged by the fire after putting on his *pagri*. The room is dense with pungent wood-smoke, which escapes by the doorway, and only a few embers remain. The wife hands him an earthen bowl, pours some porridge into it, adds some 'thick milk' from the goat's-skin, and stands before him with her arms crossed while he eats; then receives the bowl from his hands, and kisses it, as is usual with slaves in a household. Then she lights his pipe, and, while he enjoys it, she serves her boy with breakfast in the same fashion, omitting the concluding ceremony, after which she and the girls retire to a distance with the big

pot, and finish its contents simultaneously. The pipe over, she pours water on her lord's hands, letting it run on the already damp floor, and wipes them with her *chadar*. No other ablution is customary in the house.

"The children keep chiefly in bed. Meanwhile the woman, the busy-bee of the family, contrives to patter about nearly all day in wet clothing, carrying out rubbish in single hand-fuls, breaking twigs, cleaning the pot, and feeding the cow. The roof, which in fine weather is the scene of most domestic occupations, is reached by a steep ladder, and she climbs this seven times in succession, each time carrying up a fowl to pick for imaginary worms in the slimy mud. Dyed yarn is also carried up to steep in the rain, and in an interval of dryness some wool was taken up and carded. An hour before sunset she lights the fire, puts on the porridge, and again performs seven journeys with seven fowls; feeds them in the house; attends respectfully to her lord; feeds her family, including the cow; paddles through mire to draw water from the river; and unrolls and spreads the wadded quilts. By the time it is dark they are once more in bed, where I trust this harmless industrious woman enjoys a well-earned sleep."

Thus the belated traveller with a kind heart watches the Turkish goodwife through the little round of her existence. The harem has no place in these short and simple annals of the poor. Except her servile attitude towards her husband, which is all the more strenuously kept up, no doubt, because it is only by pleasing him that she has the faintest hope of being admitted to an eventual paradise, the day's work is not unlike that of many another harmless industrious woman nearer home. The washing and dressing of the children, the increased paraphernalia of the table even in the humblest cottage, the washings and scrubbing that form

part of our religion, do not exist for her. She is less comfortable, but then she does not know what comfort means, and on the whole, perhaps, she has less to do than her English compeer. What a different aspect things take when we can see the strangest lot, and the most unlike our own, through the window, instead of getting fancy pictures of it from a great distance off, or at the hands of a traveller who has made the "snap" of a camera, real or metaphorical, of it as he rode past!

Mrs Bishop pushed on her dreadful way over the mountains of the Persian frontier, alternating from slush to snow, in a cold which defies description, the mercury ranging from 2° to 12° below zero, in the stony recess which sometimes was all she could find to sleep in, glad to escape thus from the reeking crowd that filled the common lodging-room or open yard of the caravanserai. "The farāshes in the kitchen are cursing the English sahibs who will travel in the winter, wishing our fathers may be burned," &c., she says on one occasion; and indeed the poor fellows, who suffered still more than their employers, may well be excused for their grumblings. We cannot but ask why such a journey should have been undertaken, and what was the use of wilfully undergoing all these tortures for no particular reason? That, of course, is the traveller's own affair, but it diminishes the sympathy with which we would otherwise regard her terrible experiences. Again, however, in the middle of the savage journey an interval of repose occurs in a very different refuge from that of the Turkish Governor's, in the house of a certain Abdul Rahmin, the British agent at Kumanshab, where Mrs Bishop

found all the luxuries both of the new and the ancient world,—a superb landau with four horses and outriders to carry her forth to see the lions of the place, and the luxurious divans and inlaid furniture of the East within doors. The agent or Vakil is free to exhibit his wealth and enjoy it as no Persian would venture to do, on the strength of being a British subject—an enviable position, which seems to be conferred by the fact of holding such a nominal post. We remember, in the beautiful and highly decorated interior of a house in Damascus, being received by a sleek and prosperous Syrian merchant who boasted the same distinction, acquired it was difficult to say how, but boasted of as the highest of privileges, somewhat as St Paul asserted his rights as a Roman citizen.

The semi-English, semi-oriental expedition in "the English landau," to which were harnessed four fine Arab horses, two of them with postillions, with eleven outriders and all manner of obsequious attendants, the purse-bearer going before scattering money among the poor, the pipe-bearer riding by the carriage-door to be ready when necessary to hand the water-pipe to his master—affords a glowing picture of display and lavish splendour, and an extraordinary contrast to the scenes that follow, when the desperate cavalcade takes the road again pushing on through unheard-of hardship to the end of the journey. We cannot follow Mrs Bishop, clothed in "the six woollen layers of my mask, my three pairs of gloves, my sheepskin coat, fur cloak, and mackintosh piled on over a swaddling mass of woollen underclothing," through all her terrible adventures on the way to Teheran. "My mask," she says, "on one occasion was frozen to my

lips. The tears extorted from my eyes were frozen. I was so helpless and in such torture that I would gladly have lain down to die in the snow." Almost the whole of the servants accompanying the party succumbed to the terrible strain, some half dying, some ill, all incapable, while the indomitable English woman and her companion, who figures as M. in the record, pushed on with undiminished fortitude. The last "terrible ride of ten hours and a half" almost made an end even of this unyielding pair. Plunging hour after hour through a sea of mud, scrambling up barren hills, picking their way along a causeway full of holes and broken culverts, the rain pouring down upon them heavily all the time, and every kind of danger surrounding them, they at length arrived half dead at the English embassy. "By that time even the courage and stamina of an Arab horse could hardly keep mine on his legs, and with a swimming head and dazed brain I could hardly guide him; and expecting to fall off every minute, I responded more and more feebly and dubiously to the question frequently repeated out of the darkness, 'Are you surviving?'"

In this dreadful plight, after a journey of forty-six days, "caked with mud from head to foot, dripping, exhausted, nearly blind with fatigue," the travellers were received by Sir H. Drummond Wolff "in evening dress and wearing a star," to whom were arriving in smart carriages the guests of a large dinner-party convoked in their honour! Instead of dressing for dinner the poor lady had only force to throw off her mackintosh and drop down on the hearth-rug in her room in front of a great coal-fire, where she slept "U morning, incapable even of tak-

ing advantage of the comforts provided for her.

A very curious feature of this dreadful journey through the waste places of the earth is the crowds that seemed to be always going and coming over these inhospitable wilds. At every caravanserai all the way—and it must be remembered that twenty miles was the utmost length of a day's journey—the party was almost crowded out by the muleteers and trading convoys. The terrible road must be more frequented by far than any posting-road in England now, or even than those roads were in their palmy days. Their merchandise of every possible kind is conveyed by mules, one ghastly portion of that merchandise being the bodies of the dead, who are carried vast distances to be laid in a holy burying-place: and there are few things more calculated to impart the giddiness of wonder to the brain, than to attempt to realise that continual stream pouring on for ever over those desolate mountains, ploughing through snow and mud, pushing each other out of the strict and narrow track—in an endless succession for ever and ever, since the days when the sons of Jacob saw the caravan coming over the plain, until now—not only with very little change but with the busiest stream of traffic, more impressive than any crowded thoroughfare of civilisation.

Mrs Bishop's account of the wonderful Eastern city in which she arrived after so many dangers is very interesting, but rather disappointing. For Teheran would seem to be in that stage of transition when the vulgarities of the new invading the old are at their height, and civilisation puts on its most unlovely form. There is a tramway conveying crowds of

people from one end of the town to the other ; there are hackney cabs, and lamp-posts, and "side walks," and policemen. There are bazaars full of foreign goods, "masses of rubbish, atrocious in colouring and hideous in form,—goods of nominal value, which will not stand a week's wear, the refuse of European markets," depraving the taste and destroying the natural instincts of the people. On the other hand, there are splendid carpets, such as we do not dream of, gorgeous saddles and housings, inlaid arms, rich embroideries, all the wonderful art manufactures of the ancient East. The two together, so uncongenial one to the other, are very unlikely to go on in friendly competition ; and Mrs Bishop fears that "the artistic taste of Asia" is threatened with destruction. Let us hope, however, that what has existed so long may yet endure a little longer, unaffected by "assorted notions," kerosene lamps, lacquered tin boxes, or trumpery of any kind. It is surprising to hear that a good deal of this rubbish comes from Russia, and that Russian printed cottons compete with those of Manchester, so that it is as yet impossible to say which shall have the advantage. "Coarse coloured prints of the Russian royal family" do not seem to be very effectual means of introducing Russian supremacy ; but every little tells, and perhaps the fair face of the Czarina may counteract the heavy sullenness of her lord. This question is perhaps more important than that of the vitiation of the artistic tastes of Asia. But this is not the place to discuss it. It is sufficiently hideous to hear of the change that has already crept over that remote and ancient city. But why does Mrs Bishop call it Tihran ? It may resemble more

the pronunciation of the natives, but it would be absurdly pedantic to write in English Wien for Vienna, or Köln for Cologne. We know what Teheran means, but not anything of Tihran. In this respect we should like our traveller to reconsider her ways.

Mrs Bishop pushed her way through the wild country of the Lurs and Bakhtiariis, making a long detour to the south, by ancient towns half ruined yet swarming with people and trade, and over great plains and mountains, which, as the summer advanced, were almost as terrible to traverse from the heat as the preceding way had been from the cold. "Fever-heat set in" in early June, as she began to turn her face towards the north.

"The call to boot and saddle is at 3.45," she says. "Black flies, sand-flies, mosquitoes, scorpions, and venomous spiders abound. There is no hope of change, or clouds, or showers, till the autumn. Greenery is fast scorching up. The heaven above is as brass, and the earth beneath is as iron. The sky is a merciless steely blue. The earth radiates heat far on into the night. Man goeth forth to his work not till the evening, but in the evening. The Ilyats with their great brown flocks march all the night. The pools are dry, and all the lesser streams have disappeared. The wheat on the rainlands is scorched before the ears are full, and when the stalks are only six inches long. This is a normal Persian summer in lat. 32° N. The only way of fighting this heat is never to yield to it, to plod on persistently, and never have an idle moment ; but I do often long for an Edinburgh east wind, for drifting clouds and rain, and even for a chilly London fog ! This same country is said to be buried under seven or eight feet of snow in the winter."

This cheerful and courageous way of "fighting the heat," however, did not always succeed, even with all the energy of the untiring

and indomitable traveller. With the mercury reaching 100° in the shade, 115° in the interior of the closed tent, within which she shut herself up, sometimes till she could bear it no longer, to escape the mob of sick people outside who thronged her steps wherever she went, seeking cures from the Hakim of every malady under the sun : with sometimes nothing in sight but a hideous prospect "of scorched rolling gravel hills and wide scorched valleys," though sometimes the wanderers roamed knee-deep in flowers, the dazzling wild hollyhocks standing up in sheaves upon the way,—the labours of the way were almost greater than among the icy ridges of the frontier, across which she had come at peril of her life. The "sultry morning air," at the early hour of 3 A.M., was already almost too much to face, when the exhausted travellers were called to resume their journey. The guide, who was to the manner born, deserted the party, declaring that "he should be killed if he went any further." Finally there came a moment when the brave lady herself felt as if she must at last give in.

"It was only 11 A.M. when the tents were pitched, and the long day that followed was barely endurable. The mercury reached 124° inside my tent. The servants lay in a dry ditch under a tree in the Governor's garden. The black flies swarmed over everything, and at sunset covered the whole roof of the tent so thickly that no part of it could be seen. The sun, a white scintillating ball, blazed from a steely sky, over which no cloud ever passed. The heated atmosphere quivered over the burning earth. I was at last ill of fever, and my recipe for fighting the heat by constant occupation failed. It was a miserable day, and at one time a scorching wind, which seemed hot enough to singe one's hair, added to the discomfort.

As 'the hireling earnestly desireth the shadow,' so I longed for evening ; but truly the hours of that day were long drawn out. The silence was singular. Even the buzzing of a blue-bottle fly would have been cheerful. The sun, reddening the atmosphere as he sank, disappeared in a fiery haze, and then the world of Daulatabad awoke. Parties of Persian gentlemen on fiery horses passed by, dervishes honoured me by asking alms, the Governor's major-domo called to offer sundry kindnesses, and great flocks of sheep and goats, indicated by long lines of dust-clouds, moved cityward from the hills. Sand-flies in legions now beset me ; and the earth, which had been imbibing heat all day, radiated it far into the morning."

Mrs Bishop does not assume to be a painter in words. Her style is wonderfully free from every affectation of the kind. Yet the simplicity of some of her descriptions, such as the above, is most striking and impressive. The most lavish brush could not better bring before us the breathless heat-bound country, waiting in a suspense that is almost awful for the going down of the inexorable blaze. "The heated atmosphere quivered over the burning earth" conveys the impression desired with a touch—which is the highest effect possible to words.

Nothing could be more touching than the manner in which this lady's path was crowded, wherever she moved, by the sick and suffering. They came to her as the pathetic, much-suffering, patient, and all-believing crowd of the East hastens after the steps of every deliverer. And she could do so little for them ! Sometimes a cure, to their eyes miraculous, was wrought ; often pain was relieved ; but still more frequently the amateur physician, upon whom that character was forced, could only sigh to be a real Hakim instead of the imagin-

any one to whom these miserable mobs appealed so confidently. Here is one of many scenes :—

"The tents were scarcely pitched before crowds assembled for medicine. I could get no rest, for if I shut the tent the heat was unbearable, and if I opened it there was the crowd, row behind row, the hindmost pushing the foremost in, so that it was eight P.M. before I got any food. Yesterday morning at six I was awakened by people all round the tent, some shaking the curtains, and calling *Hakim!* *Hakim!* and though I kept it shut till eleven and raised the mercury to 115° by doing so, there was no rest. From eleven till nine P.M., except for one hour, I was 'seeing patients'—for there was much suffering, and some of it I knew not how to relieve. However I was able (thanks to St Mary's Hospital, London) to open three whitlows and two abscesses, and it was delightful to see the immediate relief of the sufferers. 'God is great!' they all exclaimed; and the bystanders echoed 'God is great!' I dressed five neglected bullet-wounds, and sewed up a gash of doubtful origin, and with a little help from Mirza prepared eye-lotions and medicines for seventy-three people. I asked one badly wounded man in what quarrel he had been shot, and he replied that he didn't know, his Khan had told him to go and fight. In the afternoon several very distressed people were brought from an Armenian village ten miles off, and were laid by those who brought them at the tent-door. At five the crowd was very great and the hubbub inconceivable, and Mirza failed to keep order in the absence of Aziz Khan. The mercury had never fallen below 100°. I had been standing or kneeling for six hours, and had a racking headache, so I reluctantly shut up my medicine-chest, and went by invitation to call on the Khan's wives; but the whole crowd surrounded and followed me, swelling as it went along. *Khanum!* *khanum* (lady)! *chashma* (eyes)! *shikam* (stomach)! were shouted on all sides, with *Hakim!* *Hakim!* The people even clutched my clothing, and hands were raised to heaven to im-

plore blessings upon me if I would attend to them."

If Mrs Bishop's object was, as we suspect, to show the importance of medical missions, she could not serve it better than by such scenes, which are continually repeated at every halting-place. When misery and ignorance are so great, and the most primitive laws of health unknown, there could be no more beneficent apostle than one who went charged with the healing of the Western world to these much-populated waste places of the earth. It is amusing to find, however, that many of the patients, though eager for ointments and lotions, declined to risk their souls by swallowing the Feringhi's medicines, which might make them Christians in spite of themselves; and one Khan only allowed the physic to be swallowed after a piece of paper, with a verse of the Koran upon it, had been soaked in the decoction. With this enlightened individual, a devout Moslem and a Mollah, Mrs Bishop had some political talk.

"I asked him why the Bakhtiaris like the English, and he replied, 'Because they are brave and like fighting, and like going shooting on the hills with us, and don't cover their faces.' He added after a pause, 'And because they conquer all nations, and do them good after they have conquered them.' I asked how they did them good, and he said, 'They give them one law for the rich and poor, and they make just laws about land, and their governors take the taxes and no more, and if a man gets money he can keep it. Ah,' he exclaimed earnestly, 'why don't the English come and take this country? If you don't, Russia will; and we would rather have the English. We are tired of our lives: there's no rest or security.'"

This was repeated on many occasions, and by many speak-

in the English lady's well-pleased ear. "All those people," she says, "have heard of the way in which cultivators in India have been treated, of land settlements and English settlement officers, and they say, 'England could make everything right for us.'" It is a little strain upon our faith to believe that such knowledge could have travelled so far and led to such just conclusions; but no doubt Mrs Bishop knows better than we do. We shall conclude our extracts by one instance of condescending toleration towards the Giaour or Kafir, as Christians are called in Persian. Aziz Khan, the protector of the party, looking on at the laborious ministrations for hours of the Feringhi lady to the sick and suffering, at last found it necessary to interfere to protect her from herself.

"He said, 'You're very tired; send these people away: you have done enough.' I answered that one had never done enough so long as one could do more, and he made a remark which led me to ask him if he thought a Kafir could reach Paradise? He answered, 'Oh no!' very hastily; but after a moment's thought said, 'I don't know. God knows. *He doesn't think as we do.* He may be more merciful than we think. If Kafirs fear God, they may have some Paradise to themselves; we don't know."

Which, after all, is the root of the whole matter.

Miss Gordon Cumming's glowing and picturesque book,<sup>1</sup> though better adapted for popular reading, and full of the cheerful buoyancy of a pleasure excursion without drawbacks or danger, has not the salient points of Mrs Bishop; and it is less easy to give an

account of a book which might almost make the reader believe himself transported for a brilliant hour or two to the lovely woods and sunny verdure of Ceylon, amid overflowing flowers and birds and happy and unhappy animals of every kind, from the lively and amusing monkey to the undesirable reptile,—than of the painful travels into the unknown with which we have been dealing. Miss Gordon Cumming has a keen eye for all she sees: the people and the religion and the curious traditions and habits of the different races, as well as the beautiful aspect of all that bright and beneficent nature where "every prospect pleases." The writer of the hymn was not such an optimist as the lady who carried the *coulleur de rose* of her delightful holiday into all she saw. Man is not vile in her cheerful pages, whether he be brown or black or white; and if he is not a particularly elevated being in the darker colours, he is at least amusing in the peculiar costume in which he presents himself with cheerful confidence to the applause of the world. The costume of the Singhalese, indeed, is perhaps the most curious mixture in the world. It cannot be called imposing or dignified, like the large draperies of the Arab or the graceful and flowing robes of other denizens of the East. Here is a description of the garb of a certain class of Singhalese officials:—

"Their jet-black hair is rolled up at the back in the usual *kondé*, into which is stuck the very high tortoiseshell comb, while the usual semi-circular comb is worn round the back of the head with the ends above each ear. Instead of trousers, they

<sup>1</sup> *Two Happy Years in Ceylon.* By C. F. Gordon Cumming. W. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

retain the long *comboy*, worn to the feet; but these are encased in white stockings and patent-leather shoes. The upper man is clothed in a long Dutch-looking official coat of dark-blue cloth, with large gold buttons, a white waistcoat displaying gorgeous buttons and large gold chain, and high shirt-collar and silk necktie: and a gold belt with a small curved sword completes this hybrid but eminently respectable costume. The little sword is often studded with gold and gems."

The quaint figure here described, with its feminine head, scarcely possible to distinguish from a woman's,—the white skirt tightly encircling the legs, and looking something like a French waiter's long apron, and the modern and masculine coat and waistcoat between,—forms the drollest combination possible—neither man nor woman, but something between the two.

Miss Gordon Cumming's description of the everywhere-present lovely and brilliant flowers, "small lagoons covered with pure white water-lilies, and one variety with petals just tipped with lilac, and the under side of the leaf purple," and fringed with "various species of graceful palms:" while the woods are full of "gorgeous jungle blossoms, scarlet, white, and gold," an exquisite orchid "like black velvet veined with gold, while the under side is of a delicate pink," "dark hibiscus all aglow with crimson blossom, long pendant boughs of poinsettia, with gorgeous scarlet rosettes of young foliage in wondrous contrast with the rich green of the elder leaves, splendid yellow allamandas, casias loaded with blossom like our richest laburnum, ironwood with fragrant large white blossoms and tufts of young bright crimson foliage:" with fruits and birds and butterflies still more glowing in

colour, and fish that seem to have outbragged them all—is enough to set the sober page aflame. These latter are described with all the author and the artist's love of beautiful hues. She tells us of "great fire-fish of vivid flame colour, and Red Sea perch, of dazzling scarlet."

"One lovely fish, about eighteen inches long, is specially sacred to Buddha, being clothed in his colours of lovely gold barred with rich brown sienna. A very handsome parrot-fish, about two feet in length, has a dove-grey body with black spots, fins brown, with rows of dainty little black spots; the ventral fin is edged with delicate green, while that on the back is edged with scarlet. The tail is scarlet with a white edge; the eye is bright gold, set in a golden head with blue-green stripes. The 'squirrel-parrot' is a gorgeous fish, about eighteen inches in length, of beautifully shaded green, with longitudinal stripes and dots of crimson: its head is likewise green and crimson, and its tail-fin striped scarlet and gold on a green ground. But the triumph of fish millinery is reserved for a lovely, very rare perch, dressed in silvery grey, with tail, fins, and crown of the head of vivid gold, just tipped with velvety black."

Miss Gordon Cumming hastens to add that some of these are "excellent to eat"! but the idea of putting all this crimson and gold into a vulgar pot and sending it to table to be consumed by commonplace white and black men, is revolting to every feeling. We never could understand the cruel glee with which the fisher pulls out the silvery trout and gleaming salmon from the native element which sets off their beauty so well; but all these princes of the deep, whose brilliant tints must be so wofully marred, say, by frying—a fate to which no doubt they are often subject—is more than a well-constituted mind could bear.

The native inmates of the pla



if not so beautiful, afford the most idyllic picture imaginable of a simple existence lifted above all the anxieties of the common world. One more quotation, and then we must have done:—

“Their homes seem to be the perfection of village life; each picturesque bamboo hut, with its thatch of cocoa-nut leaves, wholly concealed from its neighbours by the richest vegetation, and buried in cool shade of large-leaved plantains and bread-fruit trees; while above each little homestead waves the beneficent tree which supplies the family with meat and drink, and a thousand things besides. . . . Here, beneath the palm thatch, the men spread their palm-leaf mats and sleep peacefully, wrapped in their white cloth, till sunrise awakens the birds. Then they bathe in the nearest stream, and wash their long glossy black hair, and for the next hour or two sit in the sunlight combing and drying it, and (alas!) renewing its gloss with unfragrant cocoa-nut oil. Then they carefully twist it into a smooth coil, fasten it with a circular tortoise-shell comb, and then rest again, perhaps weaving fanciful ornaments of split palm-leaf to decorate the entrance to the home, but certainly chewing the inevitable betel-leaf. Meanwhile their wives are busy with the daily task of preparing curry—no fiery curry-powder, but a delicious compound of many pleasant vegetables, seasoned with pepper, turmeric, green ginger, chillies, &c., but above all, made fresh and wholly different every morning, and served with cocoa-nut, prawns, cucumbers, and all manner of other excellent dainties, served in different dishes, as we serve vegetables, forming combinations to rejoice the heart of an epicure. The principal glory of a Singhalese cook lies in the endless variety of his curries; a very desirable

characteristic in a dish which forms a necessary conclusion to every meal.”

This enthusiastic description leaves us with the water in our mouths, even as the wonderful colour of the flowers and beasts and birds fills our eyes with the dazzle of their brilliancy. We close the book with a sigh, and come back to the familiar walls of our Old Saloon, which is not tricked out in purple and gold, and where we are fain to sit near the fire, and shiver when we think of the snow in the streets, and the chill wind blowing out of doors. But there are much worse places than the Old Saloon, with the fire-light lighting up the kind familiar faces which shine upon us from the wall, in colours less florid, but more enduring; and where all these fair ladies have come with their report of the distant regions of the earth to cheer us in the afternoon hour, when golf delights us not, nor whist either. It is exhilarating to think that though these foreign lands are so fine, this little, foggy, misty island holds things finer still; and among the snows of Canada, or the glories of Ceylon, or the far wilds of Persia, has represented itself to these far wanderers in brighter colours yet, the warm and kindly blazonry of home. Good luck to all our travellers, astray on land and sea! We know well that the best sight they will see, however far they may wander, will be the white cliffs that bid them welcome back again to this little corner of the earth, which is their own.

## CENTRAL AFRICAN TRADE, AND THE NYASALAND WATER-WAY.

COMPARATIVELY few people have as yet thoroughly realised the vast importance of the Nyasaland water-way as a means of communication between the Indian Ocean and the Central Lake districts of Africa.

Africa's most pressing need is cheap carriage, the want of which is the prime cause of slave-buying and slave-raiding in the country. From the mouth of the river Zambezi to the northern extremity of Lake Tanganika we have a line of cheap transport, some 1300 miles in length, of which only 270 requires land carriage, the remaining 1030 being by an excellent natural water-way, which, commencing at the Zambezi mouth, runs up that river and the Shirè to Nyasa, thence 350 miles up the lake, and then (after a portage of 210 miles from Nyasa to Tanganika) for 400 miles up the latter lake.

From the Zambezi mouth to the north end of Nyasa is, roughly, 650 miles, only 60 miles of which requires land carriage—i.e., the road which, commencing below the Shirè cataracts, runs through the prosperous Shirè Highlands, and rejoins the river at Matope, above the falls. Between the north end of Nyasa and the south end of Tanganika, transport is at present carried on in the usual African fashion—on men's shoulders; but as the country between the two lakes is high, healthy, and quite free from tsetse-fly, bullock-waggons could be used until such time as a railway may be made—an undertaking which will surely be carried out before very many years have gone by. At present, frequent caravans leave Karonga

station, at the north end of Nyasa, for Abercorn, at the south end of Tanganika, carrying trade goods, provisions, &c., for sale in the Tanganika districts, and return with ivory. This carrying trade affords to the natives living in the Tanganika-Nyasa plateau the means of earning a good wage, of which they gladly take advantage. Nearly all the calico used by the dwellers on the plateau is earned by the transport of loads from lake to lake.

From the long extent of coast-line of the western shores of the two lakes—some 800 miles—an enormous extent of Central Africa is within easy range for trade purposes. It is, in fact, as if the coast-line of East Africa were shifted some 400 to 800 miles inland, and placed close to the districts from which comes most of the trade that hitherto has found its way to Zanzibar, Mombasa, Lindi, Kilwa, Ibo, Mozambique, and other ports. At the north end of Tanganika we are only 150 miles from the Victoria Nyanza, about the same distance from the Albert Edward Nyanza, and are on the verge of the great Congo forests. To those who do not know the past history of Nyasaland, it is indeed difficult to see why, with these advantages, there has not been made even quicker progress. As a matter of fact, however, little attempt has as yet been made to grapple with trade problems in the country. The African Lakes Company, who have been working in this field for some years past, have been content with a little, and have not attempted anything except on a small scale.

Indeed it has been their avowed policy to work more for the advancement of missions than for trade profits. The value of the work they have accomplished cannot be overestimated, but it yet remains for commerce to be done on large lines.

Hitherto, all trade between the sea-coast and Nyasaland has had to struggle against a somewhat difficult transport; though, such even as it has been, it was infinitely superior to the system of carriage inland from Zanzibar and the east coast ports. Although from the mouth of the Zambezi and throughout Nyasaland we have such an admirable natural water-way, we have hitherto been blocked at the commencement of the journey on the coast. Goods for the interior have had to be disembarked at the Portuguese port of Quilimane, whence they were sent inland up the Kwa-kwa river, in native canoes and open boats. After a six days' journey up that shallow stream, they were portaged overland to the left bank of the Zambezi, reaching the latter river at the little settlement of Vicenti, some seventy miles above the Zambezi mouth. From Vicenti they were forwarded up by steamer or barge. Such a transport was killing to any trade. During the Kwa-kwa journey pilage of goods was frequent and impossible to prevent, the constant transshipments expensive and troublesome, and goods were continually exposed to the weather. The Portuguese duties at Quilimane were very high; and as any one who has had to pass British goods through the Quilimane custom-house well knows, it was not an easy or speedy operation.

Now, however, the clauses of the *Anglo-Portuguese* convention

referring to the navigation of the Zambezi have altered all this; and at the present time we have a free water-way from the Indian Ocean to the interior, exempt from taxation and free from coast interference. The Kwa-kwa journey is done away with, and ocean steamers can now enter the Ohinde mouth of the Zambezi and discharge their cargoes into the river-steamers, which then ascend the Zambezi and Shire rivers direct, and without interruption, to the Nyasaland Protectorate. That country is now in a better position to deal with Central African trade questions than any other portion of British African inland territories, and if her interests are duly considered, should make rapid strides.

From the northern portion of Nyasaland, bordering on the south end of Tanganika, the ivory trade of that lake is being gradually tapped; and doubtless, with improved land transport, and an influx of trading capital, the whole trade from the upper Congo regions, and from the districts north of Tanganika—which at present crosses the lake, centres at Ujiji, and goes thence overland to the coast ports—will be gradually diverted to the Nyasaland water-way. Apart from the advantages thus gained by the acquisition of trade and transport by British merchants, there is another vast advantage. It cannot be questioned that legitimate trade is the death of the slave-trade. Every tusk of ivory purchased on Tanganika, and transported thence by the Nyasa route to the coast, would, if carried by the Arabs themselves to the east coast, require slave-labour for its transport; and thus by the increase of British trade in the

centre of Africa, one of the most satisfactory blows is struck at the slave-trade. Slave-raiding in the Protectorate is practically extinct, so far as the Arabs are concerned, and it is legitimate trade which has extinguished it. There is a great difference between slavery and slave-raiding. So long as there are a dozen Africans left in Africa, there will be slavery among themselves; but slave-raiding can be more satisfactorily and speedily done away with by the extension of British trade in Central Africa than by any other means. It is useless, as has actually been advocated by some, to render illegal the possession of ivory, and so abolish the ivory trade entirely. Surely that would be a very clumsy method of dealing with the question. What is wanted at present is to *stimulate* trade in Central Africa, not to *abolish* the only large existing trade. The Arabs, who are the retail dealers of the greater part of the African continent, are keen traders, and even supposing it possible (which I much doubt) to render ivory valueless, they would probably turn to other articles of trade, such as rubber, which, being of less intrinsic value than ivory, would even more require cheap slave-carriage. There is nothing special in ivory itself which promotes slavery; it is merely the want of *cheap transport for trade articles*. Cheap carriage to Central Africa will be the hardest hit at the slave-trade which can be given. In the case of the Zambesi-Shirè-Nyasa-Tanganika water-way we already possess a cheap transport line. In less favoured parts of Africa the only cheap carriage can be by railways; and then of course comes the question as to whether they

will, for some time to come, pay any return for the cost of their construction, to say nothing of the upkeep of such long lines as will be necessary to reach the central districts.

On the lower Shirè there is at present only one trading steamer running; more are wanted to cope with even existing trade. Steamers for the Zambezi and Shirè rivers should not draw over 18 inches. On the upper Shirè and Lake Nyasa, a screw-steamer, the *Domira*, runs at regular intervals. She can carry a cargo of some forty to fifty tons. On *Tanganika* there are at present no trading steamers. On both the lakes there are mission steamers, and also trading dhows owned by Arab merchants.

Far the quickest and cheapest route to Mshidi's Katanga country is by way of Lake Nyasa; the journey from Katanga to the mouth of the Zambezi is capable of accomplishment in from six to seven weeks, by way of Lakes Mwero and Nyasa. As a contrast to this, I may instance a party of missionaries who arrived at Mshidi's while I was there, in the commencement of December 1890, who had been over four months on their journey from Benguela, on the west coast, to that place.

The journey from *Tanganika* to Nyasa was done by Mr H. H. Johnston in 1889 in ten days. From the north end of Nyasa to the mouth of Zambezi can easily be done in fourteen days.

The sixty-mile portage past the Murchison cataracts of the Shirè river has hitherto been worked without much difficulty by native carriers; but as commerce increases, better means of transport will require to be found. Some years ago the African Lakes Com-

pany constructed a good road from Katunga's, below the cataracts, through the Shirè Highlands, to Matope; and over this road hundreds of loads are carried every week. Bullock-carts also travel occasionally between Blantyre, Katunga's, and Matope. The native transport is done chiefly by villagers from round about the settlements of Blantyre and Mandala, which lie in the high and healthy Shirè Highlands. Monday is the recognised day for hiring porters in the Blantyre districts, and on that day large numbers of people flock in to earn what is to them an excellent wage.

British capital and energy are now fast developing the Shirè Highlands; coffee has proved itself a success, and is becoming a considerable export. Tea, rubber, and other trade products are being tested; and owing to the easy carriage to the coast, and the extreme cheapness of labour, there can be little doubt that these highlands have a prosperous agricultural future. The Shirè hill districts can, however, well look after themselves. It is by the extension of trade, by means of the Nyasaland water-way, to the true *Central African regions*, that so much may now be done towards the regeneration of Africa, the abolition of the slave-trade, and the improvement of the condition of African natives.

A small armed steamer on any one of the inland lakes will do more to keep the Arabs in check, and be a greater menace to their slave-raiding propensities, than an army of men could be. Such a steamer on Tanganika, for example, would be an ever-present warning to evil-doers. No Arab raids are made without an object: they are for one of two

reasons—either to loot ivory, or to procure slave-carriers for its transport to the coast. The establishment of stores on Tanganika, where Arab merchants or natives could sell their ivory for good value, and procure all the articles which they require for their business or their use at reasonable prices, would, by doing away with the need for the long land journey to the coast, at once vastly lessen the demand for slave-carriers.

Steamers are necessary for the establishment and extension of trade on Tanganika, to collect the ivory which reaches the lake, and which can be procured within moderate distances from many parts of its shores. By the arming of one such steamer, and placing it under proper authority, a great control could be exercised over badly disposed Arabs or others. These lakes will be of the greatest value to us in the civilisation of Central Africa: a steamer can always move quickly from place to place; can anticipate Arab or native communications; can, if necessary, attack at unexpected points; can inflict great damage without risk to herself; and can, moreover, entirely control the Arab shipping on the lakes. My own experience of Arabs in Central Africa is, that their great desire is to *trade*. The better class of Arabs do not wish to raid, nor to act lawlessly: they would prefer to live and trade in a country where there was a just government and proper administration of law; but the force of circumstances has been too much for them. There is *no* law in the country; there is *no* means of carriage for the long journeys to the coast except slave-carriers; consequently the Arab, not being a particularly moral man, and not

looking upon the "Wa-shenzi" natives exactly as human beings, becomes a raider and a slaver. When once we have placed on the large African lakes trade depots and armed steamers, and let the leading Arabs know that we are anxious to promote commerce by all fair means, and determined to stop, as far as we are able, slave-raiding, the first really effective blow will be given to the slave-trade.

There is much misapprehension in England as to the "slave-trade." The Protectorate of Nyasaland is free from slave-raiding by Arabs. The last instance of anything of the kind was the Arab outbreak at the north end of Nyasa in 1887-88, which resulted in a two years' war between certain Arabs and the Europeans. Fortunately the war was pluckily carried through by the African Lakes Company in the face of many difficulties, and was finally concluded by the peace arranged by Mr H. H. Johnston in 1889. The good effect produced by that war, in the knowledge by both Arabs and natives throughout the northern Nyasa and southern Tanganyika districts, that the British are prepared and determined to hold their own, has been great.

I do not think we can ever hope, so long as Africans exist in Africa, to do away with slavery among themselves. It seems to be one of the instincts born in them: a boy's first desire is to own a slave. The Arabs have not *created* slavery in Africa; they have only taken advantage of it as an existing institution. If there were no sellers, there could be no buyers. Any one who knows the African in his own land often feels inclined to give him up as a hopelessly bad

lot, he so resolutely refuses to help himself or to take advantage of the help which is offered him; and I think there is much to be said for the Arab in Africa as well as against him. Possibly the English in America, only a few centuries ago, were worse slavers and more heartless slave-dealers than the Arabs are now. One thing, I think, we may take as being quite certain. No European Power can ever, with success, carry on a war against the Arabs in Central Africa; they have the climate on their side. But I think that by fostering, encouraging, and controlling trade; providing facilities for transport to the coast; placing one or two armed steamers on each of the Central African lakes; and quietly but firmly exercising and pushing our own authority throughout such districts as are within reach of the lakes and navigable rivers,—we may gradually obtain a firm hold over the Arabs and the country occupied by them. In the commercial development of Central Africa, the Arab traders will be of great value to wholesale merchants. Trading with natives is no easy matter; it requires much tact and patience. The Arabs are far better suited for this work than Europeans are. A native who owns a tusk of ivory does not like to take it out of his own village, nor even his own house. He wants the trader to come to *him*, and expects him to spend a whole day at least, possibly several, in the purchase of one tusk. When that is sold, he will perhaps produce another, and the bargaining for that will then begin. To sell the two together in one transaction would be a foolish, hasty affair, contrary to all native business principles. The whole bar-

gain is to him a great pleasure, and should not, in his opinion, be hurried. The Arabs are excellent at this work, and will buy ivory far cheaper than a European, and yet leave the vendor better satisfied with his bargain.

It has been customary to say everything that is bad of the African Arab. Yet where would many of the African missions be now but for the forbearance—not only forbearance, but even help and kindness—of Arab traders? What would have become of many African travellers and explorers but for Arab help?

The ivory trade has as yet eclipsed all other trade in Africa, in much the same manner as the rubber trade on the Amazon and its affluents has been a bar to the development of other industries. This was sure to be the case in Africa, owing to the very high value of ivory compared to that of anything else procurable in the country. This will cure itself in time. As the stores of ivory in Africa become exhausted, traders will take to other less valuable articles. The advent, however, of increased commerce to Central Africa will undoubtedly cause many other products of the country to be collected and exported in far greater quantities than they have been hitherto.

A question which is somewhat puzzling in connection with trade on the east coast of Africa, is as to what is the cause of so little English calico being sold on the coast and inland. East and Central Africa's great import is calico; yet the bulk of this comes not from Manchester, but from Bombay. From Natal to Cape Guardafui most of the trade in the coast ports is carried on by British Indians, known on the coast as "Banians," and

these get their supplies of calico entirely from Bombay. Manchester seems to supply most of the printed stuffs, but very little of the common white calico. This is probably because the Banian traders are mostly working on advances from Bombay, and are tied both to obtain their supplies there and to forward their ivory there. Still, when the cry for new markets for our goods is so often heard, one can scarcely help thinking that they are not sufficiently pushed in existing markets.

The requisites for the development of trade in Central Africa are—cheap carriage, capital, and the exercise of sound common-sense business principles. Traders must look after their own affairs, and leave mission work to the missionaries; the latter must leave the traders alone. I have no doubt as to the ultimate success of British trade in Central Africa; but those going into it must do so carefully, feeling their way as they go, and must avoid large expenditures in unremunerative directions—a mistake so easy to make before a thorough knowledge of the country and its requirements is obtained. Another want which should soon be remedied is regular monthly communication by steamer between the Cape (or Zanzibar) and Chinde. At present we have no regular service, and consequently Nyasaland is not yet able to take full advantage of the benefits secured by the Anglo-Portuguese Convention.

ALFRED SHARPE.

*P.S.*—Since correcting proof of the above paper, reports have appeared in the newspapers stating that H.M. Commissioner of Nyasaland has had serious trouble and severe fighting with two no-

torious slave-dealing chiefs on Lake Nyasa—Mponda and Makanjira. The latter has for years past kept the southern districts of Nyasa in a ferment of war, and some two years ago captured, stripped, and tied up two British subjects (one of them Mr J. Buchanan, H.M. Acting Consul), and only released them on payment of a ransom; their boat was stolen, and one of their men killed. Mponda, also, has been carrying on wars in his districts for some years past, has obstructed communica-

tions between Lake Nyasa and the Shirè river, and has stopped and threatened European boats. The summary punishment of these two old offenders would undoubtedly have a most beneficial effect throughout South Nyasaland; not only because it would curb their slave-dealing propensities, but also because it would give confidence to the weaker people of the Lake, and encourage them to look to the Administration of the country to redress their wrongs. These two chiefs are *natives*. A. S.

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## THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

It is but a week since the joy-bells were ringing for the birthday of a young and happy Prince, a bridegroom, the heir of the greatest empire under the sun. Twenty-eight : the happiest age—a youthful maturity, free of the first vagaries of youth, not yet touched with the cares of manhood ; all beautiful around him, glowing with life and hope ; his bride awaiting him, beloved for years, at last conceded to his wishes ; his joyful bridal home preparing ; and in that sympathy for youth and love and happiness which is one of the strongest of public sentiments, everybody around, both rich and poor, joyfully preparing their offerings, looking for the bright holiday of the marriage. Only a week !—the bells at Windsor were troublesome to the dwellers there, in their mirth and noisy rejoicing, peal upon peal : till we remembered it was the Prince's birthday, the Bridegroom's day, and smiled with a careless good-humoured wish for his happiness, who needed none of our wishing, who was happy as the day was long, arrived at the crown and summit of his youthful life. What sacrifice would not the nation make, what offerings every one of us, to hear again those troublesome peals, in their riotous triumphant music, making the air tingle and the old towers of Windsor ring ! No more ! no more ! Far through the still wintry atmosphere booms another sound—the great death-knell that sounds only for princes, the bell of St Paul's telling its dread tidings in single beats that are the very voice of woe. Gone the hopes, and gone the joy : dark chambers shrouded from the light, a mother heart-broken, a bride turning her sick eyes from the light of day.

Such tragedies, heaven knows, are not rare in the world, and of late years the royal families of Christendom—those houses which are like cities set on an hill, which all the surrounding world can see—have furnished instances enough. Only last year the young Prince Baldwin of Flanders, younger still, fell by the same invisible hand, swift, inexorable, the malady that kills the youngest and the strongest, finding out weakness where no one suspected its existence. It is a miserable *commonplace* to say that in these matters there is no difference

between the greatest and the smallest ; but the contrast takes all the force of deepest tragedy in the case which we all feel for the moment to be our own, in which many a bitter personal sorrow is recalled, in which every mourning parent sees his own loss over again, and kneels by the same deathbed, and knows to the depth of his heart what is going on in their hearts,—the father and mother who have had no acquaintance with grief to train them for it, but have been plunged at once into the deepest gulf of all. To many, many in these circumstances there is a painful shock as of desertion or abandonment, as if the God to whom, believing or unbelieving, we are all forced to appeal in the depths of anguish, did not care. To others, there is a strange sense of God Himself looking sadly on, perceiving, as we cannot do, the necessities of the mightier life which surrounds and envelops ours, watching with divine pity the workings of those great mysterious agencies which He rules in darkness for greater aims than we are capable of understanding. The Almighty holds in his hand the issues of life or death ; and these are beyond us, as is the sky—with more involved in them a thousand-fold than we can know.

Yet as long as the world lasts the wail for the life incomplete, for youth cut off and hope crushed in the blossom, will be the saddest and sorest, and there is nothing lacking in our national calamity to deepen and heighten the contrast between what was a week ago and what is now. Yet there is one thing sweet amid the bitterness of death. The young Duke of Clarence goes to his last resting-place like the young Marcellus, like that young Prince Henry of the Stuart line who was so deeply mourned, a happy and stainless memory, with no dark shadows, no stain or smirch upon his life. He will be remembered as the dutiful son, trained in service and obedience such as England loves, educated to bear the yoke, as we had hoped he was one day to carry the sceptre : and as the true lover, patient and constant to the pure passion of his young life. Had he stormed through his early years, as so many young princes have done, the hearts that mourn him now might not mourn him less, but could not have laid with the same sad expansion of the breast their wreaths upon his early grave. Honour to the young prince who took his pleasure heartily, but without riot and without blame, who made no boast of

himself wherever he went, but showed far less instead of more than his intrinsic worth, by reason of that burden of royalty which never was more honestly and modestly borne than in our day. He would have made, we have every reason to believe, a good king : he will, we hope, make a noble subject and servant where he now is, to the great King and Lord of all.

Amen ! Not for him need we mourn ; but for the mother, turning her face from the light, the father, who cannot even secure that privacy, but must stand in the face of England, and follow his dead, and bear his loss like any common man ; and for the Princess, who touches the heart of the people almost most of all, the young creature so fair and bright, who has known only the smiles and the gladness of life, and who has come down at a stroke from the triumph and glory of love and high advancement, to silence and darkness and the shadow of the grave. England would fain put some special sad honour, some wreath of consecration, upon the young bowed head which we had all hoped was one day to have worn a crown.

*January 15.*

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## ST GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

20TH JANUARY 1892.

"The glories of our blood and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things;  
There is no armour against Fate."

—JAMES SHIRLEY.

WEEP not for him! He is gone to his rest  
Before the first bloom of his manhood has faded,  
A lover beloved, with a happiness blest  
No envious cloud for a moment has shaded;

Gone ere the years could afflict with the pain  
Of hopes unfulfilled, aspirations that languish,  
With the struggle and stress of an overtaken brain,  
With bereavements that wring the lone bosom with anguish;

Gone with the love of all those he held dear,  
No blot on his scutcheon, no slur on his station;  
Whate'er be the loss, oh, how blest is the bier  
That's bedewed with the tears of a sorrowing nation!

Weep not for him! He has answered the call  
To the haven we sigh for, the worn and the weary,  
Where the secrets no longer are secrets of all  
That baffles our longings, our questionings dreary.

The pennons droop low, and the darkling day  
Spreads a deepening gloom o'er the fretted ceiling;  
There are many that weep, and many that pray,  
As the organ's wail through the aisles is pealing.

Bear him on gently, while low we bend  
To the Awful Will, that has laid him lowly,—  
The son, the brother, the lover, friend,  
O'er whom they are chanting the service holy.

Let our tears flow for the souls bereft  
Of him who late brightened their eyes with gladness,  
The parents, the bride—maiden lonely left—  
Their songs of joy turned all to sadness.

Mix with our prayers and tears for them  
Tears and prayers for Her, who queenly  
The burden has borne of the diadem,—  
Borne it through long years of trial serenely,

Yet with a woman's most tender heart,  
Quick to the touch of her children's sorrow ;  
What grief is hers, who has felt the smart  
That makes the soul quake for a dread to-morrow ?

The rite is ended. Not all is grief :  
Many hearts are stricken, one young life blighted ;  
But the thought abides, of all thoughts the chief,—  
A nation more close by this grief united.

THEODORE MARTIN.

BLACKWOOD'S  
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCCCXVII.

MARCH 1892.

VOL. CLI.

DIANA: THE HISTORY OF A GREAT MISTAKE.

CHAPTER IV.—THE TWO LITTLE WOMEN.

"So you have been happy," said Miss Trelawny. She was in her room at her hotel, lying upon a sofa, not because of fatigue so much as to please the two little women who were fluttering about her, and to whom it was a matter of conventional necessity, that having just "come off a journey," a lady ought to be fatigued and should "lie down." Diana, in her perfect health and vigour, had thrown off all her tiredness in a night's rest; but Mrs Norton did not think this possible, and was doubtful even whether it was right.

"Oh, very happy," said Sophy; "everybody has been kind to us. We have had the most delightful parties—little dances even: and almost everybody has a reception one night in the week. And it is so beautiful! and all the churches and things to go and see; and the alabaster shops: and Mr Pandolfini has been so kind."

"Yes, Diana, it has been very  
VOL. CLI.—NO. DCCCCXVII.

nice indeed," said her aunt; "everybody is kind, as Sophy says. So interested in her, seeing that she was delicate——"

"Oh, auntie, I am not delicate now—my cough is quite, quite gone. I feel as if I could do anything. Fancy, Diana, Mr Pandolfini took us all over the Cathedral and up the Leaning Tower, and to see everything; and then there was a little impromptu dance at the Winthrops—Americans, you know—and I danced—I danced with *him alone* four dances. I was quite ashamed of myself——"

"Is Mr Pandolfini *him alone*?" said Diana, laughing; "but what does all this mean? for I thought Mrs Hunstanton said there was no society in Pisa——"

"She must have been in an ill temper that day," said Sophy; "there never was such delightful society anywhere, never! Oh, Diana, you will enjoy it so; everything is so lovely! The Cathedral

alone, when you go over it as you ought, and the Campo Santo, and all the pictures. Mr Pandolfini knows them all, every one, and tells you everything. Oh, Mr Pandolfini is *so* kind!"

"Ah, little one, is it so?" said Diana, looking up at her with a smile. But Mrs Norton interposed hastily—

"Sophy always thinks everybody is *so* kind that shows a natural interest in her. She is so ridiculously humble-minded. But even a virtue should not be carried too far, should it? We must not say a word against Mrs Hunstanton, who has been a very good friend to us; but what she said about society was quite a mistake. The society is very good. I need not tell you, my dear Diana, that Sophy is a little goose, and knows nothing: all society is good to her when people are kind to her; but I have a little more experience. The Hunstantons themselves, of course we know what they are—very good friends to us and very nice, and everything one could desire—but not perhaps, you know, the very *crème de la crème*."

"Ah, indeed," said Diana, with a smile; "and who then are the *crème de la crème*?"

"Oh, we must not try to prejudice you," said Mrs Norton; "you will see for yourself. Everybody of course will be glad to see *you*, Diana. But I must say I think it is the greatest testimony to people's disinterestedness that they have been so good to us. We are not wealthy, you know, nor great ladies; but everybody has seen my Sophy's sweetness, Diana. That is what goes to my heart. They do all so appreciate Sophy——"

"Oh, auntie, how can you say *so*?" cried Sophy, *rosy* with blushes, *running to her*, and clasping her

arms round her. "Fancy anybody thinking of poor little me! They like me because I am *your* child."

Diana lay on her sofa and laughed very softly to herself. The mutual admiration amused, and it did not displease her. Mrs Hunstanton would have taken it very differently, but Diana could not but be amused. "Come," she said, "it is not kind to leave me in so much lower a place. I am only to be received, because I am Miss Trelawny; that is hard upon me. I should like to be liked for myself too."

"O Diana! you!—as if any one would look at me when *you* are there!" cried Sophy, with a blush and flutter, running to kiss her friend; while Mrs Norton remonstrated more gravely—

"My dear Diana, you are a person of importance, we all know, in every way. You are so clever, very different from either Sophy or me: besides being a great lady, which, of course, opens every door. You must not grudge us, dear, a little interest that people take in us, because we are quite unimportant. It is her innocence, you know, that interests everybody—such a little white dove of a creature—and partly, too, because you have been such a friend to us, Diana. Everybody knows how kind you have been."

This silenced Diana, who had no mind to be commended for her kindness. She told Sophy where to find certain little boxes of gloves and trifling ornaments which she had bought in her passage through Paris, and so turned the course of the conversation. They were much delighted as a matter of course with their presents, and most eager to get a little information about the fashions, which Diana, who got her dresses in Paris, must be so well

qualified to give. Then Diana's maid was called, and the last gown was brought out, and examined with the greatest interest, Diana looking on from her sofa, always with a smile. They were not rich enough to have their dresses from M. Worth; but they were not at all disposed to wear things that were out of fashion. Why should they? and both the aunt and the niece were very serious in their conviction that it was a great advantage to be able to study Diana's things, and see exactly what was the newest trimming, and how "a really good" gown was made. Mrs Norton was very clever with her needle, and thought nothing of altering the trimming of a dress when she saw a newer fashion, or even of changing the cut of the garment itself (if the stuff would allow). "It is so much more easy when you have a pattern before your eyes instead of only the plate in a fashion-book," she said. Diana's maid, Morris, had her own opinion about this, and was indignant that her mistress's things should be copied; but Diana threw open her wardrobe with that absurd liberality which shocked Morris as much as it shocked Mrs Hunstanton. They did not understand how it was possible that she could be amused by the sight of those two heads so closely bent over her best dress, pinching the flutings with their inquisitive fingers, and examining with such precision the way in which it was looped up. "What a blessing that your new grey is not made up!" said the aunt to the niece; "I see exactly how this is done." "You are so clever, auntie," said Sophy, admiringly. "The front width forms a *tablier*," said Mrs Norton, "and the back is in a *pouff*. See! nothing could be more simple; and yet how handsome it

looks! To be sure, yours is not such handsome silk as Diana's; but with your light little figure ——" "And, dear auntie, don't you think your plum-colour could be altered to look like this, with a new flounce at the bottom? I must not be selfish, and let you think always of me," said Sophy. How angry Mrs Hunstanton would have been, and how Maria Morris gloomed at the two little ladies! But Diana, in the background, was amused and pleased on the whole. How could it be supposed to harm her? And it pleased them; and to see them fluttering over it, consulting, and putting their little heads on one side, and examining all the seams, and looking as if something much more serious than affairs of the State were in hand, was as good as a play.

She had bought a box of gloves for Sophy, and a pretty parasol and ribbons for Mrs Norton. The first of these had created a slight disappointment, she could see, gloves being then cheap in Tuscany. "But I am sure it was most kind of Diana to think of you at all; and they are such beautiful gloves," said Mrs Norton, in a reassuring tone. Diana felt a little mortified to find that she had thus brought, as it were, coals to Newcastle; but even that amused her more or less—for her little *protégée* was already more learned than she in the smaller necessities of the toilet, and where things could be got cheap.

Diana got up from the sofa while they were occupied with her wardrobe, and betook herself to her letters. Hers was not the usual lady's budget of not very necessary correspondences: already the questions, the references, the applications which weary out the absent who involved in the real busin



life, and make a holiday almost more troublesome than a working day, had begun. She had to write to her steward, to her lawyer, and to more than one of the pensioners on her civil list, who thought it their duty to make deferential communications to her about their families, and consult her as to the steps to be taken for placing Willie in an office or Fanny at school. No one could believe that it was not personal love which made Diana good to them—a perception of their own excellences, not general in the world; and this sentiment in her mind no doubt made all the trouble she took a pleasure to her. This conviction arose from no protestations of affection on Diana's part; but simply from the fact of her beneficence, which otherwise no one could understand, not even her friends. She replied as best she could to those applications about Willie and Fanny, approving generally of what was being done, and sending a little present to make up for the deficiency in interest which she felt rather guilty about, but which no one suspected. "How you can be fond of so many commonplace people is a thing I don't understand," said Mrs Hunstanton, who came in while she was thus occupied. "I am not fond of them," said Diana, humbly. Her friend shook her head with undisguised impatience. She was rather shocked even by the idea. "You are either the most affectionate person in the world, or you are the greatest deceiver," she cried, in her non-comprehension, stung to warmer energy than usual by the sight of Mrs Norton and Sophy in the background, still examining the new mode.

"I am either a fool or a humbug: is that what you would say?"

"Not a humbug, perhaps, not a conscious humbug: a cynic, that is what it is. You despise everybody, therefore you can manage to be good to them. Look at that now! I would not put up with it for a moment—turning over all your things—making your very gowns common——"

This is a sort of desecration that goes to a woman's heart—to bring down her newest fashion to the common level—to copy in poor materials the very finest and newest cuts! "I could not away with it!" said Mrs Hunstanton, and she meant what she said.

Diana laughed, which was quite exasperating in the circumstances. "They like it," she said, "and it does me no harm. I am very glad to see Sophy looking so well——"

"My dear Diana, Sophy never looked the least ill, except in your anxious eyes. Well, I don't intend to say anything more about it; you chose to do it, and that is enough. Tom is as ridiculous as you are. He insists that I should take them everywhere, and introduce them to all the people we know. I allow that they are very good to Reginald—oh, very good. They actually make his life happier, and of course I am grateful. It is not that I dislike them or grudge anything I can do; but you, Diana, you! to waste so much affection upon two little selfish——"

"Unselfish, you mean."

"It comes to the same thing," said Mrs Hunstanton, in her fervour. "Oh yes, they are always giving in, thinking what you will like, and deferring to each other; and the result is that they have everything they wish, which, rich as you are and clever as you are, Diana, is more than could be said for you——"

"I have a great many things I like," said Diana, quietly; "no one

has more ; and I have my own way—you don't consider the blessedness of that. Above all things in the world, one likes one's own way."

"You have your own way by letting every one have theirs," said her friend. "What is Sophy about? Are you going to copy all Diana's things, one after the other? But you must allow for the difference of style: Diana's things will never suit you."

"Indeed Sophy is a great deal more sensible than to think she could be like Diana," said Mrs Norton, with dignity; "there is a great difference of style; and different people like different things," she added, oracularly, "some one, some another." Mrs Norton felt herself able to show fight with the backing up of Diana behind her, and even, with that moral support, felt strong enough slightly to undervalue Diana: a whimsical way, yet a very genuine one, of proving unbounded faith in her. For the moment indeed she had an easy victory, for Mrs Hunstanton was struck dumb by the audacious idea that Sophy's "style" should be identified in opposition to Diana's, and was silent against her will, finding no words at her command to say. And the others gathered up their presents, while the little scratch of Diana's pen was the only sound clearly audible. Sophy turned over her gloves half regretfully, half pleased. They were beautiful gloves—some of them twelve-buttons! which was wonderful—much better than she ever would have herself bought; but then the Tuscan gloves did very well, and if it had only occurred to Diana to bring her something more useful! "But how good of Diana to think of you at all!" Mrs Norton was whispering in her ear.

"I don't hear you talking," said Diana, "if it's out of consideration

for me, never mind. You don't disturb me, and my letters are almost done."

"You must go over all the sights," said Mrs Hunstanton; "my husband will give us no peace till you have seen everything. How pleased he will be to have a new person to take about! He will not spare you a single picture or a single chapel. He likes to do things thoroughly."

"But Diana must not do too much," said Mrs Norton, "after such a long journey. She must keep quite quiet for a day or two, and lie on the sofa. Indeed I should have the blinds down, if she would be guided by me. She must not try her nerves too much."

"Have I any nerves?" said Diana, laughing; "to lie on the sofa would make an end of me. But I don't think I am good for sight-seeing. It is quite enough at present to say when one wakes, This is Italy. Fancy being in Italy! What could one desire more?"

"But, dear Diana, that is nothing!" cried Sophy, great in her superior knowledge. "Wait till you have seen Pisa properly—oh, only wait a little! You don't know—you can't imagine how nice it is!"

Mrs Hunstanton cast a look of impatience upon this outburst of enthusiasm. She had put up with these little women good-humouredly enough hitherto, and had been rather grateful for their good offices in respect to Reginald; but Diana's presence made a change. Their little ways exasperated her as soon as their protectress and patron appeared on the scene. They were Diana's folly—they were the one thing unaccountable in her, at least the most prominent thing; and as soon as Mrs Hunstanton saw

that familiar smile of kindness on Diana's lip, she became censorious, critical, impatient, as when she was at home.

"There are much finer places in the world than Pisa," she said. "We need not raise Diana's expectations; but still there is something to see, and Mr Hunstanton——"

"Oh, but please, Diana, let Mr Pandolfini go too!" cried Sophy, irrepressible. "No one knows so well as he does; and he is so clever and so good-natured. He will take you everywhere. I never understood anything till he explained it. Oh please, Mrs Hunstanton, let Mr Pandolfini take Diana! He is the best."

"Sophy!" said her aunt in an undertone, raising a warning finger. "It is not that she does not appreciate dear Mr Hunstanton—he is always so kind; but Mr Pandolfini being a stranger——"

"Oh, I am not jealous for my husband," said Mrs Hunstanton, with a laugh.

Sophy did not appreciate either the warning or the displeasure. She babbled on about the sights she had seen, while Diana listened and admired. She knew a great deal more, and had seen a great deal more than Diana, not only the Cathedral and the Campo Santo, but an alabaster shop which Mr Pandolfini had told her was very good, and not so dear as some of the others; and where Sophy had bought the dearest little pair of oxen with a funny waggon, "just like what you see the peasants have," she said, with a sense of knowing all about it which was very pleasant. Diana put up her letters composedly, and let the girl run on. Mrs Hunstanton felt that she herself would have been quite *incapable of so much patience, and this made her still more an-*

*gry in spite of herself.* But she had made up her mind to stay them out, and got rid of them at last triumphantly, by reminding Sophy that there was choir-practice that afternoon at the Winthrops, who had "interested themselves very much" in the English service, and were very musical. This master-stroke left Mrs Hunstanton in possession of the field. She breathed a sigh of relief when they were gone.

"That little Sophy is beyond anything," she cried. "Why, she patronises you, Diana, for being foolish enough to send her to Italy when she had no more need to go——"

"Hush," said Diana, putting up a hand as if to close her friends' mouth; "but tell me, who is this Mr Pandolfini? Sophy does not seem able to talk of anything else. Poor child! has she come out here innocently to meet her fate?"

"Diana, don't be so ridiculous about that child; you make me so angry. You do nothing but encourage her in every kind of nonsense——"

"Is love nonsense?—and marrying? I thought you were always preaching their advantages."

"Ah, to you! that is a different thing altogether—except that there is no one half good enough for you. You! Yes, of course we shall all be too happy to see a Prince Consort."

"There will never be a Prince Consort," said Diana; "if you knew what it is to be free, after being under somebody's orders all your life!"

"But a good husband does not give you orders; only men in novels, so far as I can see, call upon their wives to obey them in that melodramatic way. If Tom were to do it, I cannot say I should be angry: it would be too

comical—I should laugh. Marriage is not slavery, Diana.”

“But if I don’t mean to try it, why should I? there are quantities of people in the world to marry and be married. It is no sin, is it? but rather a variety. Now, acknowledge that I am convenient now and then, from the mere fact that there is only one of me! But it is the whole duty of woman in Sophy’s case. To marry and to marry well—to get a kind good man, who will not object to her aunt. So I repeat, Who is Mr Pandolfini? To call her by such a big-sounding name would be very droll. But Italians are kind. Tell me who he is?”

“He is—well, he is not for Sophy, if that is what you mean. The ridiculous idea! Sophy—a little nobody, a blanche Miss! If you knew the man, you would laugh——”

“But you don’t laugh——”

“No; because men are such fools! and you never know what absurdity they may be guilty of when a girl has that little admiring manner, and looks up to them. Still, the Cavaliere has better taste—he has more sense. He might die

for you, Diana; but that little thing——”

“For me!” Diana laughed, but a faint colour came upon her face. “That means, I suppose, that a tall dark woman seems more in this hero’s way than a little light one? Let us hope that the law of contraries will bring them together. I should not like little Sophy to be disappointed—and her aunt.”

“You are really too absurd about Sophy and her aunt. Is a man to marry both of them? But he is *my* friend, and I can’t have him brought down to such a fate. If that is what you mean, Diana, it must be a stand-up fight between you and me. I shall not give in if I can help it; and I am sure he is not such a fool.”

“There is a wavering in your voice which sounds like alarm,” said Diana, laughing; “but I have no evil intentions in respect to your Mr Pandolfini. I shall not stand up and fight. If Sophy cannot do it for herself, I shall not interfere.”

“Sophy!” said Mrs Hunstanton, with vast disdain; but nevertheless there was a slight quaver in her voice.

#### CHAPTER V.—THE PALAZZO DEI SOGNI.

A great many things happened in the next few days. The first floor of the Palazzo dei Sogni, where the Hunstantons lived, being vacant, Diana was made by her friends to take it for the remainder of the season; and they brought her in triumph from her hotel, where indeed she had felt herself out of place, to the vast magnificent faded rooms, so bare and yet so noble, in which the Marchesi dei Sogni had vegetated for generations. There were few things left in them except mere furniture

which could be made money of; but the furniture itself would have gone long ago, had it not been for the more immediate advantage of letting the *piano nobile*, and the immediate disadvantage of buying other chairs and tables in modern taste. Accordingly, the beautiful rooms were still furnished as became them, with articles which, if not so old as the walls, had at least lived there for more than a century. And there was one Vandyke—indifferent the dealer said, but very splendid still &

in the private enjoyment of an English lodger,—a full-length of a melancholy dark Di Sogni of two hundred years ago, which threw still further dignity upon the lofty rooms, all opening upon one another, in which his ancestors had lived and died. Sophy and her aunt were overawed by the splendour of this presiding deity, yet ventured to suggest that a new drawing-room suite in blue satin would be “sweet,” and make everything look quite different—which no doubt was very true.

Diana, however, was entirely in her place in these rooms, and enjoyed them with that thrill of her being which she herself laughed at as a sign of superannuated youthfulness and romanticism, and which, to tell the truth, none of her friends comprehended at all. For, after-all, what was Italy more than any other place? A better climate, a good many things to see, and, as Sophy thought, delightful society, and many little parties, balls, and other gentle diversions which she had never before attained to. In their hearts they all thought Diana a little absurd. But at the same time it was very pleasant to have her there, and to get the advantage of her large rooms as it grew hotter, and of her carriage, in which Mrs Norton and Sophy went about everywhere. They had felt often that Mrs Hunstanton was not very hospitable in respect to her little carriage, which had only one horse, and no very great accommodation. “I suppose she thinks she cannot ask one of us without the other,” Mrs Norton had said; “but I am sure, as long as my darling had a drive now and then, I should not mind.” “If she would only have taken auntie sometimes—that is all *I should have cared for*,” said the aunt. *They were very unselfish,*

always preferring each other. But Diana’s carriage made everything smooth. When she went out, she had the chief seat; but when she did not go, Mrs Norton and Sophy were quite happy. Sometimes they would take pretty Mrs Winthrop, the American, and her little daughter, and then their airs of gentle patronage was delightful. They were very kind, always ready to be of use. “What were our blessings given to us for, but to be shared with others?” Mrs Norton would say; “I am sure dear Diana is of that opinion.” And no doubt there crept by degrees a certain confusion into her mind on the subject, and she ceased to be quite sure that dear Diana’s opinion on this subject was more important than her own. All this Mrs Hunstanton beheld with hostile eyes. She had no patience with Diana’s supineness. “You demoralise everybody,” she cried at last, wound up to desperation. “They were good enough little silly creatures, but now they are unendurable.” Was there perhaps a consciousness in her mind, behind this warmth of righteous indignation, that the additional importance which the two little ladies had taken upon them, and the carriage and Diana’s backing, had made a difference in their attentions to Reginald? If so, Mrs Hunstanton would no doubt have felt that she was quite right in finding fault with such selfishness, for had not they paid court to herself assiduously until such time as they needed her no longer? Mercenary little things, both aunt and niece!

No one, however, could shake Diana out of this supineness, or could drive her into a fiery round of sight-seeing such as her friends desired. She went out and walked, roaming about the sacred places,

making slow acquaintance with the things she wanted to see, spending the cool hours under the shadow of the Vandyke in these great cool melancholy rooms, sitting out in the balcony, where a faint waft of orange-blossom out of the nearest convent garden came upon the soft evening air. Fortunately there was a moon, which, so long as it lasted, whitening the *loggias* and high roofs of the tall houses on the other side of Arno, and casting a long silvery gleam along the course of the river between, pleased her more than anything. They said she was lazy, and they said she was sad; but Diana was no more sad than a nature finely touched is apt to be by moments everywhere, and she had more occupation every day than good Mr Hunstanton, who was the chief supporter of the lazy theory, got through in a week. It was only her friends, however, as so often happens, who found fault with her. The general community looked with profoundest admiration upon this beautiful young woman ("though not so very young," some people said), who was so rich, and in her own country such a great lady. Again, Diana had the advantage over a young Squire Trelawny of her own age and wealth. Much as that personage would naturally have been prized in an English colony, she was looked up to still more. She was so rich; she had so much power to give pleasure to others, and such goodwill to do it. And then to pay court to her injured no one's *amour propre*, neither that of man or woman. To want to marry her even, had it gone so far as that, would have been no shame to any one. She rose easily, without any effort of her own, into something of the same princess position which she held

at home. The English chaplain went to her at once, you may be sure, and got the largest subscription from her that had ever been known in the records of the church at Pisa. If she did not buy alabaster at Sophy's favourite shop, she bought better things, and befriended everybody, which was the best of all. On the ground of having been once poor herself, her sympathy for all who were poor went the length of absurdity, Mrs Hunstanton thought. And even Mrs Norton remonstrated gently. "We have no right to say so, but you must not be too good, Diana," she said. Diana was a puzzle to the people who were so familiar with her, who felt authorised to find fault with her, to lecture her, to point out a great many better ways of doing everything. Sophy, indeed, took upon herself to allow that perhaps dear Diana was a little eccentric. "But then she is so good! we all love her so!" cried the little girl, with a certain indulgence and patronage.

Diana was aware of all this, more or less. She knew that they were conscious of a mild superiority, even while they took everything, and a degree of importance above all, from her. But she only smiled; they meant no harm. It was nature. They could not bring out any more than was in them: they were good, if they were not wise. They meant no harm. And if her own little world was more puzzled than respectful, the outer world had a great respect for Diana. She was so rich! What a thing that is! And if it makes the homeliest persons interesting, how much more must it do for those who are not homely, who are interesting by gift of nature! Miss Trelawny was on everybody's lips—all the more, perhaps, that she did not driv

about constantly, as her companions wished, and show herself in everybody's eyes.

Thus the first week or two passed; and insensibly the little receptions of the Hunstantons began to take place down-stairs on Diana's floor. The rooms were so much handsomer; and what did it matter which of them it was that gave the simple refreshments required? Thus it was settled, though not without a little feeling on Mrs Hunstanton's part that she too was making use of Diana, as she objected to all the other people for doing. But then it was good for Diana to see people. Somehow the rustle and murmur of the little society acquired dignity in the loftier and more splendid rooms of the *piano nobile*, where the little coterie of the English Church party—the people who had choir-practice every week in Mrs Winthrop's rooms, and who flattered themselves that their "simple beautiful service" must be a revelation to any belated Italian who stumbled across the threshold of their chapel—could rub shoulders with worldly-minded travellers and with Italians *pur sang*, without either coterie coming in the way of the other. For Sophy's sake, there had even been a dance one evening in one of those fine rooms. Everything had widened and grown larger since Diana came. She neither danced nor did she join in the choir-practice; but all kinds of people came and bowed before her as she sat opposite the Vandyke.

One of those who ventured least to occupy her attention was Pandolfini, though he came with the rest, and never missed an occasion. Diana had noticed him a great deal on his first introduction to her. *She had, indeed, almost watched him; and he had been vaguely*

aware of the scrutiny, although quite at a loss to know why it was; but after a few days he had been conscious that it relaxed, and that Diana watched him no more. Had she heard something of him that interested her? He had done things in his day that might have interested a woman. He had conspired, as everybody had done in his time in Italy, and had fought for his country, and had got the usual reward of the disinterested. What did it matter? The country had been saved, and what was an individual in comparison? But the idea that this beautiful noble Englishwoman, the first sight of whom had so deeply touched his own imagination, should have heard of him, and should think him worthy of observation, went to Pandolfini's heart. Once more he felt the tears come into his eyes, and was ashamed and grieved at himself secretly, as a demonstrative Italian, how unlikely to please her in her national reticence! But yet she noticed him, kept an eye upon him when nobody observed but himself—alas! and in a few days gave it over, and noticed him, except as she noticed everybody, no more. Had Pandolfini known that this was merely for Sophy's sake, the little English *mees* of whom he had never thought twice, who was to him only a pretty child, a little nobody! It is well in this life that our knowledge of what other people think of us is happily so circumscribed.

But he did not know this, and as his secret pleasure had been great in seeing her attention turned towards him, so was it bitter to him now to find it withdrawn. She had heard good of him, which had interested her; and then she had heard something less good. This must be how it

was. The consequence was, that he had kept studiously away from Diana—at first in hope, thinking that she might perhaps turn to him, call him, make him feel that her interest in him was more than the common; and then, in fear and discouragement, searching the depths of his recollection to see what thing he could have done by which he could have been discredited in her eyes. This thought was appalling to him. Had he ever looked like a coward or a traitor? had he done anything of doubtful aspect, which could be told against him? or was some traitor at work behind-backs defaming him? He had made himself so sure at first that there was something which had specially attracted her attention to himself. And so there was, poor Pandolfini! But Diana had very soon found out that he was as innocent as a child of any thoughts of Sophy; and that the frank admiration and confidence of that little simpleton had not even affected his vanity. He was perfectly innocent and unaware of it. She was almost glad to make the discovery, though she could scarcely have told why; but it changed her interest in the grave Italian with his blue eyes. Why should she think more of him? Sophy was to be discouraged evidently in her too great appreciation of his kindness, and unless Diana kept him outside of her circle of acquaintance, it would be difficult to do this. So thus it happened that the intercourse between them was checked, and that he knew less of Diana than the newest and least notable member of the little society.

On one special evening, towards the middle of April, it happened at once that this distance became the object of remark, and that it

ceased to exist, almost at the same moment. Diana, in her usual seat opposite the great picture, had been left alone for the moment by the ebbing of the little crowd, most of her guests having strayed towards the next room, in which music was going on. Stranded in the same way, and quite alone, stood Pandolfini. He was in front of the portrait, holding up a book to the light, which fell full upon his face: and it was a remarkable face—no longer with the beauty of youth, but with that beauty of expression which comes with years. His dark hair, cut short à l'anglais, showed touches of white at the temples; his face was long, the oval but slightly sunken of the cheeks, the forehead white in comparison with the rest—and the eyes blue. Blue eyes in an Italian face are not like blue eyes anywhere else. There is a pathos and sweetness in the very colour, something of simplicity, poetry, almost childhood in the midst of the dark fervour and force of the rest. Mr and Mrs Hunstanton, standing together, as it happened, near the door which led into the music-room, remarked, at the same moment, these two left almost altogether alone.

"Can't they find anything to say to each other, I wonder?" said Mrs Hunstanton, - almost under her breath.

"I thought these two would have been friends," said her husband. "Why shouldn't they be friends? they ought to have taken to each other. Somebody must have prejudiced her against him. I have told her half-a-dozen times what a nice fellow he was; but she has never taken any notice. I am surprised at Diana—~~that~~ up such a prejudice—

"Why do you sup



a prejudice!" Mrs Hunstanton thought she knew why Diana did not care for their Italian friend.

"We must bring them together. I am determined to bring them together. Here is the very opportunity, and I'll do it at once. Music! what do I care for the music? Music is the greatest interruption—but only one must not say so—— Look here, Di——"

"Tom, for heaven's sake let them alone! They are beginning to talk of their own accord. Don't meddle, I tell you!" cried his wife, grasping him by the arm, and giving him an impatient shake. Mr Hunstanton was obedient for once in his life, and stopped when he was told.

"Well, I am glad they are taking a little notice of each other," he said; "not that they will ever get any further. A nice soft little creature like Sophy is the right person for such a fellow as Pandolfini."

"I think you are all out of your senses about Sophy," said Mrs Hunstanton, indignant.

"Well, well, let us see what is going on," said he, with all his usual energy, "in the next room."

While this colloquy was going on, Diana, raising her eyes by chance, had been suddenly caught by a resemblance, real or imaginary, between the portrait opposite to her and the man who stood immediately beneath. Having been once aroused, she looked again at Pandolfini, in whom she had taken a passing interest as the possible lover of Sophy, but whom she had ceased to notice for some time back. And he felt her eyes upon him, felt that she was at last looking at him fairly, *her interest awakened*—and his *heart began to beat*. He felt,

too, that they were alone, though the others were so near. It was the first time they had really been brought face to face.

"Mr Pandolfini," said Diana, at last, "I wonder if it is only a trick of the light or of my eyes, but I seem to see a resemblance between you and the Vandyke. Has it ever been noticed before?"

He turned to her instantly, with a smile which lighted up his face like a sunbeam—a sudden, sweet, ingratiating, Italian smile—trying hard to keep the tremulous eagerness of response down, and look as calm as she did. "I do not remember," he said, in his slow and elaborate English; "but it would not be wonderful. My mother was dei Sogni—of the house of the Dreams," he repeated, with some humour in his smile.

Diana was dazzled by the look he gave her. It is the only word to use. It was not the ordinary smile, but a lighting up of the whole man, face and soul. "Indeed!" she said, ashamed of the commonplace word. "Then I may believe I am right. I did not know there was any relationship, so it was clever on my part. But if you belong to the race, Mr Pandolfini, what poor intruders you must feel us all to be! Invaders, Goths, *Forestieri*—that means something like barbarians, does it not?"

"Perhaps—in the ancient days," he said; "but now it has another signification. What was that anecdote which finds itself in all your histories?—Anglorum, Angelorum."

"Ah, we are but a poor kind of angels nowadays," said Diana; "black often, not white, I fear; and when we rush over your beautiful places, and crowd your palaces—like this—you must be forbearing indeed, to think well of

us. I feel myself an interloper when I look at your ancestor: he is the master of the house, not I."

"That is—pardon me," said the Italian, "because the Signora Diana is of the house of the dreams too."

Diana looked up at him surprised. She was half offended too, with the idea of a certain presumption in the stranger who ventured to use her Christian name on such short acquaintance. But Pandolfini's anxious respectfulness was not to be doubted, and she remembered in time that it was the Italian custom. Besides, Diana was but human, and to be addressed in this tone of reverential devotion touched her somewhat. "You mean of the house of the dreamers, I suppose. I have nothing to say against it. I suppose it is true."

Then there was a momentary pause. Pandolfini, like other men, was absorbed and struck dumb, when the moment he had looked forward to, the moment when he could speak to her and recommend himself, really came. His mind was full of a hundred things, and yet he could not think of one to say.

"You have been pleased—with our Pisa," he said at last, with a sense, which made him hate himself, of the utter imbecility of the words.

"What shall I say?" Diana looked up at him with a smile. "I don't know. Something has happened to me; but I am not sure if you will understand my loss. Italy was a wonder and a mystery when I came here: and now it is a place to live in, just like another. Do you understand? I know, of course, it is nonsense."

"It is not non-sense—it is true-sense," said the Italian; and the blue in his eyes moistened. "I do know what you would say."

"Yes; everything that was impossible seemed as if it might be here. It was Italy, you know," said Diana, growing rapid and colloquial. "And now, yes, it is Italy—a place more beautiful than any other, but just a place like any other. It is very absurd, but I am disappointed. You must think me very foolish, I am sure."

"I think," said Pandolfini—and then he paused. "It is that I know the meaning of it. Did not I say the Signora Diana was *dei Sogni* too?"

#### CHAPTER VI.—NEW ARRIVALS.

After this "these two," as Mr Hunstanton called them, "got on," to make use also of his expression, very well. Pandolfini was very modest, and he was not in love as a boy of twenty falls in love. Men take the malady in different ways. His imagination had not rushed instantly to the point of marrying Diana, appropriating her, carrying her off, which is the first impulse of some kinds of love. Her appearance to him was like the appearance of a

new great star in the sky, dwindling and dimming all the rest, but at the same time expanding and glorifying the world, making a new world of it, lighting up everything both old and new with its light. Darkness and despondency would have covered the earth had that new glory of light suffered eclipse; but he had not yet realised the idea of transferring it to his own home, and making the serene sweet star into a domestic lamp. He was too humble, in the

beginning of the adoration by which he had been seized without any will of his own, to think of anything of the kind. He was so grateful to her for having come, for shining upon him, for not disappointing him or stepping down from her pedestal, but being what he had supposed her to be at the first glance. Women do not always do this, nor men either. Sometimes, very often it must be allowed, they not only come down from the pedestal on which we have placed them, but jump down, with harsh outbursts of laughter, spurning that elevation. But Diana lost no jot of her dignity to the imaginative Italian. Still and always she was *dei Sogni*, one of the dream-ladies, queens of earth and heaven. Sometimes her lavish liberality startled him in the habits of his poverty, for he was economical and careful as his race, not knowing what it was to be rich, and unfamiliar with the art of using money. Few of his delights had ever come in that way. He had been kind to his friends and to his inferiors in a different fashion, in the way of personal service, of tender sympathy, and the help one mind and heart can give to another; but it had never been in his power to lavish around him things which cost actual money as Diana did, and he was puzzled by her habits in this respect, and not quite sure, perhaps, that this was not a slight coming down from her high ideal position. But the fault, if fault it was, tended at least towards nobleness, for Diana's personal tastes were simple enough, notwithstanding a certain inclination towards magnificence, which did not displease him.

He watched her as narrowly as a *jealous husband*, though in a very *different sense*, to make quite sure

that she was everything he believed her to be. But Pandolfini was subtle as his race, notwithstanding that he was an Anglo-mane, and declared his enthusiasm for all the English virtues of openness, candour, and calm. He did not show his devotion as a blundering Englishman would have done. No one suspected him of his worship of Diana—no one—except two very acute observers, who made no communication to each other, but on the contrary avoided the subject—to wit, Diana herself and Mrs Hunstanton. As for Diana, she was unconscious as long as possible, and denied it stoutly to herself as long as possible; yet nevertheless had the fact conveyed to her in the very air, by minute and all but invisible indications which she would not admit but could not gainsay. And her friend divined, being his friend also, and a silent observer, the very reverse of her kind busy-body of a husband, to whom the idea that Pandolfini had any special admiration for Diana would have been simple food for laughter, neither less nor more.

Thus the course of events went on. When "these two" had a little talk together, Mr Hunstanton would chuckle and rub his hands with pleasure. "Yes, I think they are getting on a little better," he said. "Why they should not have taken to each other, is a thing I cannot comprehend. With so many things in common! But you see the Italian does not understand the Englishwoman, nor the Englishwoman the Italian. She is too independent for him; and he is too—too—too everything for her. The more they see of each other, the more they will respect each other; but there will never be any real understanding between them. A pity,

isn't it!—for there are not two better people in the world.”

“Dear Diana,” said Mrs Norton, to whom he was talking. “It is not that she has really any strong-mindedness about her: but there is no doubt that gentlemen always do prefer women to be dependent; they don't like a girl to say like Diana that she does not want assistance, that she can manage her affairs, and all that sort of thing. That is what I think is such a pity. Of course it would be a great deal better if there was a gentleman at the Chase to look after everything.”

“W—well,” said Mr Hunstanton: his land marched with the Chase, and there were matters in which it did not appear so very clear to him that a gentleman would be an advantage. “To be sure she never will give in to prosecuting poachers or that sort of thing, which is positive quixotism and folly.”

“And there are matters which a gentleman *must* understand so much the best.”

“W—well,” said Mr Hunstanton again. “Arguments don't answer, you see; it is not a thing that can be argued about. Natural propriety and all that, and abstract justice—and— Diana knows what to say for herself; but then the fact is, that this must be treated as a practical question. It don't bear argument. I'm glad to see them talking to each other a little; but it will never go beyond that.”

“Did you wish it to go beyond that?” said Mrs Norton, quickly.

“Who—I? Oh no, dear no; why should I wish it? Bless me! that was not what I was thinking of. I thought they might be friends. I like my friends to take to each other. Now, you appreci-

ate Pandolfini: why shouldn't Diana! that is all I say. But people are wrong-headed; the best people in the world are often the most wrong-headed,—even Pandolfini himself.”

“I have never seen anything that was not nice in Mr Pandolfini,” said Mrs Norton. “He has always been so good. How kind he has been to Sophy and me! Indeed you are all kind. I don't wonder at it so much among those who know my child's sterling qualities, though, I trust, I am always grateful. But when a man like Mr Pandolfini, who knows next to nothing of her, is equally kind, as kind as her oldest friend, why that, I must say, is remarkable. It shows such a kind nature—it must be so disinterested—”

“Disinterested?” said Mr Hunstanton. “Do you think that is the word? When a man, who is not an old man, pays attention to a pretty young girl—well, it may be very kind, and all that—but I don't think disinterested is the word I should use.”

“What could *we* do for him?” cried Mrs Norton. “You may say Diana, too; but then she knows us, and I hope she is fond of us; but Mr Pandolfini, what could we do for him? It must all be kindness—pure kindness—for we never can pay him back.”

“Aha! is that how it is?” said Mr Hunstanton to himself.

“Is that how what is?” she asked, a little sharply.

“Nothing, nothing, my dear lady—I meant nothing,” said Mr Hunstanton. “So that is how it is! I must say I thought as much. I generally can see through a millstone as well as another, when there is anything to be seen: and I allow that I thought it—so that is what is coming. Holloa! who is that at the other end of the

room?—the Snodgrasses, I should say, if there was anything in the world which could bring them to Pisa: the—Snodgrasses! I shall expect to see the parish march in next, in full order, in clean smock-frocks, farmers and ploughmen. Actually the Snodgrasses! if one can trust one's eyes. Excuse me, Mrs Norton, I must go and see. I hope the Hall has not been burnt down, and that there is nothing the matter with the children. I must go and see."

"The Snodgrasses!" Mrs Norton said under her breath, with something like consternation. She had once entertained a very high opinion of the Snodgrasses. They were the clergy of the parish, and she had a belief in the clergy, very natural to one who had herself belonged to that sacred caste. What had brought them here at this moment? Was it, could it, be a ridiculous pursuit of Diana, who, *of course*, had never thought of *them*? or was it anything else? She drew a little nearer to the door to hear what she could. The devotion of the Snodgrasses to Diana, the way in which they followed her about, the little speeches they made to her, had always been particularly offensive to Mrs Norton. It was on Diana's account, who could not fail to be annoyed, she said; but, indeed, Mrs Norton was more annoyed than Diana. And now here they were again, leaving the parish uncared for! How could they account to themselves for such a dereliction of duty? She would not approach the new-comers, or show any interest in them, on the highest moral grounds; but she crept towards them, talking to the people she found in her way, and gradually drawing nearer the door. *It was the Snodgrasses: there was no mistaking them, both*

in their long coats, with their long faces, black-haired and somewhat grim, as with the fatigue of a journey. They were not very comely to start with, and it was almost ludicrous, their critic thought, to see two men so like each other, and without even the excuse of being father and son! The rector was slimmer, the curate stouter; they had heavy eyebrows, and very dark complexions. Mr Snodgrass, senior, had a great deal to say, and was facetious in a clergymanly fashion. Mr Snodgrass, junior, was silent, and generally kept in the background when it was not necessary for him to act audience for his uncle's jokes. At the present moment, more abashed than usual by the strangers among whom he suddenly found himself, he stood in a corner, gazing at Diana, with a look which specially irritated Mrs Norton always, though it would have been difficult for her to have explained why.

"Who could have thought of seeing you here?" she said, as the rector came up to her with that expressive grasp of the hand which was one of his special gifts, and which everybody remarked as the very embodiment of cordiality and friendliness, a sort of modest embrace. He was not glad to see her particularly, nor she to see him; but if they had flown into each other's arms it could scarcely have been a warmer greeting than that silent clasping of hands, without even a "How d'ye do?" to impair its eloquence.

"Wonderful, isn't it?" he said; "but the truth is, dear Bill was not at all well. I can't tell what is the matter with him. But not well at all—quite out of work and out of heart——"

"Chest?" said Mrs Norton, solemnly.

"No, I don't think so. No—

thing organic they tell me. Only want of tone, want of energy. As Easter was over so early this year, and nothing particular going on, I thought I might as well carry out an old intention and come to Italy——"

"This is entirely a chest place," said Mrs Norton, still very serious. "I don't think it is supposed very good for other complaints."

"Ah, I don't think it will do dear Bill any harm," said the rector. "I could quite suppose I was in my own parish, looking round. Miss Trelawny is blooming as usual."

"Blooming is not the word I would apply to Diana, Mr Snodgrass; but she is very well."

"Ah, you were always rather a purist about language. Well, then, you must allow that your niece is blooming. I never saw Miss Sophy look so well."

"My niece has been very much appreciated here," said Mrs Norton. "She has found herself among people who understand her, and that is always an addition to one's happiness."

"Surely," said the rector, to whom the idea of Sophy as a person not understood by her surroundings was novel. He objected to Sophy and her aunt as "parasites," just as Sophy and her aunt objected to himself and his "dear Bill" as annoyances to Diana. "It is too bad," Mrs Norton cried, hurrying across to Mrs Hunstanton after this little encounter. "Diana hates these men—and she cannot get rid of them wherever she goes."

"Diana is a great deal too kind to everybody," said Mrs Hunstanton. "She has a way of concealing when she is bored which I call downright hypocrisy—but I don't see why she should hate them in particular, poor men!"

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"Look at that!" said Mrs Norton, with a certain vehemence. It was the curate whom she pointed out, and Pandolfini, who was by, profited also by the indication. He was standing straight up in a corner, poor curate, shy and frightened of the voluble groups about, among whom there were several Italians and a good deal of polyglot conversation. Mr William Snodgrass knew no language but his own, and was not very fluent even in that. He stood up very straight, as if he had been driven into the corner or was undergoing punishment there, and gazed over everybody's head, being very tall, at Diana. The very dulness of the gaze had something pathetic in it, like the adoration of a faithful dog. Neither for the strange people nor the new place had the poor curate any eyes. Mrs Hunstanton looked at him with familiar scorn, as a person well aware of his delusion, and treating it with the contempt it deserved—but Pandolfini gazed with very different feelings at his fellow-worshipper. Even while he smiled at the frightened look upon the poor fellow's countenance, and his evident dismayed avoidance of the strangers about, his dumb devotion touched the Italian's heart.

"It is Miss Trelawny upon whom his eyes fix themselves."

"Yes; he does nothing but stare at Diana—silly fellow! As if a woman like Diana, without thinking of her position, would ever look at him."

"Nevertheless," said Pandolfini, "to turn his eyes to the best, though it be without hope, is not that well?"

"It might be very well," said Mrs Norton, "if it were not such an annoyance to Diana. At home she cannot move for him—~~he is~~ always following her about

dog. And you know, Mr Pandolfini, if a woman were the best woman that ever lived, that is unworthy of a man."

"I do not know—no, that is not what I should say. When the person is Miss Trelawny, many things may be pardoned," said the Italian. He was so brown that an additional tint of colour scarcely showed on his face; but as his eyes turned from the curate to Diana, a subdued glow came over his countenance, and a light into his blue eyes. Mrs Hunstanton, who was a quick observer, caught him in the very act. She looked at him, and sudden perception awoke in her. And he felt it with that sensitiveness which is like an additional sense, and looked at her in her turn with a pathetic half smile, explaining the whole, though not a word was said. Mrs Hunstanton was touched: perhaps such a confidence, made without a word, by the eyes only, yet so frank and full of feeling, went more to her heart than if it had been accompanied by much effusion in words. But there was nothing said, and Mrs Norton remained pleasantly unaware of anything that had happened, and went on discoursing about the Snodgrasses, uncle and nephew, with quite as much unction as if both her companions had been giving her their entire attention, as indeed she believed them to do.

"In my dear husband's time," she said, "the clergy of a parish were never both absent even for a day. He would have been shocked beyond description at the idea. Do you think it can be right, Mr Pandolfini, for both the rector and the curate to be away together? If any one is sick, what is to become of them? and they are not even married, so as to have some one behind who could

look after the poor. Do you think it can be right under any circumstances?" And this anxious champion of justice fixed her eyes with an almost severe appeal on the Italian's face.

"Can I tell?" he answered, throwing up his hands and his shoulders with a characteristic gesture. "The curate never leaves his parish in my country. When he would have leisure, he takes it among the rest. A poor priest does not think of *villeggiatura*, what you call holidays. He is too poor——"

"But even the rector," said Mrs Norton, insisting. "Of course, if there is a very good curate—yes, yes, they are generally poor in England as well as in other places—a poor curate, that is what people are always saying; but even the rector. Of course, I forgot, I beg your pardon, your priests are never married, poor wretched men! What a bondage to put upon a man! don't you think so, Mr Pandolfini?"

He laughed; perhaps this little woman and her talk was a relief at the moment. He said: "I have my prejudices. Your English gentleman who is a curate, I do not know him. He is a clergyman: that is different. We may not judge one the other."

"I don't wish to judge any one; but surely, Mr Pandolfini, anything so unnatural——"

"Not always unnatural. Me! I do not marry myself."

"But you will one day," said Mrs Norton, decidedly. "Of course you will. Now, why should not you marry? I am sure you would be a great deal happier. Those who have not known what it is," said the little lady with a sigh, "cannot be expected to realise—ah! the difference between being alone in the world and having

some one to love you and care for you ! Since I lost my dear husband, how changed life has been ! Before that, I never did anything for myself ; he stood between me and every trouble——”

“ But in that way I think it would be better for a man not to have a wife,” cried Mrs Hunstanton. “ I daresay Mr Pandolfini does not want to take a woman on his shoulders, and do everything for her. Tom does not stand between me and every trouble, I can tell you. He pushes a good share of his on to my shoulders, and gives me many a tangled skein to untwist. I never try to persuade my friends to marry ; but you shouldn’t frighten them——”

“ I — frighten them ! ” Mrs Norton’s horror was too deep for words. “ I think it is time for us to say good night,” she resumed, with dignity. “ Will you look for my niece, Mr Pandolfini, while I speak a word to Diana ? I really cannot let my child be late to-night.”

“ So that is how it is ! ” Mrs Hunstanton said to herself : her husband had said the same, with an inward chuckle of satisfaction, and determination to “ help it on ” with all his might, not very long before ; but in a very different sense. The lady’s surprisal of poor Pandolfini’s secret, however, was of so delicate a kind that her conclusion was very different. She hoped that she might never be tempted to betray him ; and her sympathy was more despondent than hopeful.

For Diana—Diana, of all people in the world ! and yet Mrs Hunstanton said to herself, though she was not romantic, There is nothing that persevering devotion may not do. In the long-run, even the dull adoration of young Snodgrass might touch a woman’s heart—who could tell ? And Pandolfini was a very different person. Could anything be done for him ? As she turned this over in her mind, he passed her, fulfilling Mrs Norton’s commission, with Sophy, all pink and smiling, on his arm. Sophy was looking up in his face with that pretty air of trust and dependence which charms most men, but fills most women with hot indignation. Mrs Hunstanton, like many other ladies, believed devoutly that flat-tery of this description was irresistible, and was always excited to a certain ferocity by the sight of it. Little flirt, little humbug ! she said in her heart.

“ Do you see them ? ” said her husband, coming up to her, rubbing his hands ; “ the very thing I have always wished—a nice sweet clinging little thing, just the wife for Pandolfini. Why, Hetty——”

Mrs Hunstanton had a large fan in her hand. It was all she could do not to assail him with it in good sound earnest. “ Tom,” she cried, exasperated, “ hold your tongue, for heaven’s sake ! Don’t be a greater fool than you can help ! ”

Which was a very improper way for a wife to speak to her husband it must be allowed.



## ITALIAN POETS OF TO-DAY.

'FROM our Living Poets' is the unpretending title of a prettily bound and printed anthology selected from the works of recent Italian poets by Signorina Eugenia Levi of Florence. Being a collection intended as a gift-book for the "young person," the specimens are necessarily limited in scope and subject; but, notwithstanding this drawback—and it is one of some importance in a literature so outspoken as is the Italian—the book is valuable and interesting, especially to non-Italians, as calculated to give a just and wide bird's-eye view over the whole field of current modern Italian verse, and so initiate them into its tendencies, its dominant characteristics, of which too little is known outside the peninsula. With the revival of national life in Italy, with the accomplishment of political unity, a change inevitably fell over the written utterances of the people. Until then their literature had embodied their national aspirations and strivings,—embodied them, that is to say, as best it might and dared, being often forced to use, now cryptological methods of stating its real desires and aspirations, now the weapons of satire and sarcasm, to cover the deep emotions and bitter passions that surged beneath. There was, for example, Giusti, the poet who helped to rouse the people to a sense of self-respect, making them feel the full ignominy of calmly submitting to the stranger's yoke. "Ours," he says, speaking of his own day, "is the humble task of weeding the highways; yours" (addressing the younger men) "is to plant them with laurels and ~~us~~, under whose shadows the

generations which are springing up will march onwards." Berchet, who had slightly preceded him, had also taught in his poems to the youth of his day, that contemporary lyricism required not harp but bugles. The Italian political resurrection was certainly brought about as much, if not more, by verse as by arms. Garibaldi, a few years before his death, acknowledged this; and so did another great Italian patriot, a very different-natured man—the cold, profound, careful thinker, Camillo Cavour. He even nominated poets among his Ministers, and was not averse to seeing them elected deputies, even when their political convictions were opposed to his own; for he knew that your true poet is often a high-minded soul, and holds his opinions for truth's sake, and with such men it is better far to deal than with mere time-servers.

Some of the poets of that militant era which preceded the crowning of the glorious edifice of Italian unity with the breach of Porta Pia, when Italy took back to herself her own city, her historical capital—"Inalienable Rome"—have already been forgotten, overlooked, pressed out of everyday existence by the crowd of younger men hurrying upon their heels; others, again, have abandoned poetry for different, and we fear we must add more lucrative, careers, and among these must be placed Enrico Nencioni, the eminent critic, the profound Browning scholar, the writer who first made known the great Victorian poet to his Italian countrymen. Among those who did good yeoman's service in their day, the foremost place belongs to Vittorio

Bettoloni, whose work is of importance, if for no other reason than that it proved a strong stimulant to the poetic art, which had fallen into the slough of romanticism, that "literary scrofula," as Proudhon calls it, imported from France, which in Italy, apt ever to exaggerate any exterior manifestations, be it in art, fashion, or thought, had literally invaded the whole intellectual domain, and was luxuriating rampant and unchecked. Side by side, it is true, flourished another form of art, no less unreal however, no less bloodless, and this was that artificial school of pseudo-classicism, whose pictures and poems we of the younger generation have happily consigned to the limbo whence they should never have issued. Bettoloni entered on literature as the translator of Byron's 'Don Juan,' thus evincing that he had not yet utterly burnt his romantic ships behind him. He followed this with another translation, this time from the German of Robert Hamerling, 'Ashaverus in Rome,' that epic narrative revolt in which the modern spirit beats and pulses. Finally, he came forth as poet on his own account. His muse is, perhaps, a trifle commonplace and everyday in its expressions and inspirations; but this was inevitable, seeing it was intended as the expression of a reaction. But if it was not great in itself, and has been too much forgotten, it at least gave the impetus to those greater than himself to follow in the path of revolt he had indicated, and especially did it propel therein incomparably the greatest of all modern Italian poets, the giant among men, Giosuè Carducci, who himself wrote a preface to the last edition of Bettoloni's poems, issued in 1870, which forms a very digest of the poetry of the years preced-

ing that date, so notable to the whole of Europe.

Arrigo Boito is yet another of those who began with song and then drifted into other paths. The gifted composer of "Mefistofele," of which he wrote both music and words, the writer of the libretto of Verdi's "Othello" and Ponchielli's "Gioconda," began life as a writer of verse. The intimate friend of Emilio Praga, a species of Italian Baudelaire, he formed together with him and others a sort of Lombard Bohemia, men who had not wholly cast off the garb of romanticism, and believed that fantastic and vague expressions must necessarily hide deep and recondite thoughts. Boito, as his music has since proved, had above all pronounced Teutonic leanings, which would alone account for the fact that his poetry never became popular in its native land, which has no sympathy with nor liking for the introspective crepuscular phantasms of the north.

And here we touch a subject that cannot be enough insisted upon—that is to say, that geographical distinctions must never be lost sight of in speaking of modern Italians: their unity is too new, their atavistic sense of particularism too marked, to have become even partially obliterated within the space of the few years that have intervened since their liberation from the Austrian yoke. Some of these distinctions are very marked: thus among the Venetians, at whose head must be placed Praga, there dominates an expansive and brilliant note. Descendants of a people who made half the world their own, they do not dwell much upon the nature that surrounds them, with that tenacious exclusive love which is seen in the Sicilian poets, who repeat

every moment the name of their adored and lovely isle. The Lombards are more reflective than the Venetians, and inclined to give ear to the eternal plaint of humanity; they have pity and sympathy for the tears of others. The Piedmontese and the Ligurians, from whose soil, already united by common interests, there sprang all the four chief creators of *Italia risorta*, are more apt in their songs to give rein to a poetic fire that breathes of liberty, while also fondly attached to their native soil. The former never omit to sing the praises of their mountains, nor the latter of the lovely Tyrrhenian that laps their shores, and on whose bosom they found their grandeur and their liberty. Tuscans, Emilians, and Romans can be grouped together, because in all these three provinces there still survives, with much of its old vigour, the majestic Latin tradition, a tradition which we feel not only in their thoughts but also in their mode of expression. In Neapolitans there burns an extemporaneous fire and a tendency to emphasise the soft cadence of their dialect speech, both of which recall respectively the fierce dangers which lurk in the volcano that overshadows their city, and the exquisite dream-like beauty of its luxuriant coasts. The Sicilians, who in ancient times were distinguished for originating bucolic poetry, and who were never specially strong as philosophers, in their modern literary manifestations, and particularly in their verse, incline to philosophise concerning nature, and having continually under their eyes the sad spectacle of workmen condemned to labour hard in mine and field in return for wretched pay, *upraise cries that are almost anarchical in the force of their* *volt and indignation.*

It is this diversity of mode of thought, of manner of regarding the universe, that makes Italian poetry so attractive and so varied; for poetry more than prose is the expression of a person's or a nation's inmost individuality.

A pioneer, too, like Bettoloni was Enrico Nencioni, this time a man of central Italy, a native of Tuscany, while his above-named rivals were both born in northern provinces. Nencioni early became a member of that Tuscan circle who were known as *gli Amici Pedanti*, of which the poet Ohiarini was also a member. Both speedily proved that they too were among the ranks of those whom Bettoloni designs as going

"Fra baldanzosi e trepidi  
La nova presentita arte cercando."

Nencioni recognised speedily that his pedantic friends were in error in confining themselves to classic models, and it was he who first made them and the Italian reading world familiar with the writings of Tennyson, Swinburne, Shelley, and Walt Whitman, as singers of a more modern day, and worthy of study and imitation. Only one small volume of verse has Nencioni given to the world; his energies have since been swallowed up in teaching literature to the younger women of Tuscany, and in writing eloquent able critical articles for the reviews; for even poets must live, and, as we all know, it is rarely lucrative to mount the back of Pegasus. Nencioni's poetry is transfused with a poetic realism, an imaginative and human element, giving it a savour of its own. Very marked, especially in the descriptive passages, is the influence of the English poets he has so assiduously, so lovingly studied. His "Abandoned Garden" is distinctly a reminiscence of Hood's "Haunted

House." Some faint idea of his rich power of words, his mastery of expressions, may be gained from a perusal of his poem entitled "A Symphony of Beethoven." Alas that poetry, of all forms of literary art, is that which suffers most when passed through the alembic of another language! "The right word," as a writer in the 'Saturday Review' has justly observed, "is so much the essence of poetry, that all translations of poetry are more or less failures." Remembering this, we hesitate to lay before our readers a few translations from the writers of whom we speak. As equivalents for the poems they represent, failures they perchance be of use. Obviously, too, in a language so melodious as Italian, much of the charm must necessarily be lost with the sound: this point should especially not be lost sight of. After which preliminary deprecations, let us endeavour to give some faint conception of the character of Nencioni's muse, and see how he was inspired when listening to the majestic strains of Beethoven's genius.

"A SYMPHONY OF BEETHOVEN.

What have I seen and heard? Mourning and laughter,  
Loud cries of joy, of terror, desperate yells  
Of furious fight. The slow continual lap  
Of lakes against the shore, the solemn sound  
Of forests where the autumn tempests blow.  
The cattle-bells of Tyrolean mountains;  
The *chantered prayer in sacred aisles of Spain.*

Hark! now the silvery notes go ringing, blending  
Into the measure of the mazy dance  
Of white-robed girls along the flowery sward.  
Then comes the silence that precedes the storm,  
The vast wild whirlwind and the lashing sweep  
Of pouring rain; the thunder's awful voice,  
The rattle of the hail on roofs and windows.  
The silence sinks again; the storm is over,  
The sun shines out once more, the rainbow spans  
The face of heaven. But hark! a note of woe—  
Mournful, persistent. Who art thou that weepest?  
Art thou Desdemona? It was a dream.  
The world is full of roses, and Anacreon  
Sang but the truth. Fill up the goblet! Hail!  
The sky is full of light, and Iseult smiles."

Capuana and Fogazzaro are two poets who have since drifted into prose. A writer of some successful plays and some highly naturalistic novels, Capuana in his verse thoroughly justifies the characteristic that distinguishes the poetry of his native Sicilian Isle. He is, moreover, a spiritualist, and that in a land where the positive character of the people little inclines them to consider such vaporous speculations. Desirous to be an innovator, he wrote his poetry in a species of rhythmic prose. 'Semiritmi' was the title he himself gave to his volume, in which he expounds the ideas of the experimental philosophy with a patience worthy a German, meditating concerning the mysteries of that nature which surrounds us. Beyond question his curious art-form is derived from Walt Whitman, and, like Walt Whitman, he is often caught napping, and becomes heavy and tiresome; but when at his best, like his Amer

can prototype, he can be singularly happy. Here is a specimen of one of his rhymeless poems, which shows to perfection the dreamy *dolce far niente* sentiment which is considered to be so peculiarly the attribute of his countrymen. It must be always borne in mind, however, that much is lost in the sound. In the original, both the metre, such as it is, and the disposition of the words, corresponds most perfectly to the idea of the vague vacillating of the waves of unchecked thought.

"A WISH.

To dwell in an eternal  
Half-waking dream, to watch for ever,  
Through sleepy drooping lashes,  
A crowd of visions.

Landscapes, with soft mild sunshine,  
Light silent figures passing slowly by,  
With sound of songs and music  
Softened by distance.

To feel the smooth caresses  
Of fresh cool hands, to feel soft kisses  
From gentle, loving lips,  
Suavely tender.

And in the gentle sunshine,  
With those light figures passing silently  
To sound of softened music  
Veiled by the distance,

To dream of poems  
More lovely than the 'Iliad,' more noble  
Than tales of chivalry; to see in  
visions

New Parsifals, new Normas,

Seraphs, Madonnas  
Such as Angelico beheld not, ladies  
Smiling in pensive loveliness unknown  
To Leonardo.

Then in idea to fashion  
Prodigious bridges that would span the  
ocean,

Or mighty towers to build, whose very  
bases

Are kissed by cloudlets;

Or frame adventures  
Unknown to human minds, and enter-  
prises

Wherein the arm should prove invin-  
cible

As thought unfettered.

And in the gentle sunshine,  
With those light figures passing silently  
To that soft sound of music  
Veiled by the distance,

To ask myself for ever,  
Indolently, Is it indeed a vision?  
Is it reality? Behold the life  
I fain would live to all eternity."

Antonio Fogazzaro, idealist, poet, and romance-writer, is a literary pupil of the priest Zanello, an elder priest of the old type of *abbé*—that is to say, men who were not merely priests, but men in the best sense of the word; men who fought for the liberty of their land, who were patriots as well as good Catholics, who believed that progress could go hand in hand with dogma, liberty with faith, and Italy with the Church, neo-Guelphs who had inherited the ideas prevalent in the days of Dante—a type now rapidly growing extinct in the peninsula. That Fogazzaro has inherited much of his master's spirit and belief he has shown in his novels, notably in 'Daniele Cortis,' which strives to adumbrate the possibility of reconciliation between Church and State. His first novel in verse was perhaps a trifle sickly, a trifle lacking in force and virility; but in his shorter poems he evinces a delicacy of sentiment, a refinement of word, a purity of thought, that makes him *sui generis* among his contemporaries, all more or less touched by the current French realistic movement, while Fogazzaro would seem rather to have inspired himself by the German *Lieder* and ballad-writers of the early years of this century—men like the Swabians, Rückert and Uhland, with both of whom he has much mental affinity. This Venetian writer excels in what may be called imitative poetry. What charms in his short poems is the mysterious fascination,

which he knows how to communicate to his readers, that all the world of phantoms exerts upon him, and that mystic sense of communion with Nature and God, that desire that every feeling and hope should be irradiated by a light from above. Of all this, a poem called "Evening" is an example. It gives to those familiar with Italy an excellent simulation of the sound of those bells that ring at sunset, calling the worshipper to recite his *Ave Maria*.

"EVENING.

(*Bells of Oria.*)

The waning light glows in the west,  
The shadows of night come down;  
O Lord, from evil powers  
Keep mortals through these hours.  
Let us pray.

(*Bells of Osteno, on the shore.*)

We from the lake  
Our silence break,  
Deep voices wake;  
O Lord, from evil powers  
Keep mortals through these hours.  
Let us pray.

(*Bells of Furia.*)

We too—remote  
Amid the mountains lone,  
Call Thee, O Lord,  
From evil powers  
Keep mortals through dark hours.  
Let us pray.

(*Echoes of the valley.*)

Let us pray.

(*All the bells together.*)

Light lives and dies again,  
Of dawn and sunset what remain?  
All things, O Lord,  
Save the Eternal in this lower world  
Are vain.

(*Echoes of the valley.*)

Are vain.

(*Bells all together.*)

Let us pray, let us pray with tears  
From vale and marge and mountain,  
For the dead and for the living—  
For hidden crimes and griefs and tears.

*All the sorrow*

*That draws not nigh Thee;*

All the error  
That would deny Thee;  
All the love  
That swears not by Thee.  
Pity, Most Holy!

(*Echoes of the valley.*)

Most Holy!

(*All the bells.*)

Pray for those that are sleeping  
In holy ground,  
If their slumber profound  
Guilt or innocence be keeping,  
Mystery most holy,  
Thou knowest only.

(*Echoes of the valley.*)

Thou knowest only.

(*All the bells.*)

Pray for the sorrow  
Of all the wide world,  
All the living, the loving,  
The feeling, the mourning;  
Pray the Omnipotent  
That peace be sent  
To mountain and shore.  
And to the clanging bronze once more  
Let then be peace.

(*Echoes of the valley.*)

Peace."

In a collection of short tales called 'Fedele,' very masterpieces of their kind, there are interspersed a series of poems designated "Intermezzi," each inspired by some well-known piece of music, of which the tale is supposed to be the prose expression. One of these corresponds in measure and in meaning, so far as one person can interpret music for another, to the beautiful minuet in La of Boccherini. It is impossible, in reading the poem, not to remember another such masterly attempt to render music into words—that toccata of the Venetian Galuppi, which evoked Browning's fantastic little vision of a bygone time. Whether Fogazzaro knew this poem or no, we cannot say; but as an instance of sense created by sound it stands worthily beside it.

## "MINUET.

The date is the eighteenth century.

SCENE.—*A small, elegantly furnished cabinet on the ground-floor, between a crowded ball-room and an illuminated garden. A LADY with her CAVALIER are dancing the minuet.*

*Lady (dancing).* Although I smile, my heart within is sighing.

*Cavalier (dancing).* Although I smile, I know too well the last sweet hour is flying.

(*Bows.*) *Lady,* to thee I bow.

*Lady (curtseying).*

My lord, to thee I'm bending.

*Cav.* How sweetly with the sounds of joy the music's strains are blending !

[*They approach each other.*]

*Cav.* To-morrow's sun must see us part : I hold thee in my dreaming

Close to my heart, yield thee my soul, kiss thy sweet lips in seeming ;

Yet we must coldly smile, our eyes must meet with pleasure beaming.

*Lady (retiring).* Yes, we are happy. Look ! the lights, how brightly they are gleaming !

*Cav. (bows).* *Lady,* to thee I bow.

*Lady (curtseying).*

My lord, to thee I'm bending.

What icy malice in the trill the violins are sending !

[*They approach each other once more.*]

*Cav.* Fly with me—I adore you ; fly with me if you love me !

*Lady.* Ah ! speak not thus, provoke me not to brave the heav'n above me.

*Lady (retiring).* Gay is the music, yet at times it has a sound of weeping.

*Cav.* Gay is the music, yet my heart-strings crack as o'er them it goes sweeping.

(*Bows.*) *Lady,* to thee I bow.

*Lady (curtseying).*

My lord, to thee I'm bending.

Oh, look ! a winged crowd of masks comes gaily hither wending.

*Enter from the garden a MASQUE OF ZEPHYRS.*

*Zephyrs (singing).*

We are swift winds that fly through the day and the night,

Through the dark and the light,

Through tedium and bliss,

And wake in our flight

Loving hearts with a kiss,

Faithful servant of Love and his Mother each sprite.

If on lips full of love should a tremulous sigh

Grow timid and die ;

Should silence fall chill

When the loved one is nigh

On the voice that should thrill,

We wake passion to words and give Love liberty.

The treasures and charms of our kingdom so fair,

No dark veil should wear.

Nor should Prudence unkind

Ever dare

Our sweet spells to bind.

We are innocent children of sky and of air.

[*Exit MASQUE.*]

*Lady.* I heard my husband and my rival singing.

*Cav.* Strange chance. (*Aside.*) Who knows if help to my cause it be bringing.

(*Bows.*) *Lady,* to thee I bow.

*Lady (curtseying).*

My lord, to thee I'm bending.

Smile, for the Zephyrs now their aid are surely lending.

(*As they approach each other, she whispers.*) Oh yes, I'll fly with thee. I swear to leave thee never.

*My love ! I'm thine, I'm thine alone ; I love thee now and ever.*

(*Draws back curtseying.*) *My lord,* to thee I bow.

*Cav. (bows).*

*Lady,* to thee I'm bending.

ark ! what a trill of joy the violin gives in ending !"

Giuseppe Chiarini, a Tuscan, a critic and a journalist, has written poems that reflect too much a *parti pris*, a desire to introduce into the Italian Parnassus the note of domesticity which it lacks, and which De Amicis, another poet rather by reflection than by the grace of God, has also striven to render. In his volume, 'La crime,' there are, however, some poems that have been deeply felt, where strong touches prevail.

\* The mention of his name leads us to that of his youthful comrade, Giosuè Carducci, unquestionably the greatest poet Italy now boasts—a poet who would be held great in any land, towering, as he does, a head and shoulders above his fellows. In the limits of space at our command, it is not possible to do even pale justice to this great thinker and great artist, the most perfect expression of that Latin character which has never died out in Italy. In him there lives again the old national soul, which is pagan in its fundamental substance, and which has never been but lightly fettered by romantic and Christian traditions. The feelings which the foreign invaders of Italy have tried for centuries to crush out, Carducci, as his nation's true poet and prophet, makes it his mission to restore to them. The issue of a family that had given a *gonfaloniere* to Florence, Carducci represents in himself and in his work an epitome of Italian history and Italian thought. Like our own Browning, he is not a popular poet; like Browning, he has had to form his public, to teach them how to read his art; like Browning, he is often obscure and learned; and, like Browning, his thoughts are not comprehensible to those who like to run as they read. Inspired by Horace,

Shelley, and Victor Hugo, he is the poet, in the truest sense of the word, of his native land—its *vates*, who sees further and more clearly than those who surround him. To him poetry is a mission, a thing essentially sacred and holy. How proudly he rejoices to think that he escaped becoming the poet-laureate of public opinion. That he has also his moments of depression is shown by the following extract, in which he gauges the temper in which Italy of the present day looks on poetry. The passage occurs in the Preface to a volume called 'Levia Gravia':—

"I firmly believe that in the Italy of to-day it is not fitting that any one who wishes to keep the reputation he has obtained as a studious man and serious person should ever write. If he cannot abstain from blackening his fingers with ink, on pretext of illumining or diverting the world, let him write, if he will, bad romances and worse dramas, but verses—no. If the unhappy man is obstinately given to that tiresome game of patience which consists in confining a given number of words within the space of a given number of lines; if by reason of a certain form of intellectual St Vitus's dance he is condemned to think in those leaps and springs which go by the name of strophes, let him not make himself a spectacle to the public, let him write for his friends and his servant-woman, or for the purpose of scaring away his creditors; because—let educated young men carefully observe—to make verse in Italy is an abject vocation and a base and cowardly trade. . . . The Italian people may be said to have genius for the plastic arts, perhaps also a passion for music; but before poetry, before the disinterested art of delineating superior or interior phantasms symmetrically in pure and harmonious words, the Italian people, practical, positive, Machiavelian, aiming, even in their moments of warmest expansion, with cold determination at the immediately and materially en-



joyable and useful, remain icy, immovable."

We may note that the great professor has had the best opportunities of judging of the tendency of his country and his time. So speaks he in the strong, terse, harmonious prose he wields as perfectly as he does the metrical speech. Now let us hear him in his verse—verse, however, even more untranslatable, because of its very concision, than poetry must always be. The following is the leave-taking with which he concludes a recent volume of verse, simply entitled '*Rime Nuove*':—

"I'ENVOL

Know, O thou vulgar fool,  
The poet is no tool  
Who in low guise doth use  
At alien boards to eat,  
And, where rude lackeys meet,  
Sing lewd and careless songs, and carry  
news.

No dreamer is he, haunting  
The moonlit grove; and chanting  
With wide eyes on the sky—  
Gazing where angels and where  
swallows fly,  
Unheeding of the snares around his feet  
that lie.

No gardener is he, sowing  
Beside life's path, and hoeing,  
Digging, and training flowers  
In wreaths for ladies' bowers,  
Or cabbages, for sale in winter, growing.

The poet is a worker bold and free,  
Who to his mystery  
Brings muscles steely, strong,  
Broad breast and brawny arm,  
Bright eye with feeling warm.

He, when the waking song  
Of the swift joyous bird  
At earliest dawn is heard  
Along the hills,  
Wakes, with the bellows' sweep,  
Fire from its mighty sleep.

And the flame fills,  
With rushing spark and glow,  
The furnace. To and fro  
It flashes, rosy-red,  
Sinking and soaring,  
Hissing and roaring.

He from its bed  
Draws to the light  
The metal hot and white—  
What shall it be?  
God knows—not he.

Into the fire he flings  
Earth's precious things:  
Love, thought, and fantasy,  
Passion and glory,  
Memories of ancient story,  
The Future with the Past:

All these are cast  
Into the seething fire.  
Then with an iron grip  
Clasping his strong steel clip,  
Out of the flame so dire  
He draws them all;

Sings, clear as wild bird's call,  
And welds them into one.  
Up comes the rising sun  
Gilding his brow.  
He beats the metal now:

Strikes, and for liberty  
Sharp swords we see,  
And shields of strength for power,  
And crowns of victory  
For glory's brightest hour,  
Bright diadems,

Precious as purest gems,  
For loveliness to wear.  
Shrines for the hearths of home,  
Altar for sacred dome,  
And goblet rare  
For banquet and for feast.

And for himself? One ray  
Of purest gold he frames,  
And toward the glowing east  
Where the sun flames  
Flings it away.  
Looks where it went,  
And sees it rise and shine, and is  
content."<sup>1</sup>

Yet one more specimen of his  
poet's art, one of his rhymeless

<sup>1</sup> We append yet another version of this magnificent poem, made by Miss

"Odi Barbare," and we must perforce turn away from this great poet to reconsider once more his minor brethren.

"THE SNOWSTORM.

Slow falls the snow from the grey  
heaven, no cry  
Or sound of life arises from the city.

No cries of vendors, and no sound of  
waggons,  
No song hilarious of youth or love.

From the tall tower sound the passing  
hours,  
Singing and groaning from their  
upper world.

The wandering birds peck at the win-  
dow-pane,  
Spirits they are of friends who call  
to me.

Soon, dear ones, soon. Thou calmed,  
unquiet heart,  
Shalt go down into silence and shalt  
rest."

Arabella Shore. Between the two it is possible to gather some notion of the force and beauty of the original.

"L'ENVOI.

Foolish crowd! Apollo's son  
Is not one  
Who to other tables led  
By his base and greedy wishes  
Carries dishes,  
From the cupboard steals the bread.  
Nor an idle loiterer, he  
Pryingly  
Into every corner follows  
Whom he sees, and, nose in air,  
Turns his stare  
From the angels to the swallows.  
Nor, a petty gardener, spreads  
On life's beds  
Refuse stuff; and cauliflowers  
From it for the gentry grows,  
In due rows  
Violets for the ladies' bowers.  
No; he is a craftsman strong  
In his song.  
Thews of steel he has, and high  
Bears his head, with neck robust  
And bared bust,  
Sinewy arm and blithesome eye.  
Scarce the pious, joyous bird  
Hath been heard  
Laughing where the morning breaks,  
Ho his furnace seeks, and fast  
Bellows' blast  
Flame and glee and toil awakes.  
For the flame then creeps and glows,  
Sparkles throws,  
Reddens as it boldly plays;  
Then it hisses, then it roars,  
Then it soars,  
Crackling in a mighty blaze.

With Carducci there has begun for Italy a new bent in poetry, and this not because all those who follow him have directly or indirectly imitated him, but because all of them owe something, consciously or unconsciously, to his influence. After Carducci, the most poetic poet of modern Italy, is Gabriele d'Annunzio, the hot-headed, passionate son of the Abruzzi, who at fifteen, inspired to fever-heat by the odes of the Bolognese poet, set himself to rhyme and write, and produced prose and poetry which excited on their first appearance both interest and scandal—interest for their originality, and scandal for their unveiled outspokenness. Both in prose and verse D'Annunzio is an elaborate artist, polishing his style to the highest extreme of perfection. He is, in brief, an

Unto what shall all this grow?

God may know,  
Who on the great craftsman smiles—  
Elements of love and thought  
He has brought,  
And upon the furnace piles.

And his fathers' deeds and glories  
In old stories,  
And the strokes by heroes dealt,  
All the Future and the Past  
He hath cast  
In the glowing mass to melt.

Grasps it, then, with hammer blows  
And great throes,  
Works it on the anvil; now  
Smites and sings, while sunbeams high  
In the sky  
Gild the rugged toil and brow.

Smites, and lo! for Freedom's uses  
Swords produces;  
Mighty massive shields are there,  
For heroic names and fames;  
Wreaths he frames,  
Diadems for beauty's hair.

Still he smites, and sculptured shrines  
He designs  
For the household god and priest—  
Tripods shapes and altars fair,  
And most rare  
Gems and vases for the feast.

I, poor struggler in the craft,  
A gold shaft  
Make, and bid it sunward soar;  
Watch it glittering in the ether,  
Watch, am glad, and seek no more."

Italian Flaubert. His novels and tales unfortunately, however, though written like Flaubert's, are inspired by a spirit even more objectionable than that of Zola, a temper delighting in elaborate descriptions of the most hideous and distressing objects and actions. No Bowdlerising could make them even possible in English; that downright and outspoken language in which *sus-entendus* are not possible. But as time passes and the young poet matures, there is a marked tendency to be less sensual and more truly lyric and refined. Every new publication shows an increase of strength and deepening of thought. For sheer power of musical disposition of words, as well as in mental bias, D'Annunzio has many points of analogy with Swinburne. Like Swinburne, he evokes melody from rhythmically placed words; and of the sea he is no less enamoured than Swinburne and Richepin. His "Madrigali" are chiselled with exquisite ability; his "Vecchi Pastelli" truly wonderful in their plastic power, their richness of colour, recalling now the melancholy landscapes and marines of Ruysdael, now the rich, voluptuous southern scene-pictures of Michetti, the great Abruzzi artist, to whom he is cousin, and with whom artistically he has great affinity. Here is a poem characteristic of his minute observation of nature:—

"THE WANING MOON.

O sickle of the waning moon  
Shining upon the watery desert,  
O silver sickle, what a countless  
harvest  
Of dreams is waving for thee here  
below !  
Quick fluttering breath of leaves,  
Of flowers, of streamlets, from the  
forest

Exhales towards the sea ; no cry, no  
singing,  
No sound of life breaks into the vast  
silence.

Oppressed with love, with pleasure,  
The living world is sinking into slumber.

O waning sickle, what a countless  
harvest

Of dreams is waving for thee here  
below !"

Exquisite, too, is a sonnet to the  
olives, "the faint, grey olive-  
trees," as Browning calls them:—

"TO THE OLIVE.

Olives ! ye sacred trees, ye that intent,  
Standing in the broad noon's terrific  
glare,

Hear the sea's voice, who hear the  
message sent

By the deep glow of the far firmament.

Ye sacred olives ! listen to our prayer,  
The prayer of man ! O listen, trees  
most fair,

Palladia Munera ! ye than the vine  
More sacred ; than the harvest more  
divine.

O noble trees ! give me the peace ye  
know,

Into my heart your wondrous peace  
inspire.

Sacred trees, olives ! garland of the  
hills

Rising into the azure ever higher ;  
Gazing on you, I think of long ago,  
Pallas Athene all my memory thrills."

While Carducci and his school, if school it may be called, were carrying all before them, an attempt was made on the part of a small faction to resist and combat what they were pleased to designate as the "Bologna school of poetry," and to place upon a pedestal another school and another leader. Mario Rapisardi, a Sicilian, was the man chosen for this post, for he had made himself heard by a series of long narrative and philosophical poems, of which "Lucifero" and "Giobbe" created much talk,—the former because of

the mordant personal allusions that were scattered through its pages, and for its mocking and anti-religious character; the latter because of the parodies of it that rained from the press even before its publication. Commencing life as a believer, a monarchist, and a writer of religious verse, Rapisardi developed into a pugnacious rationalist and socialist. His later writings are Lucretian in their bias, and for this cause alone are antiquated, even were not their style and character of a class for which the taste has long gone by. The ideas, too, of "*De Rerum Natura*" are not those of our Darwinian nineteenth century. Still, notwithstanding his tedious lengthiness, his frequent lapses into verbose and hollow declamation, Rapisardi is not without merits, and is capable at times of real lyrical expansions and delicate expressions. He is perchance too much despised and neglected; but who has time in this century of hurry to read a long octavo volume of verse full of ideas of revolt against the supreme tyranny, in an epoch where we all recognise the reign of law?

One of the most pungent of Rapisardi's satirists was Olindo Guerrini, the Bolognese professor—better known under his pseudonym of Lorenzo Stecchetti—gifted with a singular power of melodious speech, a pure artistic sense of form, a bitter Heineian humour. Indeed some of his poems appear almost direct imitations of the German poet, whose influence on the younger Italian poets has been strongly marked, while others recall "*Les Fleurs de Mal*." Two volumes, published as the posthumous works of a dead author, Lorenzo Stecchetti, excited instant favour and interest, and ran through a great number of

editions. Their eminently melodious character caused them to be greedily seized on by musical composers, and Paolo Tosti in particular has wedded them as indelibly to his music as Heine's words are wedded to those of Schumann. An amusing anecdote is told with regard to the following verses:—

"Flower of the hedgerow, in the  
shadow growing,  
Poor little unknown flower.  
Like my love, spent on one that's all  
unknown,  
Like my love, in an hour  
Flung to the winds, oh vain and hopeless  
sowing!  
Dying where shadows ever droop  
and lower,  
Where no hope smiles and no sun  
shines above,  
So my love dies unknown. O my lost  
love!"

Like many another writer, the poet who indited these lines was tormented by entreaties for autographs. One day he received from different quarters no less than six albums, with requests for "some little thing of your own, you know." He calmly copied the above little thing in each, and sent them back. Let us hope that he has been less tormented since, though perhaps it is too much to expect, considering the ways of autograph-hunters. In any case each applicant received a little gem of verse. The following song is among those set to music by Tosti:—

"In autumn when the dead leaves fall  
in showers,  
And thou beside my cross shalt come  
to weep,  
Covered all over with innumerable  
flowers  
Thou'lt find the corner where I lie  
asleep.  
Gather those blossoms for thy sunny  
hair,  
They grew from out my heart, for  
thee to wear;

They are the songs I dreamed all  
silently—  
The words of love I never said to  
thee."

Graceful is this inscription for  
a stone:—

"You who together climb this verdant  
hill

Toward the shade moving,  
Where in the thicket springs the  
fountain chill—

Ye loved and loving

Have pity on me! By the path alone  
I stay, for ever.

Sad was my fate. No sadder e'er was  
known,  
For I loved never."

The magic of form is no doubt  
lost in translating the following,  
but not so its pathos, no less  
pathetic that this is of a more  
everyday character:—

"I hear an organ in the street below,  
My window's open, and the evening  
breeze

With gentle message from the Spring  
doth blow

Into my little chamber, through the  
trees.

I know now why my eyes are filled  
with tears;

I know now why my knees shake as  
with fears;

But I bow down my head upon my  
hand,

And think of thee, in that far-distant  
land."

Very delicate in feeling is the  
following snatch of song:—

"Along the slope of yonder hill we  
went

Through the still air of evening,  
damp and soft.

From new-ploughed earth arose the  
sharp sweet scent;

The cricket shrilled below in the  
dark croft.

Thy dovelike eyes, as if in silent  
prayer,

*Were lifted to the stars so still and  
fair*

And I, who read thine inmost thought  
unspoken,  
Loved thee for that sweet silence left  
unbroken."

Influenced beyond question by  
Stecchetti's Heineism, yet thor-  
oughly Italian in feeling and  
stamp, are these pretty verses  
by Ersilio Bicci of Florence, called  
"Spite":—

"If I go by her window singing,  
'Tis not for her I sing;

If jealousy her heart be wringing,  
I care not for anything.

If she should hear in any song of mine  
A note of woe,

'Tis not for her: I to sad songs incline  
Because they please me so.

If they should tell her I am thin and  
pale,

It is the weather makes me weak and  
frail.

If they should tell her that I long to  
die,

What's that to her? I'm not her  
lover—I.

And yet with Gigi should I meet her,  
know,

She to the grave, I to the galleys go."

Pasquale Papa, yet another Flor-  
entine, is also of this school, which  
has taken great hold of Italian  
imagination. He sings:—

"I've made a little coffer, all of gold,  
To hide my love away;  
And chiselled on its sides a tale is told,  
How a knight loved a fay.

He, through dark forests for a hundred  
years

Sought her in vain,

And one sad night, worn out with sighs  
and tears,

Died of that pain.

Then she whose sternness reft his life  
away,

Came full of pity, when too late to  
save,

And laid him in his grave."

Somewhat in the same style, too,  
is this by Marianna Giarre Billi of  
Florence:—

"BETTER ALONE THAN IN BAD  
COMPANY.

Go! never, never let me see thee more,  
In thine eyes falsehood's self is writ-  
ten plain;

Look for another lady to adore,  
I shall not tremble, though thou love  
again.

Thy treachery will never leave me  
poor,

Fairer than thou I'll find a hundred  
men;

And if I find them not, I shall not go  
As others do, to seek them; for I know  
That when Love comes, from out the  
loving heart

Pleasure and Peace do evermore de-  
part.

If in this world I needs must wretched  
be,

'Better alone than in bad company.'

Go, get thee gone! into the distance fly  
As far as e'en my wandering thoughts  
could go;

Between us put wide plains and moun-  
tains high,

To sunder us let the great ocean flow.  
Think not a throne could now my par-  
don buy;

When I was thine, thou shouldst  
have kept me so.

When I was thine, God knows I loved  
thee well,

How well I loved thee let my misery  
tell:

I shall not change nor ever love again,  
I loved thee, and thou gav'st me only  
pain.

Alas that I should so deserted be!

'Better alone than in bad company.'"

A great success in the same  
Heine strain was achieved last year  
by the young poetess Annie Vi-  
vanti, whom the English have half  
a right to claim—although in one  
of her poems she almost virulently  
attacks this country, and fails to  
recognise even the world-famous  
beauty of its women—for she was  
born in London, though, it is true,  
of Milanese parents. Ushered into  
the world under the ægis of a pre-  
face by Carducci, her verse at once  
attracted much notice. Her poems  
certainly reveal both feeling and

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melody; but at times the note is  
false and strained, and pervaded  
by a prurient tone which offends,  
particularly as coming from a  
woman, and a young woman. The  
following poem shows strength,  
though its rapid transitions, of  
course, suggest the inspiration of  
Heine:—

"ON THE ATLANTIC.

Rages the sea in tempest; and the  
wind

Lifts up the furious waves into the  
sky;

Before it all the clouds of heaven fly,  
Fly as they were with terror deaf and  
blind

In heavy troops, black, swift, and  
infinite.

In vain the eye would seek relief to  
find

Some calm retreat 'mid all the furious  
sweep

Wherein the wild waves spring, and  
break, and leap,

And roll, as they the helpless bark  
would grind

To ruin in their depths immeasurable.

To right, to left, around us, all around  
The water swells, then sinks into the  
gloom,

Towering before us like a boundless  
tomb.

What cries! what roaring round us!  
All around

The waters whirl in endless vortices.

Upright upon the prow I gazing stand,  
I think of my far home, I think of  
thee

Silent and moveless in mine agony.

With stirless eye, and clenched and  
burning hand,

I look into the deep love in my heart.

O sea! O raging sea, how small thou  
art!"

Truly feminine in nature, tender,  
melodious, are these lines to a dead  
girl:—

"'Mid oaths and blows and pain she  
grew to girlhood,

This child so timid and so slender;

She died at twenty, innocent and gentle,

A martyr weak and tender.

Now the white flowers of heaven the  
 small hands gather,  
 The hands that were on earth so  
 weak and weary,  
 And o'er the star-strewn plains the  
 white feet wander,  
 That trod on earth a road so rough  
 and dreary.

The angels bow before the gentle vision,  
 The golden light her humble forehead  
 blesses,  
 Shining upon the mild and pallid sweet-  
 ness

Of those calm lips that here knew no  
 caresses."

The poets we have quoted above are obviously among the minor lights; but we have selected purposely also from these, in order to give a wide and just view over the modern Italian Parnassus. Of the same class, but stronger and greater, is Enrico Panzacchi of Bologna, often compared to François Coppée, with whom for harmony and graceful execution he has affinity. Panzacchi confesses frankly that he often only seeks to give his readers a musical sensation, and for this cause his works, as might be expected, have been despoiled by composers. His verses flow on smoothly and elegantly, like the music of Mendelssohn. Graceful and touching, we scarcely know why, is this fable:—

"King Robert, wounded in old days of  
 war,

Passed sleepless nights, ah, cruel  
 misery!  
 The wise men came to him from near  
 and far,  
 They tried all means, but sleepless  
 still was he.

One day his lady-love her visions told—  
 Her radiant dreams of love. She  
 told them all;  
 The telling left her young heart sad  
 and cold,  
 But the king, dreaming, felt his  
 eyelids fall.

*He sank to rest, his ears with music  
 ringing;*

Lulled by that sacrifice, the old king  
 slept.

Without the little birds were softly  
 singing,  
 The king slept on—the lady waked  
 and wept."

The following sonnet is addressed to Giovanni Marradi. The poet remonstrates with his friend for his tendency towards the prevailing melancholy of the present day:—

"What does it profit us to seek, O  
 friend,

The secret of man's doubtful fate? to  
 mourn

The years that pass, the days that have  
 no end,

Hiding the fruitful earth with veil  
 forlorn?

Remember Guenivere and Iseult, wend  
 Thy way where 'mid the pines the  
 streams are born.

Think of old fights, when knights and  
 kings did spend

Their blood for glory, and such mus-  
 ing scorn.

Drink all thy fill of singing. Gather  
 flowers,

Eat of the fruit that by thy path  
 doth grow,

Live thine own life, nor count the  
 leaves that fall.

Poet! the word is worth thy highest  
 powers,

The word divine. And bliss must  
 ever flow

From Beauty perfected—and Verse is  
 All."

To this sonnet the other, speaking the language of his generation, replies:—

"Verse is not all, O poet! unless she  
 fly

Upon the wings of noble thought,  
 and bear

The perfume of the soul into the air  
 Drawn from the spirit's depths, eternally.

In vain the singer drinks Song's river  
 dry

Unless the sound of this world's life  
 he hear,

Asoetic worshipper of Beauty, where  
She dwells alone in faultless purity.

Gautier has chiselled miracles of art,  
Immortal rhymes upon eternal stone,  
Perfect they are, as stainless Alpine snow.

But oh, how calm, how distant, how  
apart!

Serene as moonlight on the mountains lone,  
Cold as the glacier's arrested flow."

Marradi has a distinct physiognomy. His dominant note may be said to be of a landscape character, a sentiment for nature in its relations to the human soul. This is new, for hitherto Italians, like their Roman forebears, have rather neglected nature. They have in it no keen delight, like northern minds; both in their painted and their written art this feature is lacking or relegated to the background. After Dante there was no one who sang nature until Leopardi arose. He recalled his people to look at the beauties that surround them. After him nature has been more sung, but by none as much as by Marradi, who gives it a foremost place. Yet even so, his descriptions are more musical than picturesque; he has an acuter sense of rhyme and melody than of colour and form. This landscape-poet, if we may so speak in defiance of Lessing's canon, is at times exceedingly happy in his use of epithets which combine sentiment with sense. It is clear that he loves nature, and observes it and penetrates it with filial admiration; but his method is entirely modern: it is not that antique serene eurythmy in its happy equilibrium of feeling and sentiment. We moderns are too saddened with the suffering of ages; when we study our fellow-man we can no longer do so objectively, we cannot disassociate him from the presence

and influence of the natural objects that surround him, and to which he is bound by innumerable ties. Happily Marradi never abuses in this direction. Though he has distinctly marked this touch of modernity, his landscapes do not suffocate his personages, as is the case in certain recent examples of French literature. He is an optimist, as every true lover of nature has been in all ages, all climes, and all times, from ancient Homer to our own Wordsworth and Mrs Browning. The Obermanns, the Amiels, are sick, and it is themselves they see reflected in nature, not Nature herself. There is something of Lamartine about Marradi, and with D'Annunzio he shares a love for the sea, so often neglected in Italian verse, though the element is so bound up with the peninsula. The following poem by this poet shows that he does not shrink from setting to music the "sounds of this world's life":—

"THE PIERCING OF THE APENNINE.

The sky darkens over the waves of the  
Rhine,  
And the train, from the last of the  
light,  
Deep under the Tuscan Apennine  
Plunges into the gloom of the night.

Aroused by the sound of its devilish  
scream,  
Awake all the forests around;  
It breaks through their slumber, it  
shatters their dream,  
Where they stand, spectral, awful,  
profound.

What new creature is this, with its  
voice and its glare,  
That threatens the wide forest old?  
How the numberless branches toss into  
the air  
Against the invader so bold!

That flies night and day, by the light,  
in the dark,  
Through the depths of the primeval  
stone,



And flouts the vast silence, with hiss  
and with spark,  
Where the mountain once reigned  
all alone.

The old trees in vain from their roots  
underground  
The monstrous intruder defy,  
To whose mighty war-song the echoes  
profound  
With wild exultation reply.

Then he sweeps out below; from the  
darkness appearing,  
Like a serpent glides over the plain,  
And leaving behind him the freight he  
was bearing,  
Rushes into the distance again.

For the trees, when the breezes of morn-  
ing awake  
On the slopes of the mountain so free,  
Do they wonder, perhaps, with a pity-  
ing surprise,  
What this pale race of mortals can  
be;

These unquiet beings, that pierce  
through the hills,  
With breathless impatience desiring  
Some less troubled dawn, that the far  
distance fills,  
Involving, tormenting, inspiring?"

Of a wholly different stamp is Arturo Graf, a pessimist of the deepest dye. His muse is a sad stone sphinx, desolate and dread. He suffers from the malady *fin de siècle*, that modern nihilism whose accents of despair and chill terror pervade too much of our younger literature—a pessimism that has not the strength, the virility, the power to bear of that of Schopenhauer, that does not turn itself to ridicule like that of Heine; rather a *welt-schmerz* of the defunct Werther type, informed with scientific knowledge and scientific vision,—science, that is, ill understood, and accepted in its superficial sense as the destroyer of illusion, not science as seen in its deeper and truer aspects as the foundation, the inspiration, of all *true hope*, all *true knowledge*, all *true incentive*. Graf is the son of

a German father and an Italian mother, and was born at Athens. It is held that his poetry shows evidence of these contradictory elements; northern sadness and an attraction to twilight effects, with southern intensity, with the plastic precision of Greece and the sense of colour of sunny Italy, are the characteristics of his verse. This is how his sad lips sing his native Athens, in lines that in the tranquil simplicity of the original are as perfect as Shelley's invocation to the same cradle of our culture, when he sings:—

"Greece and her foundations are  
Fixed below the tide of war,  
Based on the crystalline sea  
Of thought and its eternity."

Graf writes:—

"A city toward the dawn gave birth  
to me,  
Beside a mount of marble doth she  
stand,  
She looks out where the blue Ægean Sea  
Lies vast and splendid, stretching  
from the land.

Of sun and air she weaveth silently  
A dream divine of days of glory fled,  
And where the elm-trees and the roses  
be  
Feels her great ruin thrill, that is not  
dead."

Graf's main motive is the mystery and pain of the universe; his landscapes are dark and sombre, like Rembrandt's etchings; reading too much of him, his thought lies like an incubus on the soul, and makes one long for light. He dwells too exclusively on the sad side of things, not even a bitter smile breaks the monotony of his grief; yet in his way he is a fine and a true poet. But is this the greatest, the best way to help mankind? Surely Browning would answer, "Verily, no."

The names of other poets recur to my memory; but space is running to an end, and I must be

brief—especially as I want to deal a little with the singers in dialect verse, an important branch of the Italian Parnassus. Among those poets whom we must leave unstudied, Guido Mazzoni takes a foremost place for his perfection of form, his sanity of inspiration. An artist also is Severino Ferrari, as he has proved in his volume 'Bordatini,' short poems whose title, that of a coarse Tuscan woven stuff made by the peasants, are meant to indicate that the issue of this loom is a mingling of ancient and modern elements, a revival of antique measures that are made to hold modern thoughts—thoughts of common daily life, be it understood, not high-soaring poetic raptures. Ferdinando Martini, Cavallotti, Giacosa, all deserve more than a brief mention. The two latter, however, are known rather as playwrights than poets, though their plays are written in verse: the latter being as refined and dainty as the former is often rough, outspoken, and wanting in subtle psychological perception.

Among the youngest of the younger men there is certainly making itself manifest that tendency we also see among our English younger minor poets—to be too conscious, too preoccupied with questions of artistic and stylistic effects. They think too much of what the public, the papers, will say; they live in too artificial an atmosphere; their impressions are too literary, not received direct; their descriptions of nature too like instantaneous photographs of which the originals have never been seen. And this is the more to be regretted, as almost without exception these Italians have an innate and exquisite sense of form which they never neglect—a circumstance that causes even their most trivial *vers d'occasion* to pos-

sess a charm. And this charm makes itself most intimately felt in the dialect poems; for since Italian—that is to say, Tuscan—is only the real spoken language of a small portion of the peninsula, while the larger part still utters its spoken thoughts in the various dialects of its provinces, in these poems we get nearest the heart, the spontaneous unstudied utterances of the people. But if any translation is difficult, translation from poetry in dialect is simply impossible. The peculiarity of a dialect resides entirely in its relation to the language to which it is affiliated, and vanishes altogether from any version in another tongue; nor for the same reason can any dialect be rendered into another. Longfellow, one of the greatest of translators, in his rhymed preface to the "Blind Girl of Castél-Cuillé," says—

"Only the Lowland tongue of Scotland might

Rehearse this little tragedy aright."

Nevertheless, he makes no attempt to give it in Lowland Scotch. All that a translation can give of a poem in dialect is its usually homely and familiar character. Here, for example, is the easy-going, good-tempered, kindly, wholly pagan, anthropomorphic Christianity of Naples, reflected in a short ballad by Ferdinando Russo of that city:—

"THE MADONNA OF THE MANDARINI.

When in heaven a little angel

Does what he ought not to do,

To a little cell God leads him,

Shuts the door, and leaves him so.

Then he turns and calls, 'St Peter!

Tell St Peter to come near!'

When he comes, he says, 'What is it,  
Gracious Lord, that brings me here?'

'In that dark cell lies an angel

Shut behind the heavy door,

Feed him there with bread and water

Till he learns to err no more.'

Bows his hoary head St Peter,  
And he answers humbly, 'Yea.'  
Then the Lord, 'Now mind, remember  
He must lie there all the day.'

But the angel, shut within there,  
Groans and cries with loud lament,  
'Pardon, Lord'; then cries St Peter,  
'Twas not done with ill intent.'

'Nay, now,' saith the Lord, 'be silent,  
None commands in heaven but Me;  
They would all grow wild and naughty  
If this one should be set free.'

Then St Peter turns and leaves him;  
But the angel, where he lies,  
Says he's in the dark, is frightened,  
Beats the door, and moans and cries.

Then, when evening comes, Madonna,  
Seen of the small prisoner only,  
Goes and takes him mandarini,<sup>1</sup>  
In his cell so dark and lonely."

Such the contents, but where are  
the funny diminutives, the queer  
turns of expression, the Neapolitan  
sibilant prolongation of the  
words?

A wild set of sonnets about the  
"Buona Morte," whose mission it  
is to give Christian burial to the  
numerous corpses found in the  
Roman Campagna, the victims of  
accident or crime, are written in  
the Roman dialect by Cesare Pas-  
carella, but these defy translation.

Some poems by Renato Fucini  
(Neri Tanfucio) in Pisan dialect  
render most felicitously the sharp  
commercial character of the Tuscan,  
ever on the look-out for his own  
advantage—the Italian Jew, as he  
has been not unjustly termed.

#### "THE SHOP.

Now, my boy, you're eighteen, and you  
must learn—

That is to say, if you're worth any-  
thing—

With your own tongue and brains your  
bread to earn.

Now to your saint your best prayers  
you must sing.

This shop, and that across the street,  
are ours,

And not a sou of debt on either lies.  
You shall have that one, call up all  
your powers

If you would live, nor smaller gains  
despise.

Mind now and then to wet the salt.  
Take care

That no one gets the better of you.  
Snatch

And squeeze upon the weight when-  
e'er you can.

Then with the help of heaven, now  
here, now there,

Believe me that 'tis easy, if you  
watch,

To get you bread well as another  
man."

The Venetian dialect poems,  
that soft dialect that slurs all con-  
sonant sounds, are quite particular-  
ly sweet and pretty to the ear. As  
might be expected, barcarolles take  
a large place among these. There  
is the one addressed to George  
Sand written by Pietro Pagello,  
the original of the young Italian  
doctor in 'Lui et Elle,' the man  
who remained ever faithful to the  
memory of the great genius who  
played with him for a while and  
then let him go, for he could never  
be brought to see that she was un-  
just to him in any way. It is  
worth mentioning that George Sand  
published this little song in her  
'Lettres d'un Voyageur' without  
stating by whom it was written, or  
to whom it was addressed.

We will conclude this all too  
perfunctory survey with an attempt  
at reproducing a poem written in  
the Paduan dialect by Arrigo Boito.  
It is addressed to the spatula, the  
wooden spoon used for stirring the  
national dish of polenta—

#### "THE SONG OF THE SPATULA.

The spatula,

Or rather

The art of rightly stirring the polenta

\* <sup>1</sup> A small kind of orange.

And putting in  
The butter to it. 'Tis an Allegory  
Written by Harlequin<sup>1</sup>  
Batacio, who comes, not from the  
Brenta,  
But from Bergamo straight  
(So did his father).  
And he this poem means to dedicate  
To men political, and rulers of the  
State.

First, there's a kettle, then a fire blaz-  
ing,  
Blazing like a bonfire, wonderful, amaz-  
ing;  
Then a heap of meal as yellow as fine  
gold,  
And, last of all, the stirring-stick I  
hold.  
Once it belonged to the great Trufaldin.  
Watch! and you'll see the miracle  
begin.  
First there comes a bubble, silvery and  
shining,  
Then there comes another with the  
first entwining.  
And the water at the bottom soon be-  
gins to sing.

To sing, to smoke, to fume, to rustle,  
Foaming up, all in a mighty bustle,  
Soon 'twill boil, look out! look out!  
Pray don't let the fire go out!  
Oh how jolly! Oh what fun!  
Now to boil it has begun.  
How it dances, how it leaps!  
Now the meal, the meal in heaps,  
Bring it here and pour it in.

Now, Batacio, take care!  
Catch hold of the pot, don't let go of  
the chain.

Mix, turn, stir, again, again!  
And the butter don't spare!  
Sweep the stick with a powerful rush,  
Smooth and spread the boiling mush.  
Here, give me the stirring-stick.  
Now stand by! be quick! be quick!  
Take it off the fire—steady—  
Now, Sor Florindo, the polenta's ready.

But if we're to eat it, salt there must  
be,  
The salt of the fable, the moral you  
see.  
Well, the stirring-stick is my brilliant  
mind,  
Always to masterly words inclined.  
The yellow meal? That means the girls,  
Columbine and Rosaura, with golden  
curls.  
The boiling water? Our hearts that  
glow.  
And the polenta? That's love, you  
know."

And with this word "love"—  
the inspiring source, the aim and  
purpose of "the master art"—we  
must perforce close this too scanty  
survey over the domain of living  
Italian poets, this bird's-eye view  
of the singers of a land in which  
poetry has ever found her home,  
which has ever inspired her own  
and foreign bards—the land in  
which, according to the words of  
one of her own singers,

"Non langue mai la fronda dell' allor."

HELEN ZIMMERN.

All the translations scattered throughout this article have been specially made for it, and are due to the pen of Mrs Mary A. Craig of Florence, the admirable translator of De Amicis' *'Romanzo d'un Maestro,'* and of Giovanni Verga's *'I Malavoglia,'* published in English under the title *'By the Medlar-tree.'*

<sup>1</sup> Harlequin wears a spatula or stirring-stick instead of a sword. Florindo is the *premier amoureux* of Goldoni's comedy; Rosaura is the "first young lady"; and Columbine, as everybody knows, is Harlequin's lady-love.

## THE CITY OF ST ANDREWS.

WE are tired of saying, and the reader certainly is tired of hearing, how universal is the fancy which has seized upon this end of an age, this conclusion of a century, to talk of itself. Perhaps, indeed, this is scarcely the right way of putting it. The nineteenth century has talked of itself at least since it was fifty—blowing its own trumpet loudly, declaring itself the heir of all the ages, the crown of human achievement; the cleverest, most inventive, most progressive of all the centuries. Railways, steamboats, the electric telegraph, how long we have been accustomed to hear of these, as if they put such a difference between our own and every preceding age that humanity itself has felt the change! That is all very well in full career and height of manhood. We bragged of what we could do, which is not always ignoble; now we have dropped into the garrulous story-telling of age, and with one accord lift up our thin and piping voices to give the world assurance of the men and women of the nineteenth century, and what fine fellows—and ladies—they were. The speakers are by no means invariably old. Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs Kendal, Mrs Bancroft, for instance, are of the kind that never attain that dubious distinction, they are eternally young; but the habit is old, if the speakers are not. The voice is the voice of the waning age. By-and-by it will be numbered among the ages that have been, and men will speak of the Victorian as they do of the Elizabethan period. Let us make haste, is the conviction of every-

body who has anything to tell—and of a great many people who have exceeding little to tell—to say it before the air becomes full of a very different kind of sound,—the trumpets of the advent, the noise and the tumult of the new age. Was there not the same impulse, in a way that seems at this distance much larger and more interesting, in the end of the last century? But then that ended so tragically—in garments rolled in blood, in wild war, and slaughter and terror—that even the mildest chapters of the record bear an exciting character which is very different from the cooings and bleatings of our domestic doves and sheep. How our own age is to end, nobody knows. To many the war-trumpets seem always echoing in stray notes from out-of-the-way corners, and one popular organ<sup>1</sup> has set itself very cleverly to work to imagine a great European conflict which is to shake the world. But the most of us are able to imagine with King Hezekiah that there will be peace in our time: and for the moment there is nothing so pressing as to leave a definite impression of ourselves upon the mind of the period for the advantage of the future generations. Let us convince them, these new people of the twentieth, who will doubtless think so much of themselves, as if they were the race and nobody had gone before them, what entirely superior people *we* were. Let us show them that, whatever their attempts at distinguishing themselves may lead to, our efforts have been crowned with the finest success; and that

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<sup>1</sup> '*Black and White*'—"The Great War of 1892."

while they were still wrapped up in the calyx, we had expanded our petals in the sunshine and filled the air with fragrance. The way in which this determination affects all classes is whimsical. It is one of those ambitions which are most widely spread, and have a touching as well as sometimes a ludicrous side. Some men, on the other hand, have made special arrangements in their lifetime that no record is to be made of them. Is not that in its fashion the same sentiment expressed in a different way?

The book before us, however, has quite an individual form and fashion of its own among the many purling and murmuring voices of self-revelation. To tell the truth, the world already knows a great deal of the individuality of the pleasant writer known to both the Old and New Worlds, and, indeed, wherever English speech is prevalent, as "A. K. H. B." A remarkable series of initials is almost as successful as a characteristic Christian name. We remember a member of Parliament, of no remarkable qualifications, who was brought in triumphantly for a certain borough, election after election, chiefly, we are convinced, because his name was Roger,—a name good to shout, to placard, to bandy about, with a certain good-fellowship in its very sound. Vote for Roger!—no need to put any other name after it: it was a flag, a bugle, a rallying cry in itself. A. K. H. B. is not, perhaps, so genial in its sound; but it is *kenspeckle*, as we say in Scotland. And for a great many years, since the Country Parson took up the mantle which Sir Arthur Helps let fall, the English reader has known a great deal about him.

We remember the days when he wrote one of his early meanderings of pleasant reflectiveness and mild philosophy upon the nose of his horse, using that warm and living slope as a desk. We remember, also, the thought that it must have been a very inconvenient desk, and that he would have been more comfortable in his study, the subject being noways urgent; but that is neither here nor there. Since then, the public has traced this author gently through many a mild and moving scene. Sundays without number have flowed softly by. The English reader (in distinction this time from the Scotch) has been mildly puzzled by incidents and thoughts not falling in quite naturally to the Anglican sense of ecclesiasticism, yet has made little note of his puzzlement; and our easy monitor, our kindly critic, has gone on disclosing his own progress from youth to (comparative) age in a restrained autobiographical consciousness, obtruding no facts, but rather the mellowing spirit, the increase of gentle gravity, which often mark the advance of years. If we heard nothing more of Dr Boyd individually, we should yet know a great deal in these inoffensive and unobtrusive ways.

The reader, however, who takes up the comely volume which now comes to us<sup>1</sup> inscribed with the name of the small but famous city from which this strain of pleasant literary converse has so long come forth, need not fear that he is here to be supplied with the missing links of Dr Boyd's autobiography, or that his town is to be made the shield and screen, as so often happens, for himself. This is not at all the case; in fact, the peculiar-

<sup>1</sup> Twenty-five Years of St Andrews. *Country Parson.* London: Longmans.

By the author of 'The Recreations of

ity and attraction of the book is that it is rather an autobiography of St Andrews than of any individual in it. The little town rises before our eyes, in all the clearness of that sea-air which, though sometimes (as even patriotism must allow) obscured with an easterly *haar*, which turns the atmosphere into damp cotton-wool, is also often as intense and even more keenly blue than the Mediterranean—in the blaze of autumn sunshine, in the breadth of its great South Street, with all the old deep French-Scotch houses standing silent, with concealed gardens, and quaint courts hidden from the vulgar sight—in the breezy freshness of its Links. The quiet scene is traversed by a number of well-known figures, which meet daily and stroll about, now to the ruins rising vast and silent from the greenest sacred grass towards the intense northern blue; now along the shore, with its long dark reefs; now following a frowsome, in whose track is comparative safety, out for a hole or two as far as the Shepherd's Cottage, or to the more cheerful precincts of the Ladies' Links: the little party generally enclosing a visitor from the bigger world,—Mr John Stuart Mill, Mr Froude, perhaps the little Dean adored of St Andrews, perhaps even a wandering Bishop from the south,—always somebody notable and good for talk. The same group meets everywhere, at dinners in the evenings, now in one genial household, now in another, the *convives* always the same, though the distinguished stranger to meet whom they are convoked changes from one symposium to another. Impossible to have more enjoyment of anything than the *Principals and the Professors and the Minister have in their guests.*

Excellent talkers themselves, they gather round, and guide, and stimulate, and draw forth, and sometimes provoke, the lion in their midst, goading him to brilliant talk, to endless discussion, to the giving forth of all that is in him. The place is lighted up with these scintillations of wit and sometimes genius, to the encounter of eager thought and commentary and controversy. Often it is as Lord Rector, the elect of the dim crowd of students outside, that the great man has come; and, in these cases, after dinner there is an adjournment to the hall of the United Colleges (St Salvator and St Leonard, old names a little out of keeping with the homely modern buildings), or to the respectable sixteenth-century library, where he discourses to the youngsters, while his guides, philosophers, and friends listen—a somewhat alarming audience—and criticise.

It is this view of the distinguished little Northern town which makes Dr Boyd's book differ from all the books of personal gossip with which we are so familiar. St Andrews has been the cause of much writing in its day. Now that golf is to be found everywhere, its metropolis has become a place familiarly alluded to in current literature of all kinds. Its towers rise, and its Links spread themselves out, even in the most enlightened of Southern newspapers. Not to know St Andrews is to argue one's self unknown: a certain familiarity even with its local peculiarities, is needful to the person fully equipped for society. It is not necessary always to bless: one has heard of men who declare golf to be a game for the senile, and that they themselves have not come to that yet; or narrate that So-and-so, an impassioned golfer, led them

there, put "golf-sticks" in their hands, and bid them be happy, which they did by flying to the nearest tea-table. But whether to bless or to curse, no man upon his promotion but must know St Andrews, and have some notion what it means. There are who think that Mr Balfour is your only golfer and the king of the Links—a monstrous mistake, which, much as Mr Balfour is beloved, fills with ire and indignation at least half of his fellow-players. There are who never heard, more astonishing still, of the patriarch whom Dr Boyd justly describes as "the great and good" Tom Morris. Yet even such ignoramuses as these know something of St Andrews. They have heard of that little capital of the world, they know that it is a place to go to, that "everybody" at one time or another is to be met there. On the other hand, when the literary element is of any consequence (which it only is, to be sure, in a limited circle), people are aware that a great many books, and the makings of books, have come out of that little place. But the other day there was Bishop Wordsworth, discoursing indeed not of that place which has become the home of his age, but of himself, an entity still more interesting to some people; and it is not very long since two biographical works appeared at the same time, embodying the lives of two of those "Principals" who fill so large a part in Dr Boyd's book, who walk about the sunny streets, and come to dine, and help to exhibit and expound the ruins and other curious places to the interested stranger. The large step, the large laugh, the big personalities, are gone away to other worlds: yet here for a little we can see them, hear them again. The story-teller has to pause by

times to say, "I only am left"; but he does not dwell upon that sad thought. It is not the records of his own heart or home that he is writing—it is the autobiography of St Andrews; and among the many memories of that grey but cheerful mother they are still there.

A few words will illustrate the local charm, the force of the scene behind the story, and of the figures which come and go, so touching and striking in their reality. "At a corner where we parted daily as evening fell, Tulloch, with the red sunset on his face, said—" We know that corner, and so does many a reader; and we see the two men standing, who will never do so there, at least, again. On another occasion the description is longer and less definite. "I never saw such winter sunsets as at St Andrews. One year, through November and December, regularly each afternoon, the sky all round the horizon blazed with crimson and gold to the zenith. You could not have said which was east and which was west. *The men came out of the Club daily and gazed their fill.*" Nobody who has ever been at St Andrews can forget these sunset effects, which are wonderful at all times,—the sweep of the Links, all glowing golden under the vast hemisphere of flushed and glorious sky in the west, and the wonderful reflections everywhere. And the men coming out of the Club: the latter not so glorious, but so familiar, the kindly well-known figures, burned red and brown in that wonderful air, their matches over, about to disperse to the cheerful houses that await them; to some of which—alas, how many!—these vigorous, youthful, well-knit frames will never come again.

These brief notes will suffice to



show something of the peculiar attraction which we find in Dr Boyd's book. Perhaps to those who love the maunderings of the personal, it would have been more interesting had it been more about himself. However, as happily there is nothing finished as yet in the existence or the work of our excellent friend, it would be inappropriate if he discoursed in the past tense upon his private history, to which, for all we know, some great unknown honours and delights may still come, and we wish it may be so for his sake. He is, however, always there, though never obtrusively, in the middle of his favourite scene, the host, the cicerone, the companion of the visitors whom he celebrates, and who pass through his pageant in a kind of cheerful procession with all their different humours, yet set forth in their best aspect, as a host who is also more or less the showman of each particular lion has a right to do. Two clerical figures so extremely unlike each other as those of Dean Stanley and Canon Liddon both find full justice at the hands of the Minister, who feels himself capable of understanding both, and to whom the atmosphere of the Kirk implies a larger charity, not always connected with her name; but then it is the scoffer, knowing very little about her, who has given her that name, and certainly Dr Boyd ought to know best. Dean Stanley had, which is curious, a reputation in Scotland practically unchallenged. In his own part of the country he had friends and foes; but in the North he would be a bold man who would dispute the claims of the late Dean of Westminster to reverence and sympathy. He *was himself so interested in everything Scotch, and such a curious*

observant spectator of the Kirk and all her ways, that perhaps it is only a due return for his regard which gives him so marked a place; but the Dean, to tell the truth, was much interested about everything which was not, so to speak, of his own house, and viewed the vagaries of every sectarian with an affectionate curiosity which takes off the edge of his sympathetic attachment to the Church of Scotland. This, however, has either not been perceived, or it has not affected the return of feeling, and that little dignitary has long been "the Dean" to Scotland, and specially in St Andrews, where he was a very familiar visitor, much because of the natural attractions of the place, with its knot of Scotch Churchmen lending themselves to the study of their development of religion, and a little perhaps because of the vicinity of the Elgin family and its headquarters. Dean Stanley is one of the most prominent figures in Dr Boyd's book. Untidy and helpless in his little person when his devoted wife was not there to keep him in order, unpractical in all things, turning over Dr Boyd's blotting-pad in order to blot the dreadful hieroglyphics of his letters on the solid back which did not blot, generally unable to take care of himself—he was to the big Scotch presbyters and professors a little king of men, pleasing them by his ceaseless curiosities, interesting them afresh in their own,—as complete a phenomenon and study of another world as they were to him.

Indeed this pleasant mutual curiosity, and genially concealed amusement, runs through the whole story of those repeated encounters between the Churches of the South and the North. There is no ill-

feeling: the two look at each other with observant eyes, finding each something which they did not expect, and a completely new view of the difference. Canon Liddon is as curious as the Dean, understanding less, but even more on the alert as to the manners and ways of the barbarous people among whom he finds himself. That sensation of being, so to speak, in the South Sea Islands, instead of in the northern part of Great Britain, which is a marked feature in the ordinary Englishman's perception of the position of the Scotch Church, is much stronger in the Canon than in the Dean. It prompts him occasionally to make rude remarks, expressing his astonishment in respect to a certain minister presented to him, "Why, he's a gentleman!" which is not pretty, though perhaps not much less complimentary to churchmanship in Scotland than the Dean's delighted readiness to take any Sandemanian or Brownist (if such sects still exist) to his bosom. But we must add that the amused observation, the study of the new specimens, is as strong on the Scotch side as on that of the English visitors. The large Principal watches with a twinkle in his eye the little ways of passing prelate and dignitary. The simple country minister, gazing, can scarcely understand the fine diction of the accomplished Canon with his "English accent," who has just remarked upon a wonderful burst of oratory that it would have been admirable but for that "abominable Scotch." Thus the pendulum swings, and we all avenge ourselves upon our neighbours.

Mr Kingsley is one of the figures in Dr Boyd's panorama, and so is Mr Froude, and Tom Brown, as

the elderly world still loves to call that well-known servant of the public, now known as His Honour Judge Hughes—not to speak of the clergymen, English and Scotch, the philosophers, and the large background of humorous and interesting persons who belong to the place by nature. Of one of the latter, not named but easily to be identified, the following amusing story is told. It is the record of a public dinner at which the Presbytery of St Andrews was assembled, along with the best of the neighbouring gentry and notables.

"The evening was advanced when a venerable squire of ancient name and lineage arose to propose a toast. Seldom have I heard one more successful. He began modestly. It is always well to begin modestly. 'I feel,' said the good man, 'that for a plain country squire like myself to address a dignified body like the Presbytery of St Andrews, including in its number various learned Professors, is indeed to cast pearls before swine.' He had to pause long ere he got further. Thunderous applause broke forth. The swine cheered as if they would never leave off. We all knew perfectly what the laird meant. I was sitting next to him as he spoke the words. I heard them with these ears."

This is a capital story, and is, we think, *inédit* up to this time, though we also have heard it before with these ears. One wonders whether there was any pawky intention in the laird's happy blunder. "Some have suggested," says Dr Boyd, "that the squire's simplicity was like that of Mr Bret Harte's famous hero, and that though the venerable face looked 'child-like and bland,' he knew uncommonly well what he was saying." Whether or not, however, the anecdote is most effective, and we need not inquire further.

And here, amid all the dis-

guished persons of whom Dr Boyd has to tell, is a pitiful little last appearance of one of those droll mistakes of literature which happen from time to time, originating, one cannot tell how, a false reputation which probably turns the head of the unfortunate subject, and lays him open afterwards to the absurdest effects of downfall from an eminence to which he never should have been hoisted up. "As the days shortened to December," Dr Boyd says in his record of one year, "Martin Tupper came and gave us a reading." That the historian should have been kind to this forlorn bard is all the more praiseworthy in that his own essays had been likened by an impertinent critic to the 'Proverbial Philosophy.'

"It was very poorly attended, and really a good deal of what was read was very absurd. One felt for the lonely man coming with so very little to encourage. Shairp and Campbell dined with him before his public appearance; and Tupper seemed to be unaware of the empty benches. He stayed over Sunday, and came to church: in the evening I dined with him at Campbell's. I walked home with him to his hotel, when we parted—not to meet again. One felt a kind-hearted man; and when the wind is not tempered to the lamb, I have remarked that the lamb has sometimes a pretty thick fleece of satisfaction. He burst into rhyme as he bade me farewell in South Street, that cold winter night. His words assumed this form: 'God bless thee, A. K. H. B., says M. F. T.'"

It is very good of Dr Boyd to tell this story; and one sees once more the kindly hospitable town behind, Shairp and Campbell coming to meet the poor old pseudo-poet at dinner, and give him a little heart, notwithstanding their laugh in their sleeve: and *the amiable Professor* taking him *home on the forlorn Sunday night*

to comfort him. Kind people! not confining their charities to those whom it was a credit and honour to receive. We may all feel sure, if fate goes against us, it is clear, of a dinner and a good word at St Andrews, should we go there to perform any faded part before we die.

We return to the real great man after this little very kindly exhibition of the fictitious. The Dean had come to St Andrews again as Lord Rector, and, passing in in procession with "the three maces" carried before him, "disorganised the movement" by stopping as he passed the historian, and "silently holding out his little hand." It was his first visit to St Andrews after his wife's death.

"But somebody was wanting: and though the kindest of friends was in charge, some of us noted that the Dean's get-up was not so spotless as of old. The simple contemporary record [Dr Boyd's private diary] says: 'Strange to look at the wee body, and think that he is so great a man.' Such are the reflections of unsophisticated minds remote from London, dwelling in an out-of-the-way place. It was at this time he said to me that he had written only two books which really made an impression,—of course, Arnold's 'Life' and 'Sinai and Palestine.' He said, too, that the moment he heard of Arnold's death he resolved to write his biography, and that he managed to get Mrs Arnold's permission within a few days.

"The next day, Saturday, was wintry, snow falling, a bitter east wind. Tulloch, Story, and Stanley came to luncheon. Then it was exactly as before. Stanley had been very quiet: but we went into my study, and here Stanley, standing before a great fire prepared for him, seemed to become vitalised. He grew cheerful to the degree which boys call jolly, and talked with vehemence and eloquence." Later on the same visit, "A reaction had come after the comparative depression of his

first hours at St Andrews, and Stanley was in tremendous spirits. He had had a good sleep: he had got through all his work: he was pleased with the crowds that had come to hear him: and he talked without cease, and talked brilliantly. I see the beautiful little face beaming, and the singular way in which he used to look up with his eyes closed. His buoyancy and fluency were quite extraordinary: and such was that sensitive nature where all was sympathetic."

The picture is very pleasing and characteristic. One cannot help feeling, however, that it was somewhat sharp practice on the part of the then young scholar on his promotion, to resolve, "the moment he heard of Arnold's death," that he would write his biography. This is a detail which we would rather not have known. It was a great opportunity, and the young man knew how to make use of it, to the distinct advantage of his subject and his family, as well as of his own career; but we should have preferred not to be told this special fact in connection with it.

We will end, what is not in the least intended to be a review, but only a brief commentary upon a book which everybody will have read by the time this page is printed, with one true piece of pathos, which will speak to many hearts of Dr Boyd's own generation, and which is of the kind of those sudden unpremeditated touches, without ostentation, which are among the most penetrating of human weapons.

"Let it be said here," says Dr Boyd, "for the information of such as desire to know the ways of the Kirk, that I am entitled to an official residence. But I prefer not to have one, receiving its yearly value instead. For a day must come on which those who survive must turn out of every official residence, from Lambeth and Farnham Castle downward. It is twenty years since dear old Bishop Wordsworth said to me, very quietly, 'There will be a good deal of trouble when I die, without that.' And silence fell upon us two."

May it be long before that trouble comes to either of these families! and may the old towers of St Andrews shine in the sun, and the red-gowned students light up the streets, and golf be played, and pleasant talk go round, for those who remain, for many a year! For us, we take our way a little sadly, yet not as those who are without hope, and "gang east" to that warm and sunshiny city, where the green turf mantles to the feet of the old Cathedral walls, and more friends than we can reckon lie soft under the sun, and within the familiar murmur of the sea. This has now become our St Andrews—the peaceful place of rest. "Here's a' the auld whist-party close thegither," said an old lady of a previous generation, in words which the youngsters thought profane, but which were inspired by no such meaning. We can think of no more desirable place where to await the great revelations which are to come.

## "CARPY": A STORY OF TO-DAY.

"PETUNIA, you horrify me!" exclaimed Mrs Chertsey, shrinking her shoulders into her chair.

"That's what comes of living for four years in India," answered her cousin, pityingly. "You've lost touch with actualities. You're out of the movement, Lodora, utterly out of the movement."

"I'd rather be out of the movement than do what you've done."

"Of course," was the reply. "You'd have preferred to see me remain contemptibly unproductive, with all the splendours of three hundred a-year before me as my ultimate destiny. Thank you."

"I didn't understand its full abomination when you wrote out to me about it; but I perceive it now, and I shudder."

"Leave off shuddering," retorted the other—"it's idiotic. Look at things as they are, if you please. Just listen. There are too many already at bonnets and dresses; women don't go yet to the Stock Exchange, or take up book-making. I couldn't write a novel to save myself from the rack; and if I did, it would be so vilely bad that nobody would read it. I have not muscle enough to try mining in South Africa; and yet I wanted money startlingly. So I had the sense to utilise the only power I possessed—my position and my name. I saw a need; I satisfied the need; and I've got the money."

"But—what on earth does your father say to it?"

"Of course papa dislikes it, and pretends that he's ashamed. So, as I'm very fond of him, and didn't want to cause him any pain I could avoid, I told him, dutifully and tenderly, when I began, that, *if he'd settle a couple of thousands*

a-year on me for life, I'd put up the shutters. He declared he couldn't, and I think it was the truth. Therefore I went on, and am prospering. Doesn't it look striking on the door-plate?"

'LADY PETUNIA FITZ-HOLLYHOCK & Co.  
(Limited),  
SOCIETY CONTRACTORS.'

"Oh, very striking; very striking indeed!" answered Mrs Chertsey, disconsolately. "So striking that it upsets my nerves altogether."

"Oh, if I'd paid attention to other people's nerves," was the scornful rejoinder, "I should have remained a pauper. I've none of my own. I live exclusively in the unruffled atmosphere of my interests. I'm 'modern,' as they say in Paris. I consider myself to be the very latest development of modernity."

"And does this horrid business succeed? Do you mean to say that it brings in profits?"

"Succeed? Profits? I made over six thousand last year, and I shall reach ten this year."

"Petunia!"

"Lodora?"

"I don't believe it."

"Shall I show you my books?"

"Books? You keep accounts?" exclaimed Mrs Chertsey, with amazement. "Why, when we were children you couldn't add six and three together."

"That's true. I asserted that they made sixty-three. I don't say that now."

"But—what is it that you do? In what consists your frightful trade?"

"I render society services to people who need them, and can

pay for them—an enormous class, my dear."

"And, pray, what does that exactly mean?"

"How stupid you are, Lodora! Why, I get invitations for them; introduce them; bring guests to their dinners and their balls; choose their clothes; arrange marriages for them; and I'm now preparing to extend my business by contracting to supply knowledge of the world, good manners, the faculty of conversation, presentable relations, and an unspotted past; all of which articles are in great demand. For these acts I take a high commission."

"It's awful to listen to you!"

"How sweet you are, Lodora!"

"But—your friends? The world? Your own situation?"

"My friends envy my income, and entreat me to discover heiresses for their sons. The world says I'm a plucky woman for daring to do openly what so many others have been doing secretly. My situation is that of a universal benefactor. Why, Mr Gladstone himself told me, the other day, that I'm 'a phase.' He's going to write an article about me in the 'Nineteenth Century,' showing how superior I am, from a psychological point of view, to Marie Bashkirtseff. The mob regards me with patriotic pride, as a new, national, noble British institution."

"Your cynicism is revolting," quavered out Mrs Chertsey, shaking her hands in the air before her, as if to repel the cruel thoughts that oppressed her.

"And the antiquity of your ideas is deplorable. You'd better go back to India. You'll be more in your place there. Why didn't you stop there?"

"How unfeeling you are! You're perfectly aware that I was ill, and

was forced to come home. Besides—there was another reason."

"Another reason? What reason?"

Mrs Chertsey (who was a weak-minded person) gazed wandingly around her. After glaring at the flowers and the ornaments grouped about the room, she fixed her eyes upon a picture representing Cupid talking confidentially to a young lady, and seemed to ask it for advice. At last she stammered out, "You know my husband has relations in Australia?"

"I don't. But treat me as if I did."

"Well, a cousin of his, a Mr Cornstalk, came up to Simla last year, and informed Puggy that he was a great horse-breeder in Queensland—three thousand foals a-year, fancy that!—and that he wanted to organise direct sales in India, because the middle-men ate up too much of his profit. Puggy, who is a born dealer, thought there might be a chance of a pull for himself, and brought the man to stay with us, so as to get hold of him."

"Thus far the tale is not exciting," observed Lady Petunia, yawning.

"Well," went on the other, taking no notice of the interruption, "it turned out that this cousin was monstrously rich, and that he had a sister as rich as himself——"

"And a sharer in the horse-breeding?"

"It's their joint affair: the estate was left by their father to the two together, and they've gone on with it in partnership."

"That sister is beginning to interest me," put in Lady Petunia, approvingly. "She must be wise—like me."

"I don't know about that. If she were wise she would stop

where she is, and go on breaking buck-jumpers—her brother says she's an astonishing rider—instead of which she's coming to England to try to get into society."

"To get into society?" echoed Lady Petunia, eagerly, almost springing up. "Lodora, you're sent straight to me by heaven! A client! From Australia! The first I've had of that extraction! I'll undertake her. When will she be here?"

"Don't talk in that way," exclaimed the other, protestingly. "I'm going to do it myself, of course; it's my duty."

"That's taking the bread out of my mouth. She belongs legitimately to me. Besides, you can't do it; you're utterly incapable of it; you're not the woman for it."

"Puggy thinks I am, and he begged me most particularly to look after her, because of his arrangements with her brother."

"I tell you you can't do it."

"I must. They made up some plan between them about the horses. Of course Puggy couldn't show in it, on account of his position; but he's to have his pull, and I'm to take up the sister here, as part of the bargain."

"You odious impostor!" burst out Lady Petunia, shaking her cousin's shoulder and laughing at her. "So you're carrying on your own little business in the dark, are you? And yet you presume to abuse me for doing mine in the daylight. Do you call that honesty?"

"Upon my word, I never gave a thought to the business," retorted Mrs Chertsey, almost angrily. "I want to help Puggy; that's all."

"Poor innocent! It's lovely to listen to you. Do you want a share of my commission? Is that it?"

"Petunia! you insult me."

"Don't be silly. You know you're safe with me; so speak out. How much do you ask for bringing her to me?"

"I won't bring her to you at all," exclaimed the other, losing her temper. "My sole object is to serve Puggy. It's a shame of you to impute anything else to me. I'm very angry with you."

"Well, frankly, married people have stupendous notions about their relations with each other! Are your Mr Puggy's interests separate from your own? In serving him are you not serving yourself? And in making a little money yourself are you not serving him?"

"That never occurred to me," replied Mrs Chertsey, awkwardly, almost meekly.

"Then it had better occur. Look here. Give your friend the choice between us; that's all I ask of you. Offer her your own help for nothing; let me offer her mine for money; and let's see which she'll select. I'll lay you three to two, in anything you like, that she comes to me of her own free will."

"But what would Puggy say?"

"Puggy would say, 'Do the best for her;' and as I can do better than you, he would tell you to leave her to me. Besides, if the girl chooses for herself, what has he got to do with it?"

"Yes, that's true," murmured Mrs Chertsey, feebly, dominated by her strong-willed cousin; "yes, perhaps he might say that. And I daresay you've means of action that I haven't; and it may be that, as you tell me, I'm not the woman for it—I've been away so long, you know. I suppose there'll be no harm in your seeing her, and that Puggy won't blame me for that."

"Let her decide; that's all."

"Yes; I'll do that. Good-bye,

Petunia. I wish you hadn't taken up this miserable commerce, and said all those nasty things to me. I shall dream about it."

A fortnight afterwards Miss Cornstalk reached London from Brisbane. Mrs Chertsey had her to dinner on the evening of her arrival, and saw a fair, very slight, short girl, not pretty, of about five-and-twenty. Her movements were vividly full of mixed lightness and vigour, and her face bore a striking expression of animation and intelligence. As soon as they were alone, the girl said, looking scrutinisingly at her hostess—

"Tom told me I can speak out to you; not only because we're relations in a kind of a way, but because it's your interest to help me."

"I do want to help you," was the not over-pleased reply. "But it depends on what you want me to do and on my power of doing it."

"Why, I thought all that was settled between your husband and Tom," answered the other, sitting up with an appearance of surprise. "You've to take me into good society in London. Tom said you were a big person, and in a position to do it."

"I'm not a big person at all; but I daresay I could do a little for you."

"Oh, a little isn't enough. I want a good deal. And I'm in a hurry too. I can't stay very long over here. I've only come for a few months."

"But, getting into society is a process that needs time."

"Time? I've got no time. I want you to put me in at once."

"My dear Miss Cornstalk," was the expostulating response, "you are asking for impossibilities."

"Impossibilities? Am I to infer from that word that you are unable to carry out the arrange-

ment made between your husband and my brother?"

"I've not said I'm unable to carry it out," protested Mrs Chertsey, who was growing frightened at the tone of her visitor; "and even were I personally unable," she added hastily, "there might be other channels of action which you could try."

"Other channels? Why, I don't know a soul in the place excepting you."

"But I can open other channels to you. At all events I can manage that. For instance, I've a cousin who, I'm sure, could help you."

"Who's she?"

"Lady Petunia Fitz-Hollyhock."

"Who's Lady Petunia Fitz-Hollyhock?"

"Daughter of the Earl of Oakleaves."

"And why is she able to do more for me than you can yourself?"

"Because," stammered Mrs Chertsey, shyly, but trying to laugh off her timidity, "because,—what I'm going to say is very strange, and perhaps, at first, you won't quite believe it; but it's true,—because she's taken up introducing people into society as a profession . . . for money."

"For money?" echoed the other, in amazement. "For money? Well, that does dazzle the eyes! But it's prodigiously funny. Oh, it's prodigiously—prodigiously—funny. Are there many here who do that?"

"Oh no. She's the only one yet—publicly, I mean; though lots of them do it privately. That's why I speak to you about her. But, of course, there'll be plenty more soon, as she's succeeding so well."

"Does she charge high?"

"Really—I don't—I don't



know," was the confused reply. "Besides, I only mentioned Petunia by accident. I intend, naturally, of course—that is to say, necessarily—to do all I can for you myself. But still, you see, Petunia——"

"Yes, yes, I see. I see distinctly. You needn't explain. Morally, it's not pretty; but, politically, I like the notion of your Lady Petunia Fitz-Hollyhock, daughter of the Earl of Oakleaves, setting up in business—particularly that sort of business. Besides, if she does it for money, she'll be quick over it, so as to get her pay. And that's what I want. I can afford it. I've brought a credit with me. When shall we go to her? I'm quite convinced, already, that she can do more for me than you can."

"Well," faltered out the other, painfully humbled and limply helpless, "whenever you like."

"To-morrow, then; to-morrow, at eleven. I'll call for you. You can't imagine how this interests me. This alone was worth coming for, even if I discover nothing else."

When, next morning, Miss Cornstalk reached the door of Lady Petunia's office and read the inscription on it, she stood still, meditating. After a silence, she murmured to herself, "I suspect this is only the freak of a restive woman. But still, it would have been impossible to realise such a notion if the general condition of society had not led up to it. It may be a symptom; if it is, it's a grave one. I must get to the bottom of it."

She went thoughtfully up-stairs.

Lady Petunia looked at her curiously, shook hands with her warmly, and asked her eagerly, "You know what my profession is?"

"I do."

"Then I'll go straight to the point with you, and not waste either your time or mine. May I put a few questions to you?"

"Put."

"Miss Cornstalk, what is your precise object in coming to London?"

"To obtain personal information as to the condition of England. I'm going to begin by examining the national utility of your good society."

Lady Petunia stared at her, and wondered whether she was quite in her senses.

"That's a large subject," she observed; "but, is that all?"

"So far as my specific aim goes, Yes. Subsidiarily, I'm ready to amuse myself, and to profit by anything else that may come in my way."

"Ah! What would you say, for instance, if a marriage came in your way?"

"I should say, No, thank you."

"May I inquire why?"

"Because I haven't come for that. My future is in Queensland. I shall go back there when I've done here."

"As we're discussing business, and as you appear to be an extremely business-like and practical person, permit me to point out to you that you would facilitate your entrance into English society if you allowed it to be supposed that you've come to look for a husband."

"Wouldn't it be enough to give them entertainments? I don't tell lies."

"Well, entertainments, as you call them, can be given by any one who can pay for them; there are too many of them as it is. But a big heiress, like you, is rare. Do you perceive the nature of my argument?"

"Yes, yes, I perceive; I per-

ceive luminously. Still, as I have just said, I don't tell lies; it isn't my system of action."

"Really, you can't call it lying. Let me assure you it's essential in every case—not only in your case, but in every case—to lead people to suppose that they can get something out of you in exchange for what they give you; and, of all that can be got out of a rich girl like you, the hope of matrimony with you would most tempt the sort of people you want to know. They all have starving sons and brothers. I beg you, at all events—if you put yourself into my hands—not to blaze about that you won't have it."

"You're teaching me already a good deal about the situation of this country," remarked the girl, with a cold smile. "We'll postpone that, however, if you please. What I've come for is to ask how much it would cost me to employ you. Have you a price-list?"

Lady Petunia tried to appear amused, but only succeeded in looking distinctly uncomfortable. She answered, "My charges are elastic. They vary with the people I have to deal with. I find it prudent, in most cases, to stipulate for money down beforehand; but I won't ask that from such a person as you."

"I'm glad to hear it."

"Though I've only seen you for five minutes, I recognise that you are unlike any one I have undertaken thus far."

"I'm glad to hear that also."

"I feel certain, somehow, that you are intensely honest, and will play no tricks with me. I'll make a proposal to you. If you are satisfied with my work on your behalf (which you will be), you shall give me a thousand at the end of the season. What do you say to that?"

"What do you say to it?" asked the girl, turning slowly to Mrs Chertsey, who had been sitting in rather gloomy silence.

That lady started, and exclaimed, "Really, I can advise nothing. I'm ready to do my little best for you. It would be little, but it would be my best; and Puggy expects it of me. If you prefer Petunia, it must be in consequence of your own free option, not because I advise you."

"That's all you have to say?" demanded Miss Cornstalk, with a movement of the eyebrows that came to her each time she was surprised or vexed. "I'd made up my mind before I put the question to you; but, as I was consigned to you, I thought it was civil to appear to consult you. Lady Petunia," she went on, "I accept your terms. Let's settle the programme and begin."

"My dear, you're quite delightful," was the enthusiastic reply. "Oh, if they were all like you! You'll do. Now I must inscribe you in my register. What's your Christian name?"

"Carpentaria is my baptismal appellation (it's a gulf out there); but as it's long, I'm known as 'Carpy.'"

"Miss 'Carpy' Cornstalk! Well, that will look effective in print. There's a character about it that will make people read it twice. And it's easy to pronounce. One of the drawbacks of my profession is that I have to deal sometimes with the bearers of such unapproachable names that I'm half afraid to ask for invitations for them. My first client was a Mrs Krakojewacz, a Servian Jewess, and the second a Bombay woman called Dosabhai. I prefer 'Carpy' Cornstalk."

"Oh yes," intervened Mrs Chertsey, mistily. "Puggy told me her

name was Carpentaria. I remember now. I knew it had something to do with geography."

"I think, Miss Cornstalk," continued Lady Petunia, "you'd better begin by arranging with my cousin to come to stay at your hotel and to go about with you. You must have a chaperon, you know. With all our goings-on here, we stand up for appearances (at least we've done so thus far), and it won't do for you to be alone."

Mrs Chertsey, with resignation, let fall the words, "I'll do whatever you like. I'll help in any way; because of Puggy, you know."

"And now," continued Lady Petunia, in an animated tone, "we'll see about some dresses for you (I warn you I shall receive a commission on them from the maker), and the day after tomorrow I'll take you to a dinner-party given by another client of mine, Mrs Olympus, the widow of Bethlehem Z. Olympus of Pittsburgh, who made a huge fortune by manufacturing variegated marble chimney-pieces out of compressed oyster-shells."

The guests at the dinner were furnished by Lady Petunia. The Marquess of Cheviot was the head man, Lady Dungeness the head woman, and there were various subordinates. Mrs Olympus was convinced that all the men wanted to marry her and all the women to get services out of her; and that they would entertain, respectively, precisely the same feelings towards Miss Cornstalk as soon as they heard that she was rich.

"It isn't you or me they want, my dear," she observed to that young lady, when they got into a corner together after dinner. "*Our individualities count totally for nothing. It's what we can*

give them. I've only been at it a month, but I've seen into the axis of the thing already."

"And what else have you discovered in the axis?" asked Miss Cornstalk, laughing.

"I've found a doubt. I'm wondering whether, at that price, it's really worth having."

"Of course not," was the emphatic reply. "Neither at that price, nor at any other."

"Oh my! If that's your view, what have you come for?"

"Political instruction."

Mrs Olympus opened her eyes at the girl. For a moment she fancied she was being laughed at. But she saw at once that the other was in earnest, and broke out, "Political instruction? That is voluminous. You'll get none of that in the scramble here. There's no instruction of any sort in circulation — except about reputations. I haven't learnt the value of an old hairpin since I landed."

"I'm quite ready to believe you. But, for reasons, I want to see it with my own sight. By the way, what have you come for?"

"Because it's the right thing for an American to do. It makes us pleased with ourselves to get into the smart houses here."

"Ah?"

"Yes; certainly. Haven't you the same feeling out your way?"

"Not much. Our people think too much of themselves for that. Some of them are so convinced of their extreme importance that they'd like to bat and keep wicket to their own bowling."

"We've got that sort, too," remarked the inhabitant of Pittsburgh.

"Is Lady Petunia doing for you all that you expected?" inquired the Australian.

"Isn't she! She's putting me along quite nobly. My dear, she's

a driving-wheel of very big diameter."

"She's taken up an odd trade."

"That's her affair. It's handy for you and me. And I like her as a woman. Now you go and be made love to. All the men are waiting for you, don't you see?"

Miss Cornstalk's eyebrows lifted.

Mrs Olympus added as they parted, "Little Gawaine is the only finished article among them. The others are all waste material. Try Gawaine."

A minute afterwards Lord Cheviot and Sir Cerdic Gawaine were introduced by Lady Petunia to "Carpy," and sat down right and left of her.

"Charming person, Mrs Olympus," asserted Lord Cheviot, airily.

"I hear you've come to England to study us, Miss Cornstalk," remarked Sir Cerdic, seriously.

She looked at each of them twice, investigatively, and then turned slowly to Sir Cerdic, affording to Lord Cheviot an opportunity (of which he availed himself copiously) of considering the extreme whiteness of her shoulders. After a time, however, as he saw that she did not mean to turn back again, he found the shoulders insufficient to content him, and went away in indignation.

The girl made answer to the second observation. "Yes; I've come to see what you are like. Can you help me to arrive at an impression?"

"In no way. I have never succeeded in forming, even for my private use, a definite opinion as to our condition or value."

Miss Cornstalk twisted her eyebrows, and asked, "From indifference?—from incapacity?—or from the difficulty of the subject?"

Sir Cerdic stared at her. "You put things plainly," he said, with manifest astonishment.

"I suppose you mean that I'm rough," she answered, quietly. "I know I am. I wasn't softened when I was little; there was nobody to do it; I had no mother. But I'm trying to improve myself. Why have you formed no opinion about the condition of the English?"

"Because the more I study them, the more do I recognise the contradictions and the complications they present, and the less do I feel able to arrive at any conviction about them."

"How old are you?"

He stared again. After a few seconds, he told her, "Thirty-two."

"And at that age you've not found life long enough to enable you to unravel those contradictions and complications?"

"I don't expect to find it long enough at any other age."

"And I who intend to pass sentence on you in a month!"

"Doesn't it occur to you that it will be presumptuous to do so?"

"Presumptuous or not, I'm going to try."

"But why on earth do you want to pass sentence on us? Can't you be content to amuse yourself amongst us?"

"No; that's not my way. Besides, I've two reasons."

"Would it be indiscreet to inquire what are those two reasons?"

"Not a bit. The reasons are, that I want to learn; and that, when I've learnt, I want to use my knowledge."

"Do you know that you puzzle me and interest me?" exclaimed the other, looking at her with curiosity.

"I didn't know it; but now that you mention it, I think it's very likely."

"May I go on questioning you?"

"I shan't mind it any more than water minds being wetted."

He stared at her for the third time, almost with bewilderment.

"Well, first of all," he went on, as soon as he had recovered, "how do you mean to use your knowledge when you've got it?"

The girl became grave.

"Sir Cerdic Gawaine," she said, "I live in a land where we think a deal of ourselves, and are self-willed and independent. Yet, all the same, a good many of us, down in our hearts, look up fondly to the old mother country, and feel a traditional tenderness for her, and want to go on respecting her. But we've our Radicals, just as you have yours, and our Radicals pretend that the mother country isn't worth respecting. I've come to see."

"To see?" he repeated, in a tone of utter incomprehension.

"Yes; to see. I'm a Conservative. I want to keep things as they are, if I can. And if I find that you're worth respecting, I'll go back and say so. That's my notion of duty."

"Will you forgive me for saying that you don't seem exactly like what we understand here by a Conservative?"

"Don't lose time over definitions: all words have local values. When I tell you I'm a Conservative out there, you may believe me."

"And you suppose that a month's contact with society in London will teach you whether England is worth respecting?"

"No. I'm only going to apply a very simple test. It's a universal rule that those who are worthy of respect from others are always disposed to respect themselves. I shall limit myself to the search for signs of self-respect. As I've no time to hunt for positive proof, I must content myself with negative evidence. When I've finished here, I shall look for the

same sign in fields and factories and mines."

"And—why have you undertaken this extraordinary mission?"

"It isn't a mission. It's simply profiting by an opportunity to show that I deserve the place I occupy in the sunlight, and to make the people feel round home that they can trust me, because I work."

"Decidedly, you do interest me," insisted Gawaine, more and more impressed. "Are there many like you 'round home'?"

"A few."

"Well, I may say with certainty that there is nobody like you here."

"So I fancied," remarked Miss Cornstalk, thoughtfully. "But what's the use of talking about me? It's waste of time, and I've none to spare. Do tell me about this society of yours. Is it an honour to England? Or is it only a danger? If it's not the one, it must, of necessity, be the other; all history shows that."

"Your questions are as big as the sky, and as full of light and darkness. It's impossible to answer them off-hand."

"Then think about them, and answer them to-morrow. Lady Dungeness takes me to Hurlingham. Come there to me. You can help me."

Sir Cerdic Gawaine went away and pondered. He felt that he had met an unusual woman, and that his curiosity and his sympathy had been sharply excited by her. He was conscious that there was something special in her; and that, in particular, she possessed a mental freshness absolutely proper to herself, and which (absurd as the comparison appeared) he could liken to nothing else than rosemary and thyme. But he could not get beyond a mere general definition of her. He told himself that she was honest and intelligent,

self-confident and extraordinarily outspoken, unconventional and strange. He felt, too, that she attracted him. But the word he kept repeating, and which, for the moment, summed up his only clear impression, was—"Strange!"

Next day it rained. At two o'clock a note reached him, saying—

"As Hurlingham is impossible, come to me at tea-time.

"C. C."

He read the words several times; tried to form an estimate of the writer from the writing; and, finally, put the note rather carefully into a despatch-box, muttering the same word—"Strange!"

"I want you," she said, as they ate their toast together, "to go about amongst the older people of your acquaintance and to ask them what they think of the position held by English society towards the nation."

"They'll tell me that they think I'm off my head for putting such a question," was the laughing answer.

"Never mind what they think about *you*. That doesn't matter. It's what they think about themselves in their relation to the people that I want to know."

"Why, Miss Cornstalk, not one in thirty thousand of them has the faintest conception that such a problem exists."

"Then it's your duty to make them feel that it exists," she exclaimed, impatiently; "it's your duty to force them to see its gravity, and to arrive at an opinion on it."

"May I ask why it is *my* duty?"

She looked at him with mixed commiseration and surprise.

"Now there," she said, "is the effect of the enfeebling contacts amidst which you live. You positively have forgotten that it's your

duty to speak the truth to those around you."

"I'm not an apostle. I'm simply a——"

"A coward, I fear," she broke in, fixing her eyes sorrowfully upon him.

He started slightly, but answered simply, after a few seconds, "In all sincerity I have never found myself a coward. But I acknowledge that, in my dealings with men and women, I try to be prudent."

"Prudence and cowardice are twins," she murmured.

"Now what is the use," urged Gawaine, "as you said of yourself last night, of talking about *me*? Pray leave me out."

"You disappoint me. I don't know why, but I expected more of you."

"I'm grieved to hear you say so. I'll help you all I can: I promise you I will; but not at the price of making myself ridiculous before others. That's precisely what every Englishman does fear, coward or not."

"I comprehend," remarked "Carpy," with a returning smile. "You leave that process to me! Well, let's say no more about it."

"But I wish most heartily," he protested, "to go on about it with you. I, personally, am keenly interested in the whole class of questions which seems to occupy your mind. All I beg is that you will not claim from me the impossible. Have you really come to England for absolutely nothing but politics?"

"Not quite. I'm woman enough," she went on, lightly, "to wish to smooth off the asperities of my manners by looking on at the good behaviour of others; and I'm girl enough to desire to amuse myself a little. To-night at Mrs Bigbag's—you're going, I suppose

—you'll see how I can dance. How many waltzes will you have?"

"You do me great honour, Miss Cornstalk. I'll take them all, with gratitude, if you'll give them to me."

"No, no, not all. I must make acquaintance with other men besides you. I can only give you two or three. Good-bye."

Sir Cerdic Gawaine strolled into the Park, and sat down alone, to meditate.

"She's more human than I fancied last night," he told himself. "She came round so abruptly just now from calling me a coward to offering me waltzes that there must be more graciousness in her than I supposed at the first moment. With all her wildnesses she has very womanly sides. She talked very nicely and naturally of wishing to soften her roughness. There's a good deal in her that's thoroughly feminine, and, with good teaching, she might be developed into a delightful type. By Jove! what lovely feet and hands she has! and how deliciously she uses them! She's confoundingly stimulating, particularly now that I'm beginning to believe that she's a real woman, and not a mere politician in petticoats. As a study she's remarkable, quite remarkable. I wonder whether she could be cured of that habit of speaking out? It's not in its place in England. She's very, very interesting."

At Mrs Bigbag's ball Miss Cornstalk made her first appearance before London. Everybody who's supposed to be worth mentioning was there. For a quarter of an hour no one took the slightest notice of her. Suddenly a rumour, *put dexterously into circulation by Lady Petunia, spread about—it* *used like a rocket-fuse, as rumours*

do—that the little girl in white had a heap of thousands a-year. Then up came the introductions.

"Let them believe, I implore you, that you'll marry every one of them," whispered Lady Petunia, with intense entreaty.

"Carpy" laughed, and walked off to a Lancers with young Lord Ennerdale, who had been the first to catch her.

"Very—er—hot," he observed.

"I know that," she answered, twisting her eyebrows as she looked up at him. "Can't you tell me something I don't know?"

The boy had never been spoken to in that way before, and felt abashed. Then he grew vexed that a little renownless girl should dare to address a very smart young man like him in such disrespectful language. So he said to her, "Well—er—you know, I can't know, all of myself—er—what a girl knows or doesn't know—er—don't you know."

"I assure you I'm totally convinced you don't know, don't you know," she echoed, laughing exceedingly behind her fan.

This made him still more indignant, so he muttered, rather fiercely, "If you'd like me not to talk—er—I'll hold my tongue."

She looked up at him again (he was very tall), distorted her eyebrows out of all shape, and said with resolute gravity, "What's your opinion as to the position held by English society before the nation?"

Lord Ennerdale felt inclined to run away.

"She's mad! That's it!" he thought. "I wish this beastly Lancers was over."

But the girl had no intention of quarrelling with him; she wanted to be friends with everybody, even with smart young men, on the chance of being able to learn

something from them. So she added, "No; let's leave society alone, and talk about horses."

This appeased him a little; but he remained rancorous, and only stuttered out, "Well, you know—er—horses—that's to say—er—there's a deal to be said about horses, if—er—you only know what to say, and—er—how to say it."

"Exactly so. I most heartily agree with you. That's a most sensible observation. Let me judge what you have to say about them, and how you say it."

He stared at her, feeling more and more angry, and distinctly frightened.

"Well, go on," she insisted. "I'm listening."

"No; I give up," was the hopeless reply. "You floor me. Do you always talk to fellows in this way?"

"Well, frankly, this is the first time, for the good reason that I never spoke to what you call a 'fellow' before."

"She is mad," he repeated uncomfortably to himself.

After a silence, during which she bit her lips ferociously to keep herself from choking with laughter, she looked up once more at her partner, and said, unflinchingly gently, "Now, do let us talk about horses. I broke seven colts last year."

"What?" he gasped. "You? You, yourself? You did? Really?"

"Yes," she affirmed, nodding her head solemnly. "I myself. I did. Really."

"Then you can ride a bit? Any—er—hands?"

"I made their mouths," was the tranquil reply; and she held up her tiny fingers to show him the instrument that had done it.

"Well done you!" exclaimed the boy, *getting interested*.

He added, within himself, "If that's not a lie, she can't be mad, after all. Broke seven colts! No, can't be mad. Yet, what did she mean about society and the nation? That sounded very insane."

"Going on?" he asked, after these reflections. "I'd like uncommonly—er—to know what sort they were, and what—er—bits you did it with. No time here, don't you know."

"Going on?" she repeated. "Eh? I don't understand. I'm going on dancing, if that's what you mean."

"No, not that. Going on—er—don't you know. To another place. I'm going to Mrs High-heap's. You might tell me there."

"I'm not going to Mrs High-heap's," she replied. "If we're to talk, it must be here. As I said just now, I'm listening."

But the dance was over, and before Lord Ennerdale, who was a slow thinker, could prepare an answer, she was away on the arm of Sir Oerdic Gawaine, who had been standing behind, waiting for his turn.

"My education is progressing," she broke out gaily to him. "I've had a smart young man. If England were populated by that sort only," she went on, becoming suddenly serious, "I'd give up bothering about Imperial Federation, and join the set who want to go at once for separation."

"Don't be hard on him," urged Gawaine; "he'll grow out of it."

"Are there many of him?"

"Several of the young ones."

"Poor England!" she sighed, shaking her head.

She thought for an instant, and then turned again, asking, "And you? Have you learnt anything?"

"Nothing."

"That's just what I exp



she replied. But she writhed her eyebrows, to show that she was disappointed.

"I've been asking at dinner," he went on; "but people don't understand. I told you they wouldn't."

"Why don't they understand?" she cried, impatiently. "It's important enough, God knows, for them to condescend to think about it. Frivolous example from the top will have its effect on the bottom; they'll find that out some day. I tell you there are responsibilities that—— There's a waltz!" she exclaimed, interrupting herself, as the first notes of the music sounded through the rooms. "Come; come quick!"

She did waltz well, so well that people stood in groups to watch her, saying, "That's the awfully rich Australian girl. How she does go!"

Her shoulders and her head thrown slightly back, her lips parted with excitement, intense girlish joy upon her face, she swung past in a whirl of vaporous lightness; while her little white feet skimmed so hoveringly over the floor that, bird-like, they seemed to merely peck at it, and to have no need to rest on it.

"It's the same glow as in the saddle," she cried, exultingly, as they stopped to breathe. "If it were not for waltzing and riding over fences, I should like to be a member of the Government. But I can't give them up, and it wouldn't be solemn for a member of the Government to dance and gallop as frantically as I do."

"Perhaps not," answered Gawaine, making an unsuccessful effort not to smile. "Yet, really, you've a way of doing things that might excuse——"

"Oh, never mind my way. It is so good to dance and ride! and

yet—and yet, alas!—my instincts in that direction will prevent me from taking office—I mean they would if I were a man. I'm not reverend enough."

They both laughed; and, as they laughed, he looked into her eyes and felt himself tremble slightly.

For an hour they danced and talked, until Lady Petunia, who, for some time, had been watching feverishly for an opportunity, whispered to "Carpy," as she passed through a doorway on Gawaine's arm, "For heaven's sake, do leave him. If you go on like this, with him alone, the mothers of all the others will think they've no chance, and won't invite you to their parties. I beseech you, in justice to me, to think of the work I have to do. Why make difficulties for me like this?"

"That may be true," said the girl to herself, stopping short. "Perhaps it's not quite honest of me. Anyhow, it would be fairer to her to try some other man."

She turned suddenly to Sir Cerdic, saying, "I'm very sorry, but that's enough. I'd much rather go on with you; but I mustn't. You go away now. Come to tea to-morrow."

Next day Miss Cornstalk had to lunch Lady Dungeness, Lady Petunia Fitz-Hollyhock, and a Mrs Chatterley, whom she had met at Mrs Olympus's dinner. She wanted to hear what women, without men, would say to each other.

The first half-hour passed, however, without their saying anything at all, at least what "Carpy" understood by "saying." They talked abundantly of persons, but never made an allusion to things; and it was about things, not persons, that she desired to hear their views.

At last Mrs Chatterley declared,

"After all, my dear Petunia, there are only two motives for knowing people: one is that we like them—which is rare; the other, that we can get something out of them—which is frequent."

"I see," observed the Australian girl, "just as a donkey eats thistles, sometimes because they please him, sometimes because they feed him."

"I don't mind your assimilating us to donkeys," exclaimed Lady Petunia; "but pray don't compare society to thistles. I live by it."

"We all live by it," insisted Mrs Chatterley, "for the good reason that none of us could live without it."

"Excepting those who want nothing of what it has to give," urged Miss Cornstalk.

"Are you one of those?" asked Lady Dungeness.

"I am."

"Then why have you come over here to run after it?"

"To see what it's like, and what can be learnt from it; just as I should go up in a balloon, if I had the opportunity,—to look about and measure."

"But what do you wish to measure?" inquired Mrs Chatterley, whose notions of that process were limited to what happened during her conferences with her dressmaker.

"I wish to measure the fitness of England to retain the loyalty of Australia."

The three women gazed stupefiedly at Miss Cornstalk.

"But wouldn't you learn that better at Aldershot, or Portsmouth, or places of that sort?" suggested Lady Dungeness, after a silence. "It's a question of guns and ships, isn't it?"

"No: it's a question of heads and hearts," answered Miss Cornstalk, very gravely.

"Dear me! what can heads and hearts have to do with it?" wondered Mrs Chatterley. "I thought they were only required in novels."

"In your eyes, I suppose they've no more to do with it than guns and ships have to do with dinner-parties."

"Well—pretty nearly the same."

"You don't seem to know much, any of you, about the relations between England and her colonies."

"Why on earth should we know? They concern the Government."

"Then you are satisfied, like the Romans, with 'bread and games,' and leave the rest to Jupiter. Is that it?" she asked, looking, as she spoke, at Lady Petunia.

"Upon my word, my dear young lady," was the reply, "you must allow me to remind you that it's not in my contract to supply you with political information. I don't keep the article in stock. And if I did, I should charge for it as an extra."

Miss Cornstalk laughed, and exclaimed, "It seems to be an extra to everybody here. Nobody keeps it in stock—any more than you do. The puzzle to me is, how any of you can live without it. I couldn't."

"But then you are a superior being," argued Mrs Chatterley. "We people who go about diverting ourselves are inferior persons."

"And are content to be so?"

"We should be terribly sorry to be anything else," declared Mrs Chatterley, with conviction.

"Now you're coming to the point," cried "Carpy." "At last you're telling me something I want to know. Go on, please—do go on!" she cried, earnestly.

"Oh, I can't. I only say things of that sort when I am taken unawares. Directly I discover that I've let out anything remarkable, I stop short."

"Well, at all events, you can add whether many people think as you do about the merit of inferiority."

"Everybody, Miss Cornstalk; everybody. At least I don't know anybody who doesn't. We are proud of our frivolity, you know, and think that people who are not frivolous are bores."

"Like me!" was Miss Cornstalk's bantering answer.

At five o'clock Gawaine came. "Carpy" repeated to him the substance of the conversation after lunch, and asked him, with her habitual eagerness, how far it could be taken as indicating a general condition of thought.

He tried to laugh off the question, maintaining that she took everything too seriously, and that she must not listen to every silly woman and every empty man as if they were oracles specially employed by the gods of Britain to unfold eternal truths to travellers from Australia. He assured her that neither a Pythia nor an Ammon is to be found in the drawing-rooms of London, and urged her to content herself with surface pleasures, and to seek for nothing under them.

"Which means," she answered, "that I must look elsewhere for real England."

"Not quite," he argued. "Our society is, in its way, as really and as truly English as our cricket-fields, our country-folk, our hedge-rows, our village blacksmiths, and our meadows of buttercups. But though it is, as I tell you, purely English in its details, it is, in its objects and its feelings, just the same as the societies of all other lands. It wants to be ornamental, not useful—to laugh, not to think. Take it as it is, and indeed as it ought to be and must be—for if it were not what it is, it would not

be what is called society—and do not get angry with it because it cannot give you what it has not got, and what, in fact, you have no right to expect to find in it. It is real England, as you call it; but it is not the England that has made England great."

They chatted for a couple of hours. She seemed to him to be almost pretty sometimes, in her rushes of earnestness. He found himself looking at her, more than once, with a certain admiration. He followed, with keen interest, her excited stories of her life "round home," and wondered how so slight and delicate a body could support long hours of hard galloping through the bush, how those little hands could hold unbroken three-year-olds, and how, with such an absorbing outdoor life, she could find time to read so much.

At night they met again; again they danced and talked; again he listened; again he looked into her eyes, and found them deep.

When he woke next morning he had a think; the issue of which was that he took his head in his hands, and muttered, incoherently, "I'm hit! Positively, I'm hit! I needn't be ashamed of it, though; for a girl like her would make a hole in most fellows. She's like no one else I've seen. She has an aspiring nature, and a very feminine nature too, notwithstanding her strange life, and her strange talk, and her strange ambitions. I wonder whether she cares a little about me? She's taken up with me astonishingly. I'm not sure though, yet, that she'd make the right sort of wife. Her ways are not a bit English. I mustn't make a mistake, if I can help it. Still, she's so tempting that I shall get awfully fond of her. I see that coming. I wish she wasn't

so rich; people will say it's for that. I'm in for it this time, I suspect. But I must hold myself, if I can, till I'm quite certain."

Three weeks passed by. Miss Cornstalk and Sir Cerdic Gawaine met every afternoon and every night. He became more and more "hit." She showed, unchangeably, the same eager frankness, the same vivacity, the same longing for knowledge, and she became manifestly gentler and less aggressive. But there wasn't in her one single sign of any special feeling for him.

One day, to his astonishment, he found her out of spirits. His amazement was great, for it had not occurred to him as possible that a nature like hers could ever be sad.

"I'm getting tired of it," she told him, in reply to his questioning gaze. "I shall go on, because it isn't in me to give up—unless something particular comes to pass. But I'm half sorry that I came."

"Why? What has happened?" he exclaimed, anxiously.

"Nothing has happened. Only I have discovered that this society life is too small for me. There's no fresh air and no action in it. My elbows have worked through it already. It has no more to do with the true breathing of England than the foam on the shore with the might of the sea."

"You ask too much from it."

"Too much? I cannot ask too much. The highest duty of every society," she exclaimed, vehemently, "is—whatever you may say—to represent and typify the nation to which it belongs; to hold up to view its qualities, its capacities, its forces. This one exhibits nothing but your vanities."

"I have told you before," urged the other, trying to turn the conversation into a less rugged road,

"that the object of all the societies of to-day is, simply, to be ornamental and to provide amusement."

"Amusement!" she repeated. "Amusement is excusable as an occasional aim for individuals; but inexcusable as a general object for a whole class—especially when that class is the first and the most in view. There's no self-respect in unceasing amusement. It won't supply me with the evidence I want."

She looked at him for an instant, and then went on, murmuring dreamily, with an appearance of dejection utterly unlike her habitually bright wilful manner. "In the distance, out there, before me, I see perpetually all sorts of hopes and visions, and stretch out my hands to try to grasp them. Thus far they've always faded at my touch—like this one that I've run after here—and I've mourned over their unreality. That's made me wonder whether I really feel all I think I do, or whether I'm an impostor. And then again, sometimes, I fancy the impostor is not me, but life itself. Which is it?"

At this question Gawaine felt suddenly hot and upset. He pushed his hair back, twisted his hands into each other, shut his eyes for an instant, and finally glanced nervously at Mrs Chertsey (who was knitting in the next room), to make sure that she was out of hearing. After all these movements he turned earnestly to Miss Cornstalk, as if he were going to say something important.

But the something important lost itself in his throat, and what he really did get out was not important at all. He only stuttered, "Oh, not you. You couldn't be an impostor, even if you tried."

Thereupon he looked extremely

ashamed of the observation he had made.

Miss Cornstalk turned her grey eyes full upon him, and inquired softly, "Was that what you really meant to say?"

He coloured and looked down.

She shook her head, and remarked, with a sigh, "Well, it doesn't matter what you said or meant to say. Nothing matters. I've fits of this sort."

Then they sat still, in silence.

"Perhaps it's your opinion," she said at last, "that it's not a woman's function to occupy herself about the position and the future of her country?"

"Indeed I hold no such opinion," he protested, making a struggle to talk of something else than his own thoughts. "On the contrary, I'm thoroughly convinced that women can do almost as much as men to overcome the social difficulties of our time. Only, unfortunately, there's a prejudice in the air against their doing it."

She looked at him, repeating despondingly, "Prejudice! prejudice! I've suspected since I came here, and I incline more and more to believe, that prejudice is the natural dominating impulse of every English man and woman. I'm ignorant of its influence over other races, but here it seems to be almost the master of the land. Do you know that nothing is so chilling as to be convinced that you're judged by prejudice, not by reason? That's what I do feel here, and that is, partly, why I'm sad to-day."

"Let me say to you that you jump to unjust conclusions. And are you quite certain that you yourself are not, to some degree, under the guidance of prejudice?"

She hesitated; her eyes glistened as if tears had come into them; for some moments she remained motionless. Then with

an effort, she murmured, "It may be so. What right have I to think that I am stronger or more free than others? I have tried to be so, but—I have failed. After all," she went on, lifting her wet eyes to his, and trying feebly to smile, "I'm only a girl—though I forget it sometimes, and want to act as a man—and you must forgive me for breaking down occasionally, and for being, when I break down, as weak as a girl."

This beat him. He cast another glance, more nervous even than the first one, at Mrs Chertsey, still knitting, still silent, still stupid.

"I meant to say just now," he stammered out in a low voice, turning pale, "that you have made me feel a great deal for you, and that—that—that it would give me great joy if I could think that you too——"

"Oh, what a pity!" broke in the girl, springing to her feet, clasping her hands, and gazing at him with consternation. "Surely, my poor friend, you've not been foolish enough to fall in love with me! I never meant that! Pray tell me you've not done that! Oh, it would indeed make me sad if you have done that!"

"Why should I not do that?" he asked, frightenedly.

"Why not? Because—— No, no. Do tell me you're not fond of me—more than as a friend, I mean. I like you far too much for that. I do indeed."

"Miss Cornstalk——"

"Call me 'Carpy.' Do say 'Carpy' to me. It will sound kinder."

"'Carpy,'" he went on, very gravely, "I ask you to be my wife."

She dropped her head, muttering, "Poor fellow!" Then she sat down, thought for an instant, rose again, fixed her gaze full on him, and said, very rapidly, "I didn't suspect this. I didn't mean

to lead you to this. Forgive me if I cause you pain. I cannot be your wife."

In deep agitation, he asked her, "Is your love given?"

"No, no, indeed. It's not that. The reason is that—that—well, frankly, I don't love you. I have never felt capable of loving, either any one else, or you. My nature has no love in it."

"You? You, no love?" he gasped out. "You're full of it." She shook her head.

"Where does it all go to?" he exclaimed, in pain.

"What I'm full of isn't love," she said. "It's nothing but the duty and the service that I owe to everybody round home. You can't call that love. It's not a woman's love for man. It has always seemed to me that I can never love a man—one man."

"Then, 'Carpy,' for me you feel no love?"

"Poor Cerdic!" she answered, taking his hand, "not a bit. But I do like you very much. You've been the star of my English life—my Southern Cross up here. Only—I don't love you."

He sighed heavily.

She put herself before him, threw back her head, and went on, insistingly, "This won't do. We mustn't behave like this—especially you. We'll be great friends—very, very great friends; but don't talk to me any more of love and marriage. If you do, I'll leave off seeing you. I didn't come here for that, and it isn't in me."

He lifted his hands to his head, and said nothing.

After looking at him for an instant she went on again, almost with a return of her habitual vivacity, "I tell you this won't do. We're not going to have a single combat, with many killed

and wounded on both sides. We'll just go on as we were before, and forget all about this."

He shook himself together, got up, and said very quietly, "I think I'd better go away. I might say foolish things."

"Poor Cerdic!"

And he went away.

That night, at Mrs Highheap's, she looked for him, but did not see him.

Lord Ennerdale, who had ceased to be afraid of her, and had become one of her habitual followers, asked her to dance. She refused, but said, "I'll walk about with you, if you like."

"You see," he told her, "I've been thinking—er—don't you know, and I wish you'd come down to us, to my mother—er—I mean. I want to mount you and to see you go. She'll ask you."

"Very good of her," replied the girl, screwing her eyebrows sideways as she looked at him; "but I can't."

"Well, now, that's hard. When a fellow——"

"Where's Sir Cerdic Gawaine?" she interrupted.

"Cerdy? Where's Cerdy? Why, don't you know, as he's always where you are, he ought to be here."

The tall boy smiled at the brilliancy of his argument, and looked round the room for "Cerdy."

"So they call him 'Cerdy,'" thought Miss Cornstalk. "That's odd—'Cerdy' and 'Carpy'! Poor Cerdy! It is indeed a pity I can't love him. I wish he was here."

She ceased to talk, and strolled on musingly.

"I don't think he's here at all," said the boy at last, after gazing in every direction over people's heads. "But, really, won't you

come to us? I—I mean my mother, would be so glad."

"Don't worry me," she answered, rather petulantly. "I want to sit down and be quiet. I'll tell you when to talk to me again."

She did not tell him for ten minutes, during which she remained in silence, torturing her eyebrows, biting her lips, and watching the door of the room.

Suddenly she broke out, "I've just made up my mind to start home by the next steamer."

"What? Now? Here? Made up your mind here?"

"Yes, here."

"But, those things you came about? Those things you tried to make me understand, you know, but I didn't; about society—and Australia—and the people, don't you know."

"I've given up those things," she answered, sadly.

"Oh, not you! You're not one to give up. That's not it."

"I don't mean that I give up for good; only that I give up here—because I've something else to think about. Now, take me to Mrs Chertsey," she exclaimed, jumping up. "I'm going."

"But," insisted the boy, who had fallen half in love with her, "I'm so awfully sorry. You know—if you go away—don't you see—I shall be—well—rather beaten, don't you know."

She looked up at him and tried to laugh. But she couldn't. Her thoughts were full of somebody else, who also was "rather beaten," and for whom she felt an immense compassion.

Next morning she sent to ask if she could have a cabin on a steamer that was to start on the following Friday.

As soon as she obtained an affirmative answer, she despatched a note to Sir Cerdic Gawaine. It said: "Come in directly after

lunch. I have taken my passage to Brisbane by Friday's boat, and want to talk to you."

She informed Mrs Chertsey (who accepted the communication meekly) that she was very grateful for her chaperonage, but had no further need of it. She forwarded a cheque, with many warm thanks, to Lady Petunia Fitz-Hollyhock. She told her maid to begin to pack. Then she sat down to think.

She was interrupted, at the end of half an hour, by the tempestuous entrance of Lady Petunia, who rushed up to her, crying out, "'Carpy'! 'Carpy'! you're not going? No; say you're not going! You've been my greatest success. It will disgrace me if you go. Besides, I've grown very fond of you."

"I'll give you a certificate," muttered the girl, gloomily.

"But—what is it? What's the motive of this abrupt decision? Yesterday you had no idea of it, for, though you were out of spirits, you accepted all the invitations I brought."

Miss Cornstalk looked at her, and said slowly, "There's a Latin proverb which tells us, 'Times change, and we change with them.'"

Lady Petunia turned, perplexed, to Mrs Chertsey, exclaiming, "What do you know about this, Lodora?"

Her cousin replied, as if she were bitterly afflicted, "Nothing."

"Who's been here?" demanded Lady Petunia.

"Well, yesterday there was no one—only cards. Except, of course, Gawaine; he comes every day."

Miss Cornstalk started at the name; her eyebrows mounted into her hair; her little foot leaped out and hurriedly tapped the floor.

Lady Petunia saw the movement

— and understood. She leaned over the girl, kissed her forehead, and whispered to her, almost with affection, "I daresay you're right, 'Carpy.' I'll come in to-morrow. If you want me sooner, send for me."

When Gawaine walked in, he said, with determined calm, "It's kind of you to go. I thank you for sparing me the pain of seeing you."

She looked at him strangely, with an expression he had never seen in her, and answered, "That's the language I expected from you. If you had entreated me to stop, my respect for you would have been lessened."

"And the object of your visit here?" he inquired, forcing himself to talk of indifferent things. "You have not discovered what you came to look for."

"That concerns my heart and my head. No one knows at home that I had that object. I am responsible to myself alone." After an instant of silence she added, "I have thought it over, and my head absolves my heart."

He could not help replying, "Your heart? Then—then, you own you have a heart?"

"I told you yesterday that I had not—at least of the kind you imply," was her rejoinder. "I told you yesterday all I had to say . . . yesterday."

He screwed his hands together, echoed "All!" and remained sadly silent.

A great emotion passed over her. She made a tremendous effort to control herself.

"I said, all—yesterday. Do you hear? It was all—*yesterday*; but it is not all to-day. It is because there is more to-day that I have asked you to come, so that you may know."

He . . .

agitation. But he did not dare to try to understand.

"It is not very easy to get out," she went on, hesitating and growing rather breathless. "What I have to tell you is that—since last night—I'm less sure. I doubt about myself, about my life, my past—my heart. If you had been there last night, where I expected you, I might not have found it out—at least not so soon. But your absence showed me what I did not know. It was while I looked for you that I—I—began to doubt, and to imagine that—perhaps—perhaps . . ."

She ceased speaking. Her eyes closed, her head drooped, her hands fell open, her cheeks grew rather pale.

Gawaine rose slowly. He stood before her, holding out his arms, unconsciously, as if imploring her to go on. The intensest anxiety was on his face.

"Perhaps?—perhaps?"—he gasped out, in a strangled voice.

"No, no," she murmured. "I cannot say it—because I am not sure. It would be so awful to be wrong. I tell you it's only a doubt. But, when the doubt came into me, I saw its immense gravity, and decided, instantly, to go home."

"Say what the doubt is," he cried, with outbursting joy, venturing at last to comprehend and believe. "Or, if you will not, let me say it for you!"

"I forbid you," she called out, insistingly, "to speak one word. The doubt is mine—mine alone. Leave it to me. It is my right to tell it to you—when I can. I claim it for myself. But I will say it only when the time has come. Are you not contented, Cerdic, that I say to-day there is a doubt?"

"And—meanwhile?" asked Gawaine, shaking with excitement.

"Meanwhile, trust me," was her  
ling answer.



"And now," he stuttered, "will you go?"

"Yes, I will go. Instead of measuring England, I have to measure myself. For that I must be alone."

"Will the measurement last so long that you cannot complete it here, before you start?"

"I will not risk mistake. What I feel is so new that it frightens me. It seems to me that the old 'Carpy' is no longer in me, and that . . ."

Again she stopped, adding abruptly, "What the doubt is—you know; at all events, you can guess. But I cannot bring myself to name it—yet."

He took her hand, but did not attempt to answer. She went on, half seriously, half timidly, "I told you yesterday that I have wondered sometimes whether I am an impostor. I see I am, and I feel ashamed. I am beginning to believe that I have deceived myself throughout my life. Do you persist in asking an impostor to be your wife?"

"'Carpy'—say you love me," was all he could get out.

"I tell you again and again," she cried, springing back, "that I will not say it until the doubt has vanished, until I am certain it is true."

She added, demurely, "Perhaps I shall be able to say it in a few months."

"You really mean to start on Friday?"

"I do."

"May I come with you?"

"To influence my measurements? No, no, if you please. Besides, I leave you a duty to discharge here. I bequeath to you what you once called my 'mission.' Stop here to work at it, and if I call for you, bring out to me the results."

"You are putting me into a remarkable position," remarked Gawaine, laughing in spite of his excitement. "You are to go 'measuring yourself' across the sea; I am to stop here to study the worth of England from the point of view of an Australian girl; and, while this goes on, I am to remain ignorant whether you will be my wife or not."

"That is it—for the present."

"And suppose I refuse?"

"Then I shall cease to doubt," she answered him, with mock defiance, "shall revert to my original conviction that I am incapable of love, and shall have the pride of feeling that, after all, I am not an impostor."

"I will obey."

"I think you'd better. Come in to dine to-night."

For three days she held on steadily, and would say nothing else or more. But, at the last moment, she broke down.

On board the steamer, after wishing good-bye to Lady Petunia and Mrs Chertsey, who had come to see her off, she took Sir Cerdic Gawaine alone into her cabin and said to him, "The doubt is ended. Thank God that I can say so before we part. I know, at last, that I love you with all the ardour of an awakened heart. Come out to us next month. Come to your wife, your home, and your duties. The joy of my life will be in your keeping. You will find in Queensland a wider, higher career than you have ever dreamed of following in England, and, some day, you shall be the Minister that your wife would like to be, but cannot be. Cerdic, I tell you, with pride and with delight, that I love at last, and that I love you. Farewell for a few weeks, and then . . ."

Sir Cerdic Gawaine returned to town with a gladdened heart.

## SKETCHES FROM EASTERN TRAVEL.

## VI.—THREE DAYS' EXPEDITIONS TO MIZPEH, BETHLEHEM, AND HEBRON.

ONE of the most satisfactory points about Palestine travelling is the absence of carriage-roads, which, even about Jerusalem, are so few that most expeditions must be made on horseback, whereby one is enabled to become far more thoroughly acquainted with the country than is possible while one is boxed up in a thing on wheels. Three days spent thus in the open among the Judean hills will be ever memorable to our friends the travellers. One of these is spent in an expedition to the highest point among the hills about Jerusalem, and the most conspicuous feature in the surrounding scenery. This height, 3006 feet above the sea-level, is now called Neby Samwil, but is believed to be the site of the ancient Mizpeh of Benjamin, which, if indeed situated in this exalted position, well deserved its name of "the Watch-tower."

The progress thither—of about eight miles in a north-westerly direction—is one of the roughest, rockiest, most break-neck rides that our friends have ever experienced. It is sad to see the desolation of those stony hillsides once carefully cultivated in terraces, which in many places still remain. The incident of the ride which most interests the English travellers is the sight of a long-robed shepherd wearing an outer cloak of brown goat's-hair material. He is walking along a rocky track on the hillside, and is followed by his flock of dark-brown sheep and goats.

"One can hardly understand," says Philippa, "that familiar imagery about sheep and shepherd-ing until one has seen an Eastern

shepherd leading his sheep over these difficult mountain-paths; and that figure of separating the sheep from the goats becomes far more significant when one has seen these oriental flocks, in which, at a little distance, the two are quite indistinguishable."

The shepherd is a little distance now in advance of his flock, and, turning back, calls to them to follow. And "the sheep know his voice," it seems, for his shout is immediately followed by a bleating response.

After some two hours of slow riding, or rather climbing, over rocky hills, the travellers approach Mizpeh, which, as early as the sixth century, was erroneously identified with Ramah or Ramathaim-Zophim, the place of the birth, home, and death of Samuel, whose name is preserved in the modern "Neby Samwil." Before ascending the steep hill they visit a rock-hewn cistern with a spring, supposed by some to be the Pool of Gibeon whereat Abner and Joab met of old, and Abner proposed a game between their respective followers, which same game being played after a very earnest fashion, "the battle was very sore that day, and Abner was beaten, and the men of Israel, before the servants of David."

At last the horses heroically brave the final ascent, and our travellers reach the summit, where they visit the little mosque, once a crusaders' church, which marks the traditional though not actual tomb of Samuel. Ascending the minaret, they attain at last to the chief object of their visit, one of

the most notable views in all the Holy Land. To describe it were almost to enumerate all places of interest in Central Palestine. All around, the rocky hillsides are crowned with villages long familiar by their ancient names. Northward lie Gibeon, Gederah, and Beeroth; to the north-east is Geba, and near it that Ramah of Benjamin where it seems that the captives assembled in Nebuchadnezzar's time, when setting out on their sad journey to Babylon, —wherefore Jeremiah speaks of Rachel, the ancestress of the tribe of Benjamin, as weeping there over her unhappy children: "A voice is heard in Ramah, lamentation, and bitter weeping, Rachel weeping for her children; she refuseth to be comforted for her children, because they are not." Almost at their feet to the eastward lies the ancient Hazor, while far away across the valley of the Jordan (which, from its great depth, is invisible) rise the mountains of Moab and Gilead. South-eastward lies Jerusalem, with her surrounding hills. Farther south is the Frank Mountain, the site of Herod the Great's city of Herodia, and also, saith tradition, of a gallant resistance of the Crusaders, who, if we are to believe it, held this position (without water, apparently) for forty years after Jerusalem was lost. Southward, too, still called Beit Lahm, is Bethlehem Ephratah, just within the territory of Judah, but close to the border of Benjamin, and so near to Rachel's tomb that she might well be represented as weeping over the SS. Innocents' death. But the most beautiful view of all is that to the north-west, where, far away and far far below, is spread, as softly blue as the sunlit sea beyond, the expanse of the *sh* plain of Sharon, over which *eye wanders on, past Ramleh*

and Lydda, away and away to Joppa and the sea; while far to the northward some say they can even descry the faint blue outline of "Carmel by the sea." And half the points of interest have not been so much as mentioned. It is a view to be seen, not described! As soon as our friends can tear themselves away from it, they descend to sit in the shade of the mosque and eat their picnic luncheon. Whereupon they begin gradually to realise in what manner of place they are. They think no more of the mosque and that rubbishy little village of which barely a dozen houses are inhabited, but rather of the ancient Mizpeh of the time of the Judges, the central meeting-place of all Israel. One by one those great assemblies rise up in the imagination, but most vivid of all is that solemn meeting when Israel had said, "Set a king over us," and the lot fell on Saul the son of Kish; but he, who in those days was "little in his own sight," "had hid himself among the stuff," and had to be fetched thence to be introduced to his subjects.

It will readily be believed that the travellers have not been long at Jerusalem before they devote a day to the Christian town of Bethlehem, about six miles to the south of the city. Accompanied by the Sister, they ride forth one morning, skirt the north wall of Jerusalem till they reach the western angle, and then turn southward. The Valley of Hinnom is soon left behind, and they enter that of Rephaim, riding just on the border between Benjamin and Judah.

It is not long before the travellers reach the Well of the Wise Men, an ancient rock-hewn well by the roadside. The Sister, being appealed to for an explanation

of the name, tells a curious old tradition. "The wise men," she says, "when they came forth from Jerusalem, saw not the star that had guided them heretofore; and being greatly in doubt concerning the way, they wandered along this road till they came to the well, and there they sat them down and wist not what to do. But as they looked down into the water, they beheld the star reflected therein; and when they looked upward, behold it led them on as aforesaid. 'And when they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.'"

Farther on is seen on the left of the road what is called by Christian folk the Field of Pease. The Sister is again appealed to for an explanation, and once more delights her friends with a little of her legendary lore. "Once on a time," says she, "the Blessed Virgin, with her Child in her arms, was walking in that field, and seeing the owner thereof sowing pease, she said gently, 'We are very hungry; pray thee give us some of thy pease to eat.' 'I have no pease,' answered the man, roughly. 'These are but stones—thou canst not have them.' Then the Virgin bowed her head and said meekly, 'So be it.' And lo! when the pease sprang up, they bore stones instead of fruit. And to this day may be seen, in that same field, small round stones resembling pease."

The next object of interest is Rachel's tomb, where our friends dismount to rest. The present building is not ancient, having been erected by the Moslems; but as to the identity of the site, Christians, Jews, and Mohammedans are all agreed. And the place of it agrees with the notice in Genesis: "And Rachel died,

and was buried in the way to Ephrath (the same is Bethlehem)." Accordingly, Bethlehem is full in view, hardly a mile away. The travellers are interested to find, close to the tomb, an ancient well, which perhaps may have been what induced Jacob to pitch his tent in this place.

Remounting their horses, our friends go on their way, and at last approach the "city of David." Perched high on its rocky ridge, the village may well look nearly the same now as in the old days of Ruth and her great-grandson David. But Ruth and David are forgotten by all who enter Bethlehem for the first time, even as they were forgotten by the pious Paula, who, when visiting the place with St Jerome, said,<sup>1</sup> with mingled tears and joy, "Hail, Bethlehem, House of Bread! where was born the true Bread which came down from heaven. Hail, Ephrata, the Fertile, whose fruit is God!"

Our travellers visit first the Well of David, of which it is believed that David spoke when, the garrison of the Philistines being then in Bethlehem, "David longed and said: Oh that one would give me water to drink of the well of Bethlehem, that is by the gate! And the three mighty men brake through the host of the Philistines and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem that was by the gate, and took it, and brought it to David." And David, with that fine perception (doubly wonderful in those days), from which alone we might have known him to be a poet, saw that the water obtained at such cost of peril was too precious an offering for any but the highest use,—“and he would not drink thereof, but poured it out unto the Lord.”

They then make their way to the

<sup>1</sup> *From the Life of St Jerome.* By the Rev. E. L. Cutts, D.D. (S.P.C.K.)

huge mass of buildings, which consists of the Church of the Nativity and three convents, Latin, Greek, and Armenian. The church, the oldest in the world, was builded by St Helena in the year 327. The nave and aisles of the present church are the only part that dates from that time. This portion belongs alike to the Greeks, Latins, and Armenians, and is left by all bare and unadorned. Its four ranges of monolithic limestone columns, of the Corinthian order, must have come from some older classic building, and may even once have formed part of the porches of Herod's temple. The present roof of this ancient church is of English oak, an offering made by Edward IV.

Passing through the nave, the travellers reach the choir, which belongs partly to the Greeks, partly to the Armenians; and thence descending into the crypt, find themselves in the grotto, which, ever since the second century, has been revered as the birthplace of our Lord. There is, of course, nothing remarkable (especially in the East) in the fact that the cave may have been used as a stable (the Sister herself has a Bethlehem friend who keeps a donkey in one of the limestone grottos of the place), and in any case so old a tradition is not to be lightly dismissed. This Chapel of the Nativity is  $13\frac{1}{2}$  yards long, 4 yards wide, and 10 feet high. At the east end, in a recess under an altar, there has been let into the pavement a silver star (symbolising the Star of the Magi), and round it is the inscription, "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est." Opposite this recess is another, in which it is said that St Helena found the manger (now in Rome) in which *the Holy Child* was laid. This has <sup>been</sup> replaced by a marble copy.

*Whole of the cave is hung with*

rich silks; though here and there a space is left, that the original wall of the grotto may be seen. There are few (let us hope) who will not sympathise with the loving care expended on the beautifying of this sacred place; and though all this adornment is maybe not in accordance with our severe English taste, yet we must endeavour to pity and make allowance for such folk as are not English, poor things,—the wise men, for instance, who once brought very costly offerings to a very humble place.

Our friends visit the adjoining "Chapel of the Magi," which rather unfortunately perpetuates the belief that it was to the Grotto of the Nativity that they came (whereas St Matthew distinctly speaks of "the house," and the Holy Family would probably have moved from the stable long before their visit). Northward a subterranean passage leads to the Chapels of St Joseph and the Holy Innocents, and thence to the grotto where St Jerome lived with great austerity and laboured with great diligence for thirty-five years, and whence he sent forth the Vulgate translation, as well as many other literary works. Hard by are the tombs of St Jerome and his two pious and learned friends, Paula and her daughter Eustochium. Leaving the subterranean grottos, the travellers ascend to the Latin Church of St Catherine, which is chiefly modern. Before leaving the church they ascend the tower, and gain a beautiful view of the surrounding country.

They next visit a grotto wherein the Holy Family is said to have rested when setting forth to Egypt, after which they ride to the Grotto of the Shepherds some little distance east of the town. From this cave it is said that the shepherds were watching their flocks when the angel

brought them the good news of the Nativity. Near it has been enclosed a field (traditionally called the Field of Boaz) in which it is believed that Ruth once gleaned among the corn. This is the last site visited by our friends, who conclude the day by a pleasant ride back to Jerusalem in the glow of the setting sun.

One more day shall be briefly described,—that devoted to an expedition to Hebron, a visit made by our friends nearly at the end of their stay in Jerusalem. Hebron, originally called Kiriath-Arba, is in the territory of Judah, about 20 miles to the south-west of Jerusalem. The travellers again follow the road, which for some distance lies on the border between Benjamin and Judah, pass Rachel's tomb, and, leaving Bethlehem on the left, continue their way through the hill-country till they reach the Burak, those famous reservoirs known as Solomon's Pools. There are three of them, massive structures built one below the other, so that the water flows from the first down into the second and thence into the third. The lowest, which is the finest of the three, is 194 yards long, 69 yards in greatest breadth, and in some places 48 feet deep. They are connected with Jerusalem by an aqueduct, which, like the pools, is of great antiquity. The origin of these works is uncertain, but they are with probability attributed to Solomon, who is supposed to allude to them in the words: "I made me pools of water, to water therefrom the forest that bringeth forth trees."

Continuing their journey, the travellers reach at length their destination, the town of El Khalil, the ancient Hebron. It stands in the Valley of *Eshcol*, whence that famous cluster of grapes was car-

ried off by Joshua and the rest of the spies, and where the vine is still cultivated and grows better than elsewhere in Palestine.

The travellers go first to a large stone building which calls itself a hotel, remarkable for its oriental absence of furniture. Here they ask for a room in which to eat their luncheon, a request which is readily granted by the landlord, aged sixteen, a Jewish lad of quite abnormal intelligence. He is fully capable of managing the establishment, and is in all things to be relied on, though, if you take him at unawares, you may perhaps find him, with a few select friends, engaged in a bolstering match. He undertakes to show his visitors the sights of Hebron, and they presently set forth under his guidance. On their way to visit Abraham's oak, they make a short cut through a vineyard where they have an opportunity of examining an Eastern wine-press, a rectangular trough hewn in the rock. In it some rain-water has collected, wherein float the skins of last year's grapes. This wine-press is a small specimen, and there is only room for two treaders to work at once. Not far off is the little watch-tower in which, when the grapes are ripening, the owner takes up his abode with his household, that a sharp look-out may be kept against prospective thieves. Our friends will now find more intelligible those words of the parable: "There was a certain householder which planted a vineyard, and hedged it round about, and digged a wine-press in it, and built a tower."

Abraham's oak (supposed to stand on the site of that under which Abraham spread his tent and entertained angels) is a venerable old terebinth, and is, moreover, the last representative of the

ancient oaks of Mamre. Having admired the hoary giant, our friends climb the neighbouring height to the Greek hospice, from the roof of which they look at the same view as that seen by Abraham when, from this or one of the surrounding heights, "he looked toward Sodom and Gomorrah, and toward all the land of the plain, and beheld, and lo, the smoke of the land went up as the smoke of a furnace."

The most interesting object in Hebron is that building to which our travellers now repair, and which, beyond all manner of doubt, covers that cave of Machpelah which Abraham bought of Ephron the Hittite (that thoroughly oriental bargainer, with his speeches of boundless politeness and his eye to the main chance), the sepulchre of Sarah, Abraham, Isaac, Rebecca, and Leah, and wherein no doubt still reposes the mummy of Jacob. It is now in the hands of the Mohammedans, who iniquitously exclude therefrom not only Christians but Jews also. All that our travellers are allowed to do (and that probably not without some uncompromising Arabic curses) is to advance near enough to the entrance to enable them to put their hands through a hole in the masonry, and feel the rock of the cave. This is an interesting ceremony, and, moreover, if you are very fortunate, you may chance to find, by feeling for it, a Hebrew letter to Father Abraham, written by one of his present descendants, and posted to him through this hole in the wall. Only, pray, be sure to replace it carefully.

Somewhat disconsolately the

travellers wander round this outer wall, which is ancient Jewish handiwork, and contains huge stones with drafted edges, from 12 to 38 feet long. Then, having explored the narrow lanes of the town and seen something of the primitive manufacture of glass ornaments (apparently the chief industry of modern Hebron), they set forth on their return journey.

This is the last expedition made by our friends from Jerusalem. Their departure on the camping journey has been fixed for Easter Monday, and already Cæsar is busily employed in engaging men, horses, and mules to accompany them. At the father's suggestion, the little company includes Yuseph, who, whenever in the streets of Jerusalem he meets any of our travellers, beams with unspeakable delight. Indeed, as Philippa observes, the father now finds himself "at the head of a tribe," and cannot appear at the hotel door but he is immediately pounced upon by half-a-dozen mighty Syrians, who insist on helping him to mount his steed, protesting that they are "all his servants." All the arrangements are made and all expenses defrayed by the experienced Cæsar, who bids fair, in the organisation of his little army, to rival the genius of his namesake the illustrious Gaius. A contract is drawn up by which he undertakes to conduct the seven travellers through the country, feed them, and supply them with every possible comfort, for the sum of £7 per day, which includes all expenses whatsoever. Finally the contract is signed, and the day of departure approaches.

#### VII.—A DAY'S JOURNEY FROM JERUSALEM.

*It is the morning of Easter Monday. Preliminaries are over, and at about ten o'clock our travellers leave Jerusalem by the*

Jaffa Gate, and set forth on their journey through the country. Their first halt is at the so-called Tombs of the Kings, an elaborate rock-hewn mausoleum on the southern bank of the Valley of the Kidron. These tombs were at one time supposed to be those of the kings of Judah, and M. de Saulcy even pointed out the very slab which formed the cover of David's sarcophagus; but, alas! this slab has since been proved to date from a time more modern than that of Constantine. The mausoleum has now been identified as that of Queen Helena, a Proselyte of the Gate in the first century of our era. She was the widow of Monobazus, king of the Assyrian province of Adiabene, and lived at Jerusalem. During the famine in the reign of Claudius (that same famine predicted by Agabus in Acts xi. 28) she showed great liberality in relieving the sufferings of the poorer Jews. Her tomb (which she caused to be prepared during her lifetime) is mentioned by Josephus, Pausanias, Eusebius, and Father Hierome, and the details given by those writers agree with the situation of these "Tombs of the Kings."

Our friends explore with candles the rock-hewn chambers and passages; but what interests them most is the "rolling stone" which closes the entrance to the tombs. It is a flat circular slab of considerable thickness and great weight, working in a groove cut in the rock. As this groove is inclined upward from the opening, it would require great force to roll the stone aside so as to effect an entrance. The slab is exactly and smoothly cut, fitting nicely into its place, so that it could easily

be secured by a seal to the rock of the actual entrance. Such a stone may well have covered the opening of that other rock-hewn tomb, and a sight of it gives a natural and intelligible meaning to the question—"Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?"

Leaving the tombs, our friends ascend Mount Scopus by the old Damascus road (which is no road now, only a rocky mountain-track), treading in some places the ancient Roman pavement (now rough and dilapidated) once passed over by St Paul on his memorable journey.

"I suppose he too went to Damascus on horseback," says Sebaste, doubtfully.

"How else could he have gone?" says Sophia. "Can you not imagine the clatter of his horse's hoofs as he galloped over these very paving-stones? I am sure he went at the top of his speed on that occasion; and 'those that were with him' (i.e., his muleteers with the baggage) had to keep up as best they might."

"Our last sight of Jerusalem!" exclaims the Sister, presently; and all the riders stop and turn to gaze down for the last time on the Holy City, which they may never see again. What is the last view for them is the first for such pilgrims as approach Jerusalem from the north, and they have memorialised it by the erection of sundry little pillars built up of loose stones, not unlike those used for landmarks<sup>1</sup> between the slips of land belonging to different owners.

"It is an old Fellahin custom," says the Sister, "to erect memorial pillars; and I suppose Jacob's pillar at Bethel was much like these, except that it consisted of a single stone."

<sup>1</sup> "Thou shalt not remove thy neighbour's landmark" must have been a much-needed law when that landmark consisted merely of a few loose stones.



Onward once more fare the travellers, and presently Cæsar the dragoon points to a village perched high on a hill. "That, ladies," says he, "is Gibeah of Saul."

"It deserves its name of Gibeah," says Sophia, the Hebrew scholar. "It is unmistakably a city on a hill."

"Go on, Sophia," says Sebaste; "it is a well-known fact that you have by heart the whole of that voluminous 'Treasury of Bible Knowledge' which you packed up in your bag this morning (I pity the mule who carries it!), so you must hold forth, please."

"I don't remember much about that town, though," says Sophia, "except that, before Saul's time, it is called Gibeah of Benjamin. It was here that there was that terrible massacre of the tribe of Benjamin in the time of the Judges; and in the account of it, the warriors living in Gibeah are said to be 'seven hundred chosen men.' Saul lived there, and Jonathan once held it with one thousand men against the Philistines."

"Well done!" says the Sister; "you are an inexhaustible fund of information. Now there, on that other hill, are the ruins of the ancient Nob. Some one must really tell us what happened *there*."

Philippa suggests that the Tabernacle was there in Saul's days, and that it was at this place that David ate the shewbread, and obtained from Ahimelech the priest the sword of Goliath.

All this time Neby Samwil, the Mizpeh of Samuel's days, is full in view on its lofty summit some distance to the west.

With so many places of interest to see and discuss, the morning flies away, and the wanderers find themselves at the khan of the village of Bireh, which Cæsar says is a suitable place for the

mid-day rest. Here he sets forth for their delectation a charming repast, which they eat seated on rugs on the stone terrace in the shade of the building.

"This is the ancient Beeroth," says Cæsar, and every one turns to Sophia for further information. Whereupon she draws out of her satchel a small Bible, finds the ninth chapter of Joshua, and reads aloud the story of the Hivite cities—Gibeon and Chephirah, and Kiriath-jearim, and this same Beeroth,—how the people "did work wilily" that they might make a treaty with Joshua, and escape the impending destruction; how they "went and made as if they had been ambassadors, and took old sacks upon their asses, and wine-skins, old and rent and bound up; and old shoes and clouted upon their feet, and old garments upon them; and all the bread of their provision was dry, and was become mouldy. And they went to Joshua unto the camp at Gilgal, and said unto him, and to the men of Israel, We are come from a far country; now therefore make ye a covenant with us,"—and how eventually "Joshua made them that day hewers of wood and drawers of water for the congregation, and for the altar of the Lord."

"There is a further interest about this place," says the Sister, "for there is a tradition that it was here that the Holy Child was missed by His parents as they were returning from the Feast. You know, even now, travellers often rest here the first night after leaving Jerusalem. I suppose, too, that the khan of those days where the travellers would probably rest would be likely to stand on the same site as this present one. But now we must go and explore that beautiful ruin, which is a Gothic

church dating from the days of the Crusaders, and built by the Knights Templars."

On the way to the ruin, the travellers are followed by six or seven pretty little girls, dark-eyed, and with bright, glowing faces, who hover about them in timid wonder and curiosity, like so many shy little birds. Their tiny bare feet trip lightly over the rough stones, and they dart about with wonderful grace and activity, sometimes venturing to stretch out a gentle little hand and wonderingly touch the marvellous and outlandish dress of one or other of the ladies. As for their own dresses, they are old and worn, but bright-coloured still, and a thousand times more picturesque and graceful than any European garb.

"Oh look, Miss Philippa," says Elizabeth, "at this child's head-dress!" And putting aside the little girl's veil, she brings to light a roll of large silver coins threaded close together and bound round the head, closely surrounding the little forehead, and forming a very becoming ornament. This is the little maiden's dowry, and the whole of her pecuniary property.

While the horses are being saddled for the afternoon's ride, some of the sisters amuse themselves by watching a group of women (probably the mothers of those merry little girls) who are engaged in washing clothes near the wall of the khan. "How handsome they are," says Irene, "with their dark bright eyes and rich glowing colour, and how gracefully they group themselves round the water-trough!"

"And how picturesque their bright dresses are!" says Sebaste. "There must surely be something radically wrong about the European mind which makes us all dress so hideously."

"Mount, ladies!" sings out the cheerful voice of the Cæsar, and the cavalcade is soon again on the move. About an hour's march brings the travellers to Beitin, the ancient Bethel, now in ruins, among which appears the little village of modern Arab huts. Irene, who has been studying the guide-book in her palanquin, calls every one's attention to the remains of an ancient reservoir, in the bottom of which, now covered with grass, rise two springs, at which, says Irene, Abraham's cattle used to drink when he had pitched his tent at Bethel, and from which Sarah's maidens used to draw water, as do the Arabesses at the present day.

"I wonder where is the exact spot on which Jacob slept," says Philippa. "Some of those stones on the hillside are really just the right shape for pillows. And I wonder where was the oak under which they buried Deborah, Rachel's nurse; and whether there is anything left of Jeroboam's temple, where the man of God from Judah cried against the idolatrous altar; and where is the site of that old prophet's house 'who dwelt in Bethel,' and deceived him to his destruction?"

"And I wonder," chimes in Sophia, "what the town looked like when Elijah and Elisha passed through it on that memorable day of Elijah's departure. But we must stay here for days if we wish to remember half the familiar incidents which happened at Bethel!"

"And I am afraid we must really push on," says the Sister, "if we are to reach Turmus Aya to-night."

So onward moves the procession, climbing along rocky hillsides where the great boulders often seem to preclude all possibility of getting the horses past.

"But I believe," says the father, "that these Syrian steeds would think nothing of walking up the dome of St Paul's, if you set them at it!"

"This is the Valley of Figs, sir," says Cæsar, as the path descends into a deep hollow between the hills.

"The name is appropriate," says Philippa. "How beautiful the fig-trees look in all the glory of their spring greenery, planted all over the hillsides on terraces, and lit up by the westering sun!"

"Yes," says the Sister; "we shall have sunshine every day now, for 'summer is now nigh at hand,' to judge from the fig-tree."

So they ride on through the hill-country, on the border between Ephraim and Benjamin, always intensely interesting, and often ruggedly beautiful; and the sun goes down, and the night is upon them. The sky, which a moment past was aglow with the sunset, now suddenly fills with stars, and still they ride on and on in silence, till they seem, as though in a dream, to have been riding among those desolate hills and valleys for years and years, and likely to go on for ever.

At last, far away in the lonely darkness, there appears a faint spark of light. All the baggage (as should have been mentioned before) has been sent on in front, and the travellers begin to strain their eyes through the darkness

trying to make out the tents, which they expect to find pitched and ready for them. Nearer and nearer they approach the light, which must assuredly indicate their whereabouts; but suddenly the light begins to move, and walk about, and finally develops into a lantern carried by one of the Syrian folk in charge of the baggage. He has come to meet the cavalcade, and the tents are still nearly a mile away. Guided by the light, which now goes in front, the riders stumble along a rocky track which can scarcely be called a path, until at last, white and ghostlike in the darkness, appear their five tents, and soon the tired wanderers are gathered round the supper-table in their brightly lighted and cosy sitting-room.

This first day is a fair specimen of their three weeks' wanderings between Jerusalem and Damascus. On Sundays they rest; and very delightful is that one day of stillness, enjoyed alike by the seven travellers, their good Syrians, and the hard-worked steeds. As for that part of their days spent in the tents, it is so charmingly uncanny, so strangely cosy, so peacefully lively, as to be altogether indescribably delightful.

"After such a long course of hotels," says Sebaste, who has quite an unreasonable aversion to those useful edifices, "it really is charming to have a home of our own again!"

#### VIII.—CAMPING-OUT IN PALESTINE.

As Sebaste observed at the end of the last chapter, our travellers are once more at home, and a very charming home they find it, and *tent-life* a very enjoyable kind of existence. You are awakened every

morning by the bright sunshine trying in vain to make its way through the many-coloured roof and walls of your sleeping tent (for, though white on the outside, the tents are lined with blue, on which are sewn,

in elaborate and graceful patterns, pieces of stuff of all the colours of the rainbow); while fascinating beetles and spiders are crawling about in every direction, wild flowers are pushing up their heads between the bright Eastern carpets on the ground, your dear horse is neighing hard by, and all the Syrian folk are talking Arabic at once.

At about 7 A.M. on the first few mornings of the journey, Yuseph (Abu Said) is heard to exclaim "Dinner ready!"—nearly the only English words he knows.

"Breakfast, Yuseph, not dinner," says the father one morning, in gentle remonstrance; and ever after, the first meal of the day is laconically announced as "Brex!"

Hereupon the travellers, having packed their bags, emerge from their sleeping-tents, ready equipped for riding (their heads protected from the heat with huge white puggarees), and assemble in the sitting-tent. Long before breakfast is over, the bedrooms have vanished, with all therein contained, and in their stead nothing is to be seen but certain uncouth packages destined for the backs of baggage-mules. Over this scene of destruction preside the two Maronite Christians of the party, Yuseph (Abu Said) and his brother Butrus (Abu Elias), the cook. Be it observed that "Abu" signifies "the father of," it being an Arab custom to call a man to whom you wish to be polite, not by his own name (which is a more familiar mode of address), but by a kind of surname, consisting of the name of his eldest son with "Abu" prefixed. Whether, as a matter of fact, he has an eldest son, or any son at all, is quite immaterial, for if he should have a son, he will call him after his own father; so that, if you meet the son of 'Ali, you will be

quite safe in addressing him as Abu 'Ali, even though he be still a boy and unmarried. Being on the subject of names, we may further remark that the name Butrus, which looks unfamiliar enough to English eyes, is neither more nor less than Petros or Peter, slightly changed through the inability of Syrian lips to pronounce the letter P.

To return to the morning start. Leaving the two Maronite Christians to superintend the packing of the baggage, the riders mount their steeds, who are as fresh and eager as themselves, and set forth in procession. Truly a goodly sight is the cavalcade, as it moves through the cool, clear, morning air and the ceaseless Syrian sunshine. First rides Cæsar (Abu Chaleel), looking exceedingly picturesque in his costume of many bright but harmonious colours, his head protected by a *kefiyeh*—i.e., a shawl of purple silk, put on Bedouin-fashion, and kept in place by a coil of camel's hair. He rides a beautiful Arab steed, likewise bedecked with Arab trappings of many delectable colours. Then follow the riders—the Sister, Philippa, Sophia, and Sebaste; and finally advance the palanquins, remarkable and distinguished vehicles patronised by the father and Irene. A palanquin, be it observed, is something between a box and an arm-chair, and is slung between two mules—one before and one behind. These are conducted by various individuals, of whom the eldest is Mohammad the Druse, and the youngest is Hassan, a very merry young Syrian, who laughs all day long, and makes endless Arabic jokes, which the travellers greatly, though not very intelligently, enjoy. When not otherwise engaged he is generally to be observed

playing at hide-and-seek with his own shadow, pelting it with stones, and chaffing it in Arabic.

Beside Irene's palanquin trots Elizabeth, the maid, on a huge black donkey, who is quite one of the characters of the cavalcade, and who, having once made a pilgrimage to Mecca, has very exalted ideas of his own dignity, and is not altogether free from affectation. Indeed he is a highly accomplished donkey, and has such musical tones in his voice that his bray is the marvel of all his hearers. So proud is he of his vocal accomplishments, that he sometimes serenades the ladies nearly all night, waking them up at intervals with falsetto brayings, and reaching fabulously high notes. Whereupon Irene's dear little grey donkey (on whose back she travels when weary of the palanquin) will chime in with a bass accompaniment, and the two will perform quite an elaborate duet. This distinguished individual is attended by Yuseph the Jew-boy, commonly called Little Yuseph to distinguish him from Abu Said. He is aged seventeen, and is the youngest of the party. Poor little Yuseph! Why he is so sat upon by the rest is a mystery, but he seems to be always in hot water on one account or another. He has plenty of pluck, however, and sometimes, it is probable, hits pretty hard with his smart speeches.

The procession is closed by Abu Hassan, the Master of the Horse, who owns nearly all the steeds. He keeps a vigilant eye on the riders, so that if your saddle is loose, and you don't wish to get down and have it rectified, you must ride behind him or a long way in front.

Of course this processional order is not long maintained, but the start is always made in good style.

The travellers do from four to five hours' riding in the morning, and very rough riding it is sometimes; but their Syrian horses seem rather to enjoy than otherwise the rocky mountain-tracks which go by the name of roads hereabout, and, after laboriously climbing up one side of a mountain's shoulder and down the other, will be quite as ready as their riders for a good canter over the deliciously smooth plains which lie between in the valleys.

Somewhere between twelve and one o'clock the travellers generally arrive at some delightfully shady nook, often by a stream of water, surrounded by the lovely wild-flowers which grow everywhere in wonderful profusion. Then the riders spring from their saddles and recline on the grass, while forth from Abu Hassan's saddle-bags appear so many good things of the edible kind that one begins to suspect that he is not unacquainted with magic arts, and that those same saddle-bags are one of those enchanted contrivances that the Arabian Nights' heroes used to carry about with them. Bright carpets are spread in the shade for the travellers to sit on round the white table-cloth, which is soon resplendent with metal plates and tumblers. Heartily do they all pity their unfortunate friends at home in their stuffy dining-rooms, as they luxuriously recline round their hypæthral repast.

After luncheon the Sister always makes a charming sketch; but the rest (if there is no ruin to be explored) are generally content, after their hot march, to lie still in the shade and think of nothing. Even Philippa, generally so energetic, has never been known to do anything more violent than making a daisy-chain for El Adham, her coal-black horse, to

wear round his huge neck. It scarcely harmonises with his sinister expression of countenance; but it is touching to see that hard-mouthed steed wearing this graceful token of his mistress's esteem and affection, which, says Philippa, he deeply reciprocates, though he is too strong-minded to show it.

The mid-day rest generally lasts two hours or more, after which time every one suddenly wakes up, the horses are saddled, and, as soon as their riders are on their backs, they prove themselves as fresh as ever after their rest. So forward once more fare the travellers, riding through scenery which is always intensely interesting and sometimes very beautiful, hardly believing that they are seeing at last with their own eyes all those places (with long-familiar names) that it was always so hard to picture to one's self as real towns and villages, mountains and valleys, streams and springs.

When nothing else claims their attention, they are never weary of admiring the wonderful wild-flowers. Nearly all our most beautiful garden-flowers seem to grow wild in Palestine ("the Crusaders brought them home to Europe," says the Sister),—not here and there in nooks and corners, but everywhere in masses of brilliant colour. Over the rockiest mountains grow purple and white cyclamen, crimson anemones, small purple iris, tall hollyhocks, and hundreds more or less familiar but not less beautiful flowers. The grassy slopes are sometimes all ablaze with large golden marguerites, among which rise up stately purple flags quite as large as our cultivated ones. Down in the valleys the "field" is often purple with broad beds of gladiolus, while tall yellow irises skirt the banks of the streams. Every day during

the three weeks' journey to Damascus the wanderers come upon new flowers in endless variety of shape and colour, till their multitude is quite bewildering.

The afternoon ride lasts from two to three hours. The mid-day rest gives the baggage-mules time to come up and pass on to the camping-ground, so that the travellers, on their arrival, find their tents pitched and ready to receive them. Sometimes they come upon them suddenly as they wind round the shoulder of a mountain; sometimes they see them miles away, a mere speck of white on one of the broad green plains.

Arrived at the camp, the travellers are welcomed by Abu Said, who, knowing no language but Arabic, speaks not, but expresses by all manner of signs, and more especially by his beaming countenance, his joy at their safe arrival. He has long ago set out the teacups in the shade of the sitting-tent, and now from the kitchen, where Butrus has been brewing it, forth comes the welcome tea.

The interval between this refection and sunset is sometimes the most delightful part of the whole day. The Cæsar is wonderfully clever in choosing pretty camping-grounds. Sometimes the tents are nestled among a group of olive-trees; often they are close to a tiny stream of clear water, and surrounded on all sides by the wonderful wild-flowers. If there is nothing of special interest to be seen, the sisters stray about near the tents, revelling in beautiful scenery and lovely flowers, and forgetting the fatigue of their long ride. Then, perhaps, Irene will read aloud to the father, who is resting in the sitting-tent, the last contributions to the *Family Journal*; while Sophia and Sebaste

spread a rug on the grass in the shade of their tent, and recline thereon to read their daily chapter of Greek Testament. The Sister, catching sight of them as she sits working at her sketch, whispers to Philippa, reclining at her feet, "What an edifying picture of piety and learning!"

After a time Philippa joins them, and then one of the three reads aloud a few chapters from the Old Testament, which (like Piety and Learning with the Greek Testament) they are reading straight through; but in the course of these chapters they invariably come across some allusion to the very place they are in, or at least to that which they rode through yesterday, or the village near which they camped the night before last.

Before they are aware, the shadows grow long, the sunset glows red in the west, the sun dips below the horizon, and suddenly the night has come, and the dark-blue sky is filled with brilliant stars. Star-gazing is now the business of the moment, but too soon are all poetical musings and high-souled imaginings rudely put to flight by the voice of Yuseph (Abu Said), who suddenly ejaculates, "Dinner ready!" in a peremptory tone of voice which commands attention. This candle-light meal is the cosiest of the day. Abu Said waits at table, and before long the Cæsar appears on the scene, and there ensues a discussion of plans for the morrow. It is now that the imperator appears to greatest advantage. On his shoulders rests all the responsibility of conducting the travellers through the country, feeding them, and providing for their safety; and he soon proves himself fully equal to the task he has undertaken. Yet

he is almost the youngest of the whole party, and quite as enterprising and full of fun as befits his boyish years,—indeed he has once or twice been detected in something very like a romp with dear old Abu Said; but he is as careful and considerate as if he were sixty, and certainly more obliging. When he appears during the evening meal, the sisters seize the opportunity of making all the wild suggestions they can think of, which are received by Cæsar with the utmost gravity, and generally carried out with astonishing success.

If you wish to see the sitting-room at its cosiest, you must peep into it one evening during the interval of an hour or two between dinner and bed-time. Outside, the lonely moonlight stillness is broken only by the sound of the jackals and hyenas whining in the distance, but daring not to approach the tents; while inside the tent is brightly illuminated by candles, from which the light falls on the many-coloured roof and walls, and on the gorgeous carpets which cover the ground. A beautiful bouquet of flowers is placed in the middle of the table, round which sit the family-party on camp-stools. The father and Irene are writing home-letters, which they hope to post at some indefinite point of future time; Sophia (who has an exceedingly topographic mind) is intently studying a map of Palestine; the Sister is writing her diary; Sebaste is reading in admiring silence the Family Journal's latest pages, written by Philippa, who sits opposite hemming the white table-cloth.

Suddenly Sebaste looks up. "Philippa," says she, "when we get home to England, and I write a book about our travels——"

"Another book, Sebaste!" ex-

claims Philippa. "Why, you have written dozens of books in imagination, and not one of them has come into existence yet."

"I assure you," says Sebaste, "that they are all, a whole library of them, entirely existent—subjectively, in my own mind. I suppose you don't disbelieve in the reality of subjective existences? For my part, I believe them to be fully as real as objective ones—if not more so."

"She is unbearable!" exclaims Philippa, shuddering. "Just fancy, Sister! I distinctly heard her this morning, while we were riding through the Plain of Esdraelon, trying to prove to Sophia that space, like time, is a mere convention, and has no existence except in our own minds—meaning, of course, that she does not care in the least for any of the sacred sites."

"Meaning nothing of the kind!" says Sebaste, indignantly. "I believe that a really philosophic mind would appreciate these places more than any other; for though it might possibly be less affected by the identity of space (though I don't see why it should), it would certainly be far less troubled by the discrepancy in time."

"Sebaste really must be suppressed somehow!" says Philippa. "Cannot you say anything to stop her, Sister?"

"Our learned friend," says the Sister, who can be exceedingly ironical on occasion,— "our learned friend forgets, perhaps, that we have not all, like her, fathomed the depths of Platonic metaphysics, so that we are scarcely capable of appreciating her profound and edifying discourse."

Poor Sebaste looks as thoroughly annihilated as Philippa could wish,

and has serious thoughts (by way of hiding her diminished head) of subsiding under the table and staying there. But, with a desperate resolution to brave it out, she turns to Philippa and says deprecatingly, "I only wished to ask you, Philippa, whether (as, for my part, I find tent-life antipathetic to literary activity, and my own diary is in abeyance) I may, in writing my hypothetically-to-be-published book, make use of the *Family Journal*, and more especially of your brilliant contributions thereto."

"Oh, certainly!" says Philippa, hurriedly; "anything for a quiet life."

"My dears," says the father, looking round at his daughters, "it is nine o'clock, and we are to start early to-morrow."

Whereupon ink-pots are shut and books laid down. Sophia sighs heavily as she folds up her map. "The mountains never will come out right," she says,—the first remark that has crossed her silent lips all the evening.

"Take off those spectacles, dear," suggests Sebaste. "You would really get on better without them."

"And be always up in the clouds; like you," retorts Sophia the practical.

Good-nights ensue, and the ladies, leaving the father to sleep in the sitting-tent, emerge into the moonlight, and move away two and two over the dewy grass towards the three bedrooms, star-gazing as they go.

The watch is set, the rest of the Syrians settle down for the night, the Cæsar makes his final rounds, and his cheerful "Good night, sir!" "Good night, ladies!" is the last sound before the little camp finally subsides into silence.



## A ROYAL GOVERNESS.

## THE DUCHESSE DE GONTAUT.

## I.

ONE of the rarest qualities found in autobiographies is the continuity of vital power, by which I mean the equality of impressionability manifested by the writer. The biography of one individual written by another may be complete,—it is framed within the circle of his own subsisting forces; whereas the record of events written by their own agent is under chronological and varying influences—the impressions of maturity differing from those of youth, and those of later years almost invariably lacking the direct and fiery impulse of unexhausted time. Obviously, no autobiography can aim at being a Life; but its chief defects lie in the inequality to receive, and therefore convey, impressions. An autobiography is mostly a collection of notes, not necessarily, or to the reader's appreciation, made by one and the same person; and here is to be found the superiority of Madame de Gontaut's book. It is a thoroughly equal and homogeneous production—equal from first to last in its peculiar qualities of impressionability, and one from beginning to end with the mind whence it springs. From 1780 to 1836, over the space of fifty-six years, these extraordinarily sincere and interesting pages are the work of one and the same person: they are experiences of public and private life, chronicled throughout

with the same impartiality and the same unabated vigour.

It is owing to this sustained level of thought and conscience that we can say with perfect truth that never have the historic aspects of the so-called great French Revolution been so dispassionately described, or the more homely dramatic incidents of the July Revolution more feelingly told. Neither have the bearings of these two events upon each other ever been made more clear to the reader's eye.

Nor could it be otherwise, if one reflects that, although half a century elapses between the two periods of time, their narrator is the same: they are the work of a witness in whom no intellectual or moral change has taken place.

These souvenirs of Madame de Gontaut constitute pre-eminently a pleasant book. Pleasant to read, because so evidently pleasant to write; and pleasant to write, because so unmistakably interesting to have lived through. And yet, notice the dates: between 1780-89 and 1836 we count the overthrow of a dynasty over a thousand years old, the destruction of two thrones (one by the guillotine), the crimes of a military despotism, the miseries of the "emigration," and the temporary ruin of all the various creeds on which the peace, prosperity, and worldly honour of French civilisation had been

evolving itself for centuries. Such a succession of "mind-quakes" (if I may be allowed the expression) are, within so comparatively short a period, not to be paralleled within the annals of the Western world; and yet—we repeat it advisedly—Madame de Gontaut's 'Memoirs' are an undeniably pleasant book, for the pleasantness of it centres in herself. Not that she is indifferent to, or in any degree unmindful of, the sufferings of others—quite the contrary; but there is in her a steady, internal, moral sunlight that shines unfailingly over all things, is never dimmed, and never vacillates,—neither dazzling by any sudden exultation nor perturbing the spirit by any sudden eclipse. It is truly the story of an existence, or a mind, equal to any fate, and, in its firm serenity, superior to all circumstance.

In one phrase of her own lies the best explanation of all she was and all she did. After recalling one of the worst disasters of her emigration experiences,—“You may,” she says, “my dear children, perhaps accuse me of making too light of all vicissitudes. You would be wrong: God has simply endowed me with the faculty of making the best of His severest inflictions; and I believe this to be the surest proof of real faith, and the only way of living through life without repining.”

Madame de Gontaut was born in Paris in 1773, of one of the most distinguished of so-called Court families, but not one of the most prejudiced. Prejudice, as the word has come to be understood, was of later growth. The possessors of the highest worldly goods felt—many of them—so relatively safe in their possessions, that what was later on abused as “privilege” was till the close of the seventeenth

century regarded as a simple right, altogether unobjected to. With much to be complained of, no doubt, there was a large amount of humanity afloat, and *Reform* was still a term meaning Progress in which all classes could join; it was not as yet indicative of class warfare, still less of any offending arrogance of caste.

There were among the highest a vast number so contented with what Fate had awarded them, so unperplexed by suspicions of insecurity, that they could afford to live on easy terms with their own good luck, and enjoy the pleasures of existence without being as yet troubled by any uncomfortable notions of public obligations to their inferiors. The sentimentalisms of the Rousseau school had not yet attained to their full practice of authority; did not yet reign to the absolute detriment of kindly affability, as it was generally called. The genial philanthropy which was beginning to assert itself was a kind of fashion, a manner of charm, added to other distinctions—rather a grace than a virtue. The rigidity of the manners and principles of the seventeenth century had disappeared with the sway of etiquette under the *Grand Roi*, and the civilian dignity of constitutional or parliamentary rule had not succeeded it. A great deal was already loosened, very little was accepted as established, and the untrammelled, well-satisfied “upper ten thousand” in France exercised a cheerful supremacy over any of the misgivings that might be on the eve of tormenting the brains of *messieurs les idéologues* or *les philosophes*.

Spite of John Law, who was not comprehended for a hundred years to come, and of the Regent, who was put out of court as a coiner of base currency, money—

mere money—had attained to none of the vilifying predominance it has achieved since then. Until long after 1789 it had comparatively no overbearing significance, disposed of no sanction, was neither an equalising nor in any sense a consecrating medium.

For instance, among the "good families" (the real gentry) of provincial France, the advantages of more or less wealth were but slightly taken into account, because the struggle to seem wealthy prompted no one's efforts. Appearances were nowhere yet a power; and this state of things endured in French civilisation perhaps longer than in any other country. As a matter of fact, it remains undeniable that before the Revolution of 1789 there existed in the aristocracy of France a considerable number of men and women whose hearts and minds were, on the whole, almost as open to the liberal ideas of the period as were those of their neighbours of England or Scotland.

Madame de Gontaut's father, Monsieur de Montault, belonged to a race proverbial for its independence. At fifty-nine he married a bride of sixteen, and to his Burgundian wife and the only child she bore him brought the frank gay qualities of the Gascon blood, which make perfect assimilation with Pyrenean mountaineers so easy to nearly all foreign nations. Mademoiselle de Coulommiers was fairly well dowered, and of a sweetness of disposition that never failed her. Until the death of the head of the family, their wedded life was one of uninterrupted happiness. Perhaps the chief characteristic of the race—that which

most marked its domestic habits—was its entire simplicity, and from very early days the readiness with which it submitted to English influences.

At seven years old Mademoiselle de Montault was introduced to the gala aspects of Court life by being, not held, but led to the baptismal font by Louis XVIII. (then Comte de Provence),<sup>1</sup> who, with his Saxon consort, stood her sponsors at her birth. For this magnificent occasion she was awarded the honours of *le grand habit au grand Panier*, and invited, with other children of her own age and rank, to a *réception*, presided over by Marie Antoinette. But, as has been already noted, these exceptional distinctions marred none of the simplicity common to well-disposed and excellently well-trained natures—no artificial distinctions being made of undue account. M. de Montault had always been used to princes; he was an officer at fifteen, shared in all the campaigns of the famous *guerre de sept ans*, and returned to Versailles covered with honours and wounds. He had been educated with the three brothers, Louis XVI., Louis XVIII., and Charles X., and was, in fact, *menin du Dauphin*, who became king as Louis XVI. But nothing of all this ever troubled his equanimity, or in the slightest measure modified the cordial frankness of the Gascon gentleman he remained to the end of his life.

As for his daughter, Madame de Gontaut, destined to form the "children of France" (her future sovereigns), a succession of strange chances made of her, almost from her cradle, an Englishwoman.

<sup>1</sup> The formality of this first entry into existence was often made at a relatively advanced period, in order that it might be a pretext for what were frequently really brilliant festivities.

The first step of the little god-daughter of Louis XVIII. towards the ceremonious regions of *le grand monde* was, curiously enough, taken in the direction of Madame de Genlis. Following immediately on the very informal formal *fête* at Trianon (after the baptism and the *grand habit*), on which occasion she had been much applauded in Racine's 'Iphigénie,' and received the compliments in verse of the celebrated Chevalier de Boufflers, the accident of a marriage put Mademoiselle de Montault into close contact with the very imperfectly known lady who, whatever her pedantries or pretensions or other absurdities, certainly gave to the whole Orleans family their British notions, and the peculiarities of their British habits and manners.

"One of my father's nephews," writes Madame de Gontaut, "the Vicomte de Valence, married a daughter of Madame de Genlis, and from this circumstance an intimacy became natural between my mother and Madame de Genlis, leading also to one between the offspring of 'Egalite' [then Duc d'Orleans] and myself. These were the two Ducs de Chartres and Montpensier, the Comte de Beaujolais, and Mademoiselle (later on the far-famed Madame) Adelaide."

The account given by Madame de Gontaut of the situation held by Madame de Genlis in the family over which she was appointed to exercise absolute control is of the highest interest, for it explains much of the future, both as regards the Orleans Princes themselves and also Madame de Gontaut.

The record of her first impressions marks clearly how her intuitions were necessarily English, and how inevitably she grew, not into a mere *Anglomane* or a *Franco-*

*Anglaise*, like so many of her compatriots, but into a thorough genuine Briton, whose fundamental instincts, thoughts, principles, and habits of life and action were all unmistakably British—sometimes even more Scottish than merely English, as was evidenced by her stay at Holyrood.

It is here she stands alone, absolutely unique of her kind. This double nature asserts itself so supremely in her, that, while her every thought is what would be that of a *born* British gentlewoman, she, at the same time, lives the most perfect type, the very ideal, of what only a true French lady of former days ever knew how to be. Her grace is so dignified, her dignity so full of grace, that the impression of the twin nationality fairly bewilders you, and the sole solution seems to lie in the word "simplicity." It is in the simplicity once common to both origins where alone the explanation of the enigma is to be discovered.

We will now revert to what she quotes of Madame de Genlis, and the inconceivable influence she exercised.

"The enthusiasm," writes Madame de Gontaut, "that was on all occasions manifested for their instructress by the entire family of the Princes, was naturally most quickly shared in by me. I should have been ashamed to prove myself deficient in a feeling of such a passionately romantic description, as all those around me were daily carrying to such excessive heights! I have with my own eyes seen the Princes and their sister, Mademoiselle, kneel down to kiss the ground on which the feet of Madame de Genlis had trod; and I must frankly confess that, one day, desirous of evincing my capacity for worship, I threw myself upon the chair she had just left, ardently kissing the cushion on which she had sat; . . . but, be it humbly avowed, my mouth was there-

by so filled with dust that the ardour of my admiring zeal was considerably diminished !”

There you recognise Madame de Gontaut whole and complete—incapable of any totally unreasonable exaggeration, as of anything approaching a pose. She is full of heartfelt sympathy for any proof of natural sensibility, but for any offence against genuine fine taste she is a true *grande dame de la bonne époque*.

Nevertheless there are some few signs here and there that Nature had fashioned her with sundry pedagogical instincts lying dormant in her early childhood, and only awakened by accident.

On one occasion, Madame de Genlis having to reprimand the Duc de Chartres (later on, Louis Philippe) for want of tact in addressing his inferiors, said sharply, “Will you never learn, Monseigneur, the proper tone in which to speak to the popular masses? will you be eternally awkward?—never learn to show *un moment d’élan*?” (a rather curious reproach, by the way, to make to the Citizen King, called in future years by his own subjects *le Roi de la blague*!) On hearing these words, the small aspirant to future tutorships over royalty drew herself up stiffly, and exclaimed, “*Allons, Monseigneur ; de l’élan ! c’est si aisé !*” “Easier than for you, I presume, to hold your tongue!” was the rejoinder of the patented schoolmistress—at which rebuff, states Madame de Gontaut, the persons present burst forth into peals of laughter.

These first years of Mademoiselle

de Montault’s earliest life—from 1780 to the outbreak of the Revolution—were in most respects passed in very much the same fashion as those of her class-associates, excepting that the careful philosophy of her wise mother tolerated none of the frivolity inherent to the courtly customs of the period, and, above all, no want of consideration for others. M. de Montault, with the tendency to spoil an only daughter in a father of advancing age, was apparently less strict in his ideas of indulgence, and at twelve years old gave the young lady an establishment and a well-appointed equipage, reputed even then an exceedingly rare luxury. But the admirably balanced character of the girl herself resisted all exaggerations, and no amount of spoiling had any effect save that of enlarging her conceptions of benevolence and increasing her human sympathies, and utter inability to admit that mere opinion, whether political or social, should influence affections based by heart or mind upon considerations of an entirely different order.

The accidents of her British relationships and friendships mainly sufficed to form her character a few years later, and made of Madame de Gontaut, as I have already remarked, a person of singular excellence in an all but unparalleled career,—in a life of over eighty years, in which, in an English as in a French sense, every year, if not every day, put her different though not conflicting qualities equally to the test.

## II.

To take Mademoiselle de Montault from the beginning, we must follow her own example. The be-

ginning is to her the Revolution. After a very few pages devoted to the record of her birth and earliest

years, the famous baptismal *fêtes* and joyous *réunions* at the Convent of Bellechasse under the surveillance of Madame de Genlis (where blindman's-buff seems to have been the "high-jinks" of the entertainment),—after these dawning days of girlish enjoyment and unsuspecting worldly pleasure, the storm breaks which is to leave none unscathed, and we are in the midst of the pillage of *la maison Réveillon*, the riots of the Faubourg St Antoine and the cries of *À la lanterne les aristocrates!*"

Never, perhaps, did such a catastrophe fall so suddenly on a society so utterly unprepared; and this is one of the aspects of the time to which, perhaps, the reader's attention has been insufficiently called, and which, I incline to believe, has never been so strikingly set forth as by Madame de Gontaut.

The great preoccupation of the hour was to find an English companion for Mademoiselle d'Orleans, and Madame de Genlis despatched to London the Chevalier de Grave, a favourite equerry attached to the Palais Royal. He was commissioned to return bringing with him *une merveille*, and all the intimates of the household were in a fever of expectation. M. de Grave came back to Paris with his "find,"—a child of eight years old, satisfying all the prescribed conditions, a very fairy of beauty, as was unanimously acknowledged, but "nameless," as declares Mademoiselle de Montault. "Her name," she adds (was it Jane, Mary, or Sally is not stated)—"her name seemed to us all too plebeian for such a little princess, and we christened her Paméla."

And there she stands face to face with the doubly tragic story of her time—Ireland and 1798 and Lord

Edward and the Revolution. Paméla, in memory of Richardson's novels, and because then only what was English could be lovely! And to this the general childish fancy added Seymour, forsooth, as a family name, although Madame de Genlis herself states that her parents' name was Sims. This, however, left the little heroine herself unsatisfied, and she expressed a wish to be entitled "lady"; so the mirthful band, enchanted with their new acquisition, gladly indulged her whim, and "*en jouant nous l'appellâmes 'milady,'*" relates the chronicler.

At the rising of the curtain, therefore, on the frightful drama of the age, is discovered the semi-royal masquerade of the *jolie Anglaise*, Paméla, and Seymour, and eke *milady*. From this impression of laughing infancy (for the actors are all under ten years of age) date many more things than would be supposed. There dates the lasting vision of what, through the most extraordinarily adverse circumstances, has to be called the fascination of English womankind; and there dates, for Madame de Gontaut individually, her singular gift of perceiving from the outset, of seeing and grouping together, the various aspects of pre-revolutionary life and civilisation.

M. Taine, in a chapter of his 'Ancien Régime,' speaking of the light-heartedness of the cultivated society of France, says, "Elle durait dans les prisons de la République," and this is a point on which writers without number have largely informed us; but I do not know of any author who has put the *ridicules* of pre-revolutionary courtiers in close juxtaposition with their social merits to the same degree, or with the same collectively witty power of delineation,

as Madame de Gontaut. She is not afraid of bringing them together: she shows them as they are, puts them side by side, makes them act simultaneously, and, without over-exalting the courageous philosophy of the one, in no way exaggerates the unavoidable consequences of frivolous habits in the other. Perhaps nowhere is to be found so true a scene as that to be presently quoted in the commencement of Madame de Gontaut's narration of her emigration trials. It needs no comment; you see it living before you, living as it lived in reality, yet is nothing "set down in malice." Passing over the opening scenes of the Revolution, the taking of the Bastille, where (during the Federation *fêtes*) she witnessed the initiatory triumphs of Lafayette; passing over her transitory acquaintance with Mirabeau and the constitutional period of the *États généraux*, in which the latter was doomed, by the short-sightedness of the Court, to such regrettable but unavoidable failure,—we reach the first emigration of Coblenz, with all its follies and illusions; and, in justice to Louis XVIII., there is an anecdote related by Madame de Gontaut that well repays the interruption occasioned by the recital of it.

Persons belonging to her own family began at first to write to the Comte de Provence the extraordinary fever of exultation which reigned in the capital, and at the very first he was inclined to partake of their illusions. The Duke of Brunswick, on the other

hand, writes from the camps of the Coalition armies that he is "sorry to see how few obstacles they will have to surmount." He ventures to predict that "in two months Monsieur will be enabled by his friends to 'finish his season' at his country seat of Brunoy." His Serene Highness is actually good enough to regret the "very little trouble that the revolutionary forces will give them"! "I could have desired for the general good," he writes, "that the Allies had met with a more efficient resistance, *car les Français ont besoin d'une leçon telle qu'elle ne puisse jamais sortir de leur mémoire.*"<sup>1</sup>

"Take care, Prince!" was the rejoinder forwarded privately to the too confident Brunswicker,— "take care not to tumble into some unforeseen pitfall! I have a notion that the French will dispute the field with you; they have not been beaten everywhere. *On ne les pas battus dans toutes les circonstances.*" In the autumn of 1792 the Prussians could not take Thionville, and lost the battle of Valmy. Still, many illusions endured, many large sacrifices were made to their cause by ardent Royalists. Hopes of success were based on the escape of the Royal family from France. Before the ruin of this last delusion, Madame de Montault and her family decided on joining the Royal troops upon the Rhine.

When the "Allied armies," as they were then called, prepared to re-enter France by Thionville, permission was given to all

<sup>1</sup> On the 22d of February 1848 M. Guizot spoke the same words to M. de St Priest, then French Minister in Denmark: "Alas! the king [Louis Philippe] will have found no resistance—*tout cela est trop facile.*" "He leant against the chimney in Madame de Borgne's salon, and played with the teacup in his hand whilst speaking to me," were the words of Count Alexis de St Priest.

French ladies to rejoin their male relatives.

"Great and general was the ardour," states Madame de Gontaut, whose *fiancé*, M. de St Blancard, was at Coblenz. "Equipages without number crowded together along all the highways, and this remnant of splendour and elegance, and the confidence in fate that filled all hearts, made the commencement of the journey thoroughly joyous. Separations were gaily made, and rendezvous on return home almost without exception fixed for Paris."

Here took place the curious, and in every sense typical, scene to which I have alluded, and which I maintain to be entirely exceptional in its sharp picturesqueness of detail.

"The disorder was indescribable," says Mademoiselle de Montault, "and at each day's end we had to seek our lodging for the night. Where? That was the chief question. When the retreat of the German *corps d'armée* began we were at Luxembourg, and the cannon of Thionville kept up hope in French bosoms. We proceeded at a foot's pace in the midst of wounded and dying men. At the gates of nearly every small town might be read the terrible sentence: 'For Jews or *émigrés* no admittance here'! As to what concerned our caravan personally, this is what befell our expedition at the outset: For our first halt we found a spacious barn, with a plentiful supply of fresh straw, foreshadowing provisions in our minds of a tolerable night's sleep. Our party consisted of the Duchesse de Guiche and Mesdames de Pourpry, Delair, &c. My mother and myself settled ourselves as best we could along the wall of the barn, whilst a magnificent tall *chasseur* of the Duchesse de Guiche mounted guard over us, and, with a drawn sabre in hand, was commissioned to answer for our safety. . . . In the middle of the night we were aroused by a sudden knocking at the door. Knock on knock came repeated, and a woman's voice screamed,

'Open, open! let me in—it is I!' (I, —who?) The door was opened, and 'I,' the appellant, came in. . . . Now, who should 'I' be but Madame de Calonne, the Minister's wife; and in she came in all the splendour of her gala adornments!"

But it is best given in the authoress's own untranslated words: "*parée, crêpée, fardée, poudrée, belle robe à queue, paniers, souliers à talons*"—to whom is the vision not a reality?

"But," adds the narrator, in a tone of exquisite raillery, "no sooner is our new visitor ushered into our midst than she demands, with the lordly air of an offended princess, 'Where are the apartments that have been prepared?' and then, transfixed with horror, 'Where am I?' she exclaims, and, looking round, 'Am I brought into a hospital? Who are these women lying down on straw? and a man in arms, too, with a drawn sword! . . . Holà! where are my attendants? (*où sont donc mes laquais?*) Lights, lights! let torches and flambeaux be brought instantly!' and lights are brought, and the barn was illuminated in all its length and breadth, and the poor 'fine lady' is more frightened from her propriety than before. Wild with alarm, she sees (as we all for the first time see) the bodies of twenty-four slaughtered sheep hung up to hooks upon the walls, in readiness for the meat-market of the next day. 'Corpses!' shrieks poor Madame de Calonne. 'Dead bodies all over the place, hanging everywhere around me!' and her terror knows no bounds, until, a few moments later, the irrepressible laughter of her companions (that nothing could control in any one of us) showed her the reality of the situation, and made her understand the real dangers from which it was urgent to fly, and those which had only been conjured up by her imagination."

Is it possible to conceive a more vivid picture of the position? there you have it in all its aspects at the same moment, which I believe to



be unattainable anywhere else. In other descriptions you have Versailles in its pomp, or the blood-stained streets of Paris, the frivolity of Trianon, or the massacre of the Carmes ; you take sides and judge one or the other according to your regrets or convictions, but they do not show themselves together, whereas here they meet and jostle each other rudely. It is as though the whole mass of glittering, befurrowed, bespangled female humanity were suddenly seized on the rose-coloured marble terrace or the borders of the "Pièce d'Eau des Suisses," and cast from some Titanic grasp upon the very heads of the members of the Convention, or against the crammed *charrettes* of the guillotine ! It is at one and the same instant as tragical as it is grotesque ; and the double current of history dashes forth before your eyes, meeting in one and the same awful din.

As space will not permit of any attempt at a continuous narrative of events that in fact extend over a lapse of eighty, or, at least, seventy-five years, we are obliged to choose the most remarkable passages of the volume before us, and to call the reader's attention to the chapters that best exemplify either the author's originality in seizing details allowed by other writers to pass unnoticed, or those that explain the reasons of her extraordinary British sympathies, or those that prove the inestimable influence of these sympathies over her conduct after she had become a responsible agent of the French Crown. I say a responsible agent ; for from the moment when—after the death of Louis XVIII. and that of the Duc de Berri, and the accession of Charles X. to the throne—*Madame de Gontaut* is

created *Gouvernante des enfants de France*, she has to be treated as a public, as a political personage. The powers for which she stipulates, the dignity wherewith she is invested, all combine to make of her emphatically "*Madame la Gouvernante*," as we shall see when we have to relate her discussions with the Duc de Rivière in later times. It was no fault of hers that 1830 was an unavoidable misfortune.

We have touched the close of the revolutionary period terminating with the last useless struggles of the emigration : the fatal date of 1793 is attained, and in the execution of *Louis Seize* the irreparable is achieved.

In the winter and spring of 1793-94 the exodus of the whole Gontaut family through Holland to England takes place ; and somewhat later *Mademoiselle de Montault* is married to her cousin, M. de St Blancard, henceforth known as the Vicomte de Gontaut Biron. The ducal title was of later date. It was as King of France that Charles X. granted to "*Madame la Gouvernante*" the *tabouret* with the title of *Duchesse*.

Here we must perforce quote our authoress, for nothing can adequately replace the way in which she relates the impressions her own eyes have seen, and her own heart has felt, and preserved green to its very last hour. Of this she is herself so well aware, that in the very beginning of her story she says—

"I feel it is my special duty to make you, my dear children, understand that deep attachment to everything English with which I have sometimes been reproached, but which is everlasting in me. The law of my life has been gratitude. . . .

"We had to wander farther, . . . but where to go, when in France all was lost. The winter in Holland, a severe one too, was dismal and unhealthy. . . . M. de St Blancard, who had joined us, was anxious that our marriage should take place, and he suggested England as our future refuge. My mother consented, and we sailed from the dismal Dutch shores for Harwich, where, on landing, the first word of a language I did not then understand woke a sudden joyful hope in my heart, sounding as it did with an accent of welcome that was in truth the presentiment of all that was in store for us. From that first moment we seized the whole depth of the sincere cordiality contained in true genuine British hospitality.

"Government agents were prepared to receive us, the names of my parents and the official rank of my father having largely paved the way. But oh, the hearty kindness of that reception! how different from the coldness and slights to which, since our misfortunes, other countries had accustomed us! Is not this simple loyal demeanour on the part of a foreign nation sufficient to explain everything?"

The opening scene, however, led to a certain *changement de décor*. The travellers went on to London (the London, be it remembered, of a hundred years ago, which was far from brilliant or elegant in its outward aspects in unfashionable quarters: M. de St Blancard housed his family party of all places in the world in Golden Square!), and they were almost immediately inducted into the solemn sadness of a metropolitan Sabbath. But here again the native quality of Mademoiselle de Montaut's sweet and equal temper served her.

"I can quite comprehend," she writes, "that Parisians landing on a Sunday risk a fit of the spleen, and, overcome by the silent gloom, see the whole world dark around

them; but all is dissipated on the Monday by the bright sunshine of Hyde Park."

The chief occupation of M. de St Blancard would seem to have been to "paint the ways and habits of London society" to his affianced wife and her relatives, and for this purpose a few evenings apparently sufficed to make the exiles familiar with their surroundings, and inform us of the present day of a situation which has, in too many cases, endured till now.

"He soon showed us how the ill-humour of our compatriots was asserting itself. Everything teased and annoyed them; they rebelled against the very helpful kindness of the Government, whose pecuniary aid irritated their susceptibilities; and their envy was set aflame by various puerile distinctions of grades—the lieutenant, for instance, getting less than the colonel or general. Resolved not to learn the language, they learned none of the customs of the country, and actually went the length of isolating themselves by walking in the mud of the open street, sooner than mix with the public on the foot-pavements. Similarity of misery did not bring about harmony of appreciation, and, I confess, we were confounded at the narrow-minded injustice of all we heard; for, as for us all, the resting-place and means of existence so generously vouchsafed to the victims of a great public calamity had simply filled our hearts with love and admiration for this noble English nation. I was the first to propose that we should leave London, and M. de St Blancard, studying a map of the adjoining counties, was struck by the name of Epsom, where he remembered that a friend of his, Lord Edward Bentinck, had a house and resided with his family. So to Epsom we went, and at Epsom we were after our marriage in the Spanish chapel of London by the same priest who, but a few years before, had married the Prince of Wales to Mrs Fitzherbert."

The marriage ceremony was a simple one.

"There was naturally," says our authoress, "no question of rejoicings or festivities ; the instant all was over we returned to Epsom by means of the stage-coach (a public conveyance) to our new abode, and established ourselves in the very pretty but homely residence my husband had secured for us. All our dependants had left, and we were at the mercy of a single female servant. In such public disasters all privations become easy, and none complain : the real humiliation would consist solely in the incapacity to submit cheerfully to the exigencies of stern necessity.

"Our little home seemed pleasant to us, and we were the objects of general and somewhat amusing but in no degree obtrusive or unbenevolent curiosity. The cottage we inhabited stood in a sweetly pretty road close to the race-course, and in the neighbourhood of beautiful country seats. We gradually discovered what exceeding interest we excited amongst our surroundings, and we soon ceased to feel any embarrassment at the watchings of our incomings and outgoings, and even sometimes at the looks cast through the interstices of our window-blinds in the evening."

There was such an affectionate desire on all parts to see how the French exiles contrived to make themselves comfortable under such appalling inflictions ! But in a very short time the scene undergoes an entire social change, and we witness the entrance of the Gontaut family into the great world of England, which was the counterpart (with both its differences and its analogies) of what had been their own *grand monde* of France.

"The chief rendezvous of what remained of French society," writes Madame de Gontaut, "the central *salon* where congregated the cream of political and diplomatic Europe, was at once opened in London by the *Princesse de Rohan, née Montmor-*

ency. She herself was one of the handsomest women of her time, and her husband, the Prince de Rohan, was regarded as the model of French *grands seigneurs*, at a period when the public opinion of France set the highest store by intellectual acquirements, charm of manners, and the high-bred polish of worldly intercourse."

We must remember that those to whom she addresses herself are the grandchildren of the persons Madame de Gontaut is describing.

"Your grandfather's most intimate companions," she proceeds to tell, "were Lord Liverpool and Lord (then Earl of) Bristol, and until their death both were the tenderly attached friends of your whole family.

"In the London *salon* of the *Princesse de Léon* (future Duchesse and *Princesse de Rohan*) met together the entire exiled aristocracy of our own country, and the Prince of Wales himself asked the privilege of admission to the chosen band. Whatever was most distinguished in British society soon followed suit, and in a short time these nightly reunions counted the most illustrious personages of the time, and of all civilised countries. Political leaders, diplomatists, warriors, statesmen, and great orators, all gathered round this brilliant centre, whose brilliancy lay in itself, apart from the allurements of wealth or power, and in which Ministers themselves imparted the news of the day—of the history they were making, and where information was first-hand, and given between equals with perfect unalienable truth. Your grandfather, who was an almost constant visitor at this famous *salon*, brought its echoes regularly down to us in our rural retreat, so that we were never out of the current of the life of our age, but followed every occurrence with passionate interest. But, above all, what quickly attracted us, and bound us to our surroundings, was the simple, frank cordiality with which all our new friends welcomed us, and made us feel we were one with them ! And it was this trustful intimacy that grew up at

once amongst us all, and outweighed all the well-turned phrases that our native *bonne compagnie* would have spent upon us in France. There is in the hand-grasp of the true Englishman a far stronger magnetism than in any other contact, for it comes genuinely from the heart, and gives the promise of a friendship to which it holds through life.

"The Edward Bentincks soon came into our neighbourhood, and invited us to stay with them at their own house, which we did."

It was in these country-houses' habits that Madame de Gontaut's real knowledge and striking appreciation of English character began, as well as her extraordinary intimate penetration of the true worth of the British nature, whether private or public. It must be admitted, also, that if a foreigner of such superior qualities and education had rarely been put in a position to study the intricate developments of English society, never had the society of the gloriously affirmative days "when George the Third was King" shown itself more unreservedly so in all its varied strength of attraction to so sympathetic a spectator, to so well-disposed an observer, as Madame de Gontaut.

From the Bentincks come rapidly all the rest whereof they were the original source—from the Prime Minister's (Duke of Portland's) daughters proceed the original branches which furnish the whole intimate surroundings of M. and Madame de Gontaut. Grevilles, Villiers, and gradually Cecils, Capels, and Wellesleys, were soon members of the charming throng, whose portraits give an impression of living reality to every line written by our delightful chronicler. Her first painting shows the Clarendon circle, as coming closest to her in space, and in time reaching nearest to

our own epoch. Of Lord Clarendon, the father, she says—

"He was for ever at the Edward Bentincks', and rarely quitted his country abode in their neighbourhood. He was a grand English gentleman, somewhat of the old school, rather more of a Tory than otherwise; a little reserved, perhaps even cold in appearance, silent, and receiving with ceremonious dignity the leading heads of country families, and giving them most magnificent dinners."

Above all, the Christmas banquets left a seemingly profound trace on the narrator's mind, for she instances, with particular emphasis, "*ces grands repas de Noël*." After mentioning the two brothers of the then existing peer—John and George Villiers—she comes to the George Villiers of our time, to our Lord Clarendon, who, till a recent date, was so universally the object of public attention, public admiration, and a popularity full of such high-bred grace—if one may so characterise it—that although it engendered frankness and ease, it never encouraged familiarity of a noisier description. Of him, of George Villiers the nephew, she says—

"The elder Lord Clarendon's brother (who married Miss Parker) had several children, and his eldest son became, in due succession, Earl of Clarendon, and began life at an early age. He was a Cabinet Minister very young, and Minister Plenipotentiary at Madrid (with all but unexampled success), Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and more fitted by varied experience than almost any one else for his future post of head of the Foreign Office. From his earliest youth he exercised over me an irresistible attraction: his readiness of wit (*son esprit charmant*), his talents and aptitudes of all kinds, his manners, and his undeniable capacity, added to his kindness of nature, to his genuine heart, all won one to him. My friendship for him is deep

and sincere, and I trust he still preserves for the old friend of his entire family a portion of the lively interest she will ever feel in him."

In those words you again seize the enduring, the unescapable spell cast over you by Madame de Gontaut. She is writing in 1855-56, during the Crimean peace, when George Villiers was Foreign Minister of England, and she is speaking of the men she knew half a century before; yet they are the same,—the same to her, and she makes them the same to us—they live! There is no break in these active public existences, in these careers of usefulness; and the continuousness of all they are and all they do binds us, as we observed in our first pages, as with a strong visible chain of unbreakable actuality.

When, a short time afterwards, we reach the Wellesley relationships through marriage on so many different sides, the circles widen, but the links grow tighter than before. By the Harveys (Bristols) we join the Uptons (Templetown); and we are suddenly face to face with young Sir Arthur himself, coming from India, sick and ill, and trying to regain health in Cheltenham, pending the hour when he will be the great "Arthur," born of his Spanish victories over Bonaparte.

We are transported into the second period of the emigration. In still more straitened circumstances, Madame de Gontaut has taken refuge with her attached friends, Lady Templetown and Miss Upton, and is residing under their roof in the Carlsbad of Gloucestershire, when her friend, Lady Mor-

nington (her friend of the Epsom period), suddenly commits to her kindest offices her brother, Sir Arthur Wellesley, to be "taken care of"; nay, more even than that, to be chaperoned, seeing that he is out of spirits as well as out of health. This is the *moment psychologique*, the critical moment, at which none guessed then, but which has been so well known since: the period when the fulfilment of his destiny so brooded over the great commander's whole soul, that it well-nigh crushed it, and when the ceaseless vision of "that thin red line" that contained his inevitable glory to come had so nearly extinguished the life wherefrom it sprang.<sup>1</sup>

But all went far from smoothly at first. Lady Mornington's letter was vehement. "Arthur," it said, "knows no one in Cheltenham, and we rely upon you; it will be a charity to nurse him, and you will restore him to life." And the letter went on to announce his advent for the same day, and to state the great pleasure he would derive in the acquaintance of Lady Templetown and Miss Upton.

But the pleasure was not a reciprocal one by any means; and when Madame de Gontaut rushed off to tell her hostesses her joy at being able to show Lady Mornington her gratitude for so many acts of friendship in days gone by, she was met by something little short of consternation. "It was the most frightful of bores and inflections," declared Lady Templetown, "to have to entertain this young man whom nobody knew;" and Miss Upton determined that nothing half so disagreeable could

<sup>1</sup> We have all now present to our minds the months of deadly languor, when, after his Indian triumphs, he who was to be the "Iron Duke" lay in Calcutta, "dying of his unaccomplished fate," the victim of his ceaseless dream of the "thin red line." "I could think of nothing else," were his own words later on.

ever possibly have happened to them.

But the exquisite tact and sweetness of disposition of Madame de Gontaut steered her through every difficulty. Discarding all notion of evading Lady Mornington's behest, she starts instantly for the "*Salon des Eaux*," as she terms it, in order to discover her new friend. But here let her tell her own tale, for none can describe the scene as she does:—

"I had no small trouble to persuade Miss Upton to follow me, but she did so, however unwillingly. I went straight to look up the list of new arrivals, seized on it, found the name of Wellesley and read it aloud that Miss Upton might hear it, but she never moved or stirred. A stranger seated by my side was reading the same list: putting a finger on my name, which was also printed among the others, he looked up to me with a smile and said: "Madame de Gontaut! *Rien de plus piquant; nous ne nous étions jamais vus et nous nous connaissons déjà!*"

But Miss Upton was not yet tamed: she stood by stiff, mute, and motionless.

"Miss Upton," adds her French friend, "was not like other people. She was of the most affectionate nature, and tenderly attached to me, as I to her; but she liked not every one, nor did every one like her. She cordially hated what is called the world, and well understood how to show her dislike to those who displeased her. She unbent not one inch for the new guest, neither smiled nor bowed. I introduced "Mr." Wellesley, and announced there and then that I was going to present him to Lady Templetown; still no sign. But we set out on our walk home; he offered me his arm, which I accepted, saying how we rejoiced at meeting a friend of his family of whom we had heard so much. However, after the first few moments of embarrassment, Lady Templetown's natural kindness got the better of her, and she gave the

new-comer a general invitation to dinner for every day. The ice was broken. When Miss Upton consented to sing, and saw the evidently sincere delight she afforded our new acquaintance, she also became amiable, and we soon grew to be all at most perfect ease. I was from the first instant charmed with our visitor's straightforwardness and frankness, and he was in confidence with me from the very outset."

This was apparently so true that ere many days were over Madame de Gontaut had heard the entire story of the betrothal to Miss Pakenham, and the hesitations of the bridegroom, then on his road to Ireland, and to a marriage of which history knows but too well the eventual outcome. "There is a word pledged, a promise given," was the account of the chief actor in the drama; "it has to be kept, though she most honourably has released me from all obligation. . . . I may return from Ireland by Cheltenham married or unmarried, alone or with my wife." "He did return married," proceeds Madame de Gontaut, "and with her, but she was alone inside the carriage, he outside it on the box."

The impression made on his foreign friend by the hero of Waterloo was a lasting one, and they remained firm friends, as we shall see, through life.

"He never alluded to his deeds in India," she states. "All we heard of him at that period came to us through public fame. . . . He was modesty itself and gentleness, and silent on whatsoever concerned himself as a public man or a soldier. And so years passed on, and events crowded on events. The unexpected guest from Hindustan was a stranger amongst his people—hardly welcomed by them, and oddly enough patronised by me. . . . My *protégé* of Cheltenham was the famous Duke of Wellington; my father's *protégé* was Napoleon Bonaparte!"

One of the most curiously interesting passages of these 'Mémoires' is the following, which it is worth while to give the reader entire. We have arrived at the end of the first "Reign of Terror," and Robespierre's death enables Madame de Gontaut to visit France in disguise, and see for the last time her grandmother, Madame de Coulommiers.

"Her accounts of what had passed," states Madame de Gontaut, "furnished me with details of what none of us, the *émigrés*, were familiar with: She told me the incidents of the queen's captivity and Madame Elizabeth's martyrdom, and said to me: 'But we are now full of hope. France is exhausted, and longing for a king and for a legal government. . . . I receive letters from a great friend of your mother's, full of a wonderful young soldier who is going from victory to victory in Italy, and rendering the whole army mad with enthusiasm. She seems to think we must know him. Dear child! aid me with your young memory. Can you not recall the facts of a young artillery officer (I think a foreigner) who was recommended to your father from the *École Militaire*, and whom he did so much for with his (then) comrades?' . . . 'Of course I can,' was my reply, 'I remember it all so well! . . . It was while you and my grandfather were building your new house in Paris, and were living in the one the Marquis de Tinbrune (head of the *École Militaire*) had lent you. You had been entreated by an old friend to get a young Corsican officer transferred as quickly as possible from Brienne to the *École Militaire*. My father, with some trouble, got this done, and the young officer was presented to you. . . . How well I remember it all! and how I remember the first time he dined with us, and put on his uniform. Mamma was so fond of him, and told him he had such a classical head (which I thought so handsome). As I was let in to

dessert, I put myself at table between the young officer and mamma. He dined nearly every Sunday—I think I can see him now! . . . One day I tried in fun to draw his sword, but he rapped my knuckles, and said, "*On ne touche pas à cela!*"' 'But do you remember his name?' asked my grandmother. 'I should think so indeed!' was my answer. 'It was Napoleon Bonaparte.' Grandmamma cried out delightedly, '*Ah! oui! c'est bien lui!*'

"And these amiable Royalists were dreaming of the victor of Lodi as the necessary restorer of 'the king!'"<sup>1</sup>

In no passage of Madame de Gontaut's curious existence shall we find more striking proofs of the double nature already signalised than in the experiences shown or submitted to, in her emigration vicissitudes in England.

It is the delicate tact and grace, the *souplesse* (though joined to the sincerest honesty) of the high-born French lady, that vanquish the antipathies of originally contradictory spirits such as Arthur Wellesley's and the stiff Sophia Upton's; but it is the sterling solidity of a positively British temperament that compels the same native Frenchwoman to recognise and proclaim the sovereign genius of William Pitt, and proclaim his superiority of character over all others.

"Mr Pitt," she writes,<sup>2</sup> "had obtained for my friends, the Villierses, the loan of Deal Castle, and there I met him frequently. He was already a Minister, and looked up to with anxious expectation. Till my journey to France [in 18—] there had been but little communication between the two countries; but after that, what I had to impart appeared to interest him deeply. He liked to hear French spoken, and often made me read pages of Fénelon's '*Télémaque*' to him. His enthusiasm for Mentor was un-

<sup>1</sup> *I*de Madame de Gontaut's Mémoires, p. 66.

<sup>2</sup> Mémoires, pp. 66-68 *et seq.*

bounded ; and one evening, as he drove me home in his phaeton, to my intense surprise—for I had never heard him speak a word of French) he recited to me long tirades of Mentor's in irreproachable French."

In conclusion, our authoress adds—

"As he had the habit of often spending from Saturday to Monday at Deal, in order, as he expressed it, to forget politics, I saw somewhat more of him. His politics were history—I will avoid speaking of that. He himself was reserved, mostly taciturn, and the look of his profoundly penetrating eyes at first disconcerted and alarmed me ; but I soon grew accustomed to it, he listened with such benevolent attention. . . . Years later, at Mrs Bouverie's house, I made the acquaintance of the celebrated Mr

Sheridan, very witty certainly, but how infinitely superior was the stately tone of Pitt ! (*Sheridan était bien spirituel, sans doute, mais comme je préférerais la société tranquille et solide de M. Pitt.*)"

In that one phrase lies the *raison d'être* of our authoress ; and in that solidity of judgment, in that high appreciation of genuine worth, we shall find all that actuated her every thought and word in her later more responsible existence. It is because of her sterling sense of character that Madame de Gontaut would, had she wielded real authority, have gone far, as *gouvernante des enfants de France*, to avert from the French nation the catastrophes caused by the errors of *Charles Dix*.

### III.

Many of the best informed, best initiated, in contemporary French history, have long believed (some have even said) that the real causes of the disastrous catastrophe of July 1830 were always inadequately appreciated even by those who should have been their nearest observers. As years have gone by, and the violence of mere party passions and personal enmities have abated, a wider view has been taken, and a larger philosophy has pointed to moral incentives and suggestions of a more deeply rooted kind that had failed to be taken into account. Facts gradually came to light that in the old order remained hidden, and there ensued a more accurate appreciation of the character of the king, of his weaknesses and false judgments, of his resolves, and what to him seemed duties ; and the *raisons d'être* of acts that had apparently sprung from political prejudices alone, and had for their sole motive political infatua-

tion and individual dislike, changed their aspect almost entirely, and might perhaps have been in the end attributable to, if not more elevated, at all events more sentimental, motives.

Madame de Gontaut has no desire to defend the conduct of Charles X. She blames and opposes him from the hour of his accession to the throne, and, what is more, foresees from the very beginning to what consequences his seemingly perverse and blind obstinacy must lead. But she relates circumstances known at the time to herself only, and whereof she was in some cases the eyewitness, which materially alter the mental conditions of the sovereign, and award a different source to public acts that have hitherto received a single indisputable interpretation.

Was the Revolution of July an event solely due to the political opinions of Charles X. and the mystical-minded Minister on whom



he relied, or was its true origin merely religious bigotry, and a pledge solemnly taken by the monarch that he conceived himself bound to redeem at all costs?

On this point Madame de Gontaut is not alone the most valuable, she is perhaps the only real witness, and she is the witness from the first hour to the last moment of the romantic story.

Before passing a final judgment on Charles X., it is absolutely incumbent on the reader who judges him to take into account two leading facts: He was, and more than all in his latter years of life, a strict observer of his plighted word; he held to it superstitiously to the letter rather than to the spirit: and, in what regarded religion, he was an indisputable fanatic, in no way of the inhuman type, of a Torquemada, but a believer like the Breton peasant or Irishman, who is convinced that the failure to keep a vow (a promise) made to God or to the Church (both being identical in his sight) must inevitably draw down eternal punishment on the head of the perjured.

These two ideas firmly grasped, the tale has to be told which, notorious hitherto as a piece of Court scandal, has never yet been related as a matter of fact, and in its real intimate details, till Madame de Gontaut imparted it in her latest years, in its form of historical truth.

The Comte d'Artois in his earlier life had never been determinedly immoral or corrupt; there was no debauchery in him—his tastes did not lie that way. He was "gallant and gay," but no Lothario, neither a Richelieu, nor belonging to the tribe of cruelly heartless voluptuaries of the Louis XV. epoch. In his elegancies, as perhaps in his levity, he was of

his time, treating all things lightly, love amongst the rest! His heart had been left untouched, and was what is vulgarly called "good"—namely, tender—if once touched.

The popular legend has been through all times busy, and all the world over, with *les amours* of the French King and Madame de Polastron. *Les amours!* Such a word for such a deep-hearted tragedy!—such a mockery of what was so utterly the reverse, and implied simply life-and-death suffering to both victims! Madame de Gontaut shall tell us the facts. After the first period of the early (English) emigration was closed, and the (then) Comte d'Artois had joined his faithful followers, and all had migrated to Holyrood—whose first gloomy aspect "struck little short of dismay and terror" into the imaginations of the French visitors,—“it is time now, my dear children,” writes the future *gouvernante*, “that we should speak of Madame de Polastron, and that you should know the truth, that has never yet been really divulged, concerning her. Louise d'Eparbes de Lussan lost her mother at her birth, and was given in charge to my grandmother, Madame de Coulommiers, who brought her up with her own daughter, to whom she was always as a sister.”

If any one, then, had the right to answer for poor Madame de Polastron, and defend her memory there, where it could, with Christian charity, be defended, it was undoubtedly Madame de Gontaut, and chronologically we will follow her recital.

At twelve years old the little girl was placed at the convent of Les Dames de Panthemont, and at seventeen "drafted off" (there is no other word for the matrimonial habits of the age) into marriage

with the Vicomte de Polastron, a brilliant colonel, high in favour with the Court, commanding a regiment garrisoned at a considerable distance, and undertaking to "leave his bride at the church door," and return duly to Versailles at the expiration of a year.

Every word wherewith our authoress paints the circumstances of this ill-fated wedding is worthy of attention, for not only does it put before us the manners of the *grand monde* at the close of the last century, but it exquisitely depicts an episode as pathetic as any to be found in even the German literature of the same period, and which, when thoroughly studied, displaces, we maintain, many of the supposed responsibilities of the Revolution of 1830 :—

"Louise," relates Madame de Gontaut, "was not pretty, nor, strictly speaking, attractive; but she had a charm all her own, and an attraction irresistible to whomsoever was capable of perceiving it. The bridegroom's sister was the famous Duchesse de Polignac, and she determined on the union, obtaining (as usual) for her new sister-in-law all the favours and distinctions that were in her *entourage* esteemed so enviable. The title of *Dame du Palais*, an establishment at Court, the assurance of living in the Polignac centre of splendid influence, — was there ever such a dream? such a *début* for a simple orphan girl, scarcely more than a child? . . . Of her husband himself, it was but slightly questioned: he was altogether absorbed by his uniforms and equipments, and the pomps and ceremonies with which he would inaugurate his new *commandement* in the provinces.

"Louise was left on her marriage-morn alone, frightened, amazed, with only for her protectress my sweet mother (*ma douce mère*), a few years older than herself, and who solemnly promised she would never leave her through life. Left in the midst of what a *milieu*! of what an *entourage*! After the wedding, which was com-

paratively private, there came the dazzling grandeurs of the position, the presentation to the Queen, and the ballet-like performances of the *grande comédie*, presided over, *réglé*, by the immortal Vestris, and where the chief aim of all existence was set forth to the eyes of the victim as being the graceful manner in which she would go through her reverences, and 'make the mien' of kissing the hem of the Queen's garment. Poor Louise! my mother did her utmost to encourage and support her; but she stood there berobed, bedizened with jewels, becoroneted, and palé, trembling as a scared dove, and panting with fear, looking to my mother to be prevented from sinking to the floor, forgetful of curtsies, and hand-kissings, and bendings down to the hem of queenly robes. . . . A murmur of admiration salutes the entrance of the two *grandes dames* who are to present her — the Duchesse de Polignac, and her daughter the Duchesse de Guiche; they are superb in their beauty and magnificent *aplomb*. The Queen welcomes them cordially, and advances to embrace Madame de Polastron; but she remains transfixed, mute, distraught, awkward — her awkwardness remarked by all, and the remarks it elicited overheard by herself! The terrified glances she cast around met but one sympathetic response, — one countenance (but one only) was full of pity. She felt it in an instant; and in the look exchanged between them, — on one side imploringly forlorn, on the other expressive of compassion of the deepest quality, — in that look was born the entire lifelong (though short) romance of Louise de Polastron and the future French King. . . . Excess of timidity had been her charm, of which she was for ever unconscious; pity of an almost celestial character was in the beginning, and for a long time, the link which bound him to her."

He pitied her with all his heart, for his heart was then for the first time touched; and it was this that she recognised, to which she unconsciously vibrated. The modest, innocent girl, shrinking from all

display, was for a longer time than could have been supposed unconscious of her own feelings as of those she had aroused, and her royal lover was too intensely respectful of her ignorance to allow her to divine the true state of matters. In later days, when alluding to her wedding-day, she was used to say : " In the dreadful glare of that noonday sun, in that cruel *plein midi* of Versailles, all I longed to be able to say to the one who showed me his compassion was, ' Monseigneur, you saw what I suffered, you felt for me, you had not the heartlessness to laugh and mock at me when I was fainting away from fear and from shame. . . . Oh, Monseigneur, for your saintly pity be for ever blessed ! ' "

The position for the Prince was one of an utterly novel description. His attention was drawn towards Madame de Polastron by the sincerity of his commiseration for her own evident unfitness for the centre in which she was placed ; and her rare qualities soon inspired him with a respect that none of the habitual companions of her life had ever called forth. In his own *entourage*, the Comte d'Artois was quickly pointed out as being " transformed " by his silent admiration of the deserted " child-bride," and in the way in which he spoke of her he never disguised the timid cult that he always offered up to her.

" *Vous m'en imposez, Madame,*" was the first word wherewith he approached her, a very long while after his sentiments towards her had become apparent to the eyes of the spectators. And so the drama went on, and when she perceived what was happening—which she was by no means prompt to do—retreat was too late ; but resistance was long, determined, and

undeniably sincere. It was this perfect sincerity on her part which made that resistance possible ; for, to his honour be it said, the Comte d'Artois bowed down loyally to a virtue in which he did not and could not affect not to believe. But in the end, after long and protracted struggles, " the end " came, and from genuine love of him she yielded—but he knew what the sacrifice was, and honoured her for making it as she did, at the same time, with that of her life. She lived only for him she loved, and of her love she died, and it is with the circumstance of her death that we have to do.

Years had passed, a compromise had been accepted by society in harmony with its traditions, but which Madame de Polastron never ratified in her inmost soul. She remained in her own thought so ardent a worshipper of the purity she had forfeited that she condemned herself to death, and paid for the loss of purity with her life. She never sought for an excuse : she loved without stint, and to him she adored gave the self-respect without which mere life could not endure ; and touching the extent of the price she paid, he who received it never for one instant doubted. There was the peculiarity of the situation—all was true.

Through Madame de Gontaut and her mother the influence of the Church was invoked, and the natural piety of the repentant sinner, aided by the sincere austerity of the confessor, led to a separation, but upon one condition—that at the hour of death, when that hour was known to have irremissably sounded, she should, for the last time, see the Prince. " For," said she, " I have

then something I must say to him! (*J'ai une grâce à lui demander.*)"

The request was granted; and when the solemn hour had come, Monsieur, as he was then denominated, was summoned to hear the farewell behest of her who lay dying before him, and dying for his sake.

Unfortunately space does not permit of our describing one of the most simply pathetic scenes—pathetic above all from its awful simplicity—that have ever marked the history of a nation; but the last supreme incident has a distinct historical interest for the student of public events, therefore claims a right to be recounted. When the Comte d'Artois, summoned from the country, whither the stern command of the Abbé Latil (later on, the celebrated Cardinal Latil, who played no inconsiderable part under the last years of the Restoration, and was a confidential favourite of the king) had exiled him during the fatal illness,—when the Prince reached London, the humble chamber in which the dying woman lay was tenanted by those whom their ceaseless attachment had never allowed to leave her side. Sir Henry Halford (sent by the king at Windsor) was in attendance, as he had been all through, and caring for his poor patient with an indescribable tenderness. The Abbé stood by the bed, at the head whereof Madame de Gontaut sat grasping the hand of the friend she had never left.

"The fever grew at every moment more intense, the agitation became worse, the death agony set in. Sir Henry made a sign to the Abbé that the time had come. . . . The door was opened, Monsieur stood there, despair-stricken, ghastly pale; her hand shook in mine. . . . Their eyes met; his

impulse was to start forward to be nearer to her,—a movement of the Abbé Latil stopped him. . . . Looking up to heaven, she said in low but distinct tones, 'Monseigneur! one only prayer! *une grâce, une seule; désormais soyez tout à Dieu, à Dieu seule, rien qu'à Dieu!*' Falling on his knees, he sobbed out, 'I swear it to God Himself! (*Je le jure à Dieu même!*)' and she again repeated with strange firmness, '*Entièrement, tout à Dieu.*' With those words her head sank upon my shoulder; with them her breath had ceased,—she was gone. Monsieur, with a cry of horror I shall never forget, raised his arms as in an appeal of desperation, and the doors were closed—all was over,—we sank prostrate round her bed, incapable even of prayer expressed by speech."

Now, be it remembered that the Comte d'Artois had in his veins the blood of Louis XIV., and that the episode of Madame de La Vallière was not two centuries old. It is a repetition of the same drama, and the outcome is the same, but in a contradictory sense. Louis XIV., in his desertion of Louise de La Vallière, sentenced her to death through the living grave of the cloister; Louise de Polastron, by her death, entombed Charles X. in the eternal darkness of the claustral spirit, like a penitent recluse.

But the king's character once granted, with its virtues as well as its defects, will any impartial judge of humanity believe that such a scene as that of the deathbed of Madame de Polastron could leave him otherwise than subjugated and compelled for the remainder of his existence? As a matter of fact, no doubt *was* entertained of the permanent impression made upon the sovereign's mind; and in its utmost levity no Court gossip, even by its faintest breath, ever suspected the unsullied devotion and fidelity of Charles

X. to the memory of Louise de Polastron.

As to the long duration of this fidelity, many incidents known to the *entourage* are there to prove it: one seems to me sufficient. It has been told more than once to relations and intimates, and from the source whence I derive it I think I am authorised to vouch for its veracity. In the summer of 1830, an officer of the *Gardes du Corps* was on duty at St Cloud, in the room adjoining the king's chamber. The window at which he was mounting guard touched the door of the royal apartment, and was at immediate right angles with the lofty *porte-fenêtre* by which his Majesty had egress to the balcony just below. It was a bright moonlight night in June. Some time after the whole chateau was supposed to be wrapped in sleep, the king's window opened, and Charles X. himself, in his dressing-gown, stepped forth upon the balcony, and, leaning on the iron rails, looked thoughtfully up to the sky. After a short pause he took from the breast-pocket of his *robe de chambre* a small gold frame encircling the miniature of a woman, which he pressed to his lips several times with the deepest fervour, then returned to its resting-place; and, again looking up to the sky, he retired to his own room, closing the *porte-fenêtre* behind him.

When the witness to this little scene told the tale (as he sometimes did), his invariable comment upon it was, "I was too far off to discern clearly the features of the portrait, except that they were those of a lady; but my secret

conviction everlastingly endured that they were the features of Madame de Polastron."

Be it well remembered that the true underlying cause of the July Revolution was not merely the issue of the Ordinances against the Charte, nor the inconceivable reply sent by the Monarch to the "Address of the 221."<sup>1</sup> The real origin of the whole was a religious one, and lay hidden in the king's most secret thought. It was, as is so frequent in France, in direct connection with the perpetual discussions between Church and State—the contention, in fact, between Parliament and the clergy; and it was a deadly one, implying the defeat of either the civil power, born of the Revolution, or of the priesthood, which, since the demise of Louis XVIII., had risen gradually to a degree of unbearable arrogance. The genuine motive of all quarrels was a confessional one: it was to be found in the same eternal struggle for supremacy. Was instruction to be free, or was it to be subject to the clergy? was, in truth, the entire public career of the subject in France to depend upon the law, upon the Constitution, or upon the *billet de confession*?

Reduced to its last essential expression, there was the disguised but entirely predominant thought of the king. As has already been stated, for Charles X., as for every intolerant Catholic of his narrowly bigoted school, God and the Church—i.e., the clergy—are one, and between the king's Government and the priest there is no place for the citizen. It was, as

<sup>1</sup> When the address was presented to the king at the meeting of the newly elected Chamber, the royal answer was, as every one will remember, "I have done my royal duty in receiving your address. Return now to the hall of your duties; my Ministers will inform you of my will."

the public voice proclaimed, the *régime* of "the Altar and the Throne"; and the Throne had registered a solemn vow "to God Himself," which, in 1825, was the first duty recalled to the sovereign's conscience. All the rest was coloured by that.

What might be made politically compatible with the one sacred obligation was conceded; but that obligation remained paramount, and had to be obeyed.

It is not our purpose to enter on the details of the various circumstances ushering in the overthrow of the Restoration, or even the admirable opposition so firmly adhered to on all occasions by Madame de Gontaut; but one or two leading facts require to be noted in order to prove that, from the beginning, Charles X. followed an internal conviction of his own, a resolution formed on principles deep-rooted in his soul, and for years abiding the precise moment when they could be carried out with a chance of safety.

Early in 1830 the king changed his Ministry, and suddenly called the Polignac Ministry to power.

"This will please you," were his words to Madame de Gontaut, when confiding to her the list of the new Ministers, "but you must allude to it to no one; it is a secret, and must for a short time remain so."<sup>1</sup>

"A secret!" retorted she sharply; "that is already revealed by M. de Polignac himself,"—and she showed a letter from Lady Maryborough, which told the strong opinion of English statesmen, and the still more strongly expressed disapprobation of her brother-in-law, the Duke of Wellington. To this the sovereign turned a deaf

ear, and an hour after handed to Madame de Gontaut the draft of his intended speech to the Chamber and the names of his new advisers. On her returning this into the hands of his Majesty in silence, he asked her for her opinion, to which she frankly answered, "As I am ignorant of the motive for the sudden change, I cannot appreciate it properly, but doubt the opportunity." The royal answer was, "The Villèle Ministry must be set aside." Madame de Gontaut's concluding remark was, "Sire, I may displease your Majesty, but I must affirm that I regret several of the outgoing Ministers, but in the situation in which we stand at present, most of all I regret M. de Martignac."

The king turned his back, walked away, and no word more was exchanged on the subject.

The Polignac Cabinet took office, and no one in the French public had a doubt of what was in store. It was the inevitable and patent victory of the priesthood. The Prince de Polignac, imprudent, inexperienced, and even more bigoted than his master, was quietly waiting for a miraculous intervention of the Virgin Mary, from whom he was quite convinced he had received manifest signs of protection, and absolutely insisted on the king's entire and blind submission to his Prime Minister alone.

Madame la Gouvernante, whose authority was of the very highest kind, left no attempt untried: the numerous and urgent appeals and reports sent to her from the outside were all by her brought to the knowledge of Charles X. He refused to look at them, or attend to any communications from without.

<sup>1</sup> It should be noted that Polignac, was the brother-in-law of her own husband.

He was literally under orders from M. de Polignac: he had promised, and again I call attention to his narrowly scrupulous adherence to his plighted word.

Of the daily occurrences of the period, however interesting Madame de Gontaut's narrative makes them, we purposely avoid speaking, because our limits forbid, and that their general outline is familiar to most readers; but we cannot refrain from quoting, in her own words, one anecdote, for the reason that, in the first place, it shows the variety of the author's pleasant style, passing, as it does, from "grave to gay"; and that, in the next, it affords such a convincing proof of the conscientiousness with which the "royal governess" educated the Princess given into her charge, and of the steadfast principles with which her long sojourn in England had imbued her. Sincere Christian as she was, Madame de Gontaut yet taught Mademoiselle to unite with the most perfect self-respect and dignity, the highest recognition due to individual freedom, and the constitutional privileges of modern nations. We give her own words.

"When the king had heard my answer to his own proposed discourse

upon the 'Address of the 221,' he remarked that the attitude of the Opposition was becoming unbearable, and that he for one 'could bear it no longer.' '*Je ne le supportira pas*,' was his phrase; '*c'est à n'y plus tenir*.'

"Mademoiselle was at a writing-table by my side, but listened. Looking the king straight in the face, she calmly said, '*Et que ferons nous après bon Papa?*' His Majesty, noting that it was the hour for the assembling of the Council, left his study hurriedly. I did not observe that Mademoiselle, after putting down some lines on paper, and clutching at a wafer-basket, got up and went to the window of the king's study. I followed the king.

"At the door of the Council chamber the Minister, M. de Chabrol, joined his Majesty, apologising for being somewhat late, having been stopped for a moment by a knot of persons who were trying to decipher a placard pasted on the window of the king's cabinet, which fronted the street. The king ordered a *huissier* to bring the placard to him immediately. . . . He did so. I read in Mademoiselle's handwriting the ominous words, '*Maison à louer*.'"

There was the comment on the unconstitutional conduct of Charles X.—denounced by his grandchild of eleven years old, the Princess whom Madame de Gontaut had brought up!

S. B. DE BURY.

## THE NITRATE-FIELDS OF CHILE.

No State in South America has occupied a larger share of public attention of recent years than the little Republic of Chile. Not more than eleven years have elapsed since she was engaged in a fierce internecine struggle with the neighbouring State of Peru; and scarcely have the episodes of the war of 1879-80 been forgotten when she has once more become the object of public attention, as the victim of an equally deadly domestic revolution, which has only just terminated in the defeat and tragic death of President Balmaceda.

In view, therefore, of the large amount of public interest which has been so recently centred in this distant State, and more particularly in view of the recent publication of a work on the subject by the veteran war-correspondent of 'The Times,'<sup>1</sup> the present occasion may be considered not inappropriate for bringing before the readers of this Magazine a short account of what is, undoubtedly, one of the most striking features of a country which abounds in striking features—viz., the famous nitrate-fields.

It may be well to explain, for the benefit of non-agricultural or non-chemical readers, that nitrate—short for nitrate of soda—or Chile saltpetre, is a whitish crystalline salt, largely used, both in Europe and America,<sup>2</sup> as an artificial fertiliser or manure for agricultural crops, and also, although to a less extent, for certain chemical manu-

factures, such as that of nitric and sulphuric acids, and saltpetre or nitrate of potash, the most important constituent of gunpowder. Some conception of the importance of this salt as an article of commerce may be obtained from the fact that its present annual export from Chile falls little short of *one million tons*, representing a monetary value of *six to seven millions sterling*.

The exact date of the discovery of the nitrate deposits seems to be a point of considerable dubiety. The earliest published description of them was written by Bollaert about the year 1820, in which year, it is stated, the first shipment was made to England. It was not, however, till some ten or twelve years later that the Peruvian Government, to whom they then belonged,<sup>3</sup> seems to have recognised their value.

The most important deposits are found in the vicinity of the town of Iquique, which is the chief nitrate port of South America. It is a somewhat striking fact that this substance, which has conclusively proved itself to be the most potent of all known artificial agents in the promotion of vegetable growth, should be found in a district utterly lacking the slightest traces of vegetation of any kind. Lest such a statement should seem to savour of irony, we hasten to explain that the singular barrenness of this part of the country is

<sup>1</sup> *A Visit to Chile and the Nitrate-Fields of Tarapaca.* By William Howard Russell, LL.D. London: J. S. Virtue & Co.

<sup>2</sup> In America, as yet, it is little used for manurial purposes; its chief use in that country being in the manufacture of blasting-powder and of acids.

<sup>3</sup> We may remind our readers that these nitrate deposits were largely the cause of the late war between Chile and Peru, which resulted in the cession to Chile by Peru of the province of Tarapaca, where the most important deposits are situated.



largely due to the character of its climate, the deposits occurring in the midst of sandy deserts,<sup>1</sup> on which rain never falls.

The origin of these nitrate-fields is a geological problem of very considerable interest, the difficulty of which is greatly enhanced by their altitude—3000 to 4000 feet above sea-level—and their distance inland, which amounts in some cases to 80 or 90 miles from the sea-coast.

The nitrate deposits are not the only saline deposits found in Chile. According to the late David Forbes,<sup>2</sup> they are not to be confused with other saline formations, which appear at intervals scattered over the whole of that portion of the western coast on which no rain falls. These latter stretch from north to south for a distance of more than 550 miles—their greatest development being between latitudes 19° and 25° south. The depth to which they extend downwards varies considerably. Most of them, however, are of a very superficial character, and “they always show signs of their existence by the saline efflorescence seen on the surface of the ground, which often covers vast plains, as a white crystalline incrustation, the dust from which, entering the nostrils and mouth of the traveller, causes much annoyance, whilst at the same time the eyes are equally suffering from the intensely brilliant reflection of the rays of a tropical sun.”

These saline incrustations, or *salinas*, as they are generally called, are chiefly composed of salts of lime,

soda, magnesia, alumina, and of boracic acid. Their composition would lead one to attribute their origin to the evaporation of salt water; for, with the single exception of boracic acid,<sup>3</sup> all the mineral substances are such as would be obtained by the evaporation of sea-water or by the mutual reactions of its salts with the constituents of the adjacent rocks. As there is “indisputable evidence of the recent elevation of the whole of this coast,” volcanic upheaval might be reasonably held to explain their altitude. Their comparative proximity to the coast would seem further to favour this theory. On these grounds, therefore, Forbes is inclined to think that they owe their origin to the evaporation, under the influence of a tropical sun, of lagoons of salt water, the communication of which with the sea had been cut off by the rising of the land.

The obvious difficulty of accounting for the formation of the larger deposits by such a theory he meets by saying that it is only necessary to suppose that, even after the partial isolation of the lagoons by the elevation of the coast, they might still have maintained tidal or occasional communication with the sea by means of lateral openings in the chain of hills separating them from the ocean. In such cases there would be a gradual accumulation of salts, very much greater in amount than that due simply to the evaporation of the water originally contained in the lagoons.

The above theory of the origin

<sup>1</sup> The other nitrate deposits are found in the provinces of Antofagasta and Atacama, and a certain amount of the refined article is exported from these places. The amount, however, is inconsiderable as compared with that which comes from the province of Tarapaca.

<sup>2</sup> See his elaborate article on the geology of Bolivia and Peru, published in the *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society* for November 1860.

<sup>3</sup> The source of the boracic acid is probably volcanic.

of the lower saline deposits may go to explain the mode of formation of the nitrate-fields; but in this case several difficulties present themselves. One is the much greater altitude of the latter, as well as their greater distance inland. This difficulty, however, may be met by assuming that they are of older origin than the lower deposits, and have been subjected to a correspondingly greater amount of volcanic upheaval. There is abundance of proof that this part of the continent has been the scene, in the past, of such volcanic upheaval. Forbes is of opinion that there is the fullest evidence to prove that, even since the arrival of the Spaniards, a very considerable elevation of the land has taken place over the greater part, if not the whole extent, of the line of coast; while Darwin states that he has convincing proof that this part of the continent has been elevated from 400 to 1200 feet since the epoch of existing shells. Furthermore, elevations of the coast-line, amounting in many cases to several feet, are known to have happened within recent times; while earthquakes and volcanic disturbances, of a less striking nature, are still of common occurrence. Successive lines, indicative of old sea-beaches, can be distinctly traced stretching inland one behind the other; and patches of sea-sand and water-worn stone found at a great distance from the coast, both in valleys and at altitudes much

greater than even 4000 feet, point to the same conclusion.<sup>1</sup>

The difficulty, therefore, of altitude and distance from the coast cannot be regarded as insuperable.

A difficulty, however, which is not so easily met, is afforded by the presence of the nitric acid, which in combination with the soda forms the nitrate of soda. It is scarcely necessary to inform our readers that nitrogen—except, of course, in small quantities in the free state—is not a normal constituent of salt water. The question, therefore, of greatest interest in connection with the formation of these nitrate-beds is, Whence has the nitric acid been derived?

Several theories have been put forward to account for it. One is to the effect that it owes its origin to huge guano-deposits, originally covering the shores of the large salt lakes, which, by the subsequent overflowing of their shores, effected the mixture of the guano with the salts. In this way, by a slow process of decomposition, nitrate of soda would be ultimately formed.<sup>2</sup>

This theory, apart from other considerations, seems at first sight extremely plausible, more especially when we remember that it is on this very coast that the greatest guano-deposits have been found, and that the famous Chincha Islands, which alone have yielded over ten million tons of this valuable fertiliser, are comparatively near the scene of the nitrate de-

<sup>1</sup> A friend of the present writer, who has visited this part of the west coast of South America, informs him that at one point of the coast at Mejillones (in Bolivia) he could trace the remains of no less than twelve distinct sea-beaches, situated at different distances from the sea, and rising to an altitude of 2500 feet.

<sup>2</sup> In this change lime, derived from the sea-shells, would play an important part. Modern researches show that in the conversion of organic nitrogen into nitrates—a change which is known as *nitrification*, and which is effected by micro-organic life—the presence of lime is a necessary condition.

posits. What seems further to support this theory is the actual occurrence, in the nitrate-fields themselves, of small quantities of guano.

But however plausible it may appear at first sight, it does not bear closer criticism. One very serious objection is the absence in these deposits of phosphate of lime, which is the largest constituent of guano. If they were really due to guano, how does it happen that the insoluble phosphates of lime should have disappeared, while the easily soluble nitrate of soda should alone be preserved? Again, assuming this theory to be correct, we should naturally expect to be still able to find evidence of the chemical changes which would under such circumstances have taken place, in the shape of portions of the guano in the transition stage. Such evidence, however, the most careful investigations have failed to detect.

Apart, however, from the above objections, there seems to be little doubt, from evidence afforded by traces of birds'-nests, &c., that the guano found in the nitrate-beds was deposited *subsequent* to the formation of the nitrate of soda.

The most probable theory seems to be that put forward by Nöllner.

The origin of the nitric acid is, according to him, to be ascribed to the decay of great masses of sea-weed, which, by means of hurricanes, such as are still prevalent in these districts, were driven into the lagoons. The chief difficulty in the way of accepting this theory is the enormous quantity of sea-weed required to produce the millions of tons of nitric acid these deposits contain.<sup>1</sup>

It must be remembered, however, as bearing upon this point, that the occurrence of gigantic masses of sea-weed in the Pacific Ocean<sup>2</sup> is by no means uncommon even at the present time. If, to understand the formation of coal, we must suppose the Carboniferous period to be one during which exceptionally luxuriant growth of vegetation took place, we may be permitted to suppose a similar luxuriant growth of sea-weed during the formation of the nitrate deposits. Very strong confirmation of the truth of this theory is further afforded by the presence, in large quantities, in the raw nitrate of soda, of iodine, a substance characteristic of sea-weed; while pieces of sea-weed, still undecomposed, are met with here and there.

On the whole, therefore, this theory, while not free from difficulties, seems to be the most wor-

<sup>1</sup> The quantity of sea-weed required to yield even a small quantity of nitric acid is very great, as sea-weed is chiefly composed of water. The following story, which used to be told by a popular scientific lecturer well known in the west of Scotland, illustrates this in an amusing manner. A small farmer living in the neighbourhood of the sea had been telling him, with great enthusiasm, what an admirable manure he had found in sea-weed, and how he was in the habit of carting it, in a fresh condition, from the shore on to his fields some miles distant. The scientific man, while agreeing with this opinion, strongly recommended him to dry the material before transporting it; asking him, at the same time, if he knew how much fertilising matter a cart of the fresh sea-weed contained. On receiving no answer to his question, he astounded the worthy farmer by informing him that there was probably not much more than could be put into his *waistcoat-pocket*.

<sup>2</sup> The Gulf-weed is an instance in point. Huge masses of floating sea-weed are sometimes found 500 to 600 miles in length, forming the so-called *Sargasso Sea*.

thy of acceptance as regards the origin of the nitrate deposits.<sup>1</sup>

Having thus discussed the origin of the nitrate-fields, we may now give a more detailed description of their appearance. The chief deposits at present being worked are those lying in the Pampa of Tamarugal, in the province of Tarapaca. They stretch at a distance of thirty or forty miles inland, from Pisagua southwards to somewhat beyond the town of Iquique. This huge desert, as has been already indicated, seems to be entirely destitute of all vegetation and animal life. Even in the immediately adjoining country the only kind of vegetation that seems to grow is a species of *acacia*. The few streams that are found in this neighbourhood are entirely fed by the melting snow from the Cordilleras. Darwin describes the appearance presented by these pampas as resembling "a country after snow, before the last dirty patches are thawed."

Scattered over the pampas, at various distances from one another, are situated the *oficinas*, or nitrate manufactories, where the raw material is refined. Seen from a distance, their most conspicuous features are their tall black chimneys. According to Dr Russell, they present a general resemblance to gas-works, with the adjuncts of a coal-mine. Nearer approach shows them to consist of a cluster of buildings, with open boiling-pans, liquor-vats, and machinery of different kinds. There is some-

thing very striking in the presence of these *oficinas*, so indicative of life and enterprise, in the midst of sandy deserts, and dependent for everything on external supplies brought from a great distance. Of these manufactories there are a considerable number in different parts of the pampas. Many of them are old, and not in work. Most of those in active work at present are the property of foreigners; and two-thirds of the nitrate exported from Chile is said to come from *oficinas* owned by English companies. Beside the *oficina* are the houses of the manager and his staff, and the huts of the native workmen. Every *oficina* possesses a public store, or *pulperia*, where the employees obtain their provisions. The whole group of buildings constitutes what is called a *maquina*. The extent of the property of each manufactory naturally varies, but some of the largest estates extend over twelve square miles.

The *caliche*, or raw nitrate of soda, is not equally distributed over the pampas. The most abundant deposits are situated on the slopes of the hills which probably formed the shores of the old lagoons. An expert can tell from the external appearance of the ground where the richest deposits are likely to be found. The *caliche* itself is not found on the surface of the plain, but is covered up by two layers. The uppermost, known technically as *chuca*, is of a friable nature, and consists of sand and gypsum; while the lower—the

<sup>1</sup> A difficulty which has not been referred to is the belief entertained by geologists that "there has been a change of climate in Northern Chile, and that there must have been more rain there formerly than there is at present. Traces of human habitations are found high up in the Cordilleras to-day. Cobs of Indian-corn, axes, and knives of copper tempered to exceeding sharpness, arrow-heads of agate, even pieces of cloth, are dug up, in arid plains, now without any trace of water for many leagues in or around them."—Russell, p. 290.

*costra*—is a rocky conglomerate of clay, gravel, and fragments of felspar. The *caliche* varies in thickness from a few inches to ten or twelve feet, and rests on a soft stratum of earth called *cova*. The mode in which the *caliche* is excavated is as follows: A hole is bored through the *chuca*, *costra*, and *caliche* layers till the *cova* or soft earth is reached below. It is then enlarged until it is wide enough to admit of a small boy being let down, who scrapes away the earth below the *caliche* so as to form a little hollow cup. Into this a charge of gunpowder is introduced, and subsequently exploded. The *caliche* is then separated by means of picks from the overlying *costra*, and carried to the refinery. Both in appearance and composition it varies very much. In colour it may be snow-white, sulphur, lemon, orange, violet, blue, and sometimes brown, like raw sugar. The *caliche* found in the Pampa de Tamarugal contains generally about 30 to 50 per cent pure nitrate of soda; that in the province of Atacama contains from 25 to 40 per cent. The subsequent refining processes, which consist in crushing it by means of rollers, and then dissolving it, need not here be described. It may be sufficient to mention that the process used is that known as systematic lixiviation, and is analogous to the method introduced by Shanks in the manufacture of soda. The chief impurity in the raw material is common salt: gypsum, sulphates of potassium, sodium, and magnesium, along with insoluble matters, are the other impurities. The manufacture of iodine, which, as has been already noticed, is found in the nitrate-beds, is also carried on at these *oficinas*.

Formerly the refined article had to be carried to the coast on mules;

now, however, there is railway communication, which maintains a constant and ever-increasing traffic with Iquique, Pisagua, and the other nitrate ports. Of these, Iquique is by far the most important. In respect of its situation and surroundings, this little town is one of the most striking in the world. The following is Darwin's description of it when the Beagle visited it in 1835:—

"The town contains about 1000 inhabitants, and stands in a little plain of sand at the foot of a great wall of rock 2000 feet high, here forming coast. The whole is utterly a desert. A light shower of rain falls only once in very many years; the ravines are consequently covered with detritus, and the mountain-sides covered with piles of white sand, even to a height of 1000 feet. During July a heavy bank of cloud stretches over the ocean; it seldom rises above these walls of rocks on the coast. The aspect of the coast is most gloomy. The little port, with its few houses, seemed overwhelmed and out of all proportion with the rest of the scene. The inhabitants live like persons on board of ship. Every necessary is brought from a distance; water is brought in boats from Pisagua, about forty miles by water, and is sold at the rate of 4s. 6d. an 18-gallon cask. Very few animals can be maintained in such a place. I hired with difficulty, at the high price of £4, two mules and a guide to take me to the nitrate-of-soda works."

Since 1835, however, the appearance of the town has changed very much for the better. The enormous development of the nitrate trade has effected a corresponding development in Iquique. Its population is now between 16,000 and 20,000, very largely consisting of foreigners; and the town can boast of a fairly imposing appearance. Much of its food-supplies has still to be brought from a distance, but the town now possesses a water-supply of its own.

The example of a town of this size so dependent on external sources is indeed unique.

The question of the extent of the nitrate-of-soda deposits is naturally one of very great interest, especially from the agricultural point of view.

M. Charles Legrange, a French writer, estimated a few years ago that they still contained about 100,000,000 tons of pure nitrate of soda. Opinions on this point differ very considerably; and it seems wellnigh impossible to arrive at any very accurate estimate. The number of years they will last will depend, of course, on the amount of annual exportation. This, at present, falls little short of 1,000,000 tons. If this amount is maintained, they should last, according to experts, some twenty or thirty years at least. A consideration, of course, which has an important influence on this question, is the price obtained for the article. If this should be increased, it may be possible to treat the large quantities of the inferior raw material (which at present prices are allowed to accumulate) at a profit. Undoubtedly this is what will ultimately take place, when the richer quality of the *caliche* has been exhausted.

Hitherto the Government of Chile has been content to allow foreign enterprise to open up the nitrate-fields, imposing a heavy tax on all nitrate manufactured.<sup>1</sup> Whether this policy will be continued in the future, it is impossible to say. The foreign interests were supposed to be endangered by the policy of the late President Balmaceda, so that his defeat was

a source of no small satisfaction to the foreign merchants in Chile. It is possible, however, that his policy—"Chile for the Chilians"—may be revived.

In conclusion, we may point out that the importance of the nitrate-fields, in an economic sense, is probably much greater than is realised by the general reader. The question of their extent and duration is a problem which ought to possess an interest for many more than those only whose commercial interests may be thereby affected. We may say, without any exaggeration, that this is a question which intimately affects the welfare of our most important industry—viz., agriculture. The world's supply of nitrogen, available for agricultural purposes, may, ere long, become too small to meet the demands made upon it. In order to understand this, we must draw our readers' attention to the following elementary facts of agricultural science.

The fertility of a soil may be said to be practically determined by the amount it contains, in a condition available for the crops' needs, of certain substances, of which nitrogen is the most important from several points of view. In countries like our own, where an exhaustive system of husbandry has long been practised, it has been found necessary, in order to maintain a heavy yield of crops, to restore, in the form of artificial manures, these fertilising ingredients. In the past the chief artificial manures which have been used for this purpose have been guano, bones, mineral phosphates, and nitrate of soda. Of these,

<sup>1</sup> The enormous source of revenue which nitrate of soda is to the Chilean Government may be inferred from the fact that one *oficina* alone pays about £750 per diem, or in round numbers £250,000 per annum, of export duty on the nitrate there manufactured.

guano has been nearly entirely used up, and unless new deposits are discovered—which seems extremely unlikely—it will ere long cease to be procurable. The supply of bones has also been largely diminished, although there is always a certain amount being annually rendered available for this purpose. It is many years ago since Baron Liebig wrote—

“England is robbing all other countries of the condition of their fertility. Already, in her eagerness for bones, she has turned up the battle-fields of Leipzig, of Waterloo, and of the Crimea; already from the catacombs of Sicily she has carried away the skeletons of many successive generations. Annually she removes from the shores of other countries to her own the manurial equivalent of three millions and a half of men, whom she takes from us the means of supporting, and squanders down her sewers to the sea. Like a vampire, she hangs upon the neck of Europe—nay, of the entire world! and sucks the heart-blood from nations without a thought of justice towards them, without a shadow of lasting advantage to herself.”

This indictment, it is scarcely necessary to remark, is somewhat exaggerated; but there is a certain amount of truth in it. There can be no doubt that we are using up our artificial fertilisers at an alarming rate, and that their loss is irreparable. So long as we have the prospects of new sources whence to make good the loss, the case is not so serious. With regard to phosphoric acid, which, next to nitrogen, is the most important fertiliser, this seems to be the case. For although guano and bones, for-

merly the chief sources of this ingredient, have become, as already noticed, very much diminished in supply, fresh sources have been rendered available by the discovery of new deposits, and by the recognition of the manurial value of “basic slag,”<sup>1</sup> a bye-product in the manufacture of steel.

Unfortunately the same cannot be said to be the case with nitrogen, which, although abundantly occurring in nature in certain forms, is by no means abundant in those forms in which only it is available as a plant-food.

The loss of nitrogen in agriculture occurs in various ways. Much is removed by our cereal crops. A year ago the present writer computed the amount removed in this way in Great Britain alone to be over 100,000 tons of nitrogen annually; in order to replace which, more than 700,000 tons of nitrate of soda would be required. A considerable amount is lost in the drainage of our fields; for it is a striking fact that this substance, in its most valuable form, is the only valuable fertilising ingredient that the soil is unable to retain. Other losses take place in a variety of ways, which space does not permit of mentioning here. To make up for these losses, on the other hand, there are certain natural sources of gain, the most important being the nitrogen compounds which come down dissolved in rain. These sources of gain, however, are utterly inadequate to make up for the losses. To do so, we have to rely almost entirely on our artificial nitrogenous fertilisers; and it

<sup>1</sup> Basic slag is a rich phosphatic material obtained in the new Thomas-Gilchrist basic process for the manufacture of steel. The “converter” is lined with limestone, which unites with the phosphorus present in the iron, and forms phosphate of lime. It is the presence of this phosphate of lime—present in a chemical form not hitherto known—in the basic slag that gives it its manurial value.

is an open question whether, even at the rate we are using these at present, there is not still a large margin of loss. Of our nitrogenous fertilisers, in addition to nitrate of soda, the chief are sulphate of ammonia and bones. The supply of the latter, up to a certain amount, at any rate, may be relied upon as assured. The former source, however, is not so certain, as it depends on industries whose continued existence cannot be guaranteed. Sulphate of ammonia is obtained principally from gas-, shale-, and iron-works, and its annual production in this country amounts to about 130,000 tons. Much of this, however, is not used at home for agricultural purposes, but is exported to foreign countries.<sup>1</sup>

The importance, therefore, of nitrate of soda as the chief nitrog-

enous fertiliser will thus be seen to be great; and when the nitrate-fields of Chile are exhausted, the question of where we are to obtain fresh supplies will become a most serious one. Perhaps, however, by that time the interesting researches which have already shown that certain of our crops have the means of indirectly utilising the boundless stores of nitrogen in our atmosphere will be sufficiently far advanced to furnish the agriculturist with a new system of husbandry, in which the necessity for artificial manuring will be entirely dispensed with; or perhaps the dream of the agricultural chemist may at last be realised by the discovery of a process for "fixing" the free atmospheric nitrogen by chemical means.

C. M. AIKMAN.

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<sup>1</sup> The amount of nitrogen present in coal, and lost by our present methods of burning coal, is enormous. Mr Ludwig Morse, F.R.S., has carried out some most valuable experiments on the best methods of recovering much of this nitrogen in the form of sulphate of ammonia. He estimates the consumption of fuel in this country at 150,000,000 tons per annum, which would be capable of yielding 6,000,000 tons of sulphate of ammonia.



## WINTER SHIFTS.

THE wind, in long-drawn sighs, has passed over the uplands, and died away in the hollows at the foot of the hills. A long low line of cloud has hung for days in the south-west, lifting slightly from time to time, to settle again as before. This belt of clouds reaches for miles. There is a break in it now and again, caused by wind rushing up fitfully from the sea, far away beyond the hills; but it is only for a short spell, then the cloud-line is continuous again. The ponies, rough and long-maned, are moving noiselessly with unshod hoofs to certain hollows well known to themselves, where they will stand sheltered and warm as if they were stabled under the thick hollies. Rough-fleeced sheep as well as ponies have taken the notion into their heads that white weather is coming. The sheep, also, are making tracks, but in a different direction to the ponies. Their food is the same, but their habits and their choice of shelter are very different.

Wild-fowl in companies of three and two, far apart, rush overhead, high up, to certain points and back again,—wild ducks they are, so far as we are able to determine from their flight. Where the mast lies in profusion the birds are very busy on and under the fallen leaves. Wood-pigeons, especially, are filling their crops in most business-like fashion. There is no playing about,—no rushing up to the tree-tops to spread wings and tails and to trim their feathers; all that they are bent on now is to stow away a good *crop* of food before the snow comes *and covers it in*. They will still *be able to get something to eat*

when that happens, but it will be under difficulties, for the birds will have to plough the snow off with their broad breasts,—unless it lies too thickly for them to do this,—and to flit it to right and left of them in white powdery puffs. A large number of wild pigeons marching along on the feed, under these circumstances, may fairly be compared to feathered snow-ploughs. It does not take long to clear a space wherein to forage. The jays, for a wonder, flit quietly from one tree or berry-bearing bush to another, too busy to squawk unless you frighten one out of its wits by quietly coming on him from behind some clump of bushes, as he is stocking away among the fallen leaves. In such case he is seriously alarmed, and makes a tremendous noise over it. The green woodpecker is just as busy as the rest, only after a different method. Something—his instinct we say, for want of a better term wherewith to describe a bird's faculties—tells him that after the sumptuous living he has enjoyed through the spring, summer, and early part of the autumn, ants or their eggs are essentially necessary to his well-being, to tone things down a bit possibly. For the yaffle is positively plump just now. To procure pupæ in a more or less advanced stage of development, he leaves this belt of silver-grey beech woods and frequents the outskirts, where are open spaces covered with fine grass and ant-hills, well studded with gnarled old thorn-trees, both black and white thorn, covered with moss and lichens. You will be pretty certain to find him, if you know how to look for him, scuttling round some ant-hill: no

deserted one, though,—he knows better than that.

There he is! the yellow patch on the lower part of his back betrayed him as he scuttled round, and he is continually on the scuttle. Up he pokes his long stout bill and a part of his head from the side of the ant-hill that is farthest from us,—a comical bird, truly. He is listening to find out, if he can, what that suspicious rustle was that he heard just now. He is not quite satisfied, and presently he dives into the ferns at the stem of one of the old thorns, a little farther away. Being well acquainted with his antics, we look at once at the middle of the tree, and there we have him, his head twisted round the stem, looking in our direction. My glass is full on him, and he appears a most extraordinary fellow as he raises the crimson feathers of his head and lets them fall again, the head well on the slant,—a red-capped, long-nosed, feathered harlequin. On examining the ant-hill on which he has been so busy, we find he has excavated into it sideways—driven tunnels, in fact. There has been no waste of labour; he has gone straight for the emmets and their domestic offices. Probably the insects and their eggs have, as I have already suggested, a corrective property which is fully appreciated by the yaffle, and he means to have his fill of them before the snow comes.

On the broad roads, or rides, cleared in the beech-woods, where the wind, to a certain extent, keeps the leaves from gathering thickly, large flocks of chaffinches and tits gather: from the great tit to the little blue tit, all are busy at the fallen mast. There is a continual twink! twink! twink! As to the tits, they chide and chatter; and mingled with them you will

find the beautiful bramblings, or Bramble finches, conspicuous at once, as they fly up, by their white tail-coverts, as well as by their scissors-grinding note. I kept a pair of these once for a time, but had to give them their liberty or they would have ground us out of the house. One thing is very noticeable about all birds that have luxuriated on beech-mast for a long spell,—their plumage gets the gloss of satin on it, doubtless owing to the great amount of oil in the nuts. A woodland friend brought me a couple once for preserving: they were skinned with the greatest difficulty. In fact, the bird-preserver told me that if I had not been a special friend of his, he would have thrown up the job. The man who brought the bramblings informed me “they bramblings hed bin a middlin’ good thing for him, fur a *real gentleman* as he knowed on took all he could ketch: he said they wus as good as some birds as he’d eat in furrin parts. I made bold,” said he, “to ask what they birds might ha’ been, an’ he told me they wus *ortlins*. Queer names they has fur critters in furrin parts.”

Missel-thrushes, song-thrushes, and blackbirds flock to the yew-trees for their luscious berries; so do other birds, but the thrush family contrive to keep a monopoly of the yews. We have been taught by some theologians that “birds in their little nests agree”: they certainly do not do so when feeding. I have been standing hidden in the middle of a bush close to some yew-trees, and have witnessed a scene of scolding, wrangling, and some battles-royal, not to be surpassed in human life. The scarlet-vermilion berries are in profusion on the trees, and they cover the ground below in spots over which

a more than usually energetic struggle has been taking place. Where the boughs have had most light and warmth there is, of course, more fruit, and the largest and ripest, and the birds feed there voraciously. The perfection of bird-diet they find it. On one heavily berried branch three missel-thrushes settle: one fine fellow screams defiance at the other two, who will not see the matter in the same light. So a conflict ensues: at it they go, feathers flying and floating away in all directions. It ends in the fine bully having the bough all to himself, but minus quite half the berries, which have been threshed off in the scuffle. He does not long enjoy his position unmolested, for as he raises his head to take a look round before feeding, showing a beautiful spotted breast, a couple of robins, the fighters of the woodlands, make a dash at him, knocking him off his spray of yew. And so the game goes on from morn till eve,—screechings, cluckings, chirpings, and flutterings amongst those yew-trees.

The squirrel also appreciates the berries highly. I have just seen one of the prettiest sights possible,—a squirrel feeding on them in most dainty fashion. The pulp is of a sweet glutinous nature—very sticky, in fact. To see the way the little fellow glided over the thick dark foliage until he found a branch just to his liking was a treat. Then he sat up, his fine brush-tail well up to the back of his head, ear-tufts erect, and those bright eyes glancing in all directions to make sure that all was right, before he indulged in this luxury. Very neatly he picks off a fine berry with his forehands,—in spite of the information one of our critics solemnly volunteers us that squir-

rels do not possess hands, I cannot bring myself to call them feet,—places the fruit in his mouth, eating the pulp and dropping the seed. Just as he is reaching out for another berry, two song-thrushes dash down on to his branch. He gives one look of amazement at the intruders, then makes a dash at them. This they by no means appreciate, for they know that if they once get into the clutch of the squirrel it will go hard with them. He belongs to the gnawers; but, like the rest of that family, or at any rate most of them, he indulges at times in other diet than a strictly vegetable one.

These sights are most interesting, but the inside of a bush is not quite so comfortable as the outside of it. I burst out suddenly. Master Squirrel chatters and is off. All I see of him is his tail. As to the birds, there is a flutter like that about a pigeon-cot, so great is the number that fly from those old yew-trees.

Snow is certainly about: one or two small flakes have been seen; now some larger ones fall. We shall not be long without more, for the flakes cease falling just as suddenly as they began. The air is too cold yet for it to come down. As the daylight begins to get low, lurid streaks show, low down beneath the long line of cloud-belt. There is a murky light above that gets darker in tone, for the belt is moving and appears to rise. The winds moan as though heavily laden, and complaining about all they had to carry and drive before them. Beside the hedgerows the blackbirds are busy, tossing the leaves from side to side, peering under hollow places for snails or worms. Instead of their usual shriek of alarm they give only a half-

smothered cry as they slip through the hedge, to get away from you. The hedge-sparrow, that beautiful singer when other songsters are still, glides in and out of the hedge, flirts and shuffles with his wings, justifying one of our local names for him, that of "shuffle-wing." He is silent now, however, for he knows that he, with others, will have to hunt hard and to little purpose before long.

"Chack-chack!" muttered out overhead, tells us that fieldfares are near. There they go, a flock of them, to roost on the ground in the "forey" grass, like larks. A few redwings detach themselves from the company, and with feeble clucks make for some plashy hollows that are wooded and well sheltered, there to find food with the woodcocks that frequent the same locality.

"Peewit, weet, weet—peewit!" Here come the green plovers from the large open fields of the upland farms. They wheel and flap, and twist and wheel again. We think that they have decided at last to go, but we are mistaken. They make once more for the fields they had left, settle, run about, and then rise, calling most mournfully, as they pass over us, a flapping company of black-and-white, making for the sheltered coombe, close to the old farm where they have had their haunts and homes "frum beyon' recknin'."

The wind sinks as we reach the foot of the upland; flakes of snow come on us: more fall, and we hurry on, for a blinding storm of snow at night, in a rough wooded district, is a serious matter, fearfully misleading even to those who know the country well. Rooks are sagacious birds—they have the faculty of self-preservation very fully developed; but I have known them all at sea in a snowstorm,

and completely helpless in one of the thick white fogs that are so very prevalent in the woodlands, after a heavy fall, and a half turn of the wind to the southward for a few hours. In such case they will drop in the first trees they come to, or even on to the tops of hedges, flapping, fluttering, croaking, and quarking in a most unearthly manner, unable to reach their rookery until the fog lifts. Their instinct, or reckoning faculties, fail them, just as man's will fail him under similar circumstances.

The leadings of instinct are by no means so unerring as some would have us believe. I have known a kingfisher come to his death by plunging down on to the roof of a low greenhouse, mistaking the glitter of the glass through the shrubs for water. Insects are continually fluttering against the top-lights from inside, especially butterflies, and birds will attempt their capture from without. Wild creatures often make fatal mistakes, and catastrophes occur at times that exterminate hosts of animals and birds together. After heavy snows the remains of unfortunate creatures—such as do not of their own accord associate together—have been found involved in one common ruin.

Before we reached home the snow had fallen so thickly that the footsteps of those who passed were noiseless. On the morning following we find the ground covered a foot deep in some places. Travelling over it in one of my usual rambles, I find that the birds are not affected by it. That is because there is no frost. Snow may lie for weeks, if it does not freeze, without wild creatures being punished through it. The robin, as we pass him, looks at us

with his bold dark eyes, warbling a cheery song, as if he thought the wintry weather most seasonable and enjoyable. There was never a snowstorm yet that completely covered all places: go where you will, countless spots of possible shelter will catch your eye in every direction. The snow may be lying on the hedges, where it has drifted in such heavy masses as to bend them over to leeward, but the banks below will be free from it. And as nearly all hedges have water-runs on one side of them or the other, the ground is soft, and so everything that lives in the banks can be got at by the birds that live on snails, slugs, worms, and the many various forms of insect life in a torpid state, mature or immature. The berry-eating species keep more to the tops of the hedges. These are in the best of spirits, for their food gleams out in the midst of the snow in the most tempting fashion. Crimson hips and the berries of the hawthorn are in profusion. Fieldfares have gathered here, chacking and chattering, as they cling with their strong feet to the heavily laden twigs: the snow flies off all round and about them. The bullfinches that are feeding on the privet-berries look like roses as you catch sight of their brilliant breasts, while they cling and flutter and pipe within a few yards of you. Wild fruit is in the pink of condition when the cold weather sets in: it becomes sweet and smooth, instead of being acrid and rough as it was.

If by some rare chance any of the clustered berries of the mountain-ash are left, they will be fiercely fought for. The ring-ousel, the blackbird of the moors, will be sure to have his share of them if he be in the district. So

*tial is he to this fruit, that I*

have known him stay his flight and come close to houses near Dorking town, where some of the mountain-ash trees have been grown as ornamental objects on either side of the entrance-gates. This was very late in the season. That ring-ousels are about during the winter months I have had most convincing proof, having seen some that had been shot by men when out blackbird-shooting.

It is the frost that punishes and kills our wild creatures—unless they are extremely hard to kill—not the snow, which protects and keeps them warm. The hare that sits in her form of dry tussocky grass and dead ferns, roofed over with stout trailing brambles, which the weight of snow actually makes to touch the ground just in front, is snug and warm. Her food is close within reach, and, so far, she has nothing to fear from the weather. It is very enjoyable walking across large unfrequented woodland fields after a good fall of snow, providing there is a public right-of-way through. There is no silence that I know which is so impressive as the silence of a snow-covered country. A dim light is all round about, no stars are visible, you can hear yourself breathe. So far from being cold, one feels uncomfortably warm. A very slight shift in the wind would cause it to thaw a little, but that shift does not come.

Spots appear in the fields—spots that move. They are hares and rabbits feeding. They will soon clear the snow off their nibbling-ground with their fore-feet. Just now they are playing high-jinks,—the rabbits are cutting fine capers. Soft white weather does not upset their arrangements, so far as food is concerned. We can see something coming towards

us, making for the hares and rabbits right across our path. It ploughs along at a rapid pace: we crouch low to bring our sight on the snow, and know at the first glance that it is that dreaded foe of rabbits, the stoat. I have seen him on the hunt in the snow before. He rushes along, leaving a furrow behind him, where he has parted it in his progress. Now he is close to, passing us sideways. He catches sight of me, and bounds from out the snow most actively, but in the direction of his prey. If he gets near enough to them without being seen or winded, there will be short but very deadly work for either hare or rabbit.

A change comes; the winds get up in the north, then shift to the north-east, whence they blow as nor'-easters will blow, whirling the snow off large fields, to deposit it in huge drifts in the roads, blocking them up. At night the winds sink again, and it is clear and dry; the stars twinkle merrily, and a hard frost sets in. Next morning a hard blue sky is overhead, the wind is keen and bitter, it still freezes hard. Notice the robin now as you pass along. His cheery song is over, and he weeps and mourns so that it is positively disheartening to listen to him. One of the things I cannot bear is to hear the robin cry.

Fieldfares, redwings, and lapwings flit restlessly about, at a loss what to do. Had the snow remained on the fields with the root-crops left for sheep-feed, it would have been all right, for the birds would have found good shelter under the broad leaves as well as food. But now the ground is hard, and their food is under it. So they move to and fro, loath to quit what had been their happy hunting-grounds, until some of them, the thrush portion, get so

weak that they are unable to extricate themselves from the hedges into which they fluttered out of your way as you tramped past.

The plovers make for the lowlands, where they wait for better times. Starlings betake themselves to any uncovered grounds they can find near the edge of tidal rivers, excepting a few that remain and come with the sparrows to feed near our doors. Keats's beautiful lines come into one's mind, suggesting so much in so few words:—

“St Agnes' Eve—ah, bitter chill it was!

The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold.  
The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass;

And silent was the flock in woolly fold.”

Hard black frosts, if continued for any time, take the voices and the lives of wild things. Little by little their food-supply gets shorter, and other creatures, driven from their accustomed haunts, come to share what little there is.

After a time the wind changes suddenly dead south, and heavy rain falls instead of snow. Bare spots show in the meadows; the blessed sight of green grass is visible once more. Birds, poor things, show their joy and thankfulness by soft chatterings, chirpings, and whistling. Rooks, wagtails, and larks must be in dire straits when they come to feed in the streets of a populous town, as they have done. Now they are in the fields, hunting by the half-thawed rills and in the meadow-splashes for anything eatable, either living or dead. The change does not last long, however. As I come home, about four o'clock in the afternoon, a significant sight attracts my attention. A small herd of Bewick's swans—the small

wild swan—six in number, pass overhead, low down over the woodlands. My glass has been on them from the time the rush! rush! rush! of their strong wings gave notice of their approach, and it follows them until they are lost in the distance. They came from the south, and at full migrating speed are making for the north-east. On the darkest night you can tell if a swan or swans are passing overhead, if low enough to be heard. No other bird that I am acquainted with in England gives out that strong measured rush! rush! rush! that the swans do, whether wild or domesticated. Our own tame swan, the most graceful bird of the whole family, exists in a wild state in Russia, Poland, Italy, Persia, Siberia, and elsewhere, in exactly the same condition as he does domesticated here. Many of our tame swans visit the tide when frozen out from their inland waters, either of their own accord or decoyed away by the trumpet-calls of wild swans—the mighty hooper or elk swan, the Polish swan, or the small Bewick swan—passing overhead.

Our tame swans reach the tide, the open sea. So far good: they see other fowl feeding on the succulent sea-grass,—feed and fly with them, just as they would with the geese and ducks on some of their own inland mill-ponds. Now not one shore-shooter in twenty carries a field-glass, and though his local knowledge is in the main accurate, yet he is often a little hazy where swans are concerned. "It's a swan; but if that bird was not a wild bird it would not be there on salt water," said one man I knew. "Get the punt out; I am going behind the sea-wall to fire off my charge of duck-shot,—it's too cold to draw it." Presently, the punt crept up, some fowl

rose and flew close by the swan, which began to make preparations for following them. His wings flapped on the water. "Keep her steady when I fire," says the shooter. The report rings over the water, and the swan floats dead on it, the bullet having passed through his body, just below the joints of the wings. "This one is different from the one I shot last week," remarked the man to his companion, when the bird was pulled on board; "the other was larger, and it had not got a nob on its bill like this one; it is like what our common swans have." It was, in point of fact, just a domesticated swan that had visited the tide, whilst the first he had shot was a real wild hooper.

To return to the herd of Bewick swans I saw pass over, there is nothing uncommon in sea-birds flying over woodland districts; and they will frequently settle to rest there, if an open bit of water catches their keen eyes. The force of circumstances sometimes compels them to take routes that they would scrupulously avoid if they had any choice in the matter. The razor-bill auk, to my own knowledge, has been picked up in a ploughed field thirty miles from salt water, where he was sitting up like a rabbit in one of the furrows, no doubt lost in wonder as to where he had got to. Close to the woods this was. One of the plough-boys went to see what curious creature was there. The auk returned his look freely. Then the boy made a grab at the razor-bill, which by no means belied its name, for it bit its would-be captor, not once but twice, severely. For this the poor auk got such a kick from the toe of a very heavy boot as killed him.

I had remarked to my wife that the sight of swans moving was

not reassuring; and the next morning my fears were justified, the country being ice-bound, and the roads like glass. Many of the birds that had been feeding in the damp meadows lay dead beneath the trees in which they had roosted for the night, frozen to death. There was a week of this, and then a partial thaw came, followed by snow. A desperate time it was for all wild things. I saw the weasel hunt the long-tailed wood-mouse, coloured like himself fawn and white, and nearly as large as himself, from the snow-covered brambles to not a yard from my feet. That was a fine opportunity for observing the tactics of the hunter and the hunted. The mouse flattened itself out like a bit of light leather: not even a particle of snow was disturbed from the bramble-stems over which he crawled to get beneath the loose flints. On one side of the low trailing branches was the mouse; on the other the weasel, ferociously searching for his prey. He did not get the mouse—the small creature baffled him. Had it been a rabbit, he would have had it most certainly. Mice are not frightened when hunted by the weasel as rabbits are.

Strange news of creatures being about that have not been seen for years has been brought to me this season. Farmyards, hen-roosts, duck-ponds, and sheepfolds have been visited by "something" that has left curious footprints in the snow, in coming and going, resembling a long hand with a dent like that of a long nail in front of it. These were the marks of the badger; but so much did this strange track disturb one old dame who keeps a large quantity of poultry in a lonely district, that she talked to those who passed by about the Witch of Endor and "Satan walking the airth

agin." It was in vain to try to explain the matter to her, telling how the badger, being unusually hard pressed, had come to her fowl-house, had tried to get in all round, and, finding himself foiled, had prospected in a general way all round the farmyard. I pointed out to her where his belly had touched the snow, making a smooth trail; and again where he had ploughed it up with his snout like a pig; then farther on I showed her his tracks to the cover under the hill,—but all to no purpose. The old dame refused both comfort and explanation. "Massy, oh alive!" she cried; "things like thet ere waunt about when I wus a gal, an' I wishes they waunt now—thet I do."

Of the depredations committed by the fox under sore stress we shall say little; yet they have been beyond all credit, save by the sufferers from his audacious plundering. It says much for the sporting sympathies innate in the true Briton that, in spite of the heavy losses foxes and their families have entailed on the farmer, it has only been in certain instances, where it has become a direct necessity, that one or two have been killed: they have been allowed to plunder as a rule. Extraordinary devices have been employed, however, in secluded woodland districts, to keep foxes away from poultry-farms, by day and by night. Not one case of fox-poisoning have I heard of: when it was necessary to kill one, it was done openly, and by those who had the right to do it.

I know of some pheasant-aviaries that are not far away from fox-earths, where there are rare pheasants from the mountains of India and China,—the gorgeous monals and the curious horned pheasants. These are far too costly to serve



as food for the fox; but if he does not get into the aviary he rushes round and round, in his cat-like fashion, and frightens the birds horribly. The golden pheasants cry and dash in their swift flight, more like scarlet macaws gone mad than pheasants. A most exasperating sight it is for their owner to see bruised and broken tail-feathers on the ground, —magnificent ones, too, four and five feet in length, from the tail of Reeves's pheasant—the birds looking like a lot of frightened scarecrows, compared with their wonted brave appearance, one or two in a dead or dying state from battering themselves against the wire-netting. The aviaries are necessarily large, both long and broad and high, so as to give room for the magnificent plumes. I have seen one of these glorious birds dashing itself with a thud against the bars

of its perches, frightened by a sneaking fox in the day-time. At night it will be far worse.

This villanous conduct on the part of the fox is forced on him by the shifts to which he is reduced. Rabbits are supposed to be a legitimate food for him; but as they fetch in this neighbourhood, in the heart of the country, from sixteen to eighteen pence without their skins, foxes are not able to get all that they require at times. One must look at things from many sides. I have seen wild creatures in smooth and in hard times, but it has only been after spring has come in, and we have found their bleached skeletons in all kinds of places where they had crawled to die, that we can fully realise how desperate their winter shifts have been.

A SON OF THE MARSHES.

## THE OLD SALOON.

THIS Old Saloon has been acquainted with many literary sensations since its inauguration in the heroic days. We will not allude to the hot old controversies of the poets in these times of giants—to Wordsworth, dogged with his lyrical ballads, or Byron, flaming with his Scotch Reviewers, or to Scott, who took the world by storm, without a dissentient voice. These days are over, and their great efforts. But in more recent and more piping times, within the recollection of a great many of us still remaining, there have been various little eras in the story of the time which counted much at the moment, and which still count in the calmer records of history. This chapter in the experiences of the reader in the Old Saloon is to treat of Fiction, that most popular of all the voices of modern literature: therefore, it is of fiction only that we shall speak. And there are three of these unusual and marked successes outstanding from all the contemporary work of their day which attract the immediate attention. We are not concerned to apportion them their pedigree or their succession,—to show how they came about, or how they influenced their followers. In such things do the Gentiles trust; but to us Genius remains individual, arbitrary, a thing without father and mother. Genius is a big word, yet it is justly applicable to two at least out of the three whose seizure of the public attention has been so marked and notable. About the third we remain in doubt, perhaps because we are as yet too near to see.

The first of these was the publication of 'Jane Eyre.' It seems

amusing to speak of this as a sensation, when we remember that both Dickens and Thackeray were in possession of the public ear at the moment. Yet neither of them, though infinitely greater, produced exactly the same kind of effect. 'Jane Eyre' struck the imagination of the reader with one clear sharp blow, ringing upon the shield like an individual defiance. The effect was more like that produced by Fanny Burney with her 'Evelina' than of anything more modern. The three-volume novel was not in any particular repute at the moment. It had fallen chiefly into the hands of Mrs Gore and Mrs Marah, and the conventional record of love and fashion. Then there came forth suddenly this little girl from the country, this little governess, shy, speechless, and strange, and flung her glove in the face of the world. She was not even proper, though her life was more than proper, prim in professional correctness and absolute ignorant innocence and purity. Immaculate as she was, she talked freely of things no young lady is supposed to know; she revealed the rough passion of a man as she understood it, and the hot impatient passions of a woman, wild to feel herself set aside from the enjoyments and excitements of life, as no man had ever ventured to imagine or woman to confess before. The world was electrified by the sudden appearance of that little plain person, keeping the impetuous *roué* at bay, amusing, baffling, vanquishing him, with no usual weapons,—with the mastery of her clear little brain and wit and individuality. The read-

ers of the day made a sort of ring round that fighting couple to see it out. One heard on all sides of So-and-so, who had sat up all night to read it ; of another, by no means inexperienced in such matters, who, taking up the book for a moment on her way to dress for dinner, found herself in the same attitude hours after, the dinner all burnt to a cinder ! This was the first of those sensations which woke up all England out of its dozing disregard for the fashionable novel. Not fashionable at all, heaven knows !—exceedingly ignorant in that respect, and making out fine ladies to be the most vulgar and detestable of living creatures ; but with what a flash and fire of passion and reality in all its veins !

The second was of a very different and much loftier kind. It occurred when there first appeared modestly, in, we are proud to think, these very pages, the story of the “*Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton.*” It came with no flourish of trumpets, not even with the charm of triumphant passion, no love-story even, though a tale of love that is stronger than death. But we are not called upon to account in any way for the marvellous effect of George Eliot. Her light was not always at the height of that pure flame of genius and simplicity, yet not even her least favourable critic has ever attempted to question her right to the highest place.

The last sensation of the kind was produced a couple of years ago by ‘*Robert Elsmere.*’ What was the cause of it ? We are unable to say ; perhaps because we are, as we have said, as yet too near to estimate calmly the author’s claims. It was not a great piece of fiction : there can scarcely be said to be any living

character or individuality, except, perhaps, in Catherine, the wife of that shadowy personage, mild as milk, and flavourless in any human way, who was invented only to go down before the arguments of a diabolical Squire scarcely more human than he. Catherine is a fine steady Churchwoman, a little rigid, but sweet, not given to over-much thinking, and all the better for it ; such as are to be found, using all manner of pious Aids to Devotion, but naturally devout and pious without any of these, in hundreds of pleasant vicarages and rectories. To our own thinking, she is the only natural and characteristic figure in the book, except, to be sure, a certain hazy Don, always afraid of committing himself, who half acts, timorously, the part of lover, and whom we have seen with our eyes in real life and Oxford, where he naturally abides. Apart from this gentle touch of drawing-room comedy, and Catherine, who is on the tragic side, we have never been able to see wherein the attraction of this book lies. But then, on the other hand, thousands upon thousands have seen it. And what in face of that cloud of witnesses can any poor critic say ! Other motives beyond those of literature have been alleged for its success. Some people say that religious difficulties are so common and all prevalent that any attempt to give a solution to that question is of overwhelming interest. But, as a matter of fact, the mild and highly cultured Unitarianism which is Mrs Ward’s solution has been before the world for a great many hundred years, and has possessed many accomplished preachers, but has never succeeded in consoling or satisfying any number of the human race. “We have no poor,” said regretfully a

charitable and kind woman of that refined sect to ourselves many years ago, in one of the great northern towns which swarm with poverty as with wealth; and we have never forgotten that speech, for Unitarianism is indigenous in these regions, and must there have done all that it is in it to do. And then it is said on the other hand, and, we believe, from quarters of the highest authority, that 'Robert Elsmere' has finally "abolished Christianity." If this were so, then indeed the sensation might be accounted for. But to those who think otherwise the mystery remains unaffected by any explanation that has yet been given. To be sure, a book by Mr Jerome K. Jerome has had equal celebrity, and no explanation has been attempted in this case.

Mrs Ward's second book, following upon a *debut* at once so extraordinary and so unaccountable, has naturally called forth a great deal of public attention. It has been looked for as very seldom book is looked for,—rather as a solid article of commerce promising unusual profits than as a mere literary production. The bargains made over the work while still unborn, the competition, the calculations whispered abroad by judiciously indiscreet voices here and there, have overawed the ordinary world and thrilled that of literature with a sense of unappreciated excellence of the most pungent kind. It is hard, no doubt, upon the excellent people who have been doing their best for years to find themselves overpassed in a moment by a new writer. It is excused in the case of Mr Rudyard Kipling, for in-

stance, for reasons into which it is unnecessary to enter; but we can pardon the whimsical dismay with which all competitors look on at the triumph of our new instructors. There is one thing, however, which nobody can say against Mrs Humphry Ward, and that is, that she has trifled with or presumed upon her fame. The new book<sup>1</sup> is a monument of careful labour, of conscientious and patient toil. It has the aspect of having been verified in every point as it went on, "proved," so to speak, as we used in nursery days to prove our Catechism by texts out of Scripture—a fallacious process, yet one which filled the young logician with a sense of triumph. It is still more fallacious in such an instance as this, for indeed we are very indifferent in most cases as to the facts, very tolerant of a little incorrectness, insisting only upon life and reality in the personages set before us, and desirous above all things of the sensation of spontaneity—the possibility of believing that he or she in whom our interest is demanded by the story-teller should have been existent by pure right of nature before we were called upon to watch him through the incidents of his life. Thus we know very well that Hero was betrothed in Messina, and Benedict and Beatrice flouted each other before it had ever occurred to the poet to make us see them for one passage in their career; as well as that Hamlet was, and would have been whether we had ever heard of him or not. Nay, in our own time, who ever doubted the existence of Milly Barton? or even Jane Eyre for that matter? But David Grieve is not in the category of

<sup>1</sup> The History of David Grieve. By Mrs Humphry Ward. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

these simple persons. He rises to our sight for the first moment with a fatal intention of instruction in him. He is all done on purpose from beginning to end. We doubt much if, of his own impulse, he would ever have originated anything, even the night on the hills which is his first adventure. These things are for our instruction. He and his sister begin by being examples of heredity, and of the fusion of races. They go on by expounding after a different sort the career of the good and the bad apprentice. They take up the theme as to the use of experience in this world,—the worst being of use to the good, the bad being unteachable and immovable. And so the lesson continues, long-drawn-out, conscientious, never carried away by any impulse of mere humanity or common feeling, always severe and steady to the lesson conveyed. It is not a cheerful lesson, nor is it mingled with the necessary sweets which make such large administrations of teaching agreeable to the ordinary palate. There is not a laugh in the whole big three volumes—which might have been four had the writer so pleased,—not a laugh, and very few smiles. The first volume contains many glimpses of Derbyshire scenery, which are well done, and full of colour and atmospheric effects, which now and then for a moment betray a softening, a yielding on the part of the author, as if she might cheer up a little, and permit us, and even her hero, poor boy! who has such hard work of it all through, to cheer up; but these moments of forgetfulness are not continued beyond the preface of the story. The only moment in which poor David has any comfort in his existence is in his bookstall at Manchester, fashioned *upon the model of the bookstalls*

of William and Robert Chambers, so well known to us in Edinburgh, where he is a very bumptious and complacent youth, educating himself at lightning speed, learning everything—Greek, Latin, French, politics, philosophy, and heaven knows what beside!—and thinking himself the very finest fellow, product and crown of all the ages, which the world has seen. Poor David! he is dreadfully self-instructed, superior, contemptuous of the wretched people who believe in the Bible and not in Voltaire. Bishop Fraser of Manchester had lately come to that see—"a man rich in all modern ideas and capacities, full of energy and enthusiasm, a scholar and administrator both. And *he* believed all those absurdities. David wanted to know? Impossible! No honest man could, thought the lad defiantly." But we forgive the poor young man his priggishness and his esteem of himself, in consideration of the fact that this is really the only bright time of his life. He had read apparently all the worst literature of the eighteenth century (though one can't help thinking Mrs Ward might have permitted something of newer fashion); he had acquired a bookseller's science of rare editions, which made him far more knowing than his master; he had only to feel for an inner pocket in order to be conscious of the reassuring possession of "his purse and his savings-bank book," which latter he seems to have carried about with him, singularly enough. Twenty, in strong health, and with all those tremendous acquirements, the absolute self-confidence of a man who can live on a little oatmeal and a baked potato, and has thirty pounds in the bank, it would be wonderful if he had not been happy. Robert Chambers did not do so much, so far as we can

remember, nor even his brother. They had not mastered all languages and sciences while they abode in their bookstalls on Leith Walk. Mrs Ward has improved here upon the real life.

Poor boy! he does not have long to enjoy it; for shortly there comes down upon him from the hills the companion of his childish life, the little devil, without a single good quality or mitigation of evil,—Louie, his only sister, the representative of the French mother who has brought beauty and vice into the homely blood of the Grieves. It is a bold thing for a novelist, especially in these days when human nature is studied with so much charity, to invent a character wholly bad, without one gleam of redeeming nature. Louie Grieve, from her first introduction to her tragic end, never does, says, or thinks, so far as revealed to us, for a single moment, anything that is calculated to diminish the diabolical impression which she makes. She is bad all through, as her brother is good all through, knowing nothing in earth or heaven but her own gratification, food, dress, and pleasure, loving nobody, thinking of nothing but this one aim of existence. She is beautiful, but neither winning nor charming. There is no gloss upon her, such as makes the caprices of a beautiful woman sometimes delightful, at least to the men who are in love with her. But nobody is ever in love with this doomed creature. She steps into vicious life as she might have stepped into a new occupation, without passion or any pretences of it, simply from natural badness, which is original at least. The effect, which we presume is what Mrs Ward intended, is that no reader can take the slightest interest in Louie. We are as glad

to get rid of her as everybody else in the book is, and see her approach only with annoyance. Her presence is weariness itself. She is mean, spiteful, tedious, an epitome of everything that is bad, without one single redeeming quality. When her brother takes her with him to Paris, on the fortnight's holiday from which they both expect so much, it is, of course, evident that nothing but harm is going to happen. Yet we still hope there may be some human character, some excitement or piquancy, in the harm. But, so far as Louie is concerned, there is nothing of the sort, neither there nor at any other time. She does not go wrong, for she has never gone right. She does not abandon her modesty, for she never had any. She becomes the sculptor's model without even a prejudice to hold her back. It is true that Mrs Ward is modest for her, and speaks as if a Mænad was a fully draped person in peplum and chiton; but common-sense rejects these coverings of decorum, and it is made quite clear to us that it would have mattered nothing to Louie, fresh from all the decorums of the little Puritanic household among the hills as she was.

We must say, however, with the severest disapproval, that nothing could be worse than Mr David Grieve's behaviour to his sister on their arrival in Paris, which is entirely a novel expedition arranged in the maddest way. It is quite possible, indeed, that an ignorant young Manchester shopkeeper, knowing nothing of life, should be made to believe that he and his sister could put up cheaply in a French artist's studio, instead of going to a humble hotel like ordinary mortals in their position and senses; but that a young Englishman, full of an excessive sense of

responsibility, and without the least confidence in his sister, even if he were not a pattern of all excellence like David, should have shuffled her hastily off into the care of people about whom he knew nothing, so as to be free to follow his own pleasure, is a very strong pull upon the credulity of the reader. This, however, is what he does ; for no sooner does he arrive in Paris than he meets the fatal woman before whom he is destined to fall prostrate. It is very strange, and indeed touching, to see in the mind of so influential a writer as Mrs Humphry Ward, so far on in the century as we are, such devotion to the great woman of genius who once was a power in France, but who, even in her own country, has fallen so completely aside, and been superseded by newer lords and methods. It strikes a most curious note when we are informed that George Sand had the chief part in forming the mind of Mr David Grieve—which, by the way, is first awakened by reading 'Shirley,' of all books in the world a work which we should have supposed to be entirely feminine in its influence. His visionary life was spent "with Valentine, Consuelo, and Caroline in the Marquis de Villemin," we hear with astonishment. Does Mrs Ward mean that for an uneducated or self-educated man the feminine ideal is the only thing possible? It is a remarkable point of view, and there may be something in it. Consuelo as a heroine is worth anybody's while : though Caroline is a young woman not indifferent to the proprieties or to her own interest, and is in no way specially enthralling. But to think of these ladies as forming the mind of the young Manchester bookseller is very amazing indeed, and *the Messrs Chambers*, we are certain, had much more manly ideals.

However, it being George Sand who is in the ascendant, Mrs Ward is very faithful, and carries her idea fully out. It is an elopement à la Alfred de Musset which is her hero's romance. His heroine is an art-student, or rather a young artist of the highest hopes, who lives alone in the proverbial *mansarde*, and amuses herself as, in the days of George Sand, it was only the male of the species who did. Elise is as the *grisette* was in those days, but she does not at all belong to the class of Mimi Pinson. We are quite at a loss how to classify her, with our imperfect knowledge. She is, perhaps, a dilution of George Sand in person ! but we do not see where she comes in, in modern Parisian life, for she is a serious student, as they say in the studios. She has several pictures in the *Salon*, and secures honourable mention, yet she copies in the Louvre. She has a mother in the country, and a doctor cousin who watches over her, and whom she eventually marries ; yet she assures David frankly, when at last she consents to go off with him for one of those ecstatic hon-ey-moons at Fontainebleau with which we are so familiar in French novels, that he is by no means the first. As for Elise herself, she is conventional and ordinary from head to foot—except for the mere fact that she takes the young man's rôle, and that David is the adoring visionary maiden, which is a transposition which ought to be whimsical, to say the least. But it is only George Sand. The strange pair follow the fashion of that pair who set Paris by the ears—the *Elle et Lui* of a *banal* yet tragical romance. David is the *Enfant du Siècle* ; Elise the artist to whom love so called is the diversion of a moment. The

woods of Fontainebleau take the place of the canals and gondolas of Venice; but the brief frenzy does not last so long as its prototype. In less than a month the young woman of the studios has wearied of her adorer, and flies to the keener excitements of art; and David, *délaisé*, comes to himself.

This is the experience of life to which Mrs Ward subjects her hero. "*The relation of sex* in its different phases—as he sees the world at this moment there is no other reality." The italics are the author's, as well as the sentiment. But it is strange when we reflect that this novel is by way of being the history of a soul, and that this is its epic, the beginning and ending of its passion and travail. No Vita Nuova, alas! but the oldest and most hackneyed of vulgar adventures, the commonplace of every French novelist. As it happens to be a man who plays the usual woman's part, there is no particular harm done. "When lovely woman stoops to folly," as she used to do in the eighteenth century, there was shame, despair, and an unfortunate infant to be calculated upon. It is easier work in this way. Those three weeks become the man's stock of experience in life. They do him, we may venture to say, and are intended to do him, more good than harm. He means to shoot himself for a moment; but friends are near, and he is naturally kept from carrying out his intention. Why should he, indeed? for then there would have been no moral profit at all from David's episode in life.

The rest of David's adventures in Paris must be taken as a very clever report, softened by the woman's hand, at hearsay, of the diversions of the Parisian world. The *Trois Rats* is sketchy and

vague, as it could not but be; but it is a bold attempt to penetrate the heart of a corrupt society, though it is baffled by the very spotlessness of the reporter—from whom, indeed, we asked no such information. One line, indeed, admirably put in, and which shows a real insight, is very well worth remembering in the question of contrasted and differing aspects of national life. Regnault the painter—a fine and visionary figure, though dragged in head and shoulders, one does not exactly see why—takes the trouble to discuss this question with the English lad, who is still more out of place. "Bah! it is not that you are more virtuous than we are," he says. "But your vice is grosser, stupider. Lucky for you! You don't sacrifice to it the best young brains of the nation, as we are perpetually doing." This is well said. It remains, however, still more difficult to make out why, in the training of her hero to every moral and mental excellence, Mrs Ward should have selected this sudden immersion in vice as the best way. It is true that he does not feel it to be vice, nor does his partner in that curious episode. It is an adventure like another—not telling much, as we are led to suppose, in her life, and telling only towards the perfection of his. What are we to make of this? Must the young man inevitably do evil that good may come? Is the temptation which youth has been always most strenuously urged to resist like the devil (but that, of course, in modern phraseology means nothing), and which every moralist has preached against as the source of every degradation, to be accepted in the new moral world as a needful chapter of discipline—the most penetrating, the most efficacious of all? There is no doubt of the at-



tractiveness of that episode, from the point of view of the romancer and dramatist. Shakespeare and Scott have done pretty well without it, indeed; and even Thackeray, though he is so fond of asserting the depravity of human nature, goes no further that way than the extremely innocent episode of Fanny Bolton, which is all innocence and foolishness, and means no harm. Neither does David Grieve, we suppose we ought to say, mean any harm. He would have been glad, no doubt, to marry his Elise, or to remain ever faithful to her in *l'union libre*. But this is scarcely the question. Is this the way to train a young man for the highest ends? The book before us is all intended for our instruction from beginning to end. It is the story of the training and development of what the author sets forth as a very high type of character. Is this, then, the more excellent way?

While this idyll was going on, Louie, as has been said, is entirely abandoned in Paris to her own guidance and the surveillance of a depraved and vulgar little Frenchwoman of whom neither of them knows anything. The result is naturally that she sinks into the open gulf of which she has no natural terror or repulsion; but Louie is so entirely detestable from beginning to end that it is an advantage to get rid of her, even in the *atelier* of the equally detestable sculptor. Mrs Ward's symbolism and esoteric meanings are so all-pervading that we want to know whether the mere fact of having had a French grisette for a mother is enough to account for the unmitigated hatefulness of Louie, who has not one redeeming point in her character. We think, though we are puzzled, that this is what we are desired to believe.

In the concluding portion of the story, which is called "Maturity," we find David a prosperous and more or less happy man, having already, by the methods of the Messrs Chambers, risen to comfort and competency, if not wealth, and married in his own atmosphere and place. There had been two girls, both devoted to him, in his Manchester home before he went off to his discipline of life in Paris—one of them an extremely good girl, full of intelligence and sympathy and strong High Church devotion; the other a pretty little insignificant person. It is the latter whom he marries, apparently for no particular reason. "Was it Lucy he kissed? or was it not rather love itself?" Mrs Ward asks—which might almost be translated into the vulgar but not uncommon sentiment that if you cannot get the woman you want, one woman is just as good as another. David has settled down into his work. He is an exceedingly prosperous printer and publisher, his work in the former line being carried on in the way of co-operation, his men sharing in the profits of his business. He lives in a house which has "three sitting-rooms" which "opened sociably into one another, and was pleasantly spacious," with "one storey of bedrooms above." It cost only about ninety pounds a-year, yet David could scarcely get over the astonishment "that he, David Grieve, should ever have been able to attain to it," which is very natural. Also, he is so little harassed by his business that he is able to sit at home in the afternoon in his study, smoking and reading, and writing in his journal, from which we are favoured with many extracts. He gives us to wit that he did not at all care for his baby at first, having "spent so

full an energy in resenting the pains of maternity as an unmeaning blot on the scheme of things" that he had "none left for a more genial emotion." One can't help feeling that it is a pity he has not a more practical grievance in the world, and wondering against whom this resentment is directed, which is expressed on one or two previous occasions. But after the father has got over this, it must be allowed that little Sandy is a delightful child, quite the nicest person in the book. However, it would have been well, we think, if Mr Grieve had suppressed his journal, which is seldom edifying reading. The story falls into the strictest *bourgeois* limits in this phase—that respectable comfort which is so little attractive to the imagination, and in which it is wellnigh impossible to keep up any interest. The incident of the visit to Lord Driffield, who is one of David's earliest patrons in his bookstall, and whose invitation, now that he is a well-to-do man and civic authority, Lucy is so intensely anxious to accept, but which really produces her little but mortification, might have been amusing had it not been done so often before. We feel more or less for her want of conversation, for the absurd fashion of her only evening gown, and even for her distress in the discovery that the other guest, who is humble like herself but not frightened, wears a *sacque* too. But she is herself so trivial in all things that it is difficult to get up a strong interest. And here virtually the story ends. To be sure poor Lucy dies of a lingering and agonising ailment, and Louie affords another stirring and tragic episode. By far the most powerful scene in the book is that in which David, after interminable arguments and well-

meant moralities, goes back to find what has become of his sister.

"She sat in the tall chair, her hands dropping over the arms, her head hanging forward. The cold snow light shone on her open and glazing eyes, on the red and black of her dress, on the life-stream dripping among the folds, on the sharp curved Algerian dagger at her feet. She was quite dead. Even in the midst of his words of hope the thought of self-destruction—of her mother—had come upon her and absorbed her. That capacity for sudden intolerable despair which she had inherited rose to its full might when she had driven David from her, guided her mad steps, her unshrinking hand.

"He knelt by her, called for help, laid his ear to her heart, her lips. Then the awfulness of the shock and of his self-reproach, the crumbling of all his hopes, became too much to bear. Consciousness left him, and when the woman of whom Louie had spoken did actually come in, a few minutes later, she found the brother lying across the sister's knee, his arms outstretched across her, while the dead Louie, with fixed and frowning brows, sat staring beyond him into eternity, a figure of wild fate, freed at last and for ever from the fierce burden of herself."

This is a powerful piece of writing and an impressive tableau, though, with full recognition of this, even here the caviller will come in. David had never bestowed any love upon his sister. She had been a trouble and burden from their earliest years. She was a disgraceful person, and wholly impossible in his respectable Manchester life. Her suicide was the only right act she had done in our ken, and great though the horror was, we do not think that he would have fainted at her feet in this sensational way. But then, it is true, he has always been a very feminine man.

Thus, having been happily shaken free of the insignificant wife

the odious sister, we leave him—not at the end we should have said, but really at the beginning of his history. Now for the first time, if he does not spoil matters again, he has a fair chance. "To part from David Grieve under the impression of this scene of wreck and moral defeat would be to misread and misjudge a life destined, notwithstanding the stress of exceptional suffering it was called upon at one time to pass through, to singularly rich and fruitful issues." So we say, we leave him at the beginning of his real life. But we utterly object to the assertion that there was any "stress of exceptional suffering" in the beginnings here recorded. The episode about Elise was a brief madness. As for the other persons through whom trouble came to him, there is no exceptional suffering without exceptional love, and David had none either for his sister or his wife. He had a mild domestic affection for the last, and the burden of his father's charge to care for her, in respect to the other. If he was ever going to be anything, as Mrs Ward believes, the loss of the two was simple deliverance. There are men who have lost wives and sisters passionately beloved—nay, children, a more deadly rent than either; there are circumstances in many a private life that may be justly called a stress of exceptional suffering: but not these—it is an unfounded call upon our feelings. David is a happy man, exceedingly well to do, and with a delightful little boy when we leave him. He will probably go into Parliament when he has thought better of it. As for his faith, we profess we have not the least idea what it is,

after all the talk about it. He is very well satisfied with it, it appears; and thinks it much superior to other people's faith—which is a very comfortable state of mind.

There are a great many other figures in the book upon which we have not dwelt, as our object indeed has not been the story but the new theory of development and didactic meaning of a book which is almost solemn in its determination to teach, and conscientious devotion to the improvement of the race. Hannah and Reuben Grieve make a very good and painstaking picture; but yet there are so many of the highest genius with which to compare these homely personages that it is difficult to do them justice. Specimens of Mr Ancrum exist in every serious work of fiction where there is a troublesome young man to be looked after, and this a good example of his kind; but what more can we say! Daddy is fantastic, but probably quite genuine. The best things in the book are the Derbyshire landscape, done with so much elaboration, and full of life and colour, and the curious view of Paris—the Paris of the *café chantants*, of the studios, of everything that is most lawless and vagabond, seen through an English lady's eyes. This is highly original, and one of the boldest efforts that recent literature has known.

We confess that it is with a sense of relief that we turn from these highly instructive volumes to the bold romance provided for us by no amateur or didactic performer, but by the true professional, the practised hand of Mr Hardy,<sup>1</sup> to whom we owe already

<sup>1</sup> Tess of the D'Urbervilles: A Pure Woman. Faithfully presented by Thomas Hardy.

a good many sharp sensations, but none so strong and startling as that contained in the history of Tess. We acknowledge that Mr Hardy is not one of our first favourites in fiction, and that his new book is not greatly to our taste. Taste, as everybody knows, is the one thing upon which there is no discussion. Some of us (though it is a fact unintelligible in France and perhaps in certain quarters in England) sincerely like the literature that suits the young person, and some prefer to have their novels hot, and lock them up in cupboards for their private delectation. Though we strongly object to being instructed in any illegitimate way, yet, for our own part, we prefer cleanly lives, and honest sentiment, and a world which is round and contains everything, not "the relations between the sexes" alone. We state this as a question of private preference, to which all persons have a right; and we may add that we have never been able to get over a certain expedient of grotesque and indecent dishonesty in that exceedingly droll book of Mr Hardy's, entitled 'Two in a Tower'—so grotesque that the sense of the comic in it goes much too far to be vanquished by any disapproval. Therefore the reader will see that we bring no favouritism into our delighted sense of having come from the fictitious into the real when we step from David Grieve to Tess Durbeyfield. We have a great many objections to make to Tess. The fact that what we must call the naughty chapters have had to be printed surreptitiously, in what we presume ought to be described as elderly Reviews, while the rest has come out in the cheerful young newspaper open to all men, is of itself a tremendous objection to our old-fashioned eyes.

But with all this, what a living, breathing scene, what a scent and fragrance of the actual, what solid bodies, what real existence, in contrast with the pale fiction of the didactic romance! We feel inclined to embrace Mr Hardy, though we are not fond of him, in pure satisfaction with the good brown soil and substantial flesh and blood, the cows, and the man-gel-wurzel, and the hard labour of the fields—which he makes us smell and see. Here is the genuine article at least. Here is a workman who, though he has his lesson hidden beneath his apron, is an artist first of all, and knows how to use his colours, and throw his shadows, and make us feel the earth under our feet. Hail to the profession, the brotherhood of imagination and art! It is sad to think that he too is didactic, and has a meaning, an *arrière pensée*, a text from which he preaches; but, at all events, in his first two volumes we have many opportunities of forgetting that, and, as a matter of fact, scarcely perceive or think of it. Fortunately, so long as nature and art are predominant, there is no need to rush to the locked drawers and cupboards of the Reviews. We mean no reproach, for we are obliged to confess that we do not know which were the Reviews to which Mr Hardy paid the equivocal compliment of supposing them closed to innocent eyes, and we do not mean to inquire. These elderly organs have not happened to come under our observation, at least when so employed.

'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' is the history, Mr Hardy tells us, *par excellence*, of a pure woman, which is his flag or trumpet, so to speak, of defiance upon certain matters, to the ordinary world.

It is time enough, however, to come to that after we have done justice to the real pictures which an artist cannot help giving, with qualities of life and truth which are independent of all didactic intentions. Tess is a country girl of an extraordinary elevated and noble kind. Everybody knows what Mr Hardy's peasants in Wessex are. They are a quaint people, given to somewhat high-flown language, and confused and complicated reasoning, like, it was at first supposed by hardy guessing, to George Eliot's peasants, yet not really so, except in being more dignified, more grandiose in speech than the usual article, as it comes across the ordinary senses of more common people. They are sometimes a little grotesque, but their sentiments are usually fine. John Durbeyfield, the father of Tess, is an example of this somewhat artificial personage. If he is not good Dorsetshire, he is at least good Hardy, which answers just as well; and the book begins by a very foolish communication made to this rural "higgler" by an old antiquarian parson of the fact that he is the lineal representative of the old race of the D'Urbervilles, whose marble tombs are to be seen in a great church near. The unfortunate weakly and silly straggler by the country roads takes the information to heart, and rears a structure of foolish hopes upon it which lead to nothing but dismay and trouble. The first scene, in which he has himself driven home in the rude fly of the village as Sir John, to the dismay yet elation of his family, all but the queenly Tess, who is the flower of it, and who is throughout ashamed of the whole business, is of a very heavy comic kind; but the family, always granted the Hardy element in it, is a vigorous and real picture.

The father, too fond of beer; the mother singing at her washing-tub, rocking the cradle with her foot, strong yet slatternly, kind yet mercenary,—quite ready to sell the beautiful daughter for the benefit of the family, and think no harm, yet loving and serving them all in her rude way. The background of children of all ages, and the one flower of womanhood, Tess, growing out from among them like a tall lily worthy of a better fate. It is a pardonable extravagance to make of Tess a kind of princess in this *milieu*, which is a mistake that even the most experienced make from time to time, since there is scarcely a vicaress or rectoress who has not some such favourite in the parish—some girl with all the instincts of a lady, as the kind patroness will tell you. We doubt much, however, whether having passed the Sixth Standard improves the phraseology in the manner believed by Mr Hardy; but this is of little importance. Tess is, we are ready to allow, the exceptional creature whom we have all seen, beautiful in the bloom of first youth, capable of all things, as the imaginative spectator feels, and whom it is dreadful to think of as falling eventually into the cheerful comely slattern, with a troop of children, which her mother is. But is it not rather dreadful to the superficial eye to think of any lily-girl turning into the stout matron, which, alas! is the almost inevitable end of British beauty?

Tess is plunged at once into the abyss of evil. We need not follow a story which by this time everybody has read, through all its details. It is amusing, however, to find that such a democrat as Mr Hardy, finding nothing worth his while in any class above that of the actual sons of the soil, should

be so indignant at the trumpery person who has assumed the name of D'Urberville, having no sort of right to it. What could it matter? We are aware that the name of Norfolk Howard has been assumed in similar circumstances, which has made the world laugh, but had no more serious result. Mr Hardy, however, takes it very gravely, though it is a godsend to him, opening the door for all that follows. The idea of sending Tess to seek her fortune by claiming kindred with the wealthy family which calls itself D'Urberville throws her at once into the hands of the young sensualist and villain of fiction, the rural Lothario with whom we are so well acquainted. Tess is spotless as a lily—that may be granted: but a girl brought up in the extraordinary freedom and free-speaking of rural life would scarcely be entirely ignorant of evil; and indeed, as a matter of fact, she has the instinct to discourage and escape as much as possible from the advances of the seducer and rustic profligate Alec D'Urberville, whose character is well known.

That she should have been taken advantage of, and dragged into degradation by mingled force and kindness, is possible; but not that, pure-minded and spotless, yet already alarmed and set on her guard as she had been, she should have trusted herself at midnight with the unscrupulous young master who was pursuing her, and whose habits she was fully informed of, in order to escape from the drunken and riotous companions who, odious as they were, were still a protection to her. The girl who escapes from her fellow-servants in their jollity by jumping up on horseback (and how about the horse? does that fine animal nowadays lend itself to

such means of seduction?) behind a master of such a character, and being carried off by him in the middle of the night, naturally leaves her reputation behind her. "At almost any other moment of her life she would have refused such proffered aid and company," Mr Hardy says; "but coming as this invitation did at the particular juncture, when fear and indignation at her adversaries could be transformed by a spring of the foot into a triumph over them, she abandoned herself to her impulse, put her toe on his instep, and leapt into the saddle behind him." Thus poor Tess yields not to any impure suggestion, which is the last thing to be thought of in such a case, but to those mingled motives of vanity and excitement which have so large a share in this kind of moral downfall. The sense of triumph over others left behind, and intoxicating superiority for the moment to all rivals, has far more to do, we believe, with feminine offences of this description than any tendency towards vice. No one could doubt what was to follow: the girl, perhaps, alone might have hoped in some incomprehensible way that she should yet escape. And indeed Mr Hardy, at the last moment, generously gives her an opportunity of running away, of which the real Tess certainly would have availed herself; but then where would the story have been, and all the defiant pleas of the author for that virtue which is proved in his estimation by the breach rather than the observance?

If Mr Hardy had not labelled this poor girl as a specimen of exceptional and absolute purity, nothing could have been more pitious than her story. The villain, we should have said. ▽

antiquated type, recalling Pamela and those days when seduction was one of the arts on which young men of pretension prided themselves. We may be wrong, but we imagine that even among the vicious this is scarcely the case now : however, Alec D'Urberville is that uneasy thing possessing the means and position without the traditions of a gentleman, which has special rules of its own. But poor little Tess, at sixteen going back to her house with her young eyes so fatally opened, has nothing but our pity, especially when, after a vague interval, she reappears in the harvest-field, among the other women at their work, with a baby dependent on her. The situation is one which is as old as poetry. Mr Hardy seems to have a notion that he has invented it—but unfortunately it is not so. It has been treated in all the methods, and romance has invariably leant to the charitable side. If it is the woman who pays, at least it is the woman, the inevitable sufferer, who has all the sympathy. And the unfortunate child thus brought into the world is also a most powerful agent in fiction. Generally it has been supposed by the storyteller to be a means of redemption for the fallen woman. One remembers how Mrs Browning treats it in 'Aurora Leigh,' elevating and developing the being of the girl Marion, who is a still greater martyr than Tess, by the revelation of maternity and the glory of the new life. But the philosophy of enlightenment and the *fin de siècle* has nothing to do with such imaginations. Naturally a new creed must treat such a situation in a new way, especially when the principles of that creed are indignation (against whom? unhandsomely we are given to understand that it is *inst* God—but then when there

is no God?) and wrath, and have no sympathy with the everlasting reconstruction which another philosophy perceives to be going on for ever in the moral as well as in the material world. Mr Hardy scornfully admits the possibility that the downfall of poor Tess may have been "a retribution,"—it being "a morality good enough for divinities," though "scorned by average human nature," to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children. "Doubtless some of Tess D'Urberville's mailed ancestors, rollicking home from a fray, had dealt the same wrong even more ruthlessly upon peasant girls of their time:" but he does not allow any return in the processes of nature. This silly cant is very unworthy of any man acquainted with the secrets of the heart, and versed were it ever so little in those great problems of humanity which it is the occupation of the poet to fathom; but it is "the height of the fashion," and we know how in the lower walks of life fashion is exaggerated, so that perhaps Mr Hardy, as an exponent of peasant life, feels himself justified in going a little further than the commonest of sense permits. His unfortunate young mother is compelled to look upon her poor baby in a different and original way from all previous sufferers of her kind. She holds it on her lap in the reaping-field, "and looking into the far distance, dandled it with a gloomy indifference that was almost dislike: then all of a sudden she fell to violently kissing it some dozens of times, as if she would never leave off, the child crying at the vehemence of an onset which strangely combined passionateness with contempt."

The moralisings which follow when the unfortunate baby dies are equally remarkable. Tess is

in despair, not for the loss of her child but chiefly about its salvation. "Like all village girls, she was well grounded in the Holy Scriptures, and she had carefully studied the histories of Aholah and Aholibah, and knew the inferences to be drawn therefrom." Mr Hardy, "perhaps not having had Tess's advantages in this way, probably believes that these are historical personages like Ruth and Esther. We do not ourselves know Wessex, which is clearly in every way a most remarkable province, and therefore cannot affirm that village girls there do not study diligently the prophecies of Ezekiel: but we certainly have not in any other quarter of the world encountered any who did. But Tess's studies were more enlarged and remarkable still. "She thought of the child consigned to the nethermost corner of hell, as its double doom for lack of baptism and lack of legitimacy; saw the *arch-fiend tossing it with his three-pronged fork* like the one they used for heating the oven on baking days; to which picture she added many other quaint and curious details of torment taught the young in this Christian country." Now, so far as we are aware, except, perhaps, in some quaint piece of medieval divinity still less likely to have fallen under Tess's notice than ours, the *arch-fiend* with the three-pronged *toasting-fork* (it is well to be particular), with which she was so familiar as to think that it was like the one used for heating the oven, occurs in certain grim passages of the 'Inferno,' but in no more popular reading. We have admitted that we have less faith in the Sixth Standard than Mr Hardy, but it seems probable that we spoke in ignorance. Has it come to that, that Dante is taught and familiarly studied in

our village schools? No wonder in that case that to pass the Sixth Standard should be a high test of a liberal education. But we cannot help fearing that Mr Hardy has here incautiously muddled up the views of the poet with those of the Catechism. We have known this done with Milton, whose scenes and conversations in Heaven have furnished many excellent persons with details unknown to Holy Scripture. However, we don't really blame the author of 'Tess' for getting confused in his theology. He is not a religious Reformer like Mrs Humphry Ward. Theological teaching is not his forte; but then, heaven be praised! the noble art of story-telling is—if he could but forget the very unlovely cant of his time.

The next division of the story begins with something very different from this dreary stuff. It is the picture of the great dairy to which Tess, free of all encumbrances, her baby dead and oblivion closing over all her trouble, goes as "a skilful milkmaid," "between two and three years after her return from Trantridge." She must now have been, therefore, between eighteen and nineteen, and a most accomplished woman; for not only did she know *au fond* the prophecies of Ezekiel and the 'Inferno' of Dante, but she had been at sixteen an expert poultry-woman, and now was an exceptional milkmaid, so that her gifts in every way were great. In addition to which she was beautiful—not ruddy and buxom as a country girl, but with the beauty of ancient ancestry and noble blood. The establishment into which she is received is idyllic, and nothing can be more vivid, living, and actual than the great farm, with its innumerable cows, its rustic patri-





arch at the head, the pretty maids all a-row, the fringe of rougher men. There is, however, a serpent in this Eden,—though it is no vicious person, no deceiver or rustic profligate like poor Tess's previous master, but a gentleman of the last and most painful degree of refinement, studying farming in preparation for emigrating, an Agnostic, a musician, a philosopher, and every other superfine thing that can be conceived. "Mr Angel Clare—he that is learning milking, and that plays the harp"—is how one of the ordinary milkmaids describes him. We do not know whether it is usual for an intending farmer to learn milking, but we are sure that it is not at all usual for a young man of the nineteenth century to carry a harp about with him, which is an inconvenient piece of luggage. Emily did it in the 'Mysteries of Udolpho,' but she is, we think, the last person in fiction who inconvenienced herself in this way, and, on second thoughts, we believe it was a lute, which resembles a guitar, we believe, and is much more handy to carry about. However, it is perhaps not less unlikely that a parson's son in Wessex should carry a harp about with him, than that he should be called Angel Clare. He is truly worthy of the name, being the most curious thing in the shape of a man whom we think we have ever met with—at least out of a young lady's novel. We can at our ease gently deride David Grieve for being feminine, for he is the creation of a lady. But before Mr Angel Clare we stand aghast. What is he? Had he, too, been framed by a woman, how we should have smiled and pointed out his impossibility! This is how a man looks to the guileless feminine imagination, we should have said.

But before the name of Mr Hardy we can only gasp and be silent. The thing must be male, we suppose, since a man made it, and it is certainly original as a picture of a man. Let us, however, without lingering upon this pale image, put forth one of those pictures of which Mr Hardy has the secret when he chooses to use the hues of nature. It is needless to say that poor Tess finds her doom in the superfine pupil, and that they soon begin to fall in love with each other.

"Dairyman Crick's household of maids and men lived on comfortably, placidly, even merrily. Their position was perhaps the happiest of all positions in the social scale, being above the line at which neediness ends, and below the line at which the *covenances* begin to cramp natural feeling, and the stress of threadbare modishness makes too little of enough.

"Thus passed the leafy time when arborescence seems to be the one thing studied out of doors. Tess and Clare unconsciously studied each other, ever balanced on the edge of passion, yet apparently keeping out of it. All the while they were converging, under an irresistible impulsion, as surely as two streams in one vale. They met continually, they could not help it. They met daily in that strange and solemn interval, the twilight of the morning, in the violet or pink dawn—for it was necessary to rise early, so very early, here. Milking was done betimes, and before the milking came the skimming, which began at a little past three. It usually fell to the lot of some one or other of them to wake the rest, the first being roused by an alarum clock; and as Tess was the latest arrival, and they soon discovered that she could be depended upon not to sleep through the alarum as the others did, this task was thrust most frequently on her. No sooner had the hour of three struck and whizzed than she left her room and ran to the dairyman's door, then up the ladder to Angel's, calling him in a loud whisper, then woke her fellow milkmaids. By the time that Tess was dressed, Clare was down-

stairs and out in the humid air. The remaining maids and the dairymen usually gave themselves another turn on the pillow, and did not appear till a quarter of an hour later.

"The grey half-tones of daybreak are not the grey half-tones of the day's close, though the degree of their shade may be the same. In the twilight of the morning, light seems active, darkness passive; in the twilight of evening, it is the darkness which is active and crescent, and the light which is the drowsy reverse.

"Being so often — possibly not always by chance—the first two persons to get up at the dairy-house, they seemed to themselves the first persons up of all the world. In these early days of her residence here Tess did not skim going out of doors at once after rising, where he was generally awaiting her. The spectral half-compounded aqueous light which pervaded the open mead impressed them with a sense of isolation, as if they were Adam and Eve. At this dim inceptive stage of the day, Tess seemed to Clare to exhibit a dignified largeness both of disposition and physique, and almost regnant power, possibly because he knew that at that preternatural time hardly any woman, so well endowed in person as she, was likely to be walking in the open air within the boundaries of his horizon—very few in all England. The mixed singular luminous gloom in which they walked along together to the spot where the cows lay, often made him think of the Resurrection hour. He little thought that the Magdalene might be at his side. While all the landscape was in shade, his companion's face, which was the focus of his eyes, rising above the mist stratum, seemed to have a sort of phosphorescence upon it. She looked ghostly, as if she were merely a soul at large. In reality her face, without appearing to do so, had caught the cold gleam of day from the north-west; his own face, though he did not think of it, wore the same aspect to her.

"They could then see the faint summer fogs in layers, woolly, level, and apparently no thicker than counterpanes, spread about the meadows in detached remnants of small extent.

On the grey moisture of the grass were marks where the cows had lain through the night—dark-green islands of dry herbage, the size of their carcasses, in the general sea of dew. From each island proceeded a serpentine trail by which the cow had rambled away to feed after getting up, at the end of which trail they found her: the snoring breath from her nostrils, when she recognised them, making an intenser little fog of her own amid the prevailing one. Then they drove the animals back to the barton, or sat down to milk them on the spot, as the case might require.

"Or perhaps the summer fog was more general, and the meadows lay like a white sea out of which the scattered trees rose like dangerous rocks. Birds would soar out of it into the upper radiance, and hang on the wing sunning themselves, or alight on the wet rails subdividing the mead, which now shone like glass rods. Minute diamonds of moisture from the mist hung, too, upon Tess's eyelashes and drops upon her hair like seed pearls. When the day grew quite strong and commonplace, these dried off from her: moreover, Tess then lost her strange and ethereal beauty; her teeth, lips, and eyes scintillated in the sunbeams, and she was again the dazzlingly fair dairymaid only, who had to hold her own against the other women of the world."

This wonderful piece of landscape speaks for itself. That the man who can do it should waste his gifts in echoing the mean prose of fashionable philosophy fills one's soul with impatience. However, we have said enough on this subject.

Tess falls in love with Angel Clare; and he, so far as such a vision can, loves her, and asks her to marry him. We may say, however, that all the milkmaids are, as one woman, in love with the gentleman-pupil, and the spectacle of these daughters of the fields, in their fulness of flesh and blood, weeping upon each other's bosoms without jealousy, but with

a passion which makes one, alas ! take to drinking, and another try to drown herself, when the die is cast, is exceedingly Hardyish, and just a very little grotesque, though also touching. It is idyllic—with a twist—and pretty, yet apt at moments to be laughable. Tess is brought to a sudden pause and horror by her lover's proposal, and declares it to be impossible ; but gradually is brought round, though always with the certainty that she must tell him what her antecedents have been. One knows how difficult even in real life it is to make a confession much less serious than this—and in fiction it is inevitable that all the difficulties should be increased. So that the fated days run on, and Tess does not tell. One practical difficulty arises here, which Mr Hardy does not seem to think of. The dairy-farm is not more than a walk, though a long one, from Tess's home. Wessex is a very primitive country, we allow, and there seem to have been no railways within reach ; but is it possible that, at a distance of twenty miles at the most, no whisper of such a story should have reached the large rural household with all its connections,—every milkmaid and every man having her and his separate ways of hearing the country gossip ? The scene of poor Tess's downfall, her home, the churchyard which contains her infant's grave, are all within easy reach—the dairyman is a connection of her mother's,—and yet nobody has heard of that episode in her life. This, we think, is a little remarkable. It is like Alec D'Urberville's horse, a phenomenon in rustic life.

However, the terrible intelligence is only conveyed to Clare *on the evening of the wedding-*

day, after he himself has made a confession of a similar description to Tess, which of course she forgives at once, and, emboldened, proceeds to tell him. Then, equally of course, the insufferable being whom Mr Hardy has set up as a man and an Agnostic proves what stuff he is made of, and flings his bride from him. He becomes immediately a compound of ice and iron. Pity is not in him, nor understanding, nor common-sense, nor, least of all, love. He hears with his ears the piteous plea, and sees the extreme youth, the profound humiliation, the heartrending shame of the poor girl whom he has persecuted into marrying him, and whose trembling objections and terrors he has up to this moment refused to listen to. The best man would no doubt have been hard put to it to endure such a shock ; but this being is supposed to know all the secrets of rural life, and the point of view of the children of the fields, yet no consideration, no tenderness nor humanity, is in him. He deserts the unhappy girl without a struggle—leaving her from that moment to herself. "Tess," he said as gently and as civilly as he could speak, "I cannot stay in the room with you." Now, Mr Hardy is strong on the injustice of the fact that "the woman pays," but he never makes this injustice apparent to his hero. Nor does he apparently disapprove of Clare's action, or of the remorseless abandonment of his heroine, which of course is required by the exigencies of the story.

We need not follow poor Tess in her abandonment. Clare sets off for Brazil, as the farthest point possible, we suppose, and every kind of misfortune happens to lure her on to the fatal conclusion. Her father dies, and the



burden of her mother's family falls upon her. She drops out of the prosperous milkmaid condition into the roughest work of the fields, giving room for more and yet more telling descriptions of rural operations. Then Alec D'Urberville comes once more across her path, the destroyer of her youth. He is a revivalist preacher when she sees him next, having been, with grotesque particularity, brought to repentance of his sins by the ministrations of Angel Clare's Low Church father; but Tess changes all that in a moment, partly by the mere sight of her, and partly by her repetition of Mr Angel's arguments against revelation, which are so potent (Mr Hardy wisely does not state them, but only tells us the effect, historically) that D'Urberville flings his religion to the winds, and begins a systematic pursuit of his former victim. He is ready to marry her, but that, of course, is impossible: he shows himself, however, the Providence of her family, and the matter ends as—everything we have been made to understand concerning Tess forbids us to believe that it could do. When Clare finally becomes ashamed of himself and returns home, he hunts down his wife in seaside lodgings and fine clothes with D'Urberville. She has a wild interview with him in her beautiful dressing-gown; then rushes up-stairs to the room in which she has left her lover, stabs him in his bed with the carving-knife, which has been put ready to cut the cold ham for breakfast, laid out in their sitting-room, and, rushing after her husband, joins him—for a brief honeymoon of passion and mad love and enjoyment. Clare, who behaved so brutally to her when he heard of the distant sin of her youth, for which she was so little to blame,

receives her out of the arms of the other without a moment's hesitation; and Tess, who, according to any natural interpretation, and of all we know of her, must have died of shame rather than meet the eyes of her husband clothed in the embroideries of the night-gown, which Mr Hardy does not spare us—forgets every tradition of natural purity, and passes from one to another as if, which indeed she says, the murder had made all right.

We have not a word to say against the force and passion of this story. It is far finer in our opinion than anything Mr Hardy has ever done before. The character of Tess up to her last downfall, with the curious exceptions we have pointed out, is consistent enough, and we do not object to the defiant blazon of a Pure Woman, notwithstanding the early stain. But a Pure Woman is not betrayed into fine living and fine clothes as the mistress of her seducer by any stress of poverty or misery; and Tess was a skilled labourer, for whom it is very rare that nothing can be found to do. Here the elaborate and indignant plea for Vice, that it is really Virtue, breaks down altogether. We do not for a moment believe that Tess would have done it. Her creator has forced the rôle upon her, as he thinks (or says) that the God whom he does not believe in, does—which ought to make him a little more humble, since he cannot, it appears, do better himself. But whatever Mr Hardy says, we repeat that we do not believe him. The lodgings at the seaside, drawing-room floor; "the rich cashmere dressing-gown of grey white, embroidered in half mourning tints;" "the walking costume of a well-to-do young lady," with a veil over her black



hat and feathers ; her "silk stockings" and "ivory parasol,"—are not the accessories of purity, but the trappings of vice. Tess would have flung them out of window. She would not have stabbed Mr Alec D'Urberville, her potential husband, with the carving-knife intended for the cold ham (which, besides, awakens all sorts of questions, as—why did Alec D'Urberville, a strong young man, allow himself to be stabbed? and how did it happen that the lodging-house carving-knife, not usually a very sharp instrument, was capable of such a blow?), but have turned him head and shoulders out of the poorest cottage in which he had insulted her with such a proposition. It is no use making men and women for us, and then forcing them to do the last thing possible to their nature. If Tess did this, then Tess, after all her developments, was at twenty a much inferior creature to the unawakened Tess at sixteen who would not live upon the wages of iniquity ; and thus two volumes of analysis and experience are lost, and the end is worse than the beginning—which, after watching Tess through these two volumes, and following the progress of her thoughts much more articulately than she could have done herself, we absolutely decline to believe. Whoever that per-

son was who went straight from the endearments of Alec D'Urberville to those of the Clare Angel or the Angel Clare, whatever the image is called, Mr Hardy must excuse us for saying pointedly and firmly that she was not Tess ; neither was she a Pure Woman. This is the portion of the book which was served up to keen appetites in the Reviews, and we rejoice to think that it was so. Let the cultivated reader keep the nastiness for which it seems he longs. We are delighted to find ourselves on the side of the honest lover of a story who requires no strong stimulation of criminality thrown in against all the possibilities of natural life.

Mr Hardy's indignant anti-religion becomes occasionally very droll, if not amusing. Against whom is he so angry? Against "the divinities," who are so immoral—who punish the vices of the fathers on the children? Against God?—who does not ask us whether we wish to be created ; who gives us but one chance, &c. But then, if there is no God? Why, in that case, should Mr Hardy be angry? We know one man of fine mind whom we have always described as being angry with God for not existing. Is this perhaps Mr Hardy's case? But then he ought not to put the blame of the evils which do exist upon this imaginary Being who does not.



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### ON OUR ARMY.

It is no wonder, when we look abroad and see the immense and thoroughly efficient armies there kept up at a comparatively small expense per head, and compare them with the small, young, in many respects inefficient, and certainly immensely costly army maintained by ourselves at home, that there should be discontent and dissatisfaction. The natural explanation of the matter would seem to be gross mismanagement and wilful extravagance on the part of those to whom our national forces are intrusted. But the subject is an important and a complicated one, and well worthy of a little attention. It is clear, in the first place, that when you are able to take soldiers in any numbers you require from the manhood of a nation, at any age you choose, on any terms that suit you, and pay them what you yourself deem best, that it is your own fault if you have not a magnificent army at a comparatively small cost per head. But, in the second place, it is equally clear that when you have

no power to do any one of these things, but have to go into the open labour-market and bid against the great employers of labour for men to join your army, and are, moreover, from the necessary conditions of the case, unable to offer these men an assured profession, but can keep them in your service only for seven or eight years, and then turn them adrift, that you can expect only to obtain an inferior class of the population, and must pay for even these at a very high rate.

Now, practically, this is very much the case as between us and the Continental Powers. In every Continental State the conscription exists. It is hated by all, but is accepted by all—by democratic France equally as by despotic Russia—as the condition, and the only condition, of national independence. Without it not a Power in Europe, which was worth plundering, would be safe for an hour. With us the case is different. The silver streak which separates us from the Continent



saves us from the conscription. It constitutes the navy our first line of defence—not the army, as abroad. It gives us time behind it to prepare for defence, and enables us, in our island home, to exist with a comparatively small regular army, backed up by a small militia and a large volunteer force; but we obtain this only at a great cost, and are supplied with an inferior article.

To go into this a little more closely. Speaking generally, in all the great Continental States the whole male population is held liable for military service. The contingent required is drawn annually from those of twenty years and upwards. These are kept in the ranks of the regular army for from three to five years, and then pass into the reserve for the remainder of their military service, usually from four to six or seven years. By this system the whole of the manhood of the nation is taken at the flower of its age and passed through the ranks until thoroughly well disciplined, and then kept available at a moment's notice for service in the field. The battalions as they exist in peace are not at all what they become in war. Their best and most highly trained men join them from the reserve, and form generally one-half of the whole number. Service in the Continental armies is, speaking roughly, nearly always home service, and this is a great mitigation of its burden to the men. This system, which takes every man away from his craft or trade at the very best time of his life for acquiring it, is a very cheap one for the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but a very costly one for the nation, for it abstracts every man for three years from the ranks of industry; but, from its being applied to all, it does not put any individual at a disadvan-

tage with his neighbour, and in some respects is an advantage, as giving to all a healthy physical training. Our army is very differently constituted. Service in it is purely voluntary. Our men are enlisted for twelve years—seven (or eight abroad) with the colours, and the remainder in the reserve. We enlist them at eighteen. The result of this is that we have to go into the open labour-market and compete with the employers of labour. We cannot offer the men a profession for life, but are obliged to turn them out to shift for themselves after seven or eight years' colour service. Under these circumstances it is no wonder that we cannot get any man who has a prospect of regular employment to enlist. The only wonder is, that we get as many as we do.

It may naturally be asked, Why then do we not revert to our old system and enlist the men for long service, leading to pension—in fact, make the army a profession for life? The answer to this is unfortunately very clear. If we have ever to fight in Europe or in our own defence at home, it must be with a European army, and the enormous power of development which the universal adoption of the reserve system has given to these armies forces us either to keep our own army always on a war footing or to adopt ourselves a similar system, in so far as reserves are concerned. We could not afford the former, and must therefore resort to the latter. This is the real cause of all our difficulties, and there is no way out of it. It is the price we pay for exemption from the scourge of the conscription. Moreover, our army has a totally different work to do from that of any other European State. We have always more than half our force on foreign service in India and the



colonies. These have to be kept up at nearly war strength. At home we have to provide for not only the regiments, battalions, and batteries there, but to make provision for keeping up from them our foreign ones at their full strength—and we have to do all this with only a purely voluntary system of enlistment. Let us see what the results of this system in practice have actually been.

1. In regard to our troops in India and the colonies, these amount to 101,000 men, about a half of our whole army, and are in excellent order. The rank and file of the infantry alone number 69,000. Kept up at a high establishment, they are, after being a couple of years abroad, fit for war at a moment's notice. We probably never had finer battalions than those now in India.

2. In regard to our regular troops at home, these number some 102,000, of whom 52,000 are rank and file of the line. Here is the weak point of our system. It is our infantry mainly which suffer. The cavalry and artillery, though there might be more of them, are good. With the infantry it is otherwise. Our system is to have all our line regiments of two battalions each—one of these to be always abroad, the other at home. The home battalion has to receive all the recruits for both battalions from the depot, and keep the foreign battalion up to its establishment by periodical drafts. For India these must be all men of twenty years of age and upwards: for the other colonies, of the most advanced young soldiers. By this system the home battalion becomes the nursery for the one abroad, and has to send all its oldest and best recruits every year out to its foreign battalion—keeping all the weakly ones for itself. *The result of this is that our home*

battalions are between a third and a half full of immature lads between eighteen and twenty, many of whom are evidently unfit to stand the fatigues of a campaign, and that the commanding officers are disgusted with a system which makes their battalions more like training depots than regular ones. Moreover, it is these inferior home battalions which are always under the eye of the public, and lead to the belief that this is the state of the whole of our infantry. But this was a result which was foreseen when our system was adopted, and our reserves were formed for the very purpose of meeting it and of restoring these very unsatisfactory home battalions to the position of serviceable working ones at a moment's notice on war becoming imminent. We have never been in practice able to make the number of our home and foreign battalions actually balance. We have several regiments who have both battalions abroad, and to meet this very unsatisfactory state of matters a provisional battalion localised at Shorncliffe has been resorted to. The Guards are an exception to the system of the line infantry. As they do not take foreign service, they keep their own recruits with their own battalions; but on the other hand, as they now enlist generally for only three years' colour service, they look young and have lost somewhat of their old solid and magnificent appearance. But by this system they have a reserve which is mounting up with great rapidity, and will ultimately come to number as many men as the battalions themselves.

All this leads to the consideration, in the next place, of what our reserves, who have now such an important part to play in our military system, really are. Their numbers and distrib-





by arms at present are (1st January 1892) as follows :—

|                        |               |
|------------------------|---------------|
| Engineers, . . .       | 1,556         |
| Artillery, . . .       | 7,066         |
| Cavalry, . . .         | 4,677         |
| Guards, . . .          | 4,216         |
| Infantry, . . .        | 47,075        |
| Army Service Corps, .  | 2,219         |
| Medical Staff Corps, . | 1,068         |
| Other small Corps, .   | 544           |
| <b>Total, . . .</b>    | <b>68,421</b> |

All these men (except those from the Guards, very many of whom have served only three years) have as a rule put in seven years' colour service in the army, and have therefore had longer training and greater military experience than the reserves of the Continental armies, which in Germany, Austria, and Italy have only three years', and in France five years', colour service. But in addition to this reserve, derived entirely from the army, we have a reserve for the regular army taken from the militia which amounts to 30,171 men, making the total amount of our reserves 98,592—which at the present rate of increase will in the course of a year be over 100,000. These militia reserve men have not nearly the training and experience of the army proper reserve; but they are generally hardy and well grown, and quite fit to stand the test of rough field-work, and are consequently very valuable.

Let us now consider the work the reserves will have to do in the event of war. To get at this, we must consider what our war arrangements are. We wish to have three army corps, each consisting of three divisions of infantry, a regiment of cavalry, and three batteries of horse and eleven of field artillery. Each infantry *brigade* contains four battalions, *each division* two brigades, and *there is a corps* battalion besides

—therefore there are twenty-five battalions in each army corps. The 1st Army Corps is intended for either home or foreign service. It is therefore the one to be kept up most carefully, with all its mobilisation arrangements complete. The 2d Army Corps is intended practically for home service only, but, like the 1st, has its infantry composed entirely of regular troops. The 3d Army Corps has one line brigade; the remainder of its infantry (twenty-one battalions) are militia. These compose our field forces; the remainder—line, militia, and volunteers—are intended for the garrison of our great fortresses and for the occupation of a series of defensive positions, which have all been carefully selected, covering London from the south and east. We have, besides, to keep in view our battalions in India and the colonies. It has been calculated that India will need about 6000 reserve men to bring its battalions up to their war strength; those in the colonies about 3000,—9000 in all. The reserve men for India should be taken from the 1st Class Army Reserve; those for the colonies might well come from the militia reserve.

We come next to the 1st Army Corps. The whole of its reserve men should be taken from the 1st Class Army Reserve. Out of its twenty-five battalions four come from the brigade of Guards. They will, of course, be made up out of their own reserve. There remain twenty-one battalions to be made up out of the line reserve of infantry. This reserve consists of about 47,000 men. As it is all-important to have this army corps as efficient as possible, let it have 500 men for each battalion, which, considering that eight of these are already 920 strong and the remainder 720, ought to be



ample both to replace the immature men now in the ranks, and to make up the total to 1000 rank and file per battalion. This will necessitate 10,500 from the infantry reserve. The twenty-five battalions of the 2d Army Corps, all at present at a strength of 720, may be put down as requiring on an average 400 men each to render them fit for home service in the field. This will require 10,000 more from the reserve. In the 3d Army Corps the line brigade will at the same rate require 1600 infantry reserve men. We thus require from the 1st Class Army Reserve of 47,000—

|                  |        |
|------------------|--------|
| 1st Corps, . . . | 10,500 |
| 2d Corps, . . .  | 10,000 |
| 3d Corps, . . .  | 1,600  |
| India, . . .     | 6,000  |
| Total, . . .     | 28,100 |

This leaves still on the 1st Class Army Reserve 18,900 men who could be distributed to the remaining twenty-one home battalions at the rate of 400 to each. This would amount to 8400, leaving still in this reserve 10,500; whilst the militia reserve would have been depleted of only 3000 to reinforce the colonial garrisons. That is, after putting the whole infantry of the regular army on a sound footing, we would still have a reserve left of—

|                               |        |
|-------------------------------|--------|
| 1st class Army Reserve, . . . | 10,500 |
| Militia Reserve, . . .        | 27,000 |
| Total, . . .                  | 37,500 |

This is not by any means an unsatisfactory result.

Before leaving the question of

the Reserve, it may be well to note that whilst the infantry reserve men will all in a few weeks recover their drill, they will need careful instruction in handling the new rifle and in practice with it. Also that the riding power of mounted men gradually deteriorates from want of practice, and that this is especially the case with the horse-artillery and the drivers of the field-batteries. Up to the last, however, these men could be well employed as drivers in the Army Service Corps.

It is a matter of great consequence that, whenever possible, the reserve men should always rejoin their own regiments or corps. There they are twice as useful and contented in them as they are in a strange one. This was tried in the partial mobilisation of 1885, and proved a success. It was popular with the men, and led to satisfactory results in regard to discipline and conduct.<sup>1</sup>

In regard to this, it is satisfactory to find that the cavalry have a reserve of from 150 to 200 men per regiment; the artillery about 1000 for the horse batteries, 3500 for the field, and 2300 for the garrison; the Guards an average of 600 per battalion (the Grenadiers, with three battalions, have 1600). The Line, on an average, have at present between 600 and 700 reserve men per regiment of two battalions; and the Rifle Brigade and King's Royal Rifles (four battalions each) have about 1500 each.

Until the last few years we had practically no mobilisation arrangements at all. Had we been called

<sup>1</sup> When the mobilisation took place the writer happened to be at the head of the Adjutant-General's Department. He proposed this plan. It was at first strongly opposed, especially on the civil side of the War Office, on the ground that it would be most unfair to call out the men regimentally, and not by classes. He represented that the soldier thoroughly understood the claim which his regiment had on him, and would infinitely prefer to return to it. The result was in accordance with this opinion.



upon to mobilise, the confusion with us would have been infinitely worse than it was with the French in 1870, and that is saying a great deal. Now, however, it has been taken in hand in real earnest, and in regard to the 1st Army Corps has made distinct and satisfactory progress. The great essential of a rapid and orderly mobilisation is that everything should be thoroughly thought out beforehand—that every one should clearly understand what he has to do, and where he has to go, and that nothing, in the first instance, should have to be requisitioned from the central arsenal. All this in the 1st Army Corps has now been fairly provided for. The regiments, battalions, and batteries are all told off, and each knows exactly where it will draw its service equipment from. At Aldershot this has been so well carried out, that each battalion has under its own charge everything required for instant mobilisation. In the infantry this is all that can be desired; but in the cavalry and artillery it is to be feared there may be some delay in the matter of horses, which, in the case of a mobilisation for foreign service, would probably be met by the unsatisfactory expedient of requisitioning upon regiments and batteries not included in the expeditionary force. But in the case of a general mobilisation for home defence, this expedient could not be resorted to. On the whole, however, the arrangements, in so far as the 1st Army Corps is concerned, are in a fairly satisfactory state—the steps necessary for the forwarding of the reserve men to their corps having, we believe, been thought out and provided for. In regard to the 2d and 3d Army Corps, however, matters are not yet in nearly so good a

condition. The first step, however, has been taken, because the corps required for these are all told off, and their places of concentration chosen. This in itself is a great point, as without it hopeless confusion would ensue; and when all has been finished in regard to the all-important 1st Corps, the perfecting of the arrangements for the other two must be fairly taken in hand. It is also a great advantage that the whole of the militia and volunteers are told off for the points they are to proceed to on the mobilisation order being received. As a general result, it may be concluded that the mobilisation arrangements have at last been seriously looked to, and the innumerable difficulties connected with them fairly faced; but it must be some time yet before all that is necessary can be done—for there is nothing so difficult and so important in war as this.

A few words are still necessary on the recruiting question—perhaps the most important point of all. Here, of course, the great difficulty is that, for the reasons explained in the early part of this paper, it is impossible for us to offer to the greater part of our men a profession for life in the army. Men joining it must look forward to being turned out at the end of seven or eight years to make their own way in the world, with a very small amount of reserve pay (4d. per diem) for the unexpired portion (four or five years) of their military engagement. In the Guards, however, the experiment is being tried of enlisting men for three years' colour, and the remaining nine reserve service. The result, so far as it has gone, is very satisfactory. It is found that the men themselves prefer this; for



it reserves to them the liberty of either returning to civil life at the age of twenty-one or twenty-two years, when they are yet young enough to enter upon it with a fair chance of success, or, if they take a fancy to a military life, remaining on for another four years to complete the usual seven years' term of colour service before joining the reserve. The great advantage of the three years' system to the army is the large reserve which it rapidly provides; and this is already apparent in the case of the Guards. It is worth while considering whether it would not be a good thing to extend this to the Line in a small degree. For example, to allow every regiment, which has one battalion abroad and one at home, to enlist for home service only in its home battalion 100 men for three years with the colours and nine in the reserve. This would in time add considerably to the reserve, and give a certain number of men not liable to be transferred to the foreign battalion, the great bane of the home battalion officers at present. Last year our recruiting took a great and unexpected bound. For several years past it had fallen short very considerably of our establishment. In 1890 we enlisted only 31,400 men, but in 1891 the number rose to 36,000, or an increase of about 4600. This is satisfactory, but it is difficult to account for; and what is very singular, recruiting was most brisk during the time of harvest, when wages were highest, and labouring men were receiving 3s. and 4s. a-day.

As the great objection which good men have to joining the army is that it gives them no permanent profession, and puts them, at the end of their term of colour service, at a great disad-

vantage compared with the comrades who started along with them in civil life, so the greatest possible stimulus to recruiting would be given by anything which would show them that instead of hindering, an army life would open up to them a good chance of getting steady permanent employment. The first great move in this direction has been made by the present Government when they announced that in post-office first appointments thoroughly good and trustworthy soldiers would have the preference. Could this system be extended to other Government departments—to labourers in the dockyards, to the police (now an immense force extending all over the country), to Government offices—its advantages would quickly be found out, and we would have quite a different class of men coming into the army—men of good character striving to get on in life, not the failures of civil life, who now compose nearly the whole of our recruits. There can be no doubt that the system of deferred pay being paid to the soldier in a lump sum on completing his colour service, has proved in very many cases a failure. It is often squandered away in a few months, and the men become as impecunious as ever. It would be a better system to give the men 2d. a-day more pay while with the colours, and a gratuity of £7 when they pass into the reserve. The system also of requiring a man who has passed into the reserve to refund his deferred pay if he re-engages for colour service is a great mistake, and more than that, it is a grave injustice. The soldier at the end of his first period of colour service has actually and fully earned his deferred pay, which, as its name implies, is stopped off what .

wise be a portion of his daily pay, and the Government have no sort of right to interfere with it when once issued, any more than they have with the original daily pay itself. There is nothing for which the soldier has such a hatred as stoppages from his pay: he looks upon this as a complete imposition. To encourage recruiting, it is most desirable that all stoppages should be done away with, that he should be *completely* clothed and fed (including the evening meal) without any stoppage, and should receive his actual pay without any deduction whatever, except in the case of wilful misconduct. Till this is done he will never be contented.

It is here advisable to consider how that essential part of our army organisation—viz., the condition that each regiment should have one battalion abroad and another at home to feed it—broke down, and how this can best be remedied.

It arose from the permanent addition, some years ago, of three battalions to our army in India, and the (so-called) temporary addition of three more to our forces in the colonies. This upset the balance of seventy-one home to seventy foreign battalions—making the home battalions only sixty-five to seventy-six on foreign service; and this state of matters still continues. Of the different plans to meet this difficulty, the one which seems the best is that suggested by the committee on recruiting—viz., (1) To meet the temporary abstraction of three battalions for the colonies by establishing large depots for them; (2) To meet the permanent abstrac-

tion of three battalions for India, by giving two more battalions to the brigade of Guards—thus bringing up each of the Guard regiments to three battalions, and letting each regiment have always one battalion on foreign (Mediterranean) service.<sup>1</sup> Should it be considered inexpedient to touch the Guards, the best way to meet the difficulty (2) would be to turn three of our two battalion regiments into four battalion ones—thus enabling each to have two battalions always abroad.

In connection with the regular army there remains only to consider the territorial system. To establish this in our army, and with our system of recruiting, has been a very difficult matter, but it is astonishing what progress it has already made. The writer has frequently found himself, on riding at Aldershot up to a battalion with which he was unacquainted, able to tell at once, from the appearance of the men, from what part of the country it came—for instance, if from Yorkshire, or from the south of the Thames. There are many regiments now which have a very strong county connection, and this is in many cases increasing steadily. Where it exists, it has been found that the advantage to the reserve men in getting employment in their own districts is great. It is often said, and with truth, that many regiments show but a small number of recruits as enlisted in their own districts, in the returns; but it must be remembered that the great flow of population is from the counties to the towns, and from the towns, therefore, the great mass of

<sup>1</sup> As it is an anomaly to have a single battalion regiment in the line, it is worth considering whether it might not be advisable to complete the organisation of the Guards by transferring the Cameron Highlanders to them as a rifle corps, retaining the distinctive marks of the Highland dress along with the green jacket *the rifles*.



our recruits must come. In point of fact, a very large portion of the young men in every county go to the towns in search of work, and only take to the army in case they cannot find it. But this by no means prevents their joining their county regiment at the town recruiting office. London is the great magnet which attracts young men, and it consequently furnishes about 5000 recruits annually. Nearly half the number of the men who volunteer from the militia also join their own county regiments, and as in 1890 over 13,000 volunteered, some 6000 must have joined their own county corps in that year. Where this system has most completely failed is in Scotland, and that is because Scotland has localised upon it a number of regiments out of all proportion to its population, especially in regard to the Highland corps. This, it is only fair to say, is to a great extent the result of the very short-sighted action taken by the commanding officers of the kilted regiments, who, with the single exception of the 72d and 78th, now united into one as the Seaforth Highlanders, refused to join together in pairs, as they were strongly urged to do by the military authorities, and so necessitated the addition of a non-Scottish battalion to each Highland one to make up a double-battalion regiment. This completely overwhelmed the already overburdened Scottish recruiting.

We must now advert to the Militia. At this moment the militia numbers about 102,000 men, and is therefore about 33,000 under its establishment of 135,000, and has in its ranks some 30,000 who belong to the army reserve. On mobilisation, therefore, it would be deficient of 62,000 men. This

is a most unsatisfactory state for our second line of defence, and one which loudly calls for a remedy, more especially as we depend upon this force for five brigades of our 3d Army Corps, required for the home defence scheme, and as of late years the recruiting has fallen off. It is evident, therefore, that a drastic remedy is urgently required to restore this invaluable force to a really efficient state. Now the only one which will be effectual is a *partial* recourse to conscription. Conscription for the regular army has never been resorted to in this country, and it may safely be said that, except in a case of dire necessity, it never will be; but it has always been held as applicable, in case of need, to the militia, and until within the last few years a bill had to be annually brought into Parliament to suspend its action. What is proposed now is to revert to the old Militia Conscription Act. It is most desirable, however, that it should be resorted to in the smallest degree that will meet the needs of the case, and that it should be made to bear as lightly as possible upon the men drawn. For the present it would be advisable not to take into consideration the 30,000 of the militia (really army) reserve. This is in each corps limited to one-fourth of the establishment. Leaving them out of view, the deficit left to be supplied would be 33,000 men. To meet this it is suggested — 1. That every effort should be made to bring the militia battalions up to their established strength by means of voluntary enlistment. 2. That the deficit still existing in each battalion be made up by the conscription. 3. That the conscript should be drawn for the usual term of service in the militia (*six years*), but should only be called out



training during the first three years of his engagement. 4. That after these three years he should pass into a real militia (not army) reserve for the remainder of his engagement, and be only liable to be called on to serve in periods of danger when the reserves of the regular army are embodied. 5. That the number drawn during the first three years should be that necessary to bring the militia, at the end of them, up to its proper establishment; that after these first three years the number requisitioned in each year should be only that required to keep it up to the establishment. 6. That the men to be balloted for should be taken, in the first instance, from those who have attained the age of eighteen, those of nineteen and subsequent years being only resorted to in the case of the former class not producing the required numbers. This would ensure every conscript being free to go into any trade for a permanent living after his third training is finished—a point for the men, as some employers give the preference to those who have no annual training tie—and twenty-one is a good period in which to make a regular start in life. Even during his first three years the militia tie is but a slight one; for the first year being about two months, and for the succeeding years only one for training. There are employers who do not object to this for their hands, as in some trades (such as in cotton-mills) the gain to the men's health from a month's fresh air and exercise makes up for the temporary loss of labour. 7. That there should be no exemption from conscription, except in the case of men actually officers or "efficient" in the volunteers, and that only for so long as they remain officers or

efficient. 8. The existing militia districts and establishments would need to be carefully revised, so as to secure that an equal percentage only of conscripts should be called for from each.

The advantages of these proposals are—(1.) That it would, in three years, bring the militia up to its full establishment, and keep it afterwards always at that. (2.) That it would establish a regular reserve available only for the militia itself, which, beginning three years after conscription was first employed, would, by the end of six, amount probably to 30,000 men. (3.) That after this period it would go on steadily increasing in proportion to the number drawn each year, until the expiry of what may be called the militia colour service of those first drawn began, after which it would become comparatively stationary. (4.) That it would lead to an increase in the number of officers in the militia, as they would thereby escape being balloted for. (5.) That it would, in the same way, lead to a great increase in the number both of officers and men in the volunteers, as this would practically be the only means of securing one's self from the action of the ballot. This would be particularly valuable, as bringing back to the volunteers the class of men who originally started that great movement, but who are now becoming scarce in its ranks. (6.) That it would establish the machinery necessary for working the conscription, which would be of the utmost value should any great disaster or danger ever render it necessary for the country to put forth its utmost strength, as it would enable us to apply it to the regular army.

It now only remains to notice the Volunteers. The importance



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of this force for defensive purposes cannot be exaggerated, and it is a matter of serious and national regret that it has of late years been falling off in numbers. It reached its highest point in 1887, and since then steadily declined, until 1891, when there was a small increase. Thus it numbered in—

|             |         |
|-------------|---------|
| 1887, . . . | 228,000 |
| 1888, . . . | 226,000 |
| 1889, . . . | 224,000 |
| 1890, . . . | 221,000 |
| 1891, . . . | 222,000 |

Even more serious than this, however, is its great deficiency in officers, and the constantly increasing difficulty in getting gentlemen of means to accept commissions as such. For the falling off in men two reasons may be assigned—one, that the enthusiasm for the movement is somewhat on the wane; the other, that the more stringent rules to secure efficiency have driven a good many of the less zealous members out of the ranks. The general result may be summed up in a few words. The force is slowly decreasing in numbers, but improving in efficiency. Nothing has done more to augment the value of the volunteers, and to increase their readiness to take the field, than the introduction of a brigade organisation and brigade camps. These changes have removed the former isolation of the force in single battalions, without any higher administrative unit, and have made it far more handy and ready for work in case of need. Another change has also been of great advantage—viz., the formation of a considerable number of batteries of position. These are four gun-batteries of 40-pounders and 20-pounders, which, being horsed, can move anywhere with infantry. Some thirty-three of these batteries, we believe, have been already formed. The force is

thus able, out of its own resources, to take up any defensive position complete with its own artillery. Moreover, the whole body has now been told off for the work it will have to do in the event of mobilisation to meet invasion. Its garrison batteries, located on the sea-coast line, will then at once move into our great maritime fortresses; its mobile heavy batteries, located inland, will mostly hasten to the long line of selected defensive positions covering London from attack from the south and east coasts, where some nineteen or twenty brigades of volunteer infantry will have been already concentrated; and to every one of the remaining battalions its place in garrison or for coast defence has been assigned. All this shows the advance made in the organisation of our great citizen army; and the position assigned to a large portion of it for concentration, alongside our three army corps, on the line where it has been decided to meet the advance of an invader upon the capital, proves the trust placed in it by the military authorities.

But while there is so much that is satisfactory in this direction, it is sad to mark the commencement of what seems to be a progressive decline in its numbers and the increasing dearth of officers. This latter point is most serious, because it strikes at, and arises from, the financial difficulties of the force. The money earned from Government by the grant for efficient, &c., is barely adequate, even with good management, to cover the cost of the clothing and equipment of the men, and leaves no margin to meet the heavy but necessary expenses of store-houses, drill-halls, office buildings, and band, which fall at present with crushing severity on the officers. When the



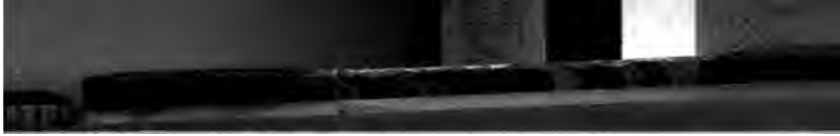


movement originated there was great enthusiasm amongst all classes in its favour, and numbers of rich and influential men contributed largely to start it, and many of them became officers in its ranks. But time has toned all this down, as is always the case in popular movements. These are excellent to start, but are never adequate to maintain, a force of the magnitude of our volunteer army. This can be done by Government only, and the time is fast approaching when it must face the difficulty. The volunteer, officer and man, gives his time to the State to constitute himself an efficient soldier; but having done this, his part ends. No officer should be called upon to pay anything for what is really necessary for the corps beyond his own uniform. All extravagance should be sternly repressed, but all really necessary charges should be at once and liberally paid for—that is, if the State wishes the force to be kept up. What now prevents gentlemen coming forward as officers, and especially as commanding officers, is the great expense necessarily incurred thereby; and it is no easy matter to see how, even with the best intentions, the requisite aid is to be given. Take as an example drill-halls. In large towns these are essential. Without them a corps would rapidly melt away; but in different towns, and in different parts of the same town, the price of sites varies immensely. No uniform allowance for this purpose can therefore be given. Each case must be gone into on its own merits. In country districts, where the companies are scattered over long distances, drill-halls are not

required; but regimental stores, orderly-rooms, &c., are always required, and with them the price of sites and building must also vary. Bands are essential to keep up a corps and get recruits; but in some corps there is, no doubt, often much more expended than need be on them. In many regiments, also, there has been extravagance in drill-halls. What should be allowed is only a fair amount to purchase or construct a plain building of the necessary size and with the necessary requirements in the locality of the corps. Unless something of this sort is done the officers will surely and gradually fall away, and corps after corps will be dissolved from the pressure of accumulating financial difficulties. The class of men who now compose the mass of the volunteers has greatly changed since the movement began. At first those who came forward were of the same class as the yeomanry are now—men comparatively well off and able to provide their own uniforms. This, however, has now ceased. The men belong to a class for whom everything must be provided. They can give nothing but their time. As was said in treating of the militia, the readoption of the ballot in that force would do more to fill the ranks of the volunteers, both in officers and men, than anything else could.

Our Artillery, Cavalry, and Yeomanry have not been touched upon; but this article is already too long to permit even a reference to the questions connected with these branches of the service.

A. ALISON.



## DIANA: THE HISTORY OF A GREAT MISTAKE.

## CHAPTER VII.—THE ENGLISH LADY IN PISA

THE presence of the Snodgrasses did not make very much difference to the party in the Palazzo dei Sogni; Mr Hunstanton introduced them to the English club, and, as was natural, they established themselves in the select coterie of the English Church, and were a great godsend to the chaplain, and attended the choir practices, and soon became very well known in Pisa. And in the evening receptions, which took place sometimes at Miss Trelawny's, sometimes at Mrs Hunstanton's, these two black figures were perpetually apparent, the uncle circulating among the little society, the nephew standing up in his usual corner. Poor curate! he did not get very much attention from any one. The Hunstantons confined their civilities to the necessary number of Good nights and Good mornings: Sophy flouted him perpetually; and Mrs Norton made him alarming little speeches about the parish, and asked him if he felt better, in a tone which inferred a contemptuous refusal to believe that he had been ill at all. All this he bore, poor fellow; he was not ill to speak of. If he could have been left in his corner staring at Diana for twelve hours at a time, or the whole twenty-four, had that been possible, he would have been happy—and would have minded none of the snubs that were freely dispensed on all sides. And Diana herself was always kind to the poor young man. She did not talk to him, for he could not talk; but she would give him a kindly smile when she passed him. She gave him her hand when he

came in, and when he went away. Now and then in heavenly courtesy she would say three words to him. "I hope you are better, Mr Snodgrass. I hope you like Pisa. What have you been seeing to-day?" One of these phrases kept him happy for a day. He did not expect any more, nor indeed half so much; and with what aim he continued to haunt and follow her, and put all his existence into the distant enjoyment of her sight and presence, it would be hard to say. As for gaining her love, *marrying* her!—it seemed about as hopeful as that he should marry the other Diana in the heavens, the moon, that shone with such warm Italian splendour over the high house-tops. In his brightest dreams he could not have imagined anything of the kind.

The only other person who took any notice of poor William Snodgrass was the one other who might have been supposed least likely to notice him. Pandolfini took the poor young fellow up. Notwithstanding the curate's awkwardness and shyness, the kind Italian insisted upon making acquaintance with him. There is no one so kind as an Italian, endowed with that *cortesía* which the old writers speak of as a quality of God. "The Lord of all Courtesy," is not that a title which Dante gives to the Supreme? Pandolfini had this divine quality as much as any man, even an Italian, ever had; and his heart was touched by the most tender sympathy for this fellow-in-feeling, whom it was too absurd to think of as his rival.



The poor curate was no one's rival. He had given up his being to the most beautiful and noble creature, so far as he knew, who had ever crossed his horizon; and had not Pandolfini done so too? The sympathetic Italian gave himself up to the task of cultivating this dull but tender soul. He took him to private gems of pictures which the public saw only on rare occasions: he took him through everything that was most worth seeing: and having his eyes opened by the fact that the heavy young Englishman had set his affections upon the highest object within his firmament, saw other glimmers of perception in him which no one else had found out.

"There, I can't understand Pandolfini," said Mr Hunstanton; "the uncle, now, is a man of the world. He is a man that knows what he is about. He has read a little and observed a little—as much as you can expect from a clergyman. But Bill Snodgrass is a nonentity. He is as dull as ditch-water. You can't get a sensible word out of him. The rector can talk and take his own part like any other man."

"I do not agree with you, my friend," said the Italian, "there are some fine things in the Stupid: there are feelings: I do not mean feelings of the heart alone. He has nothing to say about it; but he will know a fine picture when he sees one."

"When you tell him it is fine—"

"I never tell him anything; but there are things which Mr Bill, if so you call him (I admire your monosyllables), can see—and a great many people cannot see," said Pandolfini simply, yet with meaning, with a half-smile at his companion, who laughed, unabashed, and rubbed his hands.

"He means me! Yes, I know

him. The best fellow that ever breathed; but if he can give you a random cut round the corner! I refused to buy something once of a friend of his—and it turned out—what did it turn out, Pandolfini? an enormous prize, you know. How was a man to divine that? There was nobody to speak up for it, and I don't pretend to be a connoisseur. By the way, if you have friends who want to sell anything, you had better send them to Diana. She is the person. She could buy us all up and never feel it. To see her so simple as she is, you would never suppose that she was such a great lady at home."

"Is she, then, a great lady at home?"

"As great as a princess in other places. You didn't know? Well, I don't suppose it will make much difference to you, but that's the truth. She is what we call a great Squire in England. You know what that means?"

"Yes; I know what that means." Pandolfini looked at him with a half-smile, yet sigh. What difference could it make to him? He had never thought of putting himself on a level with that beautiful princess, of securing her to be his—his housewife, his chief possession. All that he had thought of was the pleasure of being with her, looking at her, like poor Snodgrass. Now here was something which put a still greater difference between them, and removed her out of his sphere. Was it not an irony of fate that before one woman only the doors of his heart should have flown wide open? and that she should be so entirely out of his sphere? A slight vague smile came upon his face, half at himself and his evil fortune—half with a tremulous and painful pleasure that she should be so rich, so

magnificent, so secure of everything that was good. Whatever happened, that was always well: that she should be a kind of queen, regnant, and safe from all straits and contradictions of fortune in the outer world as well as in the hearts that loved her. But he sighed. Why was it that the world was so made that the beautiful was always beyond reach, that love must be never more than a dream? He murmured over a verse or two of Leopardi, as he went upon his way, with that smile and sigh.

“O natura, o natura,  
Perchè non rendi poi,  
Quel che prometti allor? perchè de  
tanto,  
Inganni i figli tuoi.”

Nothing more pathetic or more poignant than that sense of tantalising anguish and pleasure—supremest good held before the eyes, but ever inaccessible, giving happiness and suffering together, without blame of any one, or wrong, can be. And Pandolfini was not the kind of man who rails at fortune. He went away melancholy along Arno: yet smiled while he sighed.

Somehow or other this passing and temporary life of the English visitors in the foreign town had become too serious, too securely established and certain with all of them, being as it really was an affair of a few weeks or months at the utmost, and incapable of extension. Perhaps this was Diana's fault. Arriving in March, she had no more than six or seven weeks before her, a mere temporary visit—but the temporary was uncongenial to her nature. She established herself, half unconsciously, involuntarily as if she had been at home. She made her *piano nobile* in the old palace

assume a certain resemblance to herself, just as she, on the other hand, perhaps unconsciously too, perhaps with a touch of that fine vanity which disguises itself under the semblance of taste, suited herself to her dwelling-place, and put her dress and all her surroundings into conformity with it. If Diana had not had the kind of lofty beauty to which utter simplicity of toilet is becoming, probably it might not have occurred to her to leave the new dress from Paris, before which Mrs Norton and Sophy had rendered homage, hanging in her wardrobe, and put on the old velvet gown, which, as Sophy indignantly remarked, “she had worn all last winter!” But this was what she did: though in some lights the long sweeping folds of the velvet, which was of a very dark Venetian blue, looked somewhat faded, at least in the eyes of her friends. “I never thought Diana would be like that: wearing out her old dresses, when she can afford to have as many new ones as she pleases!” Sophy cried, almost weeping at the recollections of all M. Worth's *poufs* and *plissés*. “It does not matter for us,” Mrs Norton added, with serious vexation, “we know her and look up to her in any dress; but among strangers!” Thus her friends were annoyed by her supposed frugality: and perhaps Diana, if her French toilet had been more becoming to her, would not have felt the necessity of conforming her dress to the style of those great rooms, so pathetically faded, so noble and worn, and independent of all meretricious decoration.

She did other things, which perhaps were less justifiable still, and which excited the displeasure of another section of her friends.



In a country practically unconverted to the laws of political economy, she was but too glad to forget them, and gave alms with a largeness and liberality which, I suppose, is quite indefensible. She was even so misled as to allow the shameless beggars about to come to her for weekly pensions, putting them on their honour, and talking to them in friendly, if somewhat solemn Italian—slow as Pandolfini's English, and from the same cause. "Giving to all those beggars,—I can't imagine what Miss Trelawny can be thinking of," cried the rector; "surely she must know that she is helping to demoralise them: destroying all the safeguards of society." "So far as that goes, I don't think Diana will do *them* much harm; but I object to have the staircase haunted by Peppino and Company," said Mr Hunstan-ton. "I must talk to her, and you had better talk to her, Snodgrass. As for demoralising, you know, they're past that. I defy you to demoralise Peppino. You can't blind a man who has no eyes; can you, now?" But this will be enough to show that Diana gave dissatisfaction on both sides: only Pandolfini and the curate stood by with silent adoration, and thought everything she did and was, the noblest and the fairest that ever were made visible to eyes of men.

It must be allowed, however, that neither the disapproval nor the adoration affected Diana. She went on her way calmly, indifferent to what was said, laughing, though gently, at Mr Snodgrass's serious remonstrance, and at the half-crying appeal of Sophy. And everything seemed to conspire around her to give the air of *stability and everlastingness* which *seemed natural* to her life. She

acquired for herself, without knowing it, a distinct position, which was partly by her beauty, no doubt, partly even by her height and dignity of person, and partly from the individuality about her, and her modest indifference to ordinary rule. There is an immodest indifference which gives distinction of a totally different kind; but Diana—who did not come for pleasure as commonly so called, who appeared seldom at public places, and whose enjoyment of her strange habitation was that of an inhabitant not of a tourist—Diana became known in Pisa as scarcely ever *forestiera* had been before. Pandolfini felt that he could divine why, believing, as was natural at once to a patriot and a lover, that his race was quick to recognise supreme excellence, and that it was natural that all who knew her should bow down before her. But anyhow, in her retirement, in her quietness, she became known as if by an instinct of sympathy. The beggars in the piazzas asked nothing of her, but blessed her with bold extravagance as she passed. The people uncovered right and left. *Quant' è bella!* they said, with that unfeigned and heartfelt admiration which is pure Italian, not loudly, to catch her ear, nor yet in whispers, as if they were ashamed of it, but in their ordinary tones, all being natural, both the popular worship and its object. The curate when he became aware of this grew red, and clenched his fist, with an English impulse "to knock down the fellow;" but Pandolfini, who knew better what it meant, followed her steps at a distance with glowing eyes, and was proud and happy in the universal homage. He quoted lines out of the '*Vita Nuova*' to his stupid faithful companion. Not always to his listener's edi-

fiction. "How do you suppose I can understand that stuff?" growled the Rev. William through the beard he was growing, and the Italian ceased to throw about such pearls.

But it may be imagined what a thunderbolt fell into this peaceful little society when there began to be consultations among the leaders of the party about going away. "Our time will soon be up, you know," Mr Hunstanton said one evening, rubbing his hands; "May is a very nice month to get home in. A week or two in Switzerland; perhaps a week or two in London, if my wife has good accounts of the children. That's what I like. After May it's sultry here and uncomfortable, eh, Pandolfini? Off in November, home in May, that's my rule—and if you like to take it old style, you know, as they do in Russia, so much the better. That's my regular rule."

"W—what?" said Mrs Norton, who sometimes tried to persuade herself that she was rather deaf, and would not hear anything that was unpleasant; but she had scarcely self-possession for this little trick, being too much aghast at the idea thus presented to her mind, which it seemed incredible they should all have ignored till now.

Then there was a pause of universal dismay, for they had all enjoyed themselves very much, and disliked the idea of breaking up. Mrs Hunstanton alone went on working placidly; and the murmur of Reginald's voice, who was playing patience at a table, and whispering the value of the cards to himself, became suddenly audible. The impatience of the whole company with Reginald cannot be described. "My dear boy," said the rector sharply, (in a tone which meant *You odious idiot!*) "couldn't

you just count as well if you did it to yourself?"

"What has the boy done?" said Mr Hunstanton with surprise. "Yes; we must bolt. I don't know how that may affect your plans, Diana."

"I have no plans," she said. "I came here by the light of nature, because you were all here——"

"And you will come away in the same manner," said Mr Hunstanton, briskly. Sophy turned round and transfixed him with her eyes, or would have done so had his middle-aged composure been penetrable, or had he seen her, which had something also to do with it. But he did not see her, and, good man, was perfectly easy in his mind.

"Well, I confess I shall be sorry," said the rector, "and so, I am sure, will be my dear Bill. We have had a very agreeable visit, nice society, all centring round the Church in the most delightful way, and so many charming people! I shall be very sorry to think of breaking up."

He stopped somewhat abruptly, with unexpected suddenness, and in the silence, more audible still than Reginald's whispering, came a sort of groan from the burdened bosom of the curate, who stood behind-backs in his usual place, and who had felt himself covered by his uncle's speech. This made everybody look up, and there was a faint titter from Reginald, by way of revenge for the rector's rebuke. It was Sophy who had the boldness to take up this titter in the wild stinging of disappointment and dismay.

"Why should *you* feel it so much, Mr Snodgrass?—what does it matter to you?" You will have to go home to the parish whether or not!" she cried.

"Sophy, hush, hush! Yes,



dear Mr Hunstanton, how pleasant it has been!" said Mrs Norton. "What a blow to us all to break it up! I should like to stay here for ever, winter and summer. It would not be too hot for me. For I can never be grateful enough to Italy," she added, impressively, "for restoring health to my dear child."

This called the general attention to Sophy, whose blooming countenance, a little flushed by vexation, looked very unlike any possible failure of health. Sophy was as near crying as possible. She had to put force upon herself to keep the tears out of her eyes.

"Let us not make ourselves miserable before the time," said Diana. "It is not May yet; there is a week of April left. Let us gather roses while we may, and in good time here is Mrs Winthrop and our musical people. Sophy, come and help to get the songs out. We can talk of this another time."

Sophy came, with a sullenness which no one had ever remarked in her before. She made no reply to what Diana said, but pulled the music about under pretence of arranging it. As she did so, with her back turned to the rest of the company, Diana saw a few hot hail-drops of tears pattering down

among the songs. She put her hand kindly upon Sophy's shoulder.

"Sophy dear," she said, "is it the thought of going away? is this what you feel so much?"

"Oh, leave me alone, please! I have got a headache," cried Sophy, jerking away from her friend's grasp.

Diana said nothing more. She was grieved and disturbed by this very strange new development. She put down all the songs and music that were likely to be wanted, and opened the piano, and greeted with her usual dignified kindness the new people who came rustling in to the agitated atmosphere. It did not seem agitated to them. Mrs Winthrop came in all smiles and flounces, and there was a gathering round the piano, and much laughter and talk and consultation, as is customary on such occasions. Diana herself did not sing except rarely. She helped to set the little company going, over their madrigals and part-songs, and then she withdrew, with that sensation of relief which is afforded to the mind of the mistress of a house and chief entertainer by the happy consciousness of having set an amusement going, by means of which her guests will manage to entertain themselves for the rest of the night.

#### CHAPTER VIII.—AN EVENING PARTY.

Diana seated herself in her favourite place, in a great chair covered with dark old velvet, which had got a bloom on it by dint of age, such as youth sometimes has, like the *duvet* of a purple plum. Her own dress was made in toned white, creamy and soft, not the brilliant white of snow, and of rich *silk*, which fell in heavy splendid folds. But it was "old-fashioned"

in its cut, which Sophy had deeply deplored already, with a plain long skirt, "such as was worn three years ago!" the girl had cried with vexation. A certain weariness was about Diana as she laid her head back on the velvet, weariness yet satisfaction in having settled all her people comfortably in the way of amusing themselves, and being thus herself left free.



Mr Hunstanton was talking with Colonel Winthrop, who was the husband of the musical lady, and two other persons who did not care for music. Mrs Norton, who was not musical, except in the way of playing waltzes (of which she knew three) and one old set of quadrilles, had taken pity upon Reginald, and had gone to the side-table with him to play piquet, which was more amusing than patience. Diana looked round her with a sigh of comfort, feeling that all her guests were off her hands. The central group at the piano was the brightest point. Mrs Winthrop, who was a pretty young woman, and acted as conductor, held the chief place, holding a pink forefinger in the air instead of a baton, swaying her head, and tapping her foot according to the measure. Around her were her troupe with their music, among whom, most evident to Diana, was Mrs Hunstanton, "putting in a second," as she had been adjured to do—and anxious to escape, Sophy singing soprano, with the half-tearful, half-sullen look gradually melting from her face under the charms of the madrigal; and over Sophy's head, holding his book high, the poor curate, who had been forced into it, and who, with his mouth open, and his eyes wandering, added a powerful but uncertain bass. The soft lights of the candles on the walls lighted them all up, shining upon the lightness of their faces, and the dresses of the ladies, as they stood grouped about the piano. Behind, Mr Hunstanton's darkly attired group of men gave an agreeable balance to the picture.

In front of Diana there were but three figures. Mrs Norton and Reginald, with a table between them, covered with the glories of the coloured cards, which were repeated in the rose-coloured

ribbons of her cap; and standing quite alone in front of the dim profundity of a great old mirror—Pandolfini. He was the only one who was alone as she was, though not by design, like Diana. The glass was so old and so dim that it almost shrouded him, giving its background of mysterious reflection to make even his solid figure look unreal. But one thing about him was very real, which was that his eyes were fixed upon herself. It was an inadvertent moment, and Mr Hunstanton's sudden announcement of approaching departure had brought a certain agitation into the atmosphere. To Diana, who had taken root in the friendly place, notwithstanding her consciousness that her stay could not be long, the feeling was painful—but to Pandolfini it was like the crush of overthrow. He had known it, he said to himself—of course he had known it—but it had not appeared such an utter and miserable conclusion of all hopes, and revolution in life. The room had contracted round him, and the lights grown dim, just as he felt the firmament itself would contract, and the sun grow dim to him, when she was gone—and he had forgotten himself. He had not been able to talk, to join in what everybody was doing, so long as this feeling that the earth had opened under his feet, ready to swallow him up and all things, was foremost in his mind. He had had his full of revolutions: he knew what they were, and how men could live through them, and the vulgar placidity of every day overcome all the violence that could be done in life. But here was a revolution which could not be got over. Yes, yes, he said to himself drearily, as, under cover of the music and the movement, he put himself thus be-





hind-backs, and allowed his eyes to rest upon Diana with a half-despairing intentness. *Si / si /* it could be got over. If a man is hacked limb by limb he has to bear it, making no unseemly outcries; but still the thought of what it would be, the going out of all sweet lights and hopes, the settling down of darkness, the horror of something taken away which could never be replaced, appalled his very soul. What an irony it was, what a cruelty of fate! He had been well enough before, contenting himself with his existence, thinking of no Diana, satisfied with the life which had never known her. But now! — without knowing, Pandolfini gazed at her out of the shadows with eyes that glowed and burned, and with a longing and fixedness very startling to her pensive calm, as suddenly she turned to him with a half-smile and met his look!

Diana drew a little back in her chair, swerved for a moment, so startled that she did not know what to do or think. She felt a blush rising over her — why she could not tell: a sort of self-consciousness seized upon her, consciousness of herself as being gazed at, rather than of him who was gazing. Why should he or any one look at her so? Then she recovered, with a slight shake of her head to throw off the impression, and a confused laugh at her own vanity (as she called it): and seeing nothing better to do, beckoned to him to come to her. Pandolfini was not less confused than she. His first thought was that he had betrayed himself, and that nothing was to be done now but to face his fate with melancholy boldness, which becomes the unfortunate. He had made up his *mind before now* in moments of *peril to sell his life dearly*. If this

unconscious queenly lady was to have his life like a flower, at least she should be aware of what it was which was thrown on her path for her delicate foot to tread on. A kind of tender fury came into his mind. He went up to her slowly, almost solemnly, as a man might be supposed to go to his death — not affecting to be indifferent to it, but ready for whatever might befall.

Diana had called him; but she was confused, not knowing how she was to speak to this man, who looked at her not as acquaintances look. In her embarrassment she found nothing but the most *banal* of nothings to say.

"I cannot suppose you are not fond of music, Mr Pandolfini."

"Should I unite myself to the gentlemen, then? But neither does Miss Trelawny — it is not that one does not love music."

"I cannot answer for myself," said Diana, gladly plunging into an abstract subject. "I am fanciful — I think I like music only when it goes to my heart."

"What a pretty idiom is that!" said Pandolfini. "One loves everything most when it touches *there*." He had placed himself just a step behind her, enough to make it difficult for her to see him, while he could see her perfectly. It was an unfair advantage to take. "But music," he added, "it has other aims — the ear first, and the mind and the imagination."

"There is my deficiency," said Diana. "I only understand it in this way. Other arts may instruct, or may inspire; but if music does not touch me, move my feelings, I do not make anything of it. I do not understand it. This is my deficiency."

"I acknowledge no deficiency," said the Italian in a low tone. The



excitement in his blood was subsiding a little, but still he wanted some perfume to reach her from the myrtle-bough crushed on her path. And the tone was one which answered her musical requirements, and went right to her heart. Where had she heard that tone before? It was not the first time in her life, as may be supposed; but it seemed a long time since, and the thrill of recognition was also a thrill of alarm.

"We will not quarrel on this point," she said, "especially as the present performance is not one to call forth much feeling; but it makes people happy, which is always something."

"Happy?" said Pandolfini; "is it this then which in your English calls itself happiness? Ah! pardon—the Italian is more rich. This is (perhaps) to be amused—to be diverted—but *happy*—no. We keep that name for better things. I, for instance," he added once more, in so low a voice that she had to stoop forward to hear him, "I might say so much—and, alas! it is for a moment, for a breath, no more. But *they*, these gentlemen and ladies—they divert themselves: the difference is great."

"You must say ladies and gentlemen, Mr Pandolfini," said Diana, glad to be able to escape from too grave an argument; "in English it is more courteous to put *us* first."

"Pardon," he said, with the flush of ready shame, which every one feels who has made a slip in a new language. "I thought it was used so. But in all languages heaven goes before the earth. I ought to have known."

Diana laughed, but he did not laugh. He was not without humour; but at present he was in deadly earnest, incapable of seeing the lighter side. "At all events,

that is pure Italian," she said. "Your compliments are delightful, Mr Pandolfini—so general that one ventures to accept them on account of all the other women in the world. I wish one could believe it," she added, shaking her head.

"I do believe it," he said once more, in his deepest tone.

"Ah! you speak too low: I cannot hear you—which is an English not an Italian fault. But you are right to discriminate between happiness and amusement. We do so too, but we are not sufficiently particular about our words, and use the first that comes to hand."

Then there was a pause, and this time it was he who began. "Is it true," he said, "that this is soon to come to an end?—that you are going away?"

"I suppose we must go, sooner or later. Not perhaps with the Hunstantons; but people do not stay here for summer, do they? It is for winter one comes here?"

"I am no judge," he said gravely, with that seriousness, on the verge of offence with which a man hears his own country criticised. "I have spent many summers here. You shut yourself up behind the *persianis* all day; but when evening comes—ah, Miss Trelawny! the night of summer that goes to the heart, as you say. I have never been in your country. I cannot tell if among the seas you can know. Ah, you smile! I am wrong; I can believe it. England is no more sombre when you—such as you—live there; but in Italy I would give—how much—a year! years—of my life that you might see one summer night. The air it is balm; so soft, so warm, so cool, so dark. The moon more lustrous than any day. And all the people out of doors. You who love the people it would make



you glad. Upon the stairs and in the doorways, everywhere, all friendly, smiling, singing, feeling the air blow in their faces. How it has made me happy!—But now, —now—

"You ought to be more happy than ever, Mr Pandolfini," said Diana, raising herself erect in her chair, turning round upon him with the courage the situation demanded, yet unable to keep a tremor of sympathy out of her voice, "now that your country has risen up again, and takes her place once more among the best."

"I thank you for saying so—yes, I should be more happy; but, *ecco*, Miss Trelawny, we are not as we would. I have my senses, is it not true? I am not a child to stretch out my hands for what is beyond reach? Yet also, alas! I am that fool,—I am that child. My country?—I forget what I meant to say."

"You are not well," said Diana, troubled. "It is this hideous din. Oh no, I meant this beautiful music. You will be better when it is over."

"Nay," he said, the moisture coming into his eyes. "I like it; it makes a solitude. It might be that there was no one else in the world."

All this was nothing. If Mr Hunstanton had heard it, he would have said that Pandolfini was in one of his queer moods, and would have divined nothing of what lay below; but to most women this inference of adoration is more seductive than the most violent protestations. Even Diana felt herself yield a little to the charm. She had to make an effort to resist and escape from this fascination.

"And happily, here we are at the end," she said. "Listen—here comes the last burst."

"Will you tell me?" said poor Pandolfini, paying no attention to the interruption; "it will be very kind. Will you tell me to my own self, *à me stesso*, before you go away?"

"It will be your turn to pay us a visit in England," she said, rising; and she turned and looked at him with a smile which was very sweet and friendly, though so calm. "Then I will show you my country as you have shown me yours," she added. How kind she was! almost affectionate, confiding; looking at him as if he had been an old friend—she who had known him a few weeks only. But, alas! the moon in the sky was not more serene than Diana. She went forward to the singers, adding in the same breath, "Is it over so soon? You have given us a very pleasant half-hour" (was it by their singing?). "Won't you take something, and begin again?"

"Tea is the worst thing for the voice," said Mrs Winthrop, "though I am dying for a cup of tea. No more to-night, dear Miss Trelawny. I am sure we have bored you quite enough: though it is amusing to those who sing, I am always sorry for the audience. We must not try you any more."

"I have liked it," said Diana; and he thought she gave a humorous half-glance towards himself, as if to indicate how it was that she had liked it. As for Pandolfini, he could not bear the contact of the gay little crowd. He went into one of the deep windows, and after a moment stole out into the balcony outside. He was not calm. If Diana had liked this brief retirement from her little world and its busy affairs only to plunge into them again—to pour out tea for Mrs Winthrop, and condole with the tenor on the cold which affected his voice—the Italian was not so

philosophical. His frame quivered with all that he had said and all that he had not said. Had he betrayed himself? In every other kind of sentiment two people are on easier ground; but in love, except when they understand each other completely, how are they ever to understand each other? A woman cannot be kind without being more than kind, or a man make himself intelligible without those last explanations which one way or another are final—knitting the two together, or cutting them adrift for ever. Alas! there seemed no likelihood with that calm Diana of any knitting together: and he would not be cut adrift. No; he would take her at her word. He would be patient—nay, passive, tenacious—as the English like a man to be. He would be silent, resisting all temptation to speak even as he had spoken to-night. He would give up the ways of his own race and take to hers, concealing every sentiment; he would be reticent, self-controlled, everything that an Italian is not by nature. He would take the benefit of every moment here, and enjoy her society as if he did not love her. Yes; that is what he would do—take the good of her, as if she were nothing to him but an acquaintance, and never risk that subdued happiness by any revelation of deeper feeling. And then when all was had that could be had here, he would do as she had said—he would go to England, and there be happy, or at least a little happy, again. And who could tell? If he could manage to be so wise as this, so self-controlled, so English, who could tell what might happen? She might be in some great danger from which he could rescue her; she might fall into some great strait or misfortune in which he

might be of use. He did not, perhaps, immediately realise the drowning, or the fire, or the runaway horses which might form the extremity which would be his opportunity, as a youth might have done; but when a man is under the dominion of one of the primitive emotions, does not that reverse the distinctions of youth and age?

It was the most youthful foolish notion, transparent as gossamer, which thus sprang up within him, and which he cherished with such tenderness. He stood on the balcony with his back turned to the world outside: the soft infinite sky of a spring night, the dewy sense of moisture in the air, the gleam of the Arno between its banks below, and the voices of the passers-by, in which there was generally a dreamy attraction for him—all this was of less importance to Pandolfini to-night than the lighted interior, with those groups of careless *forestieri* laughing and carrying on their chatter under that solemn cavalier of the Sogni, his own ancestor, who looked on so gravely, seeing the Northern hordes come and go. A momentary contempt and almost hatred for them seized Pandolfini, though he was an Anglomane. What did they want here with their curiosity and their levity?

“*Le case di Italia son fatte per noi*,” he said to himself; then laughed at himself for the doggerel, and so brought his mind down as well as he could from these thoughts to the common platitudes, to Mr Hunstanton, who appealed to him about a discussion which had taken place in the Italian parliament, and to Colonel Winthrop, who claimed his opinion as an impartial person as to the relative intelligence of the English and Americans. He



stepped in from the balcony with a smile on his face, and gave them his reply. His heart was thrilling and quivering with the effort, but he made no sign. Was not this the first symptom that he had conquered himself, that he was as strong as an Englishman, and had

surmounted that impatience of suffering, that desire for demonstration which is in the Italian blood? Would she think so? or had she divined what he meant, or ever thought enough about him to wonder? This was the most exciting question of all.

CHAPTER IX.—WARNINGS AND CONSULTATIONS.

Mrs Hunstanton lingered after the visitors had gone away. She made a determined stand even against Mrs Norton and Sophy, and outstayed them in spite of all their efforts. She said, with something of that breathlessness which betrays mental excitement, "I want to say a word to you, Diana. I want to warn you. Spectators always see more than the chief actors, and I have been a spectator all the evening. You must not play with edge-tools."

"I play with edge-tools?" said Diana; "are there any in my way?"

"My dear," said the elder lady, who was not addicted to phrases of affection, "I wish I could let you have a peep from my point of view without saying a word: but that is a thing which cannot be done. Diana—I don't know if you have observed it,—but poor Pandolfini——"

Involuntarily, unawares, Diana raised her hand to stop the warning with which she had been threatened, and the colour rose in her face, flushing over cheeks and forehead, to her great distress and shame. But what could she do. Some women cannot help blushing, and those who are thus affected generally consider it as the most foolish and unpleasant of personal peculiarities. She tried to look unconscious, calmly indifferent, but the effort was entirely destroyed by this odious blush.

"Mr Pandolfini?" she said, with an attempt at cheerful light-heartedness. "I hope it is not he who is your edge-tool. It does not seem to me a happy simile."

"Oh, Diana," cried Mrs Hunstanton, too eager to be careful, "don't treat a man's happiness or misery so lightly! I never questioned you on such subjects, but a woman does not come to your age without knowing something of it. Don't take his heart out of his hand and fling it to the dogs. Don't——"

"I?" cried Diana, aghast. She grew pale and then red again, and the tears came to her eyes. "Am I such a monster? or is it only you who are rhetorical? What have I to do with Mr Pandolfini's heart?"

"You cannot deceive me, Diana," said her friend. "You blushed—you know very well what I mean. Men may not see such things—but women, they understand."

"We have no right to speak of a gentleman we know so little—or at least whom I know so little—in this way," said Diana, very gravely. "It is an injury to him. You are kind—you mean him well—but even with that we have no right to discuss——"

"I don't wish to discuss him, Diana. If there was any chance for him, poor man—oh no, you need not shake your head; I know well enough there is no chance for him; but don't torture

him at least," cried Mrs Hunstanton, getting up hastily, "this I *may* say——"

"It is the thing you ought least to say," Diana said, accepting her good-night kiss perhaps more coldly than usual, for though she was perfectly innocent, she dared not dispute the fact pointed out to her. "No, I am not angry: but why should you accuse me so? Do I torture any one? You have made me very uncomfortable. If it is true, I shall have to break up and leave this nice place, which pleased me, and go back with you to England."

"You are afraid of yourself," cried Mrs Hunstanton.

"I!"—Diana did not say any more. Yes; she was too proud. It was not like a woman to be so determined, so immovable: and yet a woman whose colour went and came, whose eyes filled so quickly, who was so sensitive and easily moved, could she be hard? Mrs Hunstanton did not quite know what she wished. She was a little proud of Diana—among all the girls who married, the one unmarried woman, placed upon a pedestal, a virgin princess dispensing good things to all, and above the common weaknesses. One such, once in a way, pleased her imagination and her *esprit de corps*. And if Diana had willingly stepped down from her pedestal, a sense of humiliation would have filled her friend's mind. But then poor Pandolfini! She was quick of wit and quick of speech, and would have been as ready as anybody to turn upon him, and ask who was he that he should have the Una, the peerless woman, he a penniless foreigner with nothing but a fine name? Probably had Diana melted, all this wilful lady's impatient soul would have risen indignant at the idea of the *English lady* of the *manor* consenting to turn herself

into a Madame Pandolfini. But all the same, as Diana had no such intention, her heart melted over the hopeless lover. Poor fellow! how good he was, how kind, how friendly! It was hard that by a mere accident, so to speak, because Diana had taken it into her head so suddenly to come here, that his whole life should be ruined for him. How hard it was that such things should be! As Mrs Hunstanton went up-stairs to her own floor she could not help remembering with some virulence that it was that absurd little Sophy's sham cough which had brought Diana here, and done all the mischief. Little ridiculous creature, whom Diana would spoil so, and raise altogether out of her sphere! Mrs Hunstanton was quite sure that it was entirely Sophy's fault (and her aunt's: the aunt was on the whole, being older, more ridiculous and more to be blamed than Sophy) that this misfortune had happened; though after all, she added to herself, how could Pandolfini expect that Diana was to be kept out of Italy, and shut up, so to speak, in England on his account, lest he should come to harm? That was out of the question too. Thus it will be seen the argument on her side was inconsistent, and, indeed contradictory, as most such arguments must always be.

At the same time a very different sort of conversation was going on in another room in this same Palazzo dei Sogni. As they went out, Mr Hunstanton had seized Pandolfini by the arm. "Come up-stairs and smoke a cigar with me: the night is young," he said; "and there are lots of things I want to talk to you about. Now there are so many ladies on hand, I never see you. Come, you shall have some syrup or other, and I'll have soda



—and something—and a friendly cigar. What a business it is to be overdone with ladies! One never knows the comfort of a steady-going wife of one's own—that is acquainted with one's tastes and never bothers one—till a lot of women are let loose upon you. Diana there, Sophy here—a man does not know if he is standing on his head or his heels.”

“Pah! you like it,” said the Italian, with a smile.

“Do I? Well, I don’t know but what I do. I like something going on. I like a little commotion and life, and I am rather fond, I confess, of helping things forward, and acting a friend’s part when I can. Yes, I’m very glad to be of use. You now, my dear fellow, if I could help you to a good wife.”

Pandolfini turned pale. Was it sacrilege this good easy Englishman was talking? The idea seemed too profane, too terrible to be even contradicted. He pretended not to have heard, and took up the ‘Galignani’ which lay in Mr Hunstanton’s private room—the room where he was supposed to write business letters, and do all his graver duties, but in which there was always a limp novel in evidence, from the press of Michel Levy, or Baron Tauchnitz, and where ‘Galignani’ was the tutelary god.

“Sit down, and let us talk. You should come over to England, Pandolfini. The change would do you good. I like change, for my part. What is the good of staying for ever in one corner of the world, as if you were a vegetable and had roots? We say it is a grievance that we have to leave home every winter on Reginald’s account, and I suppose I grumble like other people; but no doubt, *on the whole*, I like it. There’s the *hunting*—of course one misses all *that*; but then I don’t hunt, so it

matters less: change is always agreeable. And then you have got used to our little society. One abuses the women; but they are always pleasant enough. The worst is, one has a little too much of them in the country. Well, not so constantly as here; but they are our nearest neighbours, and *toujours perdrix*, you know.”

“Is it that you mean to persuade me to come, or not to come?” said Pandolfini, laughing.

“My dear fellow, how can you doubt? Of course we shall be delighted to see you, both I and my wife. We always feel together, she and I. Of course you will think me an old fool and all that for speaking with so little enthusiasm. I am past the age of *les grandes passions*; but a good wife is a very good thing, I can tell you, Pandolfini. It is astonishing how many worries a man is spared when he has somebody always by him who knows his ways, and sees that he is comfortable. Many a great calamity is easier put up with than having your tastes disregarded, and your customs broken in upon.”

“This may be very true, my good Hunstanton, but why to me—why say it to me? I have no—wife.” His voice changed a little, with a tone which would have been very instructive to the lady spoken of, but which conveyed no particular information to her husband. Mr Hunstanton rubbed his hands: then he took his cigar out of his mouth in his energy, and puffed a large mouthful of smoke into his companion’s face.

“That is exactly the question—exactly the question. My dear fellow, that is just what I wanted to say to you. You ought to have a wife.”

Pandolfini gave a quick look up into his friend’s eyes. What he thought or hoped he might find



there who can tell? Many things were possible to his Italian ideas that no Englishman would have thought possible. From whom might this suggestion come? His heart gave a wild leap upward, then sank with a sudden plunge and chill. What a fool, what a miserable vain fool he was! She to hold out a little finger, a corner of her handkerchief, to him or any man! His eyes fell, and his heart; he shook his head.

"Come, come, Pandolfini! that is the way with all you foreign fellows. You are as afraid of marriage as if it were purgatory. You have had full time to have your fling surely. I don't mean to insinuate anything against you. So far as I know, you have always been the most irreproachable of men. But supposing that you hadn't, why, you have had time enough to have your fling. How old are you, forty? Well, then, it is time to range yourself as the French say. An English wife would be the making of you——"

"Hunstanton," cried the Italian, "all this that you are saying is as blasphemy. Is it to me you speak of ranging myself, of accepting unwillingly marriage, of having an English wife offered to me like a piece of useful furniture? It is that you do not know me—do not know anything about me—notwithstanding, *buon amico*, that you are my best friend."

Mr Hunstanton looked at him with complacent yet humorous eyes. "Aha!" he said, "didn't I divine it! I knew, of course, how the wind was blowing. Bravo, Pandolfini! so you are hit, eh? I knew it, man! I saw it sooner than you did yourself."

Pandolfini looked at the light-hearted yet sympathetic Englishman with a glow upon his dark face of more profound emotion than Mr

Hunstanton knew anything about. He held out his hands in the fullness of his heart. Instinct told him that this was not the man to whom to speak of Diana—although the Englishman was fond of Diana too in his way. But his heart melted to the friend who had divined his love. Mr Hunstanton, too, was touched by a confession so frank yet so silent. He got up and patted his friend on the shoulder. "To be sure," he said, his voice even trembling a little, "you mustn't have any shyness with an old man. I divined it all the time."

There was a little pause, during which this delightful and effusive confidant resumed his seat. He kept silence by sheer force of the emotion which he saw in the other's face, though it was almost unintelligible to him. Why should he take it so very seriously? Mr Hunstanton was on the very eve of bursting forth when Pandolfini himself began—

"But to what good? She is more young, more rich, more highly gifted than I. What hope have I to win her! She with all the world at her feet! I—nobody. Ah, it is not want of seeing. I see well—not what you say, my good friend, but what all your poets have said. That is what a woman is—a woman of the English. But, *amico mio*, do not let us deceive ourselves. What hope is there for such a one as I?"

"Hope! why every hope in the world," cried the cheerful counsellor. "Talk about the poets: what is it that Shakespeare says? Shakespeare, you know, the very chief of them—

'She is a woman, therefore to be wooed;  
She is a woman, therefore to be won.'

Tut! why should you be a





aged. Don't you know our proverb, that 'Faint heart never won fair lady'? Cheer up, man, and try. You can but lose at the worst, and then if you win——"

Pandolfini sat and looked at him with glowing eyes. He was gazing at Hunstanton; but he seemed to see Diana: not as she had been that evening, seated calmly, like a queen, in the centre of so many people who looked up to her — but as she appeared when he saw her first, when she shone upon him suddenly, with her black veil about her head, and when all the bells chimed Diana. What a revelation that had been to him! he did not even know her, nor did he know how, without knowing, he could be able to divine her as he felt he had done. He fell into a musing, his eyes all alit with the glow of passion and visionary happiness. He knew there was no hope for him: who was he that she should descend from her heights, and take him by the hand? The idea was too wonderful, too entrancing, to have any possibility in it; but it brought such a gleam of happiness to his mind as made him forget everything—even its folly. He paid no attention to Hunstanton gazing at him,—the substantial Englishman became as a mist, as a dream, to Pandolfini,—what he really saw was Diana, the revelation of that new unthought-of face rising upon him suddenly out of dimness and nothing! What a night that had been!—what a time of strange witchery ever since! He did not know how it had passed, or what he had done in it—was it not all Diana from beginning to end?

Mr Hunstanton was kind. After a minute or two he saw that the *look which was apparently bent upon himself was a visionary gaze,*

seeing only into some land of dreams. He broke up the fascination of that musing by a hearty honest laugh, full of genuine enjoyment. "Are you so far gone as that?" he cried; "then, upon my word, Pandolfini, some one must interfere. If you are afraid to take it into your own hands, I'll speak for you if you like. You may be sure I am not afraid. It isn't our English way: but I'll do it in a moment. Is that what you would like? We're leaving soon, as I told you, and there is not much time to lose."

"Oh, my best friend!" cried the Italian, with sudden eagerness. Then he paused. "No, Hunstanton, I dare not. Let me have the little time that remains to me. I can at least do as does your curate. I understand him. He, too, has not any hope; how should he, or I either? but I would not be sent away from her: banished for the little time that remains. No! let me keep what I have, lest I should get less and not more."

"Stuff!" said Mr Hunstanton. "The curate, Bill Snodgrass! that's a different case altogether. Look here now, Pandolfini: you are ridiculously over-humble; there is no such difference as you suppose. Now, look here! You have some confidence in me I know, and if ever one man wished to help another, I am that man. Will you leave the matter in my hands? Oh, don't you fear. I shan't compromise you if things look badly. *I'll feel my way.* I shan't go a step farther than I see allowable. You shan't be banished, and so forth. Though that's all nonsense. Will you leave it to me?"

Pandolfini fixed his eyes this time really upon Hunstanton's face. "You are too honest to betray me," he said, wistfully; "you



would not ruin me by over-boldness, by going too far."

"Who? I? Of course I should not. I have plenty of prudence, though you may not think so; besides, I know a few things which are not to be communicated outside my wife's chamber. Oh, trust to me,—I know what I am doing! You don't need to be afraid."

"But I am," said the other. "Hunstanton, Hunstanton, my good friend, let things remain as they are. I have not the courage."

"Stuff!" said Mr Hunstanton, getting up and rubbing his hands. "I tell you I know a thing or two. Betray what my wife tells me—never!—not if I were drawn by wild horses; but I know what I know. You had better leave it in my hands."

Pandolfini searched the cheerful countenance before him with his eyes. He watched those noddings of the head, those little emphatic gestures of self-confidence and sincerity. Was it possible that this man could be in Diana's confidence? No: but then his wife: that was a different matter: was it—could it be possible? He got up at last, and went to him with a certain solemnity. "Hunstanton," he said, "good friend, if you have the power to say a word for me, to recommend me, to lay me most humble at her feet,"—he paused, his voice quivering,—"then I will indeed put myself in your hands."

"That's right—that is exactly what you ought to do. But you must not be so tremendously humble," said Mr Hunstanton. "Yes, yes, my dear fellow, I'll undertake it; but don't be down-hearted. If you are not as happy a fellow as any in Christendom by this time to-morrow night——"

"You—think so? *Dio mio!* You—think so?" said the Italian.

His heart was too full to say any more. He wrung his friend's hand, and snatched up his hat and went away with scarcely another word, stumbling down the long staircase, which was as black as night, his mind too distracted to think of anything. As he passed Diana's door the glimmer of light which showed underneath stopped him, as if it had carried a message, a word of encouragement. He stopped short in spite of himself, and a wild fancy seized him. It was all he could do to keep himself from rushing into her presence, confessing everything, asking—ah! what was it that he could ask? Would she be but favourable—kind—nay, something more? Should he make the plunge himself without waiting for Hunstanton, and if such an unimaginable bliss could be, have it a day earlier? The impulse made him giddy, so strong was it, turning his brain round and round; but as he stood there, with his hand uplifted almost in the act of ringing the bell, Diana's factotum, all unaware of who was standing outside, came to the door within and began to bar and bolt and shut up for the night. Pandolfini's hand dropped as if he had been shot. He turned and made his way, without once pausing to take breath, into the open air beneath, on the side of Arno. The lamps twinkled reflected in the water, the stars from the sky; there was a quiver and tremor in the night itself, a little soft wistful melancholy breeze. Might this be the last night for him, the end of all sweet and hopeful days? or was it, could it be, only the tender beginning of a long heaven to come?



## PERSONAL NAMES.

THERE is a great deal in a name, all argument, dogma, philosophic theory, or pretty woman's assertion to the contrary notwithstanding. To the last-named source, indeed, few people would be so simple as to go for precise information or logical statement (shall one gather grapes of thorns?), all the less if the young person has betrayed the fallibility of her understanding by falling in love. We may therefore dismiss the pronouncement on this matter by the enamoured Juliet as *obiter dictum*. Romeo and she would never have become, among Western nations at least, the type of all that is passionate and tender, had their sponsors named them Abraham and Sarah; and the imagination recoils from the possibility that Romeo, had he been an Englishman, might, in tender moments, have profaned the name of his lady-love by turning it into Judy. No one knew better than Shakespeare how to wield the spell of nomenclature: it was delicacy of ear that caused him, when he borrowed the story of the Prince of Denmark from Saxo Grammaticus, to alter the name Hambleth, as it stood in the original, to the more musical Hamlet. Apart from the potent charm of association, there is an appreciable suggestion of moral or physical excellence in the harmonious combination of vocal sounds; while a name, harsh in sound, or having a grotesque appearance when written, discourages expectation of lofty qualities either of mind or body. If it be true that the gift of a bad name involves sinister consequences on a dog's destiny, it is equally true that a *good one will sometimes help him over the stile*.

As an example of this—by no means extreme—let us compare the various forms of the patronymic signifying “the son of David”—viz., Davidson, Dodson, Dodds (i.e., David's), Davison, and Dawson (from the diminutive Davy and Daw), Dawkins (from the Anglo-Saxon form of diminutive in *-kin*), and O'Dowd. The last—the Celtic form—may be dismissed as having a flavour of burlesque about it, suggestive of Donnybrook fair. Of the others, with the exception of the third, it may be said that there is nothing specially attractive or romantic about them: they have a neutral, workaday sound, and postulate no extraordinary effort either to live up to or to live down. Any one of them might be borne with equal congruity by a Prime Minister, a Poet-Laureate, or a hero of melodrama. But can it be argued that a lad starting in life under the name of Dodds is not somewhat heavily handicapped?

Or, applying the money test—the fame of the accomplished Paderewski has for months attracted thousands to his recitals: is it unjust to the musical sense of the British public to doubt whether as many would have been drawn had the foreigner's name appeared on the hoardings in homely English—Pattison? Here, however, association counts for a good deal: we are accustomed to expect better music from foreigners than from among ourselves, and the prophet Pattison might in his own country receive less than his meed.

Association does prevail sometimes to hallow, endear, or dignify the most awkward arrangement of vowels and consonants. The names conferred by sailors upon their



battle-ships, like those chosen by Red Indians for their braves, usually convey an idea of awe, grandeur, swiftness, or beauty; and there was something comically incongruous in the despatches which reached this country of the doughty performances of the Chilian iron-clad, the O'Higgins, in the late war. Speculation is baffled in attempting to read the significance underlying that patronymic; for, even as pronounced by a foreigner, with the true value of the vowel *i*—O'Heeggeens—it is impossible, without knowing the history attached, to receive the impression of terror or admiration.

Unquestionably we are careless—culpably careless—in the bestowal of names, and indifferent to the forms they are suffered to assume. In a philosophic essay, written in 1751, entitled a 'Letter on the Deaf and Dumb for the use of those who can hear and see,' Diderot indulged in what he calls metaphysical anatomy, and, analysing the senses of man, decided that of all of them the ear is the proudest. In our own country this must be the intense pride which apes humility, for, hitherto, we have made no conscious effort to retain noble forms of names, but have, on the contrary, allowed many of high descent to creep into sordid shapes. It had surely been worth an effort to save the Saxon Godbert being degraded into service as the surname Gotobed, or the Norman Joscelin or Guesclin into Gosling. The latter of these has hardly fared better in Ireland, for there, having first become Mac-Gostelin, it has since been tricked out in the exotic guise of Costello. John of Sevenoaks was mercifully spared the humiliation of foreseeing that his descendants would

come to be known as Snooks. It is only a people sadly indifferent to beauty of sound, who, having refused to accept Lizavir and Isabeau from the Normans, admitted Isabel only to show their preference for a fourth and uncouth form of the same name—viz., Elizabeth. We might be well enough off with Isabel, though, as a matter of fact, it is a name formed on a false supposition that Isabeau was masculine, whereas it was always a woman's name. And, having the pretty Alice well established here, would it not be well to put an end to the ungainly Eliza, which Mr Ferguson has shown to be its equivalent (not, as is commonly supposed, a shortened form of Elizabeth),<sup>1</sup> and, if variety be desired, have recourse to the old diminutive, Alison?

Arnold, as a baptismal name, is seldom used now, nor is it likely to be dissociated from disciplinary memories connected with Latin exercises till it is restored to its old form, Ernauld. As for Joan, that soft appellative is heard no more among us, though the shrill Jane only came in with Henry VIII.'s reign; but we are occasionally called on to tolerate the barbarous Joanna.

Surely, of all people that on earth do dwell, there is none that should cultivate such fastidious care in the bestowal of names as the English, who have crushed the music out of so many of them by an excruciating insular pronunciation of vowels. The peculiarities of our climate, our food, or some other unknown conditions affecting the structure of the mouth and larynx, have caused us to warp the long vowels *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u* (pronounced in the original Merician, and probably in literary Mid-

<sup>1</sup> *Surnames as a Science.* By Robert Ferguson, M.P. London: 1884.



dle-English, to correspond with the vowel-sounds in our *pass, pane, preen, prone, prune*) into a private gibberish, in which they sound as in *pace, peace, price, port, pew*. One of the least evils consequent on this perversity is that Englishmen are debarred from conversing with foreigners in Latin, the speech of science and art common to all nations.

The symbol *i* we choose to regard as signifying the diphthong *ai* (ah, ee); the result being a cruel mincing and distortion of that name which Christian nations hold highest in esteem—the name of the Mother of God. How can one endure the Britannic “*Maria*” when he knows the liquid beauty of the Italian? How is it that genteel people persist in talking of “*Mary*,” when they have only to travel as far as Cumberland to hear it pronounced in the sweet intonation of old Northern English, nearly like the French *Marie*? The old diminutive of *Marion* retains more of the true sound, and it is a pity that it is fallen so much out of fashion. Spoken by a Welshman, our language sounds strangely sweet to ears accustomed to the coarse intonation in London streets, or wearied by the lazy drawl of drawing-room English, because he gives the vowels their full value, which his native speech retains. It were hard to forgive our forefathers for losing the broad Middle-English accent, were it for nothing else than that the change has killed one of the sweetest names of women. *Diana*, as we pronounce it, is positively ugly, but on the lips of an Italian it is a poem in itself. Other and less remediable causes have deprived us of two mellifluous feminine names—*Delilah* and *Sapphira*; for until some adventurous writer successfully white-

washes the historical characters who bore them, these must remain in the ‘*Index Expurgatorius*.’

In early days, before the world was so full or so busy as it is now, babes were named with great significance. Thus *Eve* called her third son *Seth*, *i.e.*, who putteth—“for God, she said, had appointed her another seed instead of *Abel*, whom *Cain* slew.” *Hannah* chose the name *Samuel*, *i.e.*, heard or asked of God; and when *Phinehas*’s wife heard of *Eli*’s death, ere she died in childbirth, she named her son *Ichabod*, Where is the glory? The Old Testament teems with instances of such a natural practice, which survived almost into historic times in this country, though many of the names bestowed by Saxon parents on their offspring can have expressed no more than affectionate aspiration for their welfare or for the development of character. Such, at least, must have been the motive in the numerous baptismal names beginning with *ead*, happiness, as *Edward*, *Edgar*, *Edmond*, *Edwin*, *Edith*. More intelligent is the rule observed by the *Dacota* Indians, who have two fixed lists of names for boys and girls respectively, applied to each in order of birth:—

|                  |                    |
|------------------|--------------------|
| Eldest son,      | <i>Chaské.</i>     |
| Second “         | <i>Haparm.</i>     |
| Third “          | <i>Ha-pe-dah.</i>  |
| Fourth “         | <i>Chatun.</i>     |
| Fifth “          | <i>Harka.</i>      |
| Eldest daughter, | <i>Wenonah.</i>    |
| Second “         | <i>Harpén.</i>     |
| Third “          | <i>Harpstenah.</i> |
| Fourth “         | <i>Waska.</i>      |
| Fifth “          | <i>We-harka.</i>   |

These childish appellatives serve well enough to distinguish them, till circumstance or the development of character suggests some



other name which sticks to the youth for life.<sup>1</sup>

There are still some parents among us who ticket their helpless, and, in this respect, hapless brood with opportunist or occasional names. It will be in the twentieth century before a number of young persons of both sexes will find themselves approaching maturity indelibly stamped with the barbarous name Jubilee, in commemoration of the year 1887.

There was, indeed, an era in our history when British insensibility to the poetry of sound permitted the Puritans to indulge with grotesque effect in allusive baptismal names. The height of the Puritan's devotion had its counterpart in the depth of his fanaticism, unchecked by the slightest sense of humour or moderation. English people in the seventeenth century not only called their children after the moral virtues, but even chose for them names, and sentences from Scripture to serve as names, implying abject degradation and abasement of the creature. It is nauseous to read of innocent children receiving at the font the tarnished names of Cain, Tamar, Korah, Abiram, Ananias, Sapphira, and even Milcom, "the abomination of the children of Ammon." Camden alludes to some of these names—Earth, Dust, Ashes, Tribulation, The-Lord-is-near, More-trial, &c., as having "been given by some to their children, with no evil meaning, but upon some singular and precise conceit." Now surely it might have been possible to reconcile some respect for pleasant sound with pious fervour. The Puritan names Patience, Mercy, Faith, are framed on similar lines and with almost as sweet effect as

Lætitia, Serena, and Victoria among the Romans, or Glycere, Euphemia, and Theodosia among the Greeks, and we should be loath to give up Christian and Grace. But the thoroughgoing fanatic is not satisfied till he has got rid of every shred of romance. It is no part of his mission to suggest righteousness, much less impute it; if there is a sore, he is not happy till he gets his finger on it; and those sponsors must have felt they were bearing noble witness to Christian charity who were answerable for the following entry in the baptismal register of Waldron:—

"Flie-fornication, the bace sonne of Catren Andrewes, bapt. y<sup>e</sup> 17th Decemb., 1609."

Poor Katrine Andrewes! how those good men must have made your cheeks tingle, having in this respect such an advantage over their Master, that they were not touched even by a feeling for your infirmity.

A tearful little tragedy is quoted by Mr Bardsley from the Register of St Helen, Bishopsgate. The record runs:—

"September 1, 1611.—Job-rakt-out-of-the-ashes, being borne the last of August in the lane going to Sir John Spencer's back-gate, and there laide in a heape of seacole ashes, was baptized the first day of September following, and dyed the next day after."

Happily, we have purged ourselves from this unlovely practice so far, that the only results traceable at this day are the frequency of Scriptural names in our registers, and the survival of some of the virtues as women's names. Mr Dudgeon answers for knowing two

<sup>1</sup> Primitive Culture. By Edward B. Tylor. Third edition. Two vols. London: 1891.



ladies called Mehetabel, a name preserved in their family from Puritan times, and contracted familiarly into Belle.<sup>1</sup> Among Scriptural names Sarah was at one time a great favourite, though now it is happily fallen out of vogue. John Dunton, the bookseller, who died in 1735, aged 76, leaving behind him a curious autobiography called the 'Life and Errors of John Dunton,' had a unique experience with ladies of that name. He describes his first love-affair with Susannah Parkhurst; but that came to nought. So did the next, with the beautiful Sarah Seaton, who "gave him a mortal wound." He recovered, however, and was presently in love with three ladies simultaneously, Sarah Day, Sarah Doolittle, and Sarah Briscoe. Before he could make up his mind he changed it, proposed to and was accepted by Miss Annesley, whose real name does not transpire, for he paraphrases it as the "lovely Iris." After some years of married life, Iris died, and within six months Dunton took to himself a second wife, Sarah Nicholas.

One old English name, and one only, came out of the fires of the Reformation chastened and more beautiful than before—that is, the feminine Custance, mentioned by Chaucer in the 'Man of Lawes Tale,' which now appears as Constance.

Mr Bardsley, in his excellent work on English nomenclature,<sup>2</sup> gives some interesting statistics showing the various degrees of popular favour accorded at different times to different names, and is able, in some instances, to trace the causes for the change. It

would be difficult, if not impossible, to estimate the relative frequency of names prior to the Norman Conquest, which created something like a revolution in that respect. "William," of course, got a good start, as is shown<sup>3</sup> in 'Domesday Book,' where stand

68 Williams,  
48 Roberts,  
28 Walters,  
10 Johns.

In 1173 Sir William St John and Sir William Fitz-Hamon entertained a dinner-party at the Court of Henry II. The invitations were limited to knights of the name of William, and the company numbered 120. But the day of "John" was not long to tarry, and in 1347 the Common Council of London contained

35 Johns,  
17 Williams,  
15 Thomas's,  
10 Richards,  
8 Roberts;

and in 1385, out of 376 names enrolled in the Guild of St George at Norwich, there were

128 Johns,  
47 Williams,  
41 Thomas's.

From that day to this John and William have held their ground as the commonest baptismal names in England.

Allusion has been made to the disfavour into which some names have fallen, and Mr Bardsley<sup>4</sup> mentions the beautiful name Isabel or (less musically) Isabella as an instance. He attributes its unpopularity with the lower and middle orders to their hatred of John

<sup>1</sup> A Short Introduction to the Origin of Surnames. By Patrick Dudgeon. Edinburgh: 1890.

<sup>2</sup> English Surnames, their Sources and Significance. By C. W. Bardsley. Second edition. London: 1875.

<sup>3</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 42.

<sup>4</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 79.

Lackland, whose consort was Isabella of Angoulême; but it may be surmised that it was some other influence which prevailed to bring it into or keep it in disfavour, for surely popular feeling would have shown itself chiefly against the name of John himself. This, as has been shown, was not the case; but whatever was the reason, Isabel, though common among the aristocracy, never became a favourite with the English people till Edward IV.'s marriage reconciled them to it under the form of Elizabeth, a name which received an amazing impulse in the following century under "good Queen Bess."

Nowadays, for the most part, people show preference for family names. William succeeds William, and John, John, in monotonous succession; or, at most, alternate generations repeat the same Christian name. The former custom would have been impracticable in days before surnames became fixed; indeed, that the device of alternation did not help matters much is shown by a dispensation issued from Rome in 1402, in favour of "Richard Johnson, son of John Richardson." An earlier and more illustrious example is that of Alanus *dapifer*, the progenitor of the royal House of Stewart, whose son was styled Walter FitzAlan, and Walter's son became Alan FitzWalter; and the same method of distinction was adopted by the Hamilton line, in which are recorded Walter FitzGilbert and Gilbert FitzWalter.

It is not often thought necessary to consult the infant in the selection of his name, nevertheless Mr Tylor quotes this practice as prevailing among two nations at opposite sides of the earth.

"The New Zealand priest would repeat to the infant a long list of names of its ancestors, fixing upon that name which the child, by sneezing or crying when it was uttered, was considered to select for itself; while the Cheremiss in Russia would shake the baby till it cried, and then repeat names to it till it chose itself one by leaving off crying."<sup>1</sup>

Parents of halting imagination in this country have recourse to the names of distinguished persons: those of monarchs, generals, and noblemen are public property, and the influence of high rank is distinctly to be traced on the registers. Charles, so common on the Continent from early times, hardly makes an appearance in England before our first king of that name. For one person called Albert or Victoria in the first quarter of the present century, there are now thousands. It was my lot to spend a good deal of my early life in lodgings, and I was soon convinced that Anne was almost the generic designation of maids in such establishments. "Hann, show the gen'leman the rooms," was the almost invariable order given by the landlady to one in search of apartments. Its frequency may be traced partly, no doubt, to its popularity in Puritan times as a Scriptural name, but more directly to the prestige of the last Stuart that reigned over this kingdom.

One of the most melodious additions made in modern times to feminine nomenclature originated in the battle of Alma. Less important circumstances, however, sometimes give rise to names. I was acquainted with a gallant fellow who fought in the ranks of the Connaught Rangers in that action, who, when afterwards in my service, was presented by his

<sup>1</sup> Primitive Culture, vol. ii. p. 4.





wife with two daughters in two successive years. The first was called Jane, and the second Phœbe, and on being asked why he had selected the latter name, he replied: "Well, sorr, ye see our eldest was borne in January, so we called her Jane; and the other was borne in February, so we just called her Faybie."

It is remarkable, considering how closely flowers have woven themselves into our affections, that only three have lent their names to our baptismal lists—namely, Rose, Violet, and Lily, Lillian, or Liliās. It is true we have borrowed the general term Flora, and Laura also comes to us through foreign channels. Daisie is met with, though more often in novels than in real life. Iris, also, is a woman's name and that of a beautiful flower; but each comes independently from a common source. The fact is, our English flower-names are quaint rather than pretty; they have suffered from the same cause as our personal names. We are not fastidious as to sound, leaning, indeed, to those words which are homely, and even ugly. Thus, while the Latin *pervinca*, Rousseau's favourite flower, becomes mellifluous *pervenche* on French lips, we grossly translate it *periwinkle*, a polysyllable, which it is to be hoped no girl will ever be asked to carry about with her. The primrose is as great a favourite as any, but its origin as a surname is traced to certain lands in Fife; and as for its near relation the cowslip, its modern as well as its ancient English name—*paigle*—puts it out of the question for baptismal purposes.

The classical renaissance had a marked effect upon our Christian names—at least on those of women, for we do not often encounter *Strephon*, *Amyntas*, or *Corydon*

in real life. But *Celia*, *Diana*, *Chloe*, *Cynthia*, *Lucrece*, and *Lydia* perhaps owe their comparative permanence on the Continent to the benign influence of the *Hôtel Rambouillet*, and *Phyllis* and *Phœbe* are thoroughly naturalised in our villages to this day.

Family names as fixed surnames were unknown in England before the Norman Conquest. In Saxon circles, indeed, men were distinguished by two names, indicative of their appearance, habits, or profession; but these were never hereditary. Feudal land-tenure, however, had initiated our conquerors into the convenience of territorial surnames, and their appearance in this island synchronises with the first Norman king. But the possession of land could only find names for a limited class, and Camden observes, "Certain it is that as the better sort, even from the Conquest, by little and little took surnames, so they were not settled among the common people fully until about the time of Edward the Second."

There is not much mystery about these territorial names—any doubts as to their origin may generally be solved by a reference to Burke; but there is one point connected with them which may be noted. It does not follow that, because the bearer of a chivalrous surname may be found in humble or even destitute circumstances, that it is owing to distressing family vicissitudes, or to attribute it to Fortune because

"It is still her use

To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,

To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow

An age of poverty."

Sinclair, Charteris, Bruce, Montgomerie, Mowat (*de monte alto*), Muschet (*de monte fixo*), Hay,



Vance (*de Vaud*), Weir (*de Vere*), and many others, are all names derived from lands in Normandy; but it must not be supposed that the multitudes who bear them are all poor relatives of the seignorial family. In early times, especially in the Highlands, and on the Borders, where the clan system prevailed, it was common for men, casting about for a surname, to make use of that of their territorial chief. Again, there are many places in Great Britain which, having first yielded a territorial surname to a gentle family, afterwards supplied a local one, indicative of his origin, to many a tradesman, craftsman, or labourer. Country John, leaving his native fields or village to better his fortunes in the town, found himself rubbing shoulders with scores of other Johns: he would become known as John o' Hastings, o' Musgrave, o' Haverington, according to

his birthplace, and become the progenitor of a line of Hastings, Musgraves, or Harringtons, in no degree akin to the aristocratic personages who had already derived their family names from these places. This easy practice of calling a man after his native place did not escape the observation of Verstegan, one of the earliest analysts of personal names, who, writing in the seventeenth century, quotes the following lines:—

“ In ‘ford,’ in ‘ham,’ in ‘ley,’ in ‘ton,’  
The most of English surnames run.”

Thousands of English family names have arisen in this way; and just as one finds in *breccia* rock-fragments of older geological strata imbedded, so in these borrowed names there are often to be found the older names of those from whom the place was originally named. The following may be taken as examples:—

| Modern place-name<br>and surname.                 | Original form. | Meaning.                |
|---------------------------------------------------|----------------|-------------------------|
| Abingdon                                          | Abbandûn       | Abba's fort.            |
| Aylesford                                         | Æglesford      | Ægle's ford.            |
| Ashbury                                           | Æscabyrig      | Æsc's stronghold.       |
| Dowdswell                                         | Dogodeswel     | Dogod's well.           |
| Effingham                                         | Effingeham     | Effa's house.           |
| Grimstone                                         | Grimaston      | Grim's farm.            |
| Hambledon                                         | Hamelendûn     | Hamela's fort.          |
| Ormsby                                            | Ormisby        | Orm's dwelling.         |
| Petridge (altered to sur-<br>name of Partridge) } | Pedanhrycg     | Peda's ridge.           |
| Ramsden                                           | Remnesdûn      | Remn's or Raven's fort. |
| Winslow                                           | Uines-hlau     | Uine's hill.            |

One significant fact which strikes one examining surnames derived from localities, is that the frequency with which a place-name is so employed is in inverse ratio to the importance of the place. London, Edinburgh, and Dublin are most rare as family names, but almost every village of any antiquity in Great Britain has plenty of human namesakes. The reason for this is simple enough: in old times, as now, it was the

countrymen who flocked into the great towns, not the towns-people who peopled the country. It is a very old piece of chaff against Scotsmen that they have spread themselves all over the world to avoid starving in their own country; hence people bearing the name Scott are very numerous compared with those answering to Inglis, who are only to be found, in limited numbers, near the Border. Against this may be set the fact



that Scotland owed her independence, at one critical time, to one whose name means Welshman—*i.e.*, Wallace (Waleys)—and at another to one of direct Norman descent, bearing a foreign territorial surname—Bruce (de Brus).

The salient facts in the history of our nation should suffice to prevent us ever boasting of the purity of our blood. Successive waves of invasion have made the people (especially the well-to-do classes) thoroughly hybrid, and the strains of Celtic, Roman, Saxon, Danish, and Norman blood can never more be separated. But in addition to such wholesale influx, there was the sporadic settlement of foreign merchants indicated by such surnames as Fleming, Hansard (of the great trading Hanseatic League), Romaine, Holland, Allman, and Dollman (d'Almaigne), Lubbock (Lubeck), &c.

It might very likely sometimes be inconvenient, in unsettled times, for a settler to give exact reference to his last residence; hence, presumably, such surnames as Newcome and Newcomen, Strange and L'Estrange. But the Scottish family of Strang of Balcaskie, in Fife, simply bore the northern form of the adjective "Strong"; although a cadet of that family, who became distinguished as an engraver and received knighthood, thought it genteel to let himself be known as Sir Robert *Strange*.

Akin to these surnames of origin are those of location, arising from the position of the dwelling of different individuals. They are innumerable, but it is only necessary to mention a few of them in order to illustrate a class which some people may find it interesting to trace out for themselves. As in surnames of origin the English preposition "of" or the French "*de*" was employed, so in locative

surnames the connection was supplied by the preposition "at," or less frequently "in," corresponding to, and sometimes indistinguishable from, the French "*à*," though sometimes "*de*" was employed, as in territorial titles. Thus, to take a well-known name, Thomas à Becket was Thomas at the becket or brooklet; the preposition has dropped out and left the familiar Becket of the present day. Sometimes the preposition has been incorporated in the family name, as when John-de-lane or William-atte-wode left descendants known either as Delane or Lane, as Wood or Attwood. Who can number the generations reckoned as Lea (Lee, Leigh, Legh), Field, Moore, Wells (also Bywell and Attwell), Street, Cross, Down, Ridge and Attridge, Brook and Attbrook, Rivers, Flood, Shore, Cliffe or Clive, Mill or Mills, Combe and Atcombe, Kirke, Craig, Glen, and Forrest, of which each individual bears about with him an indelible record of some prominent object near which an ancestor happened to dwell when surnames were becoming fixed? Occasionally the meaning of the name is obscured by a classical aspect: perhaps the great authority on population, Malthus, was not aware that he owed his surname to a malthouse; and there are families of Bacchus extant now who may trace their descent, not from a wine-shop, but from a bakehouse.

The use of territorial and locative names has survived in the Lowlands of Scotland to this day. Not only are lairds habitually spoken of and addressed by the name of their estate or residence, but farmers in certain districts respond most freely to the names of their lands. There used to be an old fellow, tenant of a small



farm on the Tig, a tributary of the Stinchar, in Ayrshire. One day he was cutting his oats, and a friend driving past along the road called out to him, "You're cutting your crop rather green, Challoch." The old fellow never stopped mowing, but replied over his shoulder, "If the Lord disna ken when to ripen, Challoch-on-Tig kens when to maw!"

Hitherto, in dealing with the territorial, natal, and locative classes of surnames, reference has only been made to the Anglian part of the population under the influence of Norman rule. The Celtic race, owing to their peculiar land-system, under which territory was the joint property of the sept or clan, never named men after lands or towns or natural features; but the Welsh, Irish, and Gaelic element must be taken into account in considering the three remaining classes of surname—viz.: the pure patronymic, the names from offices or trades, and those from personal characteristics, including to-names or nicknames.

Of all methods of surname, the patronymic is perhaps the most general and most direct; but Camden gives an excellent illustration of its inconvenience in the extent to which the Celts carried it:—

"In late times—in the time of King Henry VIII.—an ancient worshipful gentleman of Wales, being called at the pannell of a jury by the name of Thomas Ap William Ap Thomas Ap Richard Ap Hoel Ap Evan Vaghan, &c., was advised by the judge to leave that old manner; whereupon he afterwards called himself Moston, according to the name of his principal house, and left that surname to his posteritie."

Other Welshmen of high descent were content to merge the

preposition, and Ap Robert became Probert; Ap Rhys, Price; Ap Richard, Pritchard; Ab Owen, Bowen; Ap Hugh, Pugh. *Ab* in Welsh, meaning a son, corresponds to the Irish and Gaelic *mac*, of which the old Welsh form was *map* (now *mab*). Both came from a common source, *maccu*, genitive *maqvi*; the Welsh Celt perpetuated the labial, the Gaelic Celt the guttural, sound: thus Probert and MacRobert are precisely the same, both in meaning and ultimate etymology. But the Irish Gael made use of another form of patronymic by prefixing *ua*, race or grandson; as, Sorle ua Niaill—i.e., Charles O'Neill. English people often think this "O" is a contraction for "of."

Purely Celtic names are generally easily enough to be distinguished—though the late Mr Cosmo Innes vouches for one story to show that even in these one is apt to be deceived:—

"A Dublin citizen (I think a dealer in snuff and tobacco) about the end of last century had lived to a good age, and in great repute, under the name of *Halfpenny*. He throve in trade, and his children prevailed on him in his latter years to change the name, which they thought undignified, and this he did by simply dropping the last letter. He died and was buried as Mr *Halpen*. The fortune of the family did not recede; and the son of our citizen thought proper to renounce retail dealing, and at the same time looked about for a euphonious change of name. He made no scruple of dropping the unnecessary *h*, and that being done, it was easy to go into the Celtic rage, which Sir Walter Scott and 'The Lady of the Lake' had just raised to a great height; and he who had run the streets as little Kenny Halfpenny came out (in full Rob Roy tartan, I trust) as *Kenneth MacAlpin*, the descendant of a hundred kings."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Concerning some Scottish Surnames. By Cosmo Innes. Edinburgh: 1860.



As a rule, of course, English patronymics are more easily understood of the people than those in Celtic speech. Yet, in order to trace the formation of the latter, it is necessary to bear in mind the diminutives or pet abbreviations of Christian names, which were formerly much more varied than those in use now. Our commonest pet names are made by adding *ie* or *y* either to the first syllable—as Frederick, Freddy; or to the whole name if a monosyllable—as Grace, Gracie. But in early times pet names were much more elaborate. The Saxons used *kin* and *cock*, and the Normans introduced *et* and *ot*, *en* and *on*; and with these, as well as from abbreviations pure and simple, the changes were rung interminably on Christian names. A few may be given here to assist in the recognition of others:—

| Christian name. | Pet name.               | Patronymic.   |
|-----------------|-------------------------|---------------|
| Robert          | Robin                   | { Roberts.    |
|                 |                         | { Robertson.  |
|                 |                         | { MacRobert.  |
|                 |                         | { Probert.    |
|                 |                         | { Robins.     |
|                 |                         | { Robinson.   |
|                 |                         | { Robison.    |
|                 |                         | { Probyn.     |
|                 |                         | { Dobbs.      |
|                 |                         | { Dobson.     |
| Philip          | Hob                     | { Hobbs.      |
|                 |                         | { Hobson.     |
|                 |                         | { Robbs.      |
|                 |                         | { Robson.     |
|                 | Hobkin                  | { Hopkins.    |
|                 |                         | { Hopkinson.  |
|                 | Phip                    | { Phillips.   |
|                 |                         | { Phillipson. |
|                 | Philipot                | { Phipps.     |
|                 |                         | { Philpotts.  |
| Richard         | Rich                    | { Richards.   |
|                 |                         | { Richardson. |
|                 |                         | { Rickards.   |
|                 |                         | { Pritchard.  |
|                 |                         | { Rixon.      |
|                 | Richie                  | { Ritchie.    |
|                 |                         | { Ritchieson. |
|                 | Dick                    | { Dick.       |
|                 |                         | { Dixie.      |
|                 | Diccon                  | { Dixon.      |
| William         | Will                    | { Williams.   |
|                 |                         | { MacWilliam. |
|                 |                         | { Williamson. |
|                 |                         | { Wills.      |
|                 |                         | { Wilson.     |
|                 | Wilcock                 | { Wilcocks.   |
|                 |                         | { Wilcox.     |
|                 | Wilkin                  | { Wilkins.    |
|                 |                         | { Wilkison.   |
|                 | { Willet or Guillot     | { Wilkinson.  |
|                 | Willy                   | { Willet.     |
|                 |                         | { Willetson.  |
|                 |                         | { Gillott.    |
|                 |                         | { Willison.   |
|                 | { Willamot or Guillamot | { Wilmot.     |
|                 |                         | { Guillemard. |
|                 | { Willen or Gillon      | { Willing.    |
|                 |                         | { Gillon.     |
|                 | Bill                    | { Bilson.     |
|                 |                         | { Gill.       |
| Guill           |                         | { Gilson.     |
|                 |                         | { Gilkens.    |
|                 |                         | { Gilkinson.  |
|                 |                         | { Gilkison.   |

And so on, David giving patronymics from its variants—Dawe, Dawkin, Davie; Henry from Hal—Hallet, Halket, Harry, Harriet, and Hawkin; John from Jack and Jenkin; Simeon from Simkin; Mary from Mariot; Walter from Wat, Watkin, &c., &c. In short, the patronymics formed from abbreviations are much more numerous than those from the original name, and have long outlived the old endearing appellatives.

A whole essay might be written—nay, very many have been written

<sup>1</sup> Hutchins and Hutchinson are from diminutives of Hugh; and Hodgkins, Hodgkinson, from George.



—on the subject of surnames derived from offices and trades. They are a spontaneous growth wherever surnames are known, especially in those races where, as among the Celts, office and trade were hereditary. The commonest surname of all is Smith, even in Scotland, where a pure patronymic—Macdonald—holds the second place, and an allusive name—Brown—the third. The Celtic word for Smith—Gow—is common in the Highlands, Lefevre has established itself in England, and the Italian equivalent became known to us through the excellence of the blades made in the sixteenth century by Andrea Ferara, or Maestro Andrea dei Ferari, of Belluno. Mackintosh bespeaks lofty descent—*mac an toseaich*, the thane's son; on the other hand, in Stewart a lowly office has been raised to very high levels. It is, in fact, the "stye ward," from the Anglo-Saxon *stige weard*, the Master, not of the Horse, but of the Hogs,—an important official in days when a lord's wealth was reckoned by his bestial, and gradually transferred to the chief officer of the household—the steward, *seneschallus* or *dapifer*. When the origin of the name is remembered, how trivial seem the squabbles whether it is rightly spelt with *u* or *w*. *W*, of course, is organic in the name, and was only altered to *u* to suit the French alphabet. Cook, Butler, Spencer, Chamberlain, Durdward (door-ward), Cator (caterer), have all risen in life.

Sometimes the same office or profession has given rise to very different surnames, as Grosvenor and Hunter. Thackeray and Reader do not seem to have much in common, but the ancestors of persons bearing these names must once

have been *thackeres* and *reeders*—i.e., thatchers and those who thatched with reeds.

As the regular clergy in the days when surnames originated were under the rule of celibacy, it may puzzle some people to understand certain patronymics both in Anglian and Celtic families. Vickers and Parsons both imply the progeny of a vicar and a parson; MacNab is *mac an aib*, the abbot's son; MacTaggart, *mac-t-sagairt*, the priest's son; M'Chlery, *mac cleraig*, the clergyman's son; Macpherson, the parson's son; MacBriar, *mac brathair*, the friar's son. It is charitable to remember that in very early times of the Church the secular clergy were not commanded to abstain from marriage; and this may be held to account for what is recorded of the priest who had charge of the instruction of St Comgall: *quadam nocte cum clericus ille cum muliere dormivit*. On the other hand, the same excuse will hardly screen Lugudius Clodus, an ecclesiastic of Magh Breg, who, says Adamnan, was rich and much honoured by the people, but who choked on a piece of meat and died, *cum meretrice in eodem lectulo cubans*.<sup>1</sup>

The last of the four principal sources of surnames—that from personal qualities—is hardly less prolific than the other three, but their meaning is generally so obvious that it is scarcely necessary to deal with them in detail. But, as being common to both Teutonic and Celtic races, it may prove interesting to show how surnames of this class very different in appearance often have the same meaning. The simplest way of doing this is to put a few of them in tabular form. It is necessary

<sup>1</sup> *Adamnani Vita Sancti Columbæ*, Lib. I., cap. xxx.



to bear in mind that the Celtic diminutive suffixes *an* and *ach* are frequently added to an adjective applying it to a person.

| English surname.                   | Celtic adjective.                                       | Celtic surname.               |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| White (with diminutive Whittuck) } | Bán                                                     | Bean, Macbean.                |
|                                    | Fionn                                                   | Finn, Finlay.                 |
| Black                              | { Dubh (pron. <i>doo</i> , <i>dow</i> , or <i>duv</i> ) | { Dow, Duff, Duffie. Macduff. |
|                                    | Ciar (pron. <i>keer</i> )                               | Keran, Keiran.                |
| Grey                               | Glas                                                    | Glass, M'Glashan.             |
| Reid (red) }                       |                                                         |                               |
| Ruddiman }                         | Ruadh ( <i>dh</i> mute)                                 | Roy.                          |
|                                    | Corcradh ( <i>dh</i> mute)                              | Corkran, Cochrane.            |
| Brown                              | Donn                                                    | Dunn, Donnan.                 |
| Long }                             |                                                         |                               |
| Lang }                             | Fada                                                    | M'Fadzean.                    |
| Laing }                            |                                                         |                               |
| Bigg }                             | Mór                                                     | { More, Moore.                |
| Mickle }                           |                                                         | { Moran, M'Morran.            |
| Little }                           |                                                         |                               |
| Small }                            | Beg                                                     | Beggs.                        |

It would be easy to prolong the list, but any one can follow the clue given at his own pleasure.

It might be supposed that the wants even of an exuberant population might be supplied by ringing the changes on the abundant sources of nomenclature—baptismal and surname—already alluded to. But that is not so. Strange to say, it is in some of the remote and thinly populated districts that recourse is still had to “to-names” or nicknames to distinguish individuals, and this cannot be better illustrated than by quoting from a most amusing paper which appeared in ‘Maga’ for March 1842.

“The fishers are generally in want of surnames. . . . There are seldom more than two or three surnames in a fish-town [the writer is referring to Aberdeenshire]. There are twenty-five George Cowies in Buckie. The grocers, in booking their fishing customers, invariably insert the nickname or *tee*-name, and, in the case of married men, write down the wife's along with the husband's name. . . . In the town register of Peterhead these signatures occur: Elizabeth Taylor, spouse to John Thomson,

Souples; Agnes Farquhar, spouse to W. Findlater, *Stouttie*. . . .

“It is amusing enough to turn over the leaves of a grocer's ledger and see the *tee*-names as they come up: *Bucky*, *Beauty*, *Biggelugs*, *Collop*, *Helldom*, *the King*, *the Provost*, *Rockie*, *Stoattie*, *Sillerton*, *the Smack*, *Snipe*, *Snuffers*, *Toothie*, *Todlourie*. Ladies are occasionally found who are gallantly and exquisitely called *the Culter*, *the Bear*, &c. Among the twenty-five George Cowies in Buckie there are George Cowie, *doodle*; George Cowie, *carrot*; and George Cowie, *neep* [turnip].

“A stranger had occasion to call on a fisherman in one of the Buchan fishing-villages of the name of Alexander White. Meeting a girl, he asked—

“‘Could you tell me f'ar Sanny Fite lives?’

“‘Filk Sanny Fite?’

“‘Muckle Sanny Fite.’

“‘Filk muckle Sanny Fite?’

“‘Muckle lang Sanny Fite.’

“‘Filk muckle lang Sanny Fite?’

“‘Muckle lang gleyed [squinting] Sanny Fite.

“‘Oh! it's *Goup-the-lift* ye're seek- ing,’ cried the girl; ‘and fat the deevil for dinna ye speer for the man by his richt name at ance?’”

Mr Cosmo Innes corroborated this by his own experience. He

quotes<sup>1</sup> from the records of Justiciary the names occurring in a case tried before the Spring Circuit of Aberdeen, 1844, in which John Geddes *alias* John Jack was indicted for assaulting John Cowie, *Pum*. Among the witnesses were Margaret Cowie, *Pum*; John Reid, *Joccles*; James Green, *Rovie*; John Geddes, *Jack son*; Alexander Geddes, *Duke*; and John Reid, *Dey*, all described as fishermen.

Mr Dudgeon<sup>2</sup> gives a more recent and even more remarkable instance of these totemic names. There is, as he truly says, no more matter-of-fact species of literature than the official register of voters, none is more rigidly scanned and pruned of all fanciful or extraneous matter, yet he was eyewitness that in the list of voters for the counties of Elgin, Banff, and Nairn, duly authenticated by the Sheriff, these nicknames are always entered. They are placed in inverted commas after each voter's name, thus:—

"William Flett 'Yankie,'  
James Murray 'Costie Bird,'  
George Mair 'Shy Bobbin,'"

—and so on through two or three hundred names like *Bukie*, *Caukie*, *Cock Carrot*, *Shavie*, *Rosie Bowie*, *Upple*, *Helen's Dod*, *Dosie*, *Gug*, *Bussie*, &c.

Truly it is refreshing to come upon such picturesque elasticity in such close proximity to the ballot-boxes.

It must not, however, be supposed that all surnames that look like arbitrary nicknames were conferred in this way. The ancient practice of distinguishing shops by signs gave rise to a peculiar class of locative names; hence the frequency of such surnames as Sparrow, Roebuck, Rose, Nightingale, Oliphant (Elephant), Bell, and others.

The time for creating surnames has gone by, but it would contribute to the continuity of history, as well as to the seemliness of literature and of social life, if some of those now in use were recast in their original mould.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

<sup>1</sup> Scotch Surnames, p. 18.

<sup>2</sup> Origin of Surnames, p. 9.





## SKETCHES FROM EASTERN TRAVEL.

## IX.—SHECHEM AND SAMARIA.

WAKING up after their first night of camping-out, our friends can hardly persuade themselves that they are not inhabiting some kind of castle in the air or other equally dreamy and evanescent abode, but at the same time their strange surroundings are already familiar and natural (as is the manner of things in dreams), and that gloomy period when they used to live boxed up in houses and hemmed in by streets already seems indefinitely remote. No one who has not tried it can realise the exhilarating effects of spending the whole of every day in the open air, under a cloudless sky, with never-ceasing sunshine. And to these delights there is added that of recognising at every step illustrations of those Eastern ways of thought which, familiar as they are to us, so far as words go, have always about them something mythical and unintelligible till one has seen the countries and the customs in which they originated.

When one has passed at night-fall over those smooth steep rocks of the Palestine hills, where the horses' hoofs slide at every step, there is a terrible sound in that prediction of the Psalmist, "Let their way be dark and slippery"; and in that description of the fate of the ungodly, "Surely Thou didst set them in slippery places," and all those other allusions to slipping and sliding. Here, too, are the stony places where the "judges" of the wicked are to be overthrown, together with the "stony ground" of the parable, —solid rock with a thin covering

of soil, where there is indeed "no deepness of earth"; and here are those loose stones, lying about on the surface of the good soil, which must be "gathered out" before planting a vineyard. Here, too, gliding along the rocky hillsides, are even the "little foxes," who look saucy and mischievous enough to spoil any one's vines when they get a chance. And as for the gorgeous wild-flowers, it is not hard to see that "even Solomon in all his glory" would look pale beside them. Nor could any one who has not gone through the process of seeking a patch of shade, with the mid-day Syrian sun blazing over his head, realise the full meaning of that familiar simile about "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Most interesting of all are the people one meets by the way, every one of whom looks as if he had walked out of one of those modern Scripture pictures, which we are apt to look upon as more or less ideal concoctions of the artist's imaginative mind.

But perhaps the feature of the country which most of all strikes our travellers is that still, peaceful brightness, which makes Philippa exclaim, "It seems to be always Sunday here!" and calls to mind those strange lonely days of the Babylonian captivity, when "the land enjoyed her Sabbaths"; for as long as she lay desolate she kept Sabbath.

Our friends start on their second day's journey at about eight o'clock, and, continuing their northward progress through the territory of Ephraim, arrive before



long at the ruins of the ancient Shiloh, now called Seilûn. The most interesting feature of these is a large area, which seems to have been artificially levelled, and whereon the Tabernacle may have stood during the long centuries of its remaining at Shiloh. There is nothing specially interesting about the surrounding scenery, but it is something to visit the place which for so long was the centre of the Jewish Church, where Eli served as priest, where Hannah prayed and sang her song of thanksgiving, and where Samuel "did minister unto the Lord, being a child," and was called to be a prophet; where Eli died at last, overthrown by the shock of evil tidings; and where the Tabernacle seems to have remained till the days of King Saul. As one looks round on the desolate stony hills, there seems yet to linger over the place a dreary memory of the wrath which fell on it in punishment for Israel's idolatry, when "they provoked Him to anger with their high places, and moved Him to jealousy with their graven images. . . . So He forsook the tabernacle of Shiloh, the tent which He placed among men." Few can fail to be impressed who have obeyed that command: "Go ye now unto my place which was in Shiloh, where I set my Name at the first, and see what I did to it for the wickedness of my people Israel;" or to realise the terror of that prediction against the Temple and Jerusalem: "Then will I make this house like Shiloh, and will make this city a curse to all the nations of the earth."

On the same day our travellers, in their northward progress, reach Mount Gerizim in the district of

Samaria, and, skirting its eastern side (on the border between the territories of Benjamin and Manasseh), come out into the "Plain of Mukna,"<sup>1</sup> and here they arrive at last at that spot (one of the most interesting in Palestine) which they have so long desired to see—Jacob's Well. There is no manner of doubt that this is the very well dug by Jacob in "the parcel of ground, where he had spread his tent, which he bought at the hand of the children of Hamor, Shechem's father, for an hundred pieces of money,"—the place where Joseph's mummy was buried, and which "became the inheritance of the children of Joseph."

Gathered round the opening of the well, the travellers try to picture to themselves that incident which has made it the most venerable well upon earth. They seem to see a party of travellers approaching from the southward. They are journeying, like themselves, from Judæa to Galilee, and so passing through Samaria on their way. It is mid-day, and they are weary with the journey. The others turn up the valley to their left that they may buy food at Shechem, about two miles distant; but one remains, and, approaching the well, sits down to rest.

"Tristatur lætitia, salus infirmatur,  
Panis vivus esurit, virtus sustentatur;  
Sitit fons perpetuus, quo cælum potatur;

Et ista quis intuens mira non miratur?"

Then down the valley from Shechem, with her pitcher poised upon her head, comes a woman to draw water. And then follows that memorable conversation, so simple and natural, yet so wonderfully setting forth that thirst of divine

<sup>1</sup> Still called on maps the "Plain of Moreh," though the word translated "plain" in Gen. xii. 8, &c., should rather be rendered "oak" or "terebinth."



compassion longing to satisfy the unconscious thirst of the dry and hardened heart, that recks not of the springing water ready to convert it into a fragrant garden.

A difficulty has been raised as to the reason that the Samaritan woman could have for coming so far from the town to draw water when there are several fountains nearer at hand; but it has been aptly said that "the mere fact of the well having been Jacob's would have brought numbers to it had the distance been twice as great. And even independent of its history, some little superiority in the quality of the water, such as we might expect in a deep well, would have attracted the orientals—who are, and have always been, epicures in this element." Other details exactly correspond to the words of the Gospel. However much choked with rubbish, "the well is deep" still. Twenty years ago its depth was 80 feet, but in 1889 it measured only 72 feet. And close at hand, crowned with the Samaritan temple (in the time of our Lord already in ruins), still towers Mount Gerizim, to which the woman pointed when she said, "Our fathers worshipped God in this mountain."

Our friends climb down to what was originally the floor of a vaulted chamber—perhaps part of the crypt of that ancient Christian church built over the well about the fourth century—and examine the original opening of the well. This is narrow, but opens out in a cylindrical shaft  $7\frac{1}{2}$  feet in diameter. They look at the ancient grooves left in the hewn stones by the cords used in drawing water, and then, leaving the well, start for Joseph's Tomb, a short distance to the northward. The present erection is a Moslem tomb, but there is no reason to doubt

the identity of the spot, seeing that it is recorded, in Josh. xxiv. 32, that Joseph's body was buried in the same parcel of ground. Possibly it was removed afterwards to the cave of Machpelah at Hebron; but this is a disputed point.

Leaving the tomb, the travellers move in the direction of Shechem (now called Nâblous, an Arabic corruption of the classic name Neapolis), passing up the valley between Mount Gerizim on the south and Mount Ebal on the north. Here the Israelites encamped when they "put the blessing upon Mount Gerizim, and the curse upon Mount Ebal." Six tribes were drawn up on the one mountain to bless, and six on the other to pronounce the curses; and the Levites (Deut. xxvii. 14), "with a loud voice," conducted that first Commination Service on which our own is modelled. The old difficulty about the distance being too great for the sound to travel has long been set at rest. Even from the one summit to the other of the two mountains it is said that the words shouted by shepherds to one another are distinctly audible, and it is nowhere asserted that the blessings and curses were announced from the *tops* of the mountains. Rather we may suppose that the tribes were drawn up on the mountain-sides at the point where there is on each slope a recess which would form a natural amphitheatre. The recesses face one another, and the sound would reverberate between them, so that every word might be distinctly heard from the one to the other.

Our friends are not long in reaching the picturesque city of Nablous, which, under the name of Shechem, Sichem, or Sychar, is so familiar to all, yet seems to



most of us so far removed from the ordinary world that we scarcely realise it to have an actual, commonplace existence. Yet there it is, looking perhaps not very different from the Shechem of old,—a beautiful oriental town of white stone houses, nestled in the valley at the foot of Mount Gerizim. It has a population of about 10,000, half of whom are Christians, 100 Jews, 150 Samaritans, and the rest Moslems. The tents are pitched on a grassy knoll which rises just above the town, and the travellers will long remember the wonderful view from their tent-doors,—the grand mountain-sides towering aloft, and below at their feet, lit up by the slanting rays of the afternoon sun, the beautiful little city, lying in the shadowy valley as foam-wreaths lie among dark-blue waves, its white domes shining with so ethereal a light that they seem scarcely more substantial than floating bubbles, which will presently burst and vanish.

In vain do they try to remember half the incidents with which this town is associated. From the days of Abraham's visit to this his first camping-ground in the Land of Promise, when he pitched his tent "in the place of Sichem at the oaks of Moreh," all through those turbulent scenes enacted here in the time of the Judges, and the days when Jeroboam made Sichem his capital, the mind wanders on through its checkered history to the day when Justin Martyr was born at Nablous in A.D. 99; and then one looks down on the city at one's feet, so bright and picturesquely pretty, and finds it hard work to believe it.

The next day our friends climb to the top of Mount Gerizim (3179 feet high), and there survey the chaos of ruins which are all that now remain where once stood the

Samaritan temple built about 420 B.C., when this spot became (as it is still) the centre of the Samaritan religion. Before descending, they visit the place among the ruins where the paschal lambs are still sacrificed every year by this, "the oldest and smallest sect in the world," and where the ashes are seen remaining (from the last sacrifice) in the stone trench wherein the burning takes place.

Coming down by a path which descends into the valley just below Nablous, the travellers walk through the town, admiring the strange picturesqueness of the narrow and irregular streets, with their crowd of oriental citizens. They omit not to visit the Samaritans, and examine their synagogue with the renowned manuscript of the Pentateuch therein preserved, written (say they) by Abishua the son of Phinehas, the grandson of Aaron, 3500 years ago,—though this the inexorable learned folk will of course not allow to be the fact by a very long way. They are also much impressed by the dignified bearing of the Samaritan high priest, to whom they are introduced. Finally they obtain admittance (thanks to the Sister's Arabic eloquence) into the Mohammedan mosque (once a Christian church), whence Europeans are ordinarily excluded.

Leaving the city, they continue to ascend the valley in a north-westerly direction, and that night camp at the city of Samaria (now called Sebastiyeh), where may still be seen the ruins of one of the ancient gates, which our friends fancifully imagine to be perhaps that same gate where, after the Syrian siege, a measure of fine flour was sold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel, according to the prophecy



of Elisha, and where the incredulous lord "saw it with his eyes but did not eat thereof,"—"for the people trod upon him in the gate, and he died."

The last village visited by the travellers before leaving the district of Samaria is Tell Dôthân, the ancient Dothan in the territory of Issachar, where is still shown an ancient rock-hewn cis-

tern, whereinto it is said (not improbably) that Joseph was thrown by his brethren. Here, too, our friends look round at the mountain-slopes, whereon once stood the hosts that guarded Elisha when the Syrians compassed the city to take him.

Proceeding in a north-easterly direction, they find themselves at last within the borders of Galilee.

#### X.—GALILEE AND CARMEL.

Our travellers now approach Jenin, the ancient En-Gannen, by way of the beautiful little valley called the Wady Belameh. The path runs at the foot of a steep grassy slope covered with brilliant wild-flowers of all bright and harmonious colours. Up this slope, disdaining the for once smooth and level path, marches El Adham whenever not forcibly restrained by his rider, showing his superior strength of mind by getting himself and her into all sorts of dangerous and (to other steeds) inextricable situations, and all with the kind of grim unamiable humour which is his distinguishing characteristic.

"I do like a horse with a character!" quoth Philippa, looking with unspeakable scorn at Sebaste's fleet and intelligent, but eminently docile, steed. "I believe dear El Adham is some distant relation of that charming horse of John Gilpin's!"

"Fancy quoting John Gilpin here!" exclaims the sanctimonious and scandalised Sebaste.

"My dear," says Philippa, "it isn't practicable to be always serious, even in the Holy Land!"

At this moment an appalling crash is heard, and down come *Elizabeth* and her donkey in the middle of the path. Though hor-

ribly frightened, they are not much hurt, and soon pick themselves up again and proceed as aforetime.

"Why, Elizabeth," says the father, "how in the world did it happen?"

"Indeed, sir, I don't know, for I think I was asleep; and as the path is so smooth I suppose my donkey was fallen asleep too. I am sure, sir, it could not have happened unless me and the donkey had both had our eyes shut!"

"But surely that is bad management. You really must come to an agreement with your donkey that one of you shall always keep awake."

This suggestion is duly carried out, and the arrangement is found to work satisfactorily.

On arriving at Jenin, our friends find their tents pitched among a group of rugged old olive-trees, and never has their moving home looked more pretty and inviting.

The next day, travelling northward, they descend into the plain of Esdraelon, a broad, smooth expanse of velvety green—a grassy lake, so to speak, with steep mountainous shores. Close on the right rise the mountains of Gilboa, and one fancies, as one looks up at their bare treeless slopes, that a mournful solemnity hangs over them since that terrible day of



the defeat and death of King Saul and his sons, as though there had been a prophetic ring in those words of David's lament, "Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings: for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil."

It is from this plain that our travellers obtain their first view of an object long eagerly looked for. Far across the sea-like plain, perched high up in the towering northward mountains, is a tiny gleam of white—the village of Nazareth. Their eyes turn again and again to that far-off point, though their attention is presently claimed by the historic city of Jezreel closer at hand, now represented by the rude village of Zerin, which rises, some distance to their left, like a dark island above the green expanse. There is something eminently satisfactory about the town and its surroundings, which enables one to realise with strange vividness those incidents therewith connected. Even the site of Naboth's vineyard can be approximately identified, since it must have been outside the walls on the eastern side, seeing that Jehu passed it (and killed Joram hard by) on his way into the city, whither he had come through the eastward "Valley Jezreel."

"One understands now," says the sister, "how Jehu's party could have been seen so far away across the open ground as to allow time for the sending out of those messengers on horseback to meet him. There is plenty of space here for charioteeing!"

"Now, Cæsar," says Philippa, "we should like you to personate Jehu!"

Whereupon the Cæsar bounds  
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away at full gallop, riding furiously, no doubt, but too near laughing to look quite fierce enough for the son of Nimshi.

Still skirting the mountains of Gilboa, our friends arrive at Ain Jâlud, a copious spring and sheet of water at the foot of their north-western slope. There is no doubt that this is correctly called Gideon's Pool, being the spring of Harod at which Gideon brought down to the water his little army of 10,000 men, and selected (to fight with him against the Midianites) the 300 who drank from the hollow of the hand, rejecting those who "bowed down upon their knees to drink." There is plenty of room for the drinkers on the shore of the pool, and the travellers are amused to see their Arab folk unconsciously illustrating the well-known narrative,—some (as Hassan and little Yuseph) kneeling down and bending their heads over the surface of the water, others (like the more dignified Said) making cups of their hands to drink from. As a matter of course, they all drink somehow, for an Arab seems to have an almost superstitious feeling against ever passing by so precious a gift as sweet water.

Our travellers now cross the head of the Valley of Jezreel, and approach what is probably the ancient "Hill of Moreh," called by English folk the "Little Hermon"—a modern name, originating in a well-meant attempt to localise that "little hill of Hermon," which, unfortunately, owes its existence solely and entirely to a mistranslation. On the southern slope thereof they pass close to the village of Solâm, the ancient Shunem. Here the Philistines encamped against Saul, whose forces were placed across the valley on the slopes of Gilboa;



and here was the home of that rich lady who hospitably entertained Elisha, and had a little chamber made for him on the wall, placing therein for his comfort a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick. Well might her little son get a sunstroke on those broad, unsheltered plains at time of harvest!

"The poor mother!" says Irene. "It must have been a trying journey for her, starting to cross them in the noontide heat 'to run to the man of God,' far away in Mount Carmel."

Still more interesting is the place where the travellers stop for their mid-day rest, a village on the northern slope of the "Little Hermon," which yet retains the familiar name of Nain. A simple little church marks the traditional spot of the raising of the widow's son. East of the village some ancient tombs may still be seen toward which the funeral procession was probably moving.

Thence a rough ride in a northeasterly direction brings our friends to the village still called Endôr, and hard by they enter the cave wherein, saith tradition, the witch of Endôr had her abode. It is indeed gloomy and dismal enough even for her.

The same afternoon, approaching Mount Tabor from the south, they camp at its foot near the village of Debûriyeh, the ancient Daberath. The first sight of Mount Tabor at once dispels the popular delusion which represents it as a steep rocky hill with a flat top. On the contrary, it is a round down-like mountain, its outline (seen from the plain to the south of it) being the almost perfect arc of a circle. The tradition which exalts Tabor by making it the scene of the Transfiguration has been long since disproved, and

the historic interest of the mountain is derived from Old Testament folk,—Barak and Deborah, and suchlike.

The morning after their arrival at Debûriyeh, the travellers make the ascent of the mountain—the most beautiful morning ride that they have hitherto enjoyed. There is something quite unearthly to-day about the morning sunshine, always strangely bright in Syria. The little trees, and flowering-shrubs, and gorgeous blossoms sprinkled all over the grassy slopes, are, so to speak, *dressed* in sunbeams, and seem to shine each with an individual brightness of gold-flecked colour. As the riders ascend the view expands, and they can look away through the clear fresh air far to northward, where high into the sky of cloudless blue—not resting at all on the earth, but floating like an enchanted island in a sea of purple haze—rise up in radiant loveliness the snow-clad peaks of Hermon. Over all the scene there breathes such a spirit of gladness, that one must believe that even now are true the Psalmist's words, "Tabor and Hermon rejoice in Thy name."

At last the summit is reached, and they behold a wonderful panorama, including their first glimpse of the Sea of Galilee. Only a corner of the lake is visible; but our friends feel a strange satisfaction as they see at last the bright blue waters lying in that deep hollow among the mountains—2700 feet below the summit whereon they stand. North-eastward, between themselves and Hermon, they see the hill of Hattin, the traditional (and not improbable) scene of the Sermon on the Mount; to the south-east they look away over the Jordan valley to the mountains



of Gilead; and southward, across an arm of the plain of Esdracelon, rises the "Little Hermon," overtopped by the mountains of Gilboa beyond; while far to the west, running north-westward to the sea, towers the "excellency of Carmel."

"Surely like Tabor among the mountains, and like Carmel by the sea, so shall he come."

Now, if I feared not to become long-winded, would I further describe the exploration of that ancient and ruined church of the Transfiguration on the summit of Tabor, and of those remains of the more ancient fortress which (dating as they do from a time earlier than the Christian era) would alone be sufficient to discountenance the tradition which the church perpetuated; and more especially would I enlarge upon the hospitable entertainment of the travellers by the Franciscan Brothers of the Latin monastery. But, alas! we must hurry our friends down the steep slopes of Tabor and away on their four hours' ride to Nazareth, in the territory of the tribe of Zabulon, high up among the Galilean hills. It is Saturday, and they will stay the Sunday there.

How the travellers spend this, their first evening at Nazareth, I scarcely dare to divulge, seeing that any piously minded reader who, not having travelled in those parts, knoweth not the lamentable and objectionable, but none the less unavoidable, incongruities which meet at every turn those who do, will be thereby inevitably and unspeakably shocked. However, forasmuch as candour is highly to be commended, confess we will that they receive and accept an invitation to a Mohammedan wedding.

Oh dull and prosy pen of mine!

would that thou couldst describe those wedding rejoicings—that festal hubbub, in the house of the bride, of dancing and singing and clapping of hands, in the midst of which sits the bride herself, beautiful to behold in robe of white and costly jewels; those separate rejoicings in the house of the bridegroom, the Bedouin dance by fire-light in his father's courtyard, and lastly, the bridegroom's father's kitchen—an open court wherein forty lambs are being prepared for the feast! Truly a scene to make one a vegetarian for life!

As for the Sunday spent at Nazareth, it is one to be long remembered. The chaplain of the Anglican bishop in Jerusalem has also pitched his tents hard by, and, at seven and ten o'clock in the morning, holds service in his sitting-tent for the two parties of English. In the afternoon they go to see an ecclesiastical procession in honour of this, the Easter-Day of the Greek Church.

Of the traditional sites of Nazareth I shall say nothing, seeing that they are not probable enough to be impressive—except, indeed, one, of which there is no doubt. The well of the town, called by Christians the Virgin's Fountain, has supplied the inhabitants with water from time immemorial; and the scene around it—the long procession of girls and women in their bright Eastern dresses coming to fill their large pitchers, and carrying them away poised aloft on their heads—is doubtless much the same as of old, when the Blessed Virgin was one of that company of village maidens.

The next day our friends, travelling westward, ford the Kishon ("that ancient river the river Kishon"), and in the afternoon ascend to a point on the Carmel range still called *El Mahrakah*—





i.e., "the Burning," or "the Sacrifice"—which is almost certainly the scene of Elijah's memorable sacrifice. At a little distance below this point may yet be seen the well whence probably was drawn the water which he caused to be poured over the sacrificial altar. That night the wanderers camp in the flowery plain at the foot of the Carmel range, on the bank of the Kishon, and near the little hill called Tel el Kussis,—the spot where it is with probability said that Elijah slew the prophets of Baal.

On the Tuesday they travel north-westward to Haifa, and ascend the extreme point of Carmel, overlooking the sea, and visit that famous convent—the largest in Palestine—where originated the Order of Carmelite monks. The following day they return to Nazareth, where they again camp for two nights, thus gaining time to visit Kana el Jelil, the probable and almost certain—as well as Kefr Kenna, the traditional—Cana of Galilee. On Thursday they travel to Tubariya, the ancient Tiberias (ascending by the way the Hill of Hattin, called by Christian folk the Mount of

Beatitudes), and thus reach at last the Sea of Galilee.

And what are we to say, in conclusion, of those days spent on the lake?—of the water-voyage in a fishing-boat to the ruins at Tell Hum, the ancient Capernaum, and of the discovery there, sculptured on what was perhaps the lintel of the synagogue<sup>1</sup> door, the symbols of the pot of manna and the vine, which met the eyes of those who went in one Sabbath-day to listen to One that said: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Moses gave you not that bread from heaven; but my Father giveth you the true bread from heaven"? What shall we say of those days in which the travellers become familiar with that lake, its scenery, and its changes—the breathless calm and the sudden storm? the customs, too, of its fishermen—toiling all night, and sleeping sometimes in their boats by day? and finally, the places which have been identified with those familiar names of ancient towns?

It is as well, maybe, to leave them almost undescribed, for they are days to be remembered rather than descanted upon. And they will be remembered always.

#### XI.—MOUNT HERMON AND THE DRUSES.

Leaving the Sea of Galilee, our travellers continue their northward progress, camping for one night not far from the little lake called Baheiret el Huleh (which boasts an elevation of 7 feet above the Mediterranean), whence the Jordan flows down to the Lake of Galilee, nearly 700 feet below

the sea-level. This little lake is more familiar to us under its ancient name of the Waters of Merom. It was the scene of Joshua's memorable victory in his third and last battle with his Canaanitish foes, when "they went out, they and all their hosts with them, much people, even as the

<sup>1</sup> The very synagogue, maybe, that was builded by that Roman centurion of whom the "elders of the Jews" said, "He is a worthy man, and himself built us our synagogue"—not "a synagogue," but *την συναγωγην*.



sand that is upon the sea-shore in multitude, with horses and chariots very many; . . . and they came and pitched together at the waters of Merom, to fight with Israel."

The next day, starting for Banias to the north-east, our friends are obliged to make a circuit in order to avoid the marsh called *Ard el Hûleh*, to the north of the lake. As the morning advances, they enter the region of the sources of the Jordan. They cross the *Nahr Hasbâny*, which is the chief of all these streams, and about mid-day arrive at the spring of the "Little Jordan." They stop for luncheon beside the *Nahr el Leddan*, at *Tell el Kâdy*, anciently called *Laish*, *Leshem*, and *Dan*. Crossing the stream by a precarious bridge, consisting of the trunk of a tree, they repose under two large oaks by the cool refreshing water. They learn afterwards that this water, for all its sparkling clearness, is most dangerous to drink, and that they ought all to have caught fever—which piece of information happily does not come in time for them to feel any ill effects.

Close by are the mounds, which are almost all that remain of the ancient city. There is no doubt about the identity of the place, which is described by *Josephus* and *Eusebius*, and the present name whereof (as the learned *Sophia* observes) signifies the "Hill of the Judge," the word "judge" being the English equivalent of "Dan." But with nothing before one's eyes but that heaped-up mound, it requires a strong effort of imagination to picture to one's self the history of that ancient town,—the founding of that old Phœnician colony from *Zidon*; its capture by the descendants of *Dan*, "who went up and fought against *Leshem*,

and took it, and smote it with the edge of the sword, and possessed it, and dwelt therein, and called *Leshem Dan*, after the name of *Dan*, their father;" their idolatrous worship there, with their make-believe priesthood; the unscrupulous act of the politic *Jeroboam* when he set up one of his golden calves at *Dan*, saying, in that kind fatherly way of his, "It is too much for you to go up to *Jerusalem*;" and the smiting of the city by the order of *King Asa* of *Judah*, when he went to war with *Israel*. It is hard to imagine all this; but every one who sees that fertile plain will assuredly agree with the report of those *Danite spies*: "We have seen the land, and, behold, it is very good, . . . a place where there is no lack of anything that is in the earth."

In the afternoon the travellers find themselves among the heights of the spurs of *Hermon*, at *Banias*, probably the ancient *Baal-gad* (described as being "in the valley of *Lebanon* under *Mount Hermon*"), and certainly the *Cæsarea Philippi* of the Gospels, embellished by *Philip*, the Tetrarch of *Iturea*, and renamed by him after the emperor and himself. Its situation, close to one of the copious sources of the Jordan, and nestled at the very base of the gigantic *Hermon* group, passes all attempt at description. "From *Dan* to *Beersheba*" is the well-known limit of the Holy Land; but this is still holy ground, and made specially memorable by two incidents—the confession of *St Peter* and the Transfiguration.

"It is curious," says *Philippa*, "to notice how often the illustrations of our Lord's discourses seem to have been suggested by the scenery of the places where they were spoken. That figure of the



rock seems specially significant when one looks up at those towering crags of Hermon."

Whereupon the Sister quotes from 'Sinai and Palestine' the remark that the figure may have been suggested by that rocky eminence on which stood the classic temple of white marble built by Herod the Great. "At least," says she, "it would furnish an apt illustration of the words, 'upon this rock I will build my Church.'"

It was "six days" after this discourse that our Lord took the three favoured apostles and brought them up "apart by themselves" to one of those lofty peaks which tower so majestically overhead, and, as He was praying, "was transfigured before them."

"How different this is," exclaims Philippa, "from the scene in which one generally imagines the Transfiguration to have taken place! I have always had in my own mind a kind of half-conventional representation of it, being, I suppose, unconsciously influenced by Raphael's picture."

"It seems to me," answers Sebaste, "that a comparison of St Luke's account with the other two shows that the Transfiguration probably took place by night,<sup>1</sup> so that Raphael has dealt violently with time as well as space."

"Listen to her, Sister! Here is Sebaste going to criticise Raphael!"

"Not at all. I was going to say that, for all its conventionality, I believe that to be a far truer picture than any realistic representation could be. It was worth any concession concerning the physical accessories to show, as that picture does, the truth which is deeper

than these, and therefore truly more true."

"Our learned friend, Philippa, is getting just the least bit in the world too deep for us simple folk. What truth do you mean, Sebaste?"

"I mean that contrast which Raphael's picture so wonderfully shows between heavenly glory and light on the one hand, and earthly darkness and woe on the other. No one but him could have showed us, as he has done, the meaning of that 'coming down from the mountain,' and of that sudden exclamation: 'O faithless and perverse generation, how long shall I be with you? how long shall I suffer you?'"

This conversation is held after afternoon tea, as the wanderers recline on rugs in the shade of their sitting-tent. As for Sophia, she hears not a word of it, being, as usual, absorbed in topographic calculations. Suddenly she looks up and exclaims—

"I never realised before that the figurative 'mountain' which a single grain of true faith could remove was no less than Mount Hermon itself."

"Yes," answers the Sister; "those words were spoken here near Cæsarea Philippi, and no doubt the speaker pointed up to that mighty group of towering heights, vast and firm and immovable as we see them now."

That same afternoon three of the travellers ride up to the ruins of the majestic castle of Shubeibeh, perched aloft on a bold crag about 1000 feet above the ruins of the ancient city and the present village of Banias. By the way they

<sup>1</sup> From the first two accounts it is evident that the miracle of healing was performed immediately after the descent from the mountain; yet St Luke says that it was on "the next day" (after the Transfiguration).



see, at some little distance, the grotto in the rock which the Greeks of the Macedonian kingdom of Antioch converted into a sanctuary of Pan; whereupon the city was called Paneas, which name (with the inevitable softening of the, to Syrians, unpronounceable P) has survived the later and more pompous appellation invented by Tetrarch Philip. It is just below this grotto that the Banias source of the Jordan bursts forth in a copious fountain.

"It was a charming ride," quoth Philippa, on her return—"almost perpendicular the whole way. Dear El Adham was happy for once, and walked up the face of the rock as a fly goes up a wall."

"And what did you see when you reached the top?"

"Firstly, there was the castle, the largest of its kind in Palestine. It is said to have been built partly by the Herods, partly by the Saracens; and it has been abandoned since the seventeenth century. The ruins are so extensive that we had not time even to walk round them, but explored only the western part, which faces the plain of Jordan. We had a wonderful view to the southward, as far as the mountains which surround the Sea of Galilee."

"And did you see the ancient Hazor, whose king gathered the Canaanite forces to fight against Joshua? The name is still extant, you know, and the site of the city has been probably discovered on a peak near here, where are some remains of stone buildings."

"Then I have no doubt we saw it, for we saw everything for miles round. But there is Yuseph calling out, 'Dinner ready!'"

This same dinner is no ordinary meal, but a sumptuous feast in honour of a special occasion.

Learning from the floral decorations at breakfast (when the table was resplendent with large yellow irises, and so forth) that to-day is the father's birthday, the Syrians in general, and more especially Yuseph and Butrus, have vied with one another in expressing their joy and good wishes. When the cavalcade arrived at the tents this afternoon, Yuseph came forth with more than his usual smile of welcome to conduct the father to the sitting-tent, which, with much labour and pains, he had converted into a kind of floral arbour. On the top, just below the flag, towers a huge bunch of green leaves and bright flowers; the ropes on each side of the entrance sustain two compact hedges of green branches, forming a triumphal avenue of approach; while, inside, tied to the tent-pole so as to overshadow the table, is an enormous nosegay of beautiful flowers, further embellished by strings of biscuits therein suspended, and numerous bits of candle, which, being lighted at nightfall, form a truly splendid illumination.

And the dinner! Abu Elias, Abu Elias, thou hast excelled even thyself! Course after course makes its appearance,—an endless succession of delicacies, each of which the father must at least taste, according to Eastern etiquette, under penalty of hurting dear old Butrus's feelings. Finally, there appears, in a blaze of blue flame, an English plum-pudding, and with it the author thereof, who cannot bear to let it go out of his sight, and has furthermore come to make an Arabic speech of congratulation to the father, which Cæsar must construe and the father must answer—in an English speech of congratulation on the dinner, which gives further work to the inter-



preter. Verily it is a festive birthday!

The next two or three days are spent by our travellers in skirting Mount Hermon, the highest point whereof (9166 feet high) they earnestly desire to ascend; but that is impossible so early in the year, and any one who attempted the same would probably be lost in the snow-fields. Gradually, as day after day they look up to the towering heights, the sense grows upon them of the immensity of that venerable mountain, the *Jebel es Sheikh*, as it is now called—i.e., the Mountain of the Old Man; a name which it well deserves, with its snowy head and descending locks of white, and which is even more descriptive than its ancient Sidonian and Amoritish names of *Senir* and *Sirion*, which signify “the breastplate,” and *Sion*, which, like “Hermon,” means “lofty.”

“Truly,” says Philippa, “that must have been a terrific earthquake which David describes by the figure, ‘He maketh them also to skip like a calf; Lebanon and Sirion like a wild ox’!”

On the first day's journey from Baniyas our friends pass through the sparse oak-woods which are the modern representatives of the ancient oaks of Bashan, among which the irrepressible *El Adham* behaves like Absalom's mule of old, doing his utmost to leave his rider in one of them.

During the course of this day they, moreover, become better acquainted with the *Nahr Hasbany*, which has been called “the geographical though not the historical source of the Jordan.”

The mid-day halt is made in a more than usually charming spot, by the side of a beautiful little stream bordered by oleander-bushes, and surrounded by the grand

mountain heights,—a scene of which the Sister, in the space of an hour, makes a beautiful little picture, one of the prettiest of all her sketches. And as she paints she talks.

“We are coming now,” says she, “into the land of the Druses. *Hasbeiya*, our camping-place for to-night, is their original sanctuary, where *Derazy*, their founder, established them in the eleventh century A.D.”

“But who are they, and where do they get their religion from?”

“Their religion seems to have originated in Egypt, and in the vagaries of the third Caliph of the Fatimite succession, at the end of the tenth century. This individual, *Hakem* by name, whom one charitably supposes to have been cracked, the Druses regard as an incarnation of the Deity. This notion was soon propagated in Palestine, but the sect was persecuted, and was obliged to take refuge in the *Wady et Teim*, up here in the Lebanon, where they established their headquarters.”

“They are very cruel, are they not? At least it was they who perpetrated those terrible massacres of the Christians thirty years ago.”

“Yes, they were the instruments, but it is well known (or might be) that those massacres were instigated by the Turkish Government, who were jealous of the Christian influence in the Lebanon. At *Hasbeiya* there was a terrible slaughter, and there were frightful scenes in many other places. There was one account of a massacre of Christians in a church, where the victims came forward one by one with perfect calmness, each, when his turn came, saying simply, ‘In Thy Name, Lord Jesus,’ as he bowed his head to receive the blow.”



The sketch is finished now, and the little cavalcade moves onward again till it reaches Hasbeiya, a very beautiful little town of almost Italian aspect, built in terraces up the mountain-side. The whole population crowd round the strangers, who soon grow familiar with the peculiar physiognomy of the Druse folk, with their long pale faces, straight noses, dark eyes set near together, and intent inward expression.

Some of the travellers climb up to a lofty height not far from the camping-ground, and, by the help of a resident missionary lady, are admitted (an unprecedented favour) into the praying-place of the Druses, near which are some old trees apparently held sacred — a fact which favours the notion that the Druse religion has points of resemblance with that of the ancient Druids of more Western countries. Nothing whatever can be extracted from the Druse sheikhs about their religion; and the travellers feel their curiosity damped when assured by the missionary lady that if any one of them, or she herself, were to find out anything about their secret beliefs and ceremonies, that individual would be immediately

poisoned. But such is the kindness of the venerable sheikhs that this information by no means impairs the visitors' appetite for that delicious refection of honey and dried figs which is presently set before them, and which they gracefully eat without even a passing desire for such unheard-of complications as spoons or plates.

The next day the travellers proceed in a north-easterly direction along the Wady et Teim, through which flows the Nahr Hasbany. On their right rises the central mass of Hermon, while on the left, across the wady, towers the mighty wall of the Jebel ed Dahr. They thus reach Rasheiya, where, the tents being pitched on the grass, the travellers have a memorable experience of the "dew of Hermon that cometh down upon the mountains of Zion."<sup>1</sup>

The last object of interest visited on the slopes of Hermon is the ancient ruin of Deir el 'Ashâyir — one of those many Syro-Greek or Phœnician temples which attest that immemorial sanctity of Mount Hermon to which, perhaps, St Peter alludes in the words, "when we were with Him in the *holy mount*."

#### XII.—DAMASCUS.

On the morning of April 26 our travellers approach Damascus by the carriage-road (first encountered yesterday) which connects that city with Beyrout. Very much puzzled are the Syrian steeds at this hard white thing along which they are expected to go. They have climbed over the steepest, rockiest tracks without

a stumble, and cantered gaily over the smooth turfy plains, but a carriage-road is quite too much for their equanimity; they start continually at their own shadows, and shy violently from one side of the road to the other for no reason at all. Neither are their riders well pleased by any means. "Alas!" says Philippa, patheti-

<sup>1</sup> Zion is generally explained here as = Sion, one of the names of Hermon.



cally, "here we are again in the land of carriages and many more unnecessary complications. How prosaic this is after those fascinating and break-neck mountain-paths!"

But even Philippa's indignation is mollified at the sight of the joyous hilarity of the Syrian folk for whom the name of Shâm—i.e., Damascus—calls up delectable visions of rest and refreshment after their toilsome pilgrimage. And the travellers cannot help sympathising with their good Arabs, between whom and themselves a very friendly attachment has grown up during the three weeks of their journey from Jerusalem. The Syrians know no English, and the English travellers but few words of Arabic, but a few words go a long way when emphasised with signs, and there exists not an Arab but is a consummate actor, and deeply versed in the language of gesticulation.

The little army assembled by Cæsar for the present journey have proved themselves incredibly obliging, being always on the look-out for some little service to be done for one or other of the travellers. One notable instance of their friendly zeal shall be more particularly recorded. It relates to the suppression of the highly accomplished donkeys referred to in a former chapter. The father, having been several times kept awake all night long by the elaborate vocal concert which they nightly performed, at last remonstrated seriously with Cæsar on the subject. Whereupon the Cæsar, assembling his men, made them so eloquent a speech that the effect was magical. Ever since that event not only has a profound stillness reigned at night (it is said that some of the Syrians

were told off to sit up with the donkeys and keep them quiet), but even in the daytime, if a donkey do but throw back his head for a little song, one of the Arabs (Hassan generally) will dart forward, throw his arms round his neck, and throttle in his throat the incipient bray.

To return to this same Saturday morning. The cavalcade has not travelled far before it enters the deep fringe of gardens (or rather orchards) which surrounds on all sides the city of Damascus, and extends far up the gorge of the Barada. Walnut and apricot trees and many others hang over the road, and deliciously shelter it from the glaring sunshine. And withal there is the rush and murmur of many waters. Playful waterfalls leap down the rocky side of the gorge; and close beside the road, swift and mighty, deep and clear and smooth, the renowned Nahr Barada, the ancient river Abana,

"Glideth and shall glide in eddying course for ever."

Truly that was a plausible exclamation of Naaman's, "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?" Absurd, indeed, must it have seemed to him, proud of his beautiful city and her lordly streams, to be sent to bathe in the muddy waters of Jordan!

Onward go the travellers, and, as they enter the plain of Damascus and approach the city, Cæsar keeps a sharp look-out for an eligible camping-ground. The meadows beside the river are low and marshy.

"This will never do!" says the father. "If you cannot find a



dry place, Cæsar, we must go into a hotel." At which speech his younger daughters, who think that no kind of existence can compare with tent-life, look very blank indeed.

At last a corner of higher ground is discovered where there is room for the tents among the fruit-trees, hard by a bean-field wherein grow not only or principally beans, but also poppies—huge Damascus poppies, three times as large as English ones, and of a deep rich colour gorgeous to behold. So, while luncheon is eaten under an apricot-tree, the tents are pitched, and the travellers find themselves once more at home.

Very pleasant are the days which follow, spent by the wanderers in luxurious peace and quiet, very acceptable after their long ride from Jerusalem. If any one were to see them, an hour or two before sunset, reclining under the trees in the shade near their sitting-tent, drinking afternoon tea and eating Turkish delight, he would scarcely give them credit for so much energy as would enable them to entertain that wild design which the more enterprising spirits among them are already beginning confidentially to discuss,—not seriously but as a vague castle in the air,—a design of travelling away eastward over the Syrian desert, and beholding the wonders of that almost mythical city, the ancient Palmyra.

The first and last days of their stay are the birthdays of two of the sisters, on which occasions the Syrian folk vie with one another in presenting the loveliest flowers imaginable, wherewith the sitting-tent is decorated till it is all aglow with brilliant colours. The gardens of Damascus are famous, and

bouquets of roses here are worth having!

Meanwhile the sights of Damascus are not neglected. The travellers explore the street called Straight, which well deserves its name, being a mile in length and "as direct" (quoth the pedantic Sebaste) "as a ruled line, or a sentence of Tacitus." They also visit the fragment of old wall said to be that by which St Paul was let down in a basket, and ride out to the synagogue at Jôbar, which marks the traditional spot of the anointing of Hazael by Elijah "to be king over Syria." Very interesting, also, is the expedition which they make along the road through the Meidân suburb by which St Paul, coming from Jerusalem, must have entered the city *χειραγούμενος* ("led by the hand"), and by which, at the present day, the Haj, or yearly pilgrim caravan, departs for Mecca.

Various purchases are made in the shops, and great is the astonishment of the shopkeepers when told to send these articles to the tents instead of to a hotel. More especially our friends love to haunt the bazaars, which, however, they pronounce far inferior to those of Cairo, and less genuinely oriental. Who does not know, at least from descriptions, something of the picturesque richness, the endless variety, the glowing colours of an Eastern bazaar? There is the narrow lane, roofed over more or less, so that while without the perpetual sunshine is hot and glaring, within there reigns a delicious shade,—yet with plenty of openings to admit the light, which, entering only from above, shows to the best advantage the picturesque crowd for ever ebbing and flowing between the shops on each side,—





shops one calls them by courtesy, but they are nothing more than little recesses, with the floor (on which sits the merchant-shopman) raised a foot or two above the ground. These recesses are filled to overflowing with the "riches of Damascus" — gorgeous silken stuffs and exquisite embroidery, or perhaps an endless quantity of scarlet boots and slippers, or maybe heaps of delicious oriental sweetmeats.

If the bazaars of Damascus are less picturesquely satisfactory than those of Cairo, the European element in the population is far smaller; and all the folk wear graceful Eastern robes of such beautiful materials, and such rich and delicate colours, that one seems as he walks the streets to be contemplating a succession of ideal pictures rather than a piece of everyday life. Even the ladies' costumes make a goodly show here; for whereas in Cairo the all-enveloping silk mantle which every lady wears out-of-doors is almost invariably black, in Damascus it is of all the colours of the rainbow. But the rich attire of the inhabitants is sadly contrasted by their pallid and miserable countenances, for it is now the month of Ramadan, the great Mohammedan fast, and from earliest dawn to sunset not so much as a crumb of bread or a drop of water may pass a Moslem's lips, and (what is almost more melancholy still) he may not even seek consolation in his beloved *nargileh*. Between three and four in the morning (so soon, saith the ordinance, as there is sufficient light whereby to distinguish a black thread from a blue) a cannon is fired to announce that the fast has begun, and must be kept till, at the moment when the sun van-

ishes below the horizon, another gun is fired, whereupon every one begins to eat, and goes on eating as long as may be.

Other sights of Damascus are—the tomb of Saladin (who was born in the neighbouring village of Salahéyeh), and the Great Mosque. The Great Mosque is an ancient Christian church incorporating the ruins of a still more ancient Roman temple, of which sundry remains are still visible, and which, about 400 A.D., was restored as a church, and dedicated to St John the Baptist. It is thought (and the theory is probable) that this classic temple was built on the site of the temple of Rimmon, where the King of Syria used to worship of old, leaning on Naaman's hand. The interior of the mosque is very large and lofty, and it is easy to see from its form that the building was originally a church. The marble floor is covered with bright Eastern carpets, on which groups of pale-faced Moslems stand and prostrate themselves, going through the prescribed devotions, or sit resting and enjoying their favourite occupation of doing nothing.

More grateful to Christian eyes than the splendour of the interior is a certain ancient inscription on the outside, of which the Moslems know not, and which is so far out of the way that there is good hope of their never finding it. Led by the Sister, our friends start one morning in search of it. Passing through the silversmiths' bazaar (not a street, but a large covered space where the silversmiths, grouped round their tiny furnaces, fashion by hand with the simplest tools imaginable the most beautiful ornaments in silver filigree), they make their way to a corner thereof, where is a flight of stone steps leading up to the roof of the



bazaar. Ascending thereby, and emerging into the sunshine, they see before them the southern side of the Great Mosque, and obtain a good view of the very beautiful western minaret. They advance to the point where the top of a triple gateway appears above the roof of the bazaar, and there over the central arch is the Greek inscription of which they are in

search. It was cut (probably at the time of the restoration already mentioned) on what is evidently a part of the ancient Roman temple, which the Christian architect was loath to destroy, as it is ornamented by very fine mouldings, and which he dedicated to the true God by cutting on the stone these words, prefaced by the sign of the cross :—

Η ΒΑΣΙΛΙΑ ΟΥ ΧΕ ΒΑΣΙΛΙΑ ΠΑΝΤΩΝ ΤΩΝ ΑΙΩΝΩΝ  
ΚΑΙ Η ΔΕΣΠΟΤΙΑ ΟΥ ΕΝ ΠΑΧ ΓΕΝΕΑ ΚΑΙ ΓΕΝΕΑ.

"Thy Kingdom, O Christ, is a Kingdom of all ages,  
and Thy Dominion is from generation to generation "

"It seems," says the Sister, "that the Moslems never discovered this inscription, or at least could not read it if they did, so that here it remains, clear and legible still, and will remain, let us hope, till the church is reconsecrated and restored to its rightful use."

Meanwhile the Palmyra project begins to assume a less misty and indefinite form. The father declares that it is absurd for him, at threescore years and twelve, to be led such a dance by his daughters across mountains and deserts and so forth; but every one knows that the father, in all but years and prudence, is the youngest and most enterprising of the whole party.

"Cæsar, do you think you could show us the way to Palmyra?" says he one night at supper-time.

The Cæsar looks doubtful for a moment, and then vanishes to take counsel with Yuseph and Abu Hassan, the result being that Cæsar is willing to undertake the journey if he is allowed a few days for preparations. He must buy a tent to shelter the travellers from the sun during the mid-day rest in the desert, he must hire

extra mules to carry provisions and charcoal for fuel, and finally must secure camels to carry water.

The travellers are somewhat puzzled as to how they are to obtain the protection which is very necessary in crossing the desert, supposing one does not feel inclined to be pounced upon by the Bedouin, and kept prisoner till a ransom is forthcoming. At first they think of applying for a few Turkish soldiers, but there are well-authenticated stories afloat of Turkish soldiers going two days' march into the desert and then suddenly turning back and leaving the travellers to their fate; and they are happily dispensed with when it is discovered that one Nasr ibn Abdullah, sheikh of the 'Anazeh, is at the present moment in Damascus, and willing to accompany the travellers, and moreover, that his presence will be a better safeguard than any number of soldiers. The 'Anazeh are the most powerful of the Bedouin tribes, and it is said that they can bring into the field no less than 10,000 horsemen, and 90,000 camels with riders thereupon.



Sheikh Nasr is tall and stately, with a fine face of the darkest bronze. Very graceful and picturesque is his Bedouin dress. Over a long robe of soft whitish material confined by a girdle of red he wears the brown *abba*, a long thick cloak made of goat's hair, contrasting with the bright red *kefiyeh* which he wears over his head, and which is kept in place by a camel-hair coil. He is the kindest and most courteous of men, with the true Bedouin grace of manner. He knows not a word of any European language whatsoever, but his grave and gentle dignity is rather enhanced by the silence with which, when he visits the travellers at their tents, he kindly greets them, touching his forehead, his lips, and his breast, and meaning thereby, "I greet you with my head, my mouth, and my heart."

Before the morning of departure has arrived, the travellers fail not to ride up to that high point among the neighbouring hills whence Mohammed once surveyed the beautiful plain of Damascus. There at his feet, its graceful minarets of dazzling white islanded in the deep green foliage of the surrounding orchards, lay the most ancient city in the world, seeming in its freshness and beauty as though built by some beneficent Afrit in the midst of an enchanted forest, and preserved evermore in eternal youth by some mighty and mystic spell. The Prophet, saith the tradition, had travelled from Arabia far over the dreary deserts, but when at last he beheld from this point the beautiful city, he turned away. "Man can enter Paradise but once!" said he, and refused to enter Damascus.



## MONTROSE AND DR GARDINER.

THERE are few names more prominent in Scottish history than that of James Grahame, the great Marquis of Montrose, and yet to ninety-nine out of a hundred educated people, he is hardly more than a name. That he began his career, like Falkland and Hyde, on the popular side; that he afterwards became an ardent Royalist, won brilliant victories in Scotland, and finally died on the scaffold—is about all that is generally known concerning one of the most remarkable among the great men who came to the front in the deeply interesting period of the great civil war. The reasons which account for this singular obscurity are not far to seek. Though Montrose's actions influenced very powerfully the course of events in both England and Scotland, he was yet, through no fault of his own, unsuccessful in accomplishing the ends at which he aimed; and historians are apt to rank a man rather according to his success than according to his deserts. The period, too, which immediately followed the great struggle of the seventeenth century, was an age in which heroism and high moral purpose were neither appreciated nor understood; and after the Revolution of 1688 the champions of the earlier monarchy fell to a certain extent into oblivion.

But during the last twenty years there have been signs of a revived and growing interest in the history of the "hero Cavalier," as Carlyle calls him. Several sketches of his life have been published, but nothing has done so much towards setting him in his rightful place,—towards showing him to have been

what he really was—the noblest and most noteworthy of all the defenders of the old constitutional monarchy,—as the prominent position which he occupies in Dr Gardiner's great work.<sup>1</sup>

Taking advantage of the great mass of evidence referring to the life and times of Montrose, collected and published fifty years ago by Mr Mark Napier, Dr Gardiner has produced a picture of the Scottish Royalist *par excellence*, which, though not painted with a sympathetic touch, stands out vividly and in startling contrast to the grim misrepresentation of the hero which may still be read in the pages of Brodie, Hallam, and other Whig historians who wrote before Napier's discoveries had been made public.

Dr Gardiner introduces Montrose as "the fiery youth" who was in after-years to be the one man who "would believe it possible that the royal authority should again strike root in the heart of the Scottish nation, and who was destined to dash himself to pieces in the Royal cause, against the rocky strength of Covenanting Scotland."

"When once he had chosen his side," writes Dr Gardiner, "he was sure to bear himself like a Paladin of old romance. If he made any cause his own, it was not with the reasoned calculation of a statesman, but with the fond enthusiasm of a lover. When he afterwards transferred his affections from the Covenant to the King, it was as Romeo transferred his affections from Rosaline to Juliet. He fought for neither King nor Covenant, but for that ideal of his own which he followed as Covenanter or Royalist. He went ever straight to the mark, impatient to shake off the

<sup>1</sup> A History of the Great Civil War, 1642-1649. By Samuel Rawson Gardiner, LL.D. 3 vols. 8vo. Longmans & Co.: 1886-1891.



schemes of worldly-wise politicians, and the plots of interested intriguers. Nature had marked him for a life of meteoric splendour, to confound and astonish a world, and to leave behind him an inspiration and a name which would outlast the ruin of his hopes. . . . In 1638 Montrose could be nothing but a patriotic Scotsman, and as a patriotic Scotsman he threw himself without an afterthought into the political strife."

Here is a spirited character-sketch drawn by the hand of a master, but a sketch of one side only of a character peculiarly complex, and combining qualities which are usually found apart. It is not often that a "Paladin of romance,"—one who makes a cause his own "with the fond enthusiasm of a lover,"—has the kind of strength that can stop short in the headlong progress of a revolution, and breast the furious stream which is sweeping weaker wills along with it. This is what Montrose did, and this is what Dr Gardiner calls a "transfer of affections." "As for the first Covenant, I own it and adhere to it," said Montrose a day or two before his death; and it will easily be believed that to the man who "went ever straight to the mark," the professions of loyalty and affection to the King, found in the first Covenant, were no mere empty professions, so that a transfer of affections was hardly necessary. Moderation and tolerance are characteristics as strongly marked in Montrose as enthusiasm and single-mindedness, though it is extremely difficult to eradicate the impression that has been made on popular opinion, by continual

insistence upon one side of his character only. Those who would assure themselves of the very definite existence of this other stronger calmer side have only to consult the facts of his life to find it.<sup>1</sup> A steady Presbyterian all his life, he yet kept out of the bigotry with which his co-religionists were so deeply incrustured; witness his tenderness for the consciences of the Roman Catholics of the north, when in 1639 he drew up a short declaration for them to sign instead of the Covenant, which he had been ordered to force upon them,—a "too great leniency" little in accordance with the taste of his compeers. And if all other indication were wanting, what mere ardent enthusiast could have shown the patience, the wonderful control of temper under undeserved insult and ill-treatment, that we read of in the triumphant story of the last days of his life? Such a climax of self-command was not reached by any but the hard straight road of lifelong self-government; nor are endless instances of this same inward strength wanting for those who care to look for them.

Dr Gardiner does, however, seize the very pith and kernel of Montrose's unique personality when he calls attention to "that ideal of his own which he followed as Covenanter or Royalist," and he shows how deeply this characteristic had impressed him by returning to the subject in his later volumes, and entering into a more detailed description of that lofty idealism which calls forth from him wonder rather than admiration.

<sup>1</sup> The consistency of Montrose's political aims, which resulted from this rarely recognised moral strength and steadiness, was well brought out in an interesting and masterly paper, written by the late Lord President Inglis, and published in 'Maga' in the autumn of 1887. It is remarkable that the most eminent of Montrose's admirers during the present century—Sir Walter Scott, Mr Mark Napier, and the late Lord President—were all men who were specially qualified, by the legal training which they had received, to weigh evidence.



"Though Montrose was an idealist capable of believing in his heart that Charles was indeed 'great, good, and just,' it was not for a dead past that he drew his sword. He stood up for that which was, in some sort, the hope of the future. He detested the bigotry of the Presbyterian clergy, and he detested still more the despotic sway of the great nobles who had banded themselves with Argyle, and had risen to power by flattering the prejudices of the clergy. Though there can indeed be little doubt that his own buoyancy of self-reliance, with its accompanying love of pre-eminence, urged him forward in the path he had chosen, yet his ambition was closely intertwined with a nobler sentiment. To him, the king whom he served was not the actual Charles, but an imaginary being who was eager to free Scotland from a stern and relentless tyranny, and to make possible again the free and joyous life of old. A clergy restraining themselves to their spiritual functions, and a nobility devoting themselves to their country without self-seeking, filled in the picture of the future as it was reflected in Montrose's mind; and it was to be realised, not by the restoration to power of an absolute king, but by the support the king would derive from the gentry and the nobility of secondary position," &c.<sup>1</sup>

Dr Gardiner points out that the means of realising such aims were not to be found on Scottish soil; that the state of popular feeling made such aims hopeless. He thinks Montrose did not see the obstacles that stood in his way, but there is clear evidence (in his own writings) that he did see them distinctly enough; only he was one of those rare spirits for whom the idea of impossibility hardly exists, and he was content, if failure could not be avoided, to perish with the cause for which he fought.

"He dashed at his high aims," continues Dr Gardiner, "like a Paladin of romance, conscious of the purity of his intentions, and trusting to his own genius to mould to useful purposes the intractable forces which chance might throw in his way. Self-confidence indeed he had to the full, but it was a self-confidence of which only noble spirits are capable, because it was founded on the belief that, in the presence of a great effort, base spirits would change their natures, and join with one heart in establishing the reign of truth and justice. His dream was more of a devout imagination than any that had ever entered into the mind of the most fanatical Calvinist."

Clearly the historian has here a glimpse of the rare spiritual beauty—of the nobleness—of Montrose's character. Yet the character, noble as it is, fails to win the personal sympathy of the writer who describes it so well. It may be gathered from the passages quoted, and from other parts of the History, that Dr Gardiner finds two principal points to object to in Montrose,—putting aside his position on the unpopular and unsuccessful side of the struggle. These two points are his idealism and his trust in Charles I.

To the first of these charges, if they may be called such, it may be answered that if his idealism, combined as it was with great energy and practical power, was a hindrance in the way of mere worldly success, it helped him to attain to something much higher and more lasting; it led him to a spiritual victory which thrilled thousands of hearts, when at last, at the Market-cross of Edinburgh, he made it clear to the assembled witnesses, and to all who then or after—

<sup>1</sup> Great Civil War, vol. ii. chap. xxvi. The meaning of this last phrase is not clear, for there had never been an absolute king in Scotland, and Montrose had certainly formed no scheme in which the gentry and secondary nobility were to take any predominant part. The re-establishment of the old constitutional monarchy, together with the old freely elected Parliament, was his sole aim.



wards saw through their eyes, that a death on the gallows might be more glorious, more spirit-stirring, than any death of a successful general on the field of battle in the moment of victory had ever been or ever could be.

But the "weakness" on which Dr Gardiner harps most, is Montrose's belief in the goodness and honesty of purpose of Charles I. Montrose was not alone in this belief. The great majority of the king's contemporaries who came into close personal contact with him, including some of his political opponents, felt for him an unusual degree of love and reverence. But even granting that Montrose did to some extent idealise the character of his sovereign, this was surely a fault on the right side. From whom would you expect to get the truest account of a man? From one who loved, or from one who hated him? Trust begets trust; and who can doubt that if the popular leaders in England and Scotland had met the king at first with a frank belief in the honesty of his intentions, the issue would have been very different? But Pym and his allies in both countries did not, like Montrose, wish simply to defend and maintain the old constitutional liberties. They were, on the contrary, resolved from the first to wrest from the king powers which had come down to him from his ancestors—powers with which he believed himself to have been intrusted by God for the good of his people; and the policy upon which they relied to effect their object was one of calculated distrust. By a steady adherence to that ungenerous and unjust policy, they succeeded in driving the king into a position in which it was almost impossible for him to do right. He was forced to choose between handing over the greater part of his kingly power to

a parliamentary majority,—an idea which had never been dreamed of in England before that time,—and carrying on the government by personal rule, independent of the recalcitrant Commons. Dr Gardiner himself believes that Charles had neither the intention nor the wish to be a tyrant; and he also expresses, in a guarded way, his belief in the "inward sincerity of the king's nature,"—though it must be confessed that it is hard to reconcile such a belief with the general tone of the concluding volume of the 'Great Civil War.'

The passages already quoted clearly show that Dr Gardiner's candour obliges him to acknowledge the great and noble qualities of Montrose, and to give an attractive description of a peculiarly attractive hero; but the attraction is not for him, and the tribute he pays to the virtues of the great Royalist leader is paid with evident reluctance. His blessings are the blessings of Balaam.

This mental attitude shows itself in many passages of the history, and it occasionally leads to something very like misrepresentation. When, for instance, we read, in reference to the intricate tangle of affairs connected with the king's visit to Edinburgh in 1641, that "Montrose was the centre of the plot," our first impression is one of perplexity as to how this statement is to be reconciled with the description of the same man a few pages earlier, where it is said that "he went ever straight to the mark, impatient to shake off the schemes of worldly politicians and the plots of interested intriguers." The man whose outspoken honesty had been so troublesome to the Covenanters while he worked with them—who would persist in "hotly avowing whatever was writ" (Baillie), however inconvenient the avowal might be to himself or



his party! Montrose a plotter! What then had he plotted? Dr Gardiner would be puzzled to give a plain answer to that question.

The truth is that the so-called plot was the result of that very outspokenness just referred to, and Montrose can only be said to have been the "centre of the plot" as a fly entangled in the meshes of a spider's web may be said to be the centre of the web. The plot, in fact, was entirely Argyle's plot—a cunning contrivance to get Montrose out of the way; to keep him closely shut up in prison during the king's stay in Edinburgh, as the only way to prevent him from taking his place in Parliament to support the king, and to carry out his openly expressed intention of bringing forward evidence of Argyle's disloyalty and treason. The accusations brought against Montrose, Napier, and their two friends Keir and Blackhall, which were made the excuse for keeping them closely imprisoned for five months, were so foolish and trifling that, as Lord Napier remarks in his short but pithy defence, "if proven they were nothing worth"; and such as they were, they rested entirely on the evidence of a single witness of weak character and slight reputation. They were based wholly on Montrose's wise and admirable advice to the king, contained in the letter upon which Dr Gardiner comments with entire approbation, and on some foolish hieroglyphics produced by the single witness, Walter Stewart, and said by him to be notes of instructions he had received from the four friends when they intrusted him with Montrose's letter to the king. The advice to the king was fully and frankly acknowledged, but the notes or hieroglyphics were utterly disclaimed by each of the accused in separate examination. They

petitioned in vain for any sort of trial, and were all set free without further inquiry when the king left Scotland.

The whole evidence relating to the so-called "plot" is printed in full in Napier's 'Memorials of Montrose'; and as it is lengthy enough to fill a good-sized pamphlet, it is perhaps not unjust to suppose that Dr Gardiner could not spare the time fully to investigate this labyrinthine contrivance of Argyle's, which, from the general historian's point of view, is a matter of quite secondary importance.

In speaking of the commission given to Montrose at Oxford in 1644, nearly three years after his imprisonment in Edinburgh Castle, Dr Gardiner makes a mistake, which, if not very important, should, in justice to the unselfish champion of the royal cause, be rectified. He says that Prince Rupert was at first named captain-general of Scotland, a subordinate commission being given to Montrose, but that at Montrose's request he was himself made captain-general. The very reverse of this is the truth. Charles proposed to confer the supreme command upon Montrose, but he, anxious not to excite the jealousy of the Marquis of Huntly and other leading Royalists in the north, entreated the king to appoint him lieutenant-general under Prince Maurice. This was done, and the higher commission was only bestowed upon Montrose a year and a half later, after Kilsyth.

As an example of the way in which Dr Gardiner makes the most of any circumstance that may be made to tell against Montrose, the following passage may be instanced. After giving a highly sensational account of the slaughter of the townspeople of Aberdeen, as they fled through the





streets immediately after the battle fought under the walls of the city in September 1644, he continues :—

“It was not in the midst of a Covenanted population that this wickedness was wrought. Again and again, in the first years of the troubles, the townsmen of Aberdeen had shown that they were no meek disciples of the Kirk, as none knew better than Montrose himself. It is true that, through the remainder of his career, he showed himself merciful and generous to all who came personally in contact with him, and sparing of the bloodshed of unarmed populations whenever it was in his power to check the violence of his followers. Yet on this occasion he does not seem to have had any desire to avert the consequences of a rash promise, made in a moment of exasperation.”

The rash promise alluded to is the promise of plunder, supposed to have been made to the troops by Montrose on learning that the drummer-boy, who had accompanied his flag of truce to the Covenanted commander, had been wantonly slain before the battle. But Dr Gardiner's phrase, “Montrose was wild with fury,” and the story of the promise, told to convey the idea that he was thirsting for vengeance, contradict the evidence of his whole life. The Covenanters themselves had always found fault with his “too great leniency” as long as he was with them; and later on, when his officers passionately pressed him to execute his prisoners of war, in revenge for the judicial murder of many of his dearest friends, who had yielded themselves upon promise of quarter, after the fatal surprise of Philiphaugh, he steadfastly refused to retaliate, reminding his officers that the cruelties of their enemies gave them an example to be shunned and not to be imitated.

It is possible that he may have promised his troops the plunder of Aberdeen, for soldiers without regular pay must be provided for; and Dr Gardiner himself remarks of the Covenanted army in England, that “the want of pay went far to palliate any enormities of which the Scots might have been guilty.”<sup>1</sup> But promise or no promise, the plunder of Aberdeen and the slaughter of many of its inhabitants were inevitable when a stubbornly contested battle had been fought immediately under the walls of the city, and the beaten burghers fled for refuge to the streets and houses, hotly pursued by the Irish soldiery flushed with victory.

According to the record of the town council, about 160 of the inhabitants were killed, almost all of whom had taken part in the fight. If a few women and unarmed men were among the victims, the blame should fall upon the municipal officers, who, when they refused to surrender the town to Montrose, gave no heed to his humane warning to them to send their old persons, women, and children to a place of safety. No commander—not the Iron Duke himself—has ever, even with well-disciplined troops, been able to prevent scenes of revolting cruelty and bloodshed from taking place within the walls of a town captured in the heat of battle. But for this stricture upon Montrose, it would seem that Dr Gardiner himself considers such scenes inevitable under like circumstances,—so calmly does he relate similar instances of the horrors of war in England and Ireland.

Take for instance the siege of Leicester: “About a hundred of the defenders were slain, either in

<sup>1</sup> Vol. ii. p. 489.



fair fight or in the heat of victory, and some women and children were found among the dead ; there was however no general massacre." (Neither was there at Aberdeen ) "As a matter of course the town was given over to plunder. In the course of the day, 140 carts laden with the spoil of Leicester rolled off to Newark."<sup>1</sup> Again, telling of the storm of Sligo in 1645, "Monro, with the (Covenanting) Scots and their English allies, . . . had massacred not only the garrison, but the women and children as well."

In still more striking contrast with Dr Gardiner's manner of telling the story of the taking of Aberdeen, is his detailed account of the storm and sack of Basing House, where the cruelties of the Parliamentary soldiers are indeed related, but with no special condemnation, and with full allowance for extenuating circumstances ; the whole comment upon the commander's part in it being contained in the following sentences : "'I thank God,' wrote Cromwell to the Commons, 'I can give you a good account of Basing.' For slaughter after a summons had been rejected, as the laws of war then stood, he did not consider himself bound to give an account at all."<sup>2</sup> Montrose's summons had also been rejected, and there seems no reason why "the laws of war as they then stood" should not justify the Royalist leader and his undisciplined troops at Aberdeen, just as much as they justified General Cromwell with his far more civilised soldiers at Basing. Even granting the truth of every accusation that was ever brought against the Highlanders and Irishmen who fought for the king under Montrose, their hasty vengeance in hot fight or pursuit

cannot be compared with the deliberate cruelty of those leaders of the Parliament and army, who in 1648, after the easy victory of Preston, sold a large number of their English and Scottish prisoners into slavery, "under the broiling sun of Barbadoes," and who inflicted the same hideous punishment upon the brave defenders of Colchester. In relating both these cases in his concluding volume, Dr Gardiner carefully avoids shocking his readers with the ugly-sounding words slavery or slaves—using instead the euphemisms "servile labour," and "unwilling labourers"<sup>3</sup>; but these phrases do not conceal the barbarity of men who were ever posing as more religious than the rest of their fellow-countrymen.

There is one short passage in vol. ii. of the 'Great Civil War,' which can hardly be omitted in noticing Dr Gardiner's view of Montrose. Coupling his name with that of a man who was hardly worthy to be mentioned in the same day with the great Marquis, he says : "Montrose and Glamorgan were subjects after Charles's own heart, but for all that, he had no worse enemies. Montrose's successes gave point to the feelings of exasperation which *were uniting* the Scottish Lowlander with his English kinsman, against the king who was striving to recover his power with Celtic aid."

There is something so sophistical and ungenerous in the very idea of classing Montrose, of all men in the world, with King Charles's worst enemies, that it is difficult to treat the phrase calmly. It is as if a man should maintain that all the worth of faithful love and friendship rested on the merely material benefits that such love and friendship can confer. But

<sup>1</sup> Vol. ii. p. 194.<sup>2</sup> Vol. ii. p. 345.<sup>3</sup> Vol. iii. pp. 448 and 464.

the assertion is not based upon fact. To speak of the union of "the Scottish Lowlander with his English kinsman" as in any way the *result* of Montrose's campaigns, is to confuse cause and effect. That union, already completed, was the *cause*, and therefore could not be the effect, of his desperate venture in support of the falling monarchy. Dr Gardiner knows full well that more than a year before Montrose joined—at infinite risk to himself—that handful of brave men in the Highlands, a large army of Lowlanders had united with the English Parliamentary forces to fight against the king. It was this very junction of the Scots with the rebels that turned the scale against him. That the king's enemies were greatly exasperated by the marvellous success of the Royalist leader, is true enough. He annihilated six large bodies of fighting men, the greater number of whom would otherwise have joined the rebels in England. But does Dr Gardiner mean to imply that Montrose ought to have refused to take up arms in defence of his king, lest he should be victorious, and so should "give point to the exasperation" of the king's enemies?

The historian lays great stress upon the "Celtic aid" which he believes to have been a main cause of this exasperation. But the English Parliament did not hesitate to make use of "Celtic aid" from Wales when they could get it; and their Scottish allies—in spite of the "kinship" which has only been recognised in quite modern days—were quite as much aliens in England, as the Macdonalds who came from the other side of the Channel were in Scotland. Montrose's own answer to this impeachment is so clear and convinc-

ing, that no other is needed. It is quoted from his 'Remonstrance,' written in 1645, after the victory of Kilsyth:—

"As for joining with Major Macdonald, we marvel why they should think that which was lawful for them should be unlawful for us, as if they had greater liberty to make use of his Majesty's subjects than he himself had. Was it lawful for them in Ireland under Monro to employ the self-same people, and is it not lawful for us to employ them here? . . . If we had not first essayed our own countrymen, . . . there might have been somewhat alleged; but having first essayed them, and having been disappointed by them, it was lawful for his Majesty or his Commissioners to make use of any of his lawful subjects, rather than to suffer his authority to be trampled under the feet of subjects, or his Majesty's subjects to be brought in bondage with their equals."

If Dr Gardiner appears in some instances to be unduly captious in his reference to the Royalist hero, he has at least done him full justice as a military genius of the first order:—

"In whatsoever form the enemy attacked him, whatever might be the varying components of his own army, he was always ready to take advantage of the weakness of the one, of the strength of the other."<sup>1</sup> "With the means at his disposal, no genius short of his own could have gained victory in the field. It was impossible for any man to use them effectively in the organisation of a Government."<sup>2</sup>

Comparing him with the great English leader, Dr Gardiner says:—

"On the battle-field Montrose had all Cromwell's promptness of seizing the chances of the strife, together with a versatility in varying his tactics according to the varying resources of the enemy, to which Cromwell could

<sup>1</sup> Vol. ii. p. 187.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. ii. p. 331.



lay no claim, whilst his skill as a strategist was certainly superior to that of his English contemporary."

This comparison becomes still more striking when it is borne in mind that Montrose had won all his victories before he was thirty-two.

These battles, vividly described by Dr Gardiner, and told with an attention to local detail not attempted by any previous narrator, are far more interesting than the English battles of the same period. There is a certain tameness and monotony about many of the battles that took place south of the Tweed. In some instances, victory or defeat was a foregone conclusion, owing to the superior discipline or greater numbers on one side or the other, or else some accidental circumstance decided the fortunes of the day. Even at Naseby, when it is realised that only 7000 Royalists were arrayed against nearly 14,000 Parliamentarians, no great feats of valour can have been required from Cromwell's Ironsides in order to secure the victory for such overwhelming numbers, more especially when superior discipline was also on the side of the Roundheads. But in Scotland the case was very different. The odds—often very great—were always against the victors, and nothing but the extraordinary and courage of their generals, and that inventive genius of a commander who invariably turned every accident as it occurred into an advantage for his own side, could have secured the numerous and brilliant victories of the Royalist rebellion. If the Royalists had managed matters so well in England, that they could have raised even a few troops of some value

up their one successful champion in his need.

Dr Gardiner follows up his comparison of Montrose with Cromwell as a military leader by a comparison of the two as statesmen. Here his political bias comes in, and prevents him from making due allowance for difference of age, opportunity, and circumstance. Montrose, he says, was, or would have been, inferior to Cromwell as a statesman, because he was an idealist.

"Whilst Cromwell always based his action upon existing facts, and contented himself with trying to change them for the better with due regard to the possibility of the case, Montrose fixed his eye upon an organisation in Church and State, which had not only no real existence, but which was very far removed from anything that, in his day at least, could possibly come into existence. There was, as he fancied, to be a king in Scotland—and that king, Charles—who would rule in right conscience, and support an unpolitical presbytery. There was to be a clergy content with the fulfilment of its spiritual duties and a nobility, forgetful of its own interests, and eager only to support the authority of the king. An English statesman was to be as generous as to cherish himself."

It can hardly be imputed to Montrose as a serious error, that he looked forward to the possibility of a righteous king and an unpolitical clergy, and Dr Gardiner may be right in saying that his only aim was to secure the preservation of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland. There is no doubt that Montrose was a very sincere and devoted Presbyterian, and that he was very anxious to secure the preservation of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland. But it is not to be denied that he was also a very idealist, and that he was very much influenced by his political bias.



whither he is going." No lofty vision gleamed like a guiding star before him. He aimed only at an immediate purpose.

"Cromwell needed the impact of hard fact to clear his mind, but when once it had been cleared, he saw his way with pitiless decision of purpose. Old friends who crossed his path were thrown aside, and hopes which he had once held out to them were withdrawn. The need of the moment was all in all to him, and what that need was, he saw with unrivalled accuracy of vision."<sup>1</sup>

This side of Cromwell's character—so strikingly opposite to that of Montrose—is brought out with still more distinctness in the concluding volume of the History, where he is described as a man who "objects to abstract principles," "a man of compromises,"<sup>2</sup> a man who would "further a course he had long condemned," while "concealing from himself that he was really executing a change of front."<sup>3</sup>

The comparison, morally at least, is not unfavourable to Montrose; and as to his statesmanship, materials do not exist for gauging his powers in that line. Opportunity for action in practical politics, after his very early years, was never afforded him, and he died at thirty-seven, an age at which Cromwell had not begun to distinguish himself. One thing is certain: his ideal in statesmanship was pure and lofty, and his political opinions—strongly defined and consistently maintained—were marked by a moderation rarely to be met with among the leading men of his time. He did not, like Strafford, approve of absolute monarchy. On the contrary, he held that when the power of the sovereign "extended beyond the laws whereby it was limited," it was

necessarily weakened by that extension. He also believed that such arbitrary extension of regal power "could never be any time endured by the people of the western part of the world, by those of Scotland as little as any." But while he maintained the right of Parliament to offer a constitutional resistance to any illegal use of the prerogative, he believed, with intense conviction, in government from above, in a Sovereign power *over* the people, not proceeding from them. This power he believed to be "instituted by God for His glory, and the temporal and eternal happiness of men." It was to him "the truest image and representation of the power of Almighty God upon earth." He recognised it as existing in republics and in oligarchies; but the form in which it seemed to him most sacred, and best fitted to the needs of his countrymen, was that of the old constitutional monarchy, which, however roughly treated on many occasions by Scotsmen, had struck its roots deep into the heart of the nation. The overthrow of the monarchy, and even undue limitation of its powers, involved, in his opinion, greater political and social evils than any that could result from a temporary stretch of prerogative, for it must bring about "the oppression and tyranny of subjects; the most fierce, insatiable, and insupportable tyranny in the world; where every man of power oppresseth his neighbour, without any hope of redress from a prince despoiled of his power to punish oppressors." Such a state of things could only end, he prophetically said, in one way. "The kingdom" would, after a dismal period of confusion and anarchy, "fall again into the hands

<sup>1</sup> Vol. ii. p. 18.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. iii. p. 603.

<sup>3</sup> Vol. iii. p. 111.



of *one*, who of necessity must, and for reasons of State would, tyrannise over them."<sup>1</sup>

It seems not impossible that Montrose's belief in the necessity of strong, responsible, personal government may, at no very distant period, become part of the political creed of the majority of thoughtful men. When popular government has had its full fling, has been tried and found wanting, Englishmen may be glad to exchange, if they can, the rule of the ignorant, unstable, irresponsible multitude for some such kingship as that under which they grew into a great and prosperous nation. As yet, however, anybody who openly professes such opinions, is sure to be considered "behind the age," and Dr Gardiner is certainly not open to this reproach. Like Argyle, he takes "the part of the many against the few," and this mental attitude of his makes it impossible for him to write of Montrose with that sympathetic insight which alone can clearly understand and set forth the true force and meaning of any single human soul, be it the soul of a hero or that of any ordinary individual.

It is no reproach to the historian of the 'Great Civil War,' that he writes, not indeed as a mere partisan, but as a man who has honestly taken his side in the great political and religious struggle which he describes so vividly. Any man who could devote himself to the study of that subject and remain neutral, would be more—or less—than human, and such a writer would assuredly not interest his readers. Critics may object to the colouring of the great picture here and there, or to the lights and sha-

dows which, from Dr Gardiner's point of view, fall upon some of the principal figures; but almost any colouring is more true to life than a dim grey monotone, which makes every object appear equally flat and unreal. And if he does not disguise his own beliefs, he gives ample opportunity to thoughtful readers who take a different point of view, to differ from him; for, as far as it is possible, he lays the evidence before them, and he never intentionally keeps back the sins of his friends, or the virtues of his foes. In regard to inaccuracies or omissions, it would be unreasonable to demand in a great historical picture the same fulness and clearness of detail for each important figure, that may fairly be looked for in an individual portrait. Taking it all in all, it may be granted that those who wish to see the true greatness of Montrose more widely recognised and appreciated, have much for which to thank Dr Gardiner.

Of what other leading actor in the great drama of the Civil War can it be said, as he says of Montrose—that he was a great genius, with an ideal so high, a dream of truth and justice so devout, that it could not in his own day be realised? that his self-confidence was the self-confidence of which only noble spirits are capable—that he was truthful, unselfish, and patriotic? that he was merciful and generous to those with whom he came personally in contact, and sparing of the bloodshed of unarmed populations? Assuredly there are not many men in any age in whom such a combination of high qualities could be discovered by a candid and even cool observer, who is very

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<sup>1</sup> Montrose's *Essay on Sovereign Power*.



far from feeling any personal bias in favour of the subject of his sketch.

This "Paladin of romance," as Dr Gardiner calls him, with his lofty ideals and his disdain of petty personal motives, had nothing ascetic or morbid about him. He was not above desiring "the praise of good men," though he would sacrifice no principle to obtain it. He freely trusted those who worked with him and under him; and even when they deceived or disappointed him, he readily forgave them. Perhaps nothing more clearly shows his remarkable gentleness of spirit than the absence in all his recorded words, written or spoken, of any trace of that bitter personal vituperation which was so general in those days, and which was so freely used against Montrose himself. Forcible and full of fire as his Proclamations were, they denounced not individuals but things; not Argyle and Archibald Johnston, but the sins of rebellion and treachery. With all his fiery energy of feeling and of action, he always maintained the calmest self-control; and in all his history there is no trace that, even in the most trying circumstances, his dignity was ever ruffled or his temper gave way. Faults and failings he must have had, but they are almost hidden in the glow of a life inspired by the noblest aims, and marked by unflinching loyalty in action, to the high ideal of right which he saw so clearly.

A contemporary manuscript, written by Patrick Gordon, gives a description of Montrose that enables the reader to form some idea of the wonderful personal charm which took so strong a hold upon the hearts of his friends and followers. Gordon pictures the well-proportioned, active figure,

the fair colouring, the grave steadfast look, "with eyes sparkling and full of life"; and then, leaving externals, he goes on to describe the great Marquis's character:—

"Of speech slow, but witty and full of sense; a presence graceful, courtly, and so winning upon the beholder that it seemed to claim reverence without serving for it; for he was so affable, so courteous, so benign, that he seemed verily to scorn ostentation and keeping of state, and therefore he quickly made a conquest of the hearts of all his followers, so that when he list, he could have led them in a chain to have followed him in all his enterprises; and I am persuaded that this gracious, humane, and courteous freedom of behaviour, being certainly acceptable before God as well as man, was that which won him so much renown, and enabled him, chiefly in the love of his followers, to go through such great enterprises. . . . In a noble yet courteous way, he seemed to slight that vanishing smoke of greatness, affecting rather the real possession of men's hearts than the frothy and outward show of reverence; and therefore was all reverence thrust upon him, because all did love him, all did honour and reverence him. Yea, having once acquired their hearts, they were ready not only to honour him, but to quarrel with any that would not honour him, and would not spare their fortunes nor their dearest heart's blood to the end he might be honoured."

It is no wonder that the original of this picture,

"Not being less, but more, than all  
The gentleness he seemed to be,"

should have made a deep impression upon the hearts of his contemporaries, and that, in spite of Covenanting calumnies and Whig historians, his memory should still be lovingly honoured and cherished by those who have looked closely into his history.



## THE CONQUEST OF DOÑA JACOBA.

## I.

A FOREST of willows cut by a forking creek, and held apart here and there by fields of yellow mustard blossoms fluttering in their pale-green nests, or meadows carpeted with the tiny white and yellow flowers of early summer. Wide patches of blue where the willows ended, and immense banks of daisies bordering fields of golden grain, bending and shimmering in the wind with the long even sweep of rising tide. Then the lake, long, irregular, half choked with tules, closed by a marsh. The valley framed by mountains of purplish grey, dull brown with patches of vivid green and yellow; a solitary grey peak, barren and rocky, in sharp contrast to the rich California hills; on one side fawn-coloured slopes, and slopes with groves of crouching oaks in their hollows; opposite, and beyond the cold peak, a golden hill rising to a mount of earthy green; still lower, another peak, red and green mulberry and mould; between and afar, closing the valley, a line of pink-brown mountains splashed with blue.

Such was a fragment of Don Roberto Duncan's vast *ranch*o of Los Quervos, and on a plateau above the willows stood the *adobe* house, white and red-tiled, shaped like a solid letter H. On the deep verandah, sunken between the short forearms of the H, Doña Jacoba could stand and issue commands in her harsh imperious voice to the Indians in the *rancheria* among the willows, whilst the long *sala* behind overflowed with the gay company her famous hospitality had summoned, the bare floor

and ugly velvet furniture swept out of thought by beautiful faces and flowered silken gowns. Behind the *sala* was an open court, the grass growing close to the great stone fountain. On either side was a long line of rooms, and above the *sala* was a library opening into the sleeping-room of Doña Jacoba on one side, and into that of Elena, her youngest and loveliest daughter, on the other. Behind the house were a dozen or more buildings: the kitchen; a room in which steers and bullocks, sheep and pigs, were hanging; a store-house containing provisions enough for a hotel; and the manufactories of the Indians. Somewhat apart was a large building with a billiard-room in its upper storey and sleeping-rooms below. From her window Elena could look down upon the high-walled corral with its prancing horses always in readiness for the pleasure-loving guests, and upon the broad road curving through the willows and down the valley.

The great house almost shook with life on this brilliant day of the month of June 1852. Don Roberto Duncan, into whose shrewd Scottish hands California had poured her wealth for forty years, had long ago taken to himself a wife of Castilian blood; and to-morrow their eldest remaining daughter was to be married to a young Englishman, whose father had been a merchant in California when San Francisco was Yerba Buena. Not a room was vacant in the house. Young people had come from Monterey and San Francisco, Santa Barbara and Los





Angeles. Beds had been put up in the library and billiard-room, in the store-rooms and attics. The corral was full of strange horses, and the huts in the willows had their humbler guests.

Francisca sat in her room surrounded by a dozen chattering girls. The floor beneath the feet of the California heiress was bare, and the heavy furniture was of uncarved mahogany. But a rich satin quilt covered the bed, lavish Spanish needlework draped chest and tables, and through the open window came the June sunshine and the sound of the splashing of the fountain.

Francisca was putting the last stitches in her wedding-gown, and the girls were helping, advising, and commenting.

"Art thou not frightened, Panchita," demanded one of the girls, "to go away and live with a strange man? Just think, thou hast seen him but ten times."

"What of that?" asked Francisca serenely, holding the rich corded silk at arm's-length, and half closing her eyes as she readjusted the deep flounce of Spanish lace. "Remember, we will ride and dance and play games together for a week with all of you, dear friends, before I go away with him. I shall know him quite well by that time. And did not my father know him when he was a little boy? Sure he cannot be a cruel man, or my father would not have chosen him for my husband."

"I like the Americans and the Germans and the Russians," said the girl who had spoken, "particularly the Americans. But these English are so stern, so harsh sometimes."

"What of that?" asked Francisca again. "Am I not used to my father?"

*She was a singular-looking girl,*

this compound of Scottish and Spanish. Her face was cast in her father's hard mould, and her frame was large and sturdy; but she had the black luxuriant hair of Spain, and much grace of gesture and expression.

"I would not marry an Englishman," said a soft voice.

Francisca raised her eyebrows and glanced coldly at the speaker, a girl of perfect loveliness, who sat behind a table, her chin resting on her clasped hands.

"Thou wouldst marry whom our father told thee to marry, Elena," said her sister severely. "What hast thou to say about it?"

"I will marry a Spaniard," said Elena, rebelliously. "A Spaniard, and no other."

"Thou wilt do what?" said a cold voice from the door. The girls gave a little scream. Elena turned pale, even Francisca's hands twitched.

Doña Jacoba was an impressive figure as she stood in the doorway. A tall unbowed woman with a large face and powerful penetrating eyes. A thin mouth covering white teeth separated the prominent nose and square chin. A braid of thick black hair lay over her fine bust, and a black silk handkerchief made a turban for her lofty head. She wore a skirt of heavy black silk and a shawl of Chinese *crêpe*, one end thrown gracefully over her shoulder.

"What didst thou say?" she demanded again, a sneer on her lips.

Elena made no answer. She stared through the window at the servants laying the table in the dining-room on the other side of the court, her breath shortening as if the room had been exhausted of air.

"Let me hear no more of that



nonsense," continued her mother. "A strange remark truly to come from the lips of a Californian! Thy father has said that his daughters shall marry men of his race—men who belong to that island of the North; and I have agreed, and thy sisters are well married. No women are more virtuous, more industrious, more religious, than ours; but our men—our young men—are a set of drinking, gambling vagabonds. Go to thy room and pray there until supper."

Elena ran out of an opposite door, and Doña Jacoba sat down on a high-backed chair and held out her hand for the wedding-gown. She examined it attentively, and gave a faint smile of approval.

"The lace is beautiful," she said. "There is no richer in California, and I have seen Doña Maria Antonia de la Guerra's, and Doña Modeste Castro's. Let me see thy mantilla once more."

Francisca opened a chest nearly as large as her bed, and shook out a long square of superb Spanish lace. It had arrived from the city of Mexico but a few days before. The girls clapped their admiring hands, as if they had not looked at it twenty times, and Doña Jacoba smoothed it tenderly with her strong hands. Then she went over to the chest and lifted the beautiful silk and *crêpe* gowns, one by one, her sharp eyes detecting no flaw. She opened another chest and examined the piles of underclothing and bed linen, all of finest wool, and deeply bordered with the drawn work of Spain.

"All is well," she said, returning to her chair. "I see nothing more to be done. Thy brother will bring the emeralds, and the English plate will come before the week is over."

"Is it sure that Santiago will

come in time for the wedding?" asked a half-English granddaughter, whose voice broke suddenly at her own temerity.

But Doña Jacoba was in a gracious mood.

"Sure. Has not Don Roberto gone to meet him? He will be here at four to-day."

"How glad I shall be to see him!" said Francisca. "Just think, my friends, I have not seen him for seven years. Not since he was eleven years old. He has been on that cold dreadful island in the North all this time. I wonder has he changed?"

"Why should he change?" asked Doña Jacoba. "Is he not a Cortez and a Duncan? Is he not a Californian and a Catholic? Can a few years in an English school make him of another race? He is seven years older, that is all."

"True," assented Francisca, threading her needle; "of course he could not change."

Doña Jacoba opened a large fan and wielded it with slow curves of her strong wrist. She had never been cold in her life, and even a June day oppressed her.

"We have another guest," she said in a moment—"a young man, Don Dario Castañares of Los Robles Rancho. He comes to buy cattle of my husband, and must remain with us until the bargain is over."

Several of the girls raised their large black eyes with interest. "Don Dario Castañares," said one; "I have heard of him. He is very rich and very handsome, they say."

"Yes," said Doña Jacoba, indifferently. "He is not ugly, but much too dark. His mother was an Indian. He is no husband, with all his leagues, for any Californian of pure Castilian blood."



## II.

Elena had gone up to her room, and would have locked the door had she possessed a key. As it was, she indulged in a burst of tears at the prospect of marrying an Englishman, then consoled herself with the thought that her best-beloved brother would be with her in a few hours.

She bathed her face and wound the long black coils about her shapely head. The flush faded out of her white cheeks and her eyelids were less heavy. But the sadness did not leave her eyes nor the delicate curves of her mouth. She had the face of the Madonna, stamped with the heritage of suffering,—a nature so keenly capable of joy and pain that she drew both like a magnet, and would so long as life stayed in her.

She curled herself up in the window-seat, looking down the road for the grey cloud of dust that would herald her brother. But only black crowds of crows mounted screaming from the willows, to dive and rise again. Suddenly she became conscious that she was watched, and her gaze swept downward to the corral. A stranger stood by the gates giving orders to a *vaquero*, but looking hard at her from beneath his low dropped sombrero. He was tall, this stranger, and very slight. His face was nearly as dark as an Indian's, but set with features so perfect that no one but Doña Jacoba had ever found fault with his skin. Below his dreaming ardent eyes was a straight delicate nose; the sensuous mouth was half parted over glistening teeth, and but lightly shaded by a silken moustache. About his graceful figure hung a dark-red serape embroidered and fringed with gold, and his red velvet trousers were laced and his

yellow riding-boots gartered with silver.

Elena rose quickly and pulled the curtain across the window; the blood had flown to her hair, and a smile chased the sadness from her mouth. Then she raised her hands and pressed the palms against the slope of the ceiling, her dark upturned eyes full of terror. For many moments she stood so, hardly conscious of what she was doing, seeing only the implacable eyes of her mother; then down the road came the loud regular hoof-falls of galloping horses, and with an eager cry she flung aside the curtain, forgetting the stranger.

Down the road, half hidden by the willows, came two men; and when they reached the *rancheria* Elena saw their faces. A sandy-haired hard-faced old Scotsman, with cold blue eyes beneath shaggy red brows, and a dark slim lad, a Californian every inch of him. Elena waved her handkerchief and the lad his hat. Then the girl rushed down the stair and over to the willows. Santiago sprang from his horse, and the brother and sister clung together kissing and crying, hugging each other until her hair fell down and his hat was in the dust.

"Thou hast come!" cried Elena at last, holding him at arm's-length that she might see him better, then clinging to him again with all her strength. "Thou wilt never leave me again—promise me! Promise me, my Santiago! Ay, I have been so lonely."

"Never, my little one. Have I not longed to come home that I might be with thee? O my Elena! I know so much. I will teach thee everything."

"Ay, I am proud of thee, my Santiago! Thou knowest more than any boy in California—I know."



"Perhaps that would not be much," with fine scorn. "But come, Elena *mia*, I must go to my mother; she is waiting. She looks as stern as ever; but how I have longed to see her!"

They ran to the house, passing the stranger, who had watched them with folded arms and scowling brows. Santiago rushed impetuously at his mother; but she put out her arm, stiff and straight, and held him back. Then she laid her hand, with its vice-like grip, on his shoulder, and led him down the *sala* to the chapel at the end. It was arranged for the wedding with all the pomp of velvet altar-cloth and golden candelabra, and he looked at it wonderingly. Why had she brought him to look upon this before giving him a mother's greeting?

"Kneel down," she said, "and repeat the prayers of thy Church—prayers of gratitude for thy safe return."

The boy folded his hands deprecatingly.

"But, mother, remember it is

seven long years since I have said the Catholic prayers. Remember I have been educated in an English college, in a Protestant country."

Her tall form curved slowly toward him, the blood blazed in her dark cheeks.

"What!" she screamed, incredulously, "thou hast forgotten the prayers of thy Church—the prayers thou learnedst at my knee?"

"Yes, mother, I have," he said desperately. "I cannot——"

"God!" she cried. "God! Mother of God! my son says this to me!" She caught him by the shoulder again and almost hurled him from the room. Then she locked her hand about his arm and dragged him down the *sala* to his father's room. She took a green-hide *reata* from the table and brought it down upon his back with long sweeps of her powerful arm; but not another word came from her rigid lips. The boy quivered with the shame and pain, but made no resistance—for he was a Californian, and she was his mother.

### III.

Joaquin, the eldest son, who had been hunting bear with a number of his guests, returned shortly after his brother's arrival, and was met at the door by his mother.

"Where is Santiago?" he asked. "I hear he has come."

"Santiago has been sent to bed, where he will remain for the present. We have an unexpected guest, Joaquin. He leans there against the tree—Don Dario Castafares. Thou knowest who he is. He comes to buy cattle of thy father, and will remain some days. Thou must share thy room with him, for there is no other place—even on the billiard-table."

Joaquin liked the privacy of his room, but he had all the hospitality of his race. He went at once to the stranger, walking a little heavily, for he was no longer young and slender, but with a cordial smile on his shrewd warmly coloured face.

"The house is at your service, Don Dario," he said, shaking the new-comer's hand. "We are honoured that you come in time for my sister's wedding. It distresses me that I cannot offer you the best room in the house, but, Dios! we have a company here. I have only the half of my poor bed to offer you, but if you will deign to accept that——"



"I am miserable, wretched, to put you to such trouble——"

"Never think of such a thing, my friend. Nothing could give me greater happiness than to try to make you comfortable in my poor room. Will you come now and take a siesta before supper?"

Dario followed him to the house, protesting at every step, and Joaquín threw open the door of one of the porch rooms.

"At your service, señor—everything at your service."

He went to one corner of the room and kicked aside a pile of saddles, displaying a small hillock of gold in 10- and 50-dollar slugs. "You will find about 30,000 dollars there. We sold some cattle a few days ago. I beg that you will help yourself. It is all at your service. I will now go and send you some *aguardiente*, for you must be thirsty." And he went out and left his guest alone.

Dario threw himself face downward on the bed. He was in love, and the lady had kissed another man as if she had no love to spare. True, it was but her brother she had kissed, but would she have eyes for any one else during a stranger's brief visit? And how could he speak a word with her alone, in this crowded house? And that terrible dragon of a mother! He sprang to his feet as an Indian servant entered with a glass of *aguardiente*; and when he had burnt his throat he felt better. "I will stay until I have won her, if I remain a

month," he vowed. "It will be some time before Don Roberto will care to talk business."

But Don Roberto was never too preoccupied to talk business. After he had taken his bath and siesta, he sent a servant to request Don Dario Castañares to come up to the library, where he spent most of his time, received all his visitors, reprimanded his children, and took his after-dinner naps. It was a luxurious room for the California of that day. A thick red English carpet covered the floor, one side of the room was covered by a crowded bookcase, and the heavy mahogany furniture was handsomely carved, although upholstered with horse-hair.

In an hour every detail of the transaction had been disposed of, and Dario had traded a small *rancho* for a herd of cattle. The young man's face was very long when the last detail had been arranged, but he had forgotten that his host was as Californian as himself. Don Roberto poured him a brimming glass of angelica, and gave him a hearty slap on the back.

"The cattle will keep for a few days, Don Dario," he said, "and you shall not leave this house until the festivities are over. Not until a week from to-morrow—do you hear? I knew your father. We had many a transaction together, and I take pleasure in welcoming his son under my roof. Now get off to the young people, and do not make any excuses."

Dario made none.

#### IV.

The next morning at eight Francisca stood before the altar in the chapel, looking very handsome in her rich gown and soft mantilla. The bridegroom, a sensible-looking

young Englishman, was somewhat nervous, but Francisca might have been married every morning at eight o'clock. Behind them stood Don Roberto in a new suit of



English broadcloth, and Doña Jacoba in heavy lilac silk, half covered with priceless lace. The six bridesmaids looked like a huge bouquet, in their wide delicately coloured skirts; and their dark eyes, mischievous, curious, thoughtful, flashed more brilliantly than the jewels they wore.

The *sala* and Don Roberto's room beyond were so crowded that some of the guests stood in the windows, and many could not enter the doors; every family within a hundred leagues had come to the wedding. The verandah was crowded with girls, their sparkling faces draped in black mantillas or bright *rebosas*, their full gay gowns fluttering in the breeze. Men in jingling spurs and all the bravery of gold-laced trousers and short embroidered jackets, respectfully elbowed their way past brown and stout old women that they might whisper a word in some pretty alert little ear. They had all ridden many leagues that morning, but there was not a trace of fatigue on any face. The court behind the *sala* was full of Indian servants striving to catch a glimpse of the ceremony.

Dario stood just within the front door, his eyes eagerly fixed upon Elena. She looked like a California lily in her white gown; even her head drooped a little as if a storm had passed. Her eyes were absent and heavy; they mirrored nothing of the solemn gaiety of the morning; they saw only the welts on her brother's back.

Dario had not seen her since Santiago's arrival. She had not appeared at supper, and he had slept little in consequence; in fact, he had spent most of the night playing *monté* with Joaquin

and a dozen other young men in the billiard-room.

During the bridal mass the *padre* gave communion to the young couple, and to those who had made confession the night before. Elena was not of the number, and during the intense silence she drew back and stood and knelt near Dario. They were not close enough to speak, had they dared; but the Californian had other speech than words, and Dario and Elena made their confession that morning.

During breakfast they were at opposite ends of the long table in the dining-room, but neither took part in the songs and speeches, the toasts and laughter. Both had done some manœuvring to get out of sight of the old people and sit at one of the many other tables in the *sala*, on the corridor, in the court; but Elena had to go with the bridesmaids, and Joaquin insisted upon doing honour to the uninvited guest. The Indian servants passed the rich and delicate, the plain and peppered dishes, the wines and the beautiful cakes for which Doña Jacoba and her daughters were famous. The massive plate that had done duty for generations in Spain was on the table, the crystal had been cut in England. It was the banquet of a grandee, and no one noticed the silent lovers.

After breakfast the girls flitted to their rooms and changed their gowns, and wound *rebosas* or mantillas about their heads; the men put off their jackets for lighter ones of flowered calico, and the whole party, in buggies or on horseback, started for a bull-fight which was to take place in a field about a mile behind the house. Elena went in a buggy with Santiago, who was almost as pale as



she. Dario, on horseback, rode as near her as he dared; but when they reached the fence about the field careless riders crowded between, and he could only watch her from afar.

The *vaqueros* in their broad black hats shining with varnish, their black velvet jackets, their crimson sashes and short black velvet trousers laced with silver cord over spotless linen, looked very picturesque as they dashed about the field jingling their spurs and shouting at each other. When the bulls trotted in and greeted each other pleasantly, the *vaqueros* swung their hissing *reatas* and yelled until the maddened animals wreaked their vengeance on each other, and the serious work of the day began.

Elena leaned back with her fan before her eyes, but Santiago looked on eagerly in spite of his English training.

"*Caramba!*" he cried, "but that old bull is tough. Look, Elena! The little one is down. No, no! he has the big one. Ay! *yí, yí!* By Jove! he is gone—no, he has run off—he is on him again. He has ripped him up! *Brava! brava!*"

A cheer as from one throat made the mountains echo, but Elena still held her fan before the field.

"How canst thou like such bloody sport?" she asked, disgustedly. "The poor animals! What pleasure canst thou take to see a fine brute kicking in his death-agony, his bowels trailing on the ground?"

"Fie, Elena! Art thou not a Californian? Dost thou not love the sport of thy country? Why, look at the other girls. They are mad with excitement. By Jove! I never saw so many bright eyes. I wonder if I will be too stiff to

dance to-night? Elena! but she gave me a beating! But tell me, little one, why dost thou not like the bull-fight? I feel like another man since I have seen it."

"I cannot be pleased with cruelty. I shall never get used to see beasts killed for amusement. And Don Dario Castañares does not like it either. He never smiled once, nor said '*Brava!*'"

"Aha! and how dost thou know whether he did or not? I thought thy face was behind that big black fan."

"I saw him through the sticks. What does 'by Jove' mean, my Santiago?"

He enlightened her, then stood up eagerly. Another bull had been brought in, and one of the *vaqueros* was to fight him. During the next two hours Santiago gave little thought to his sister, and sometimes her long black lashes swept above the top of her fan. When five or six bulls had stamped and roared and gored and died, the guests of Los Quervos went home to chocolate and siesta, and the others returned to their various *ranchos*.

But Dario took no nap that day. Twice he had seen an Indian girl at Elena's window, and as the house settled down to temporary calm, he saw the girl go to the *rancheria* among the willows. He wrote a note, and followed her as soon as he dared. She wore a calico frock, exactly like a hundred others, and her stiff black hair cut close to her neck in the style enforced by Doña Jacoba; but Dario recognised her imitation of Elena's walk and carriage. He was very nervous, but he managed to stroll about, and make his visit appear one of curiosity. As he passed the girl he told her to follow him, and in a few moments they were alone in a thicket. He had hard



work persuading her to take the note to her mistress, for the girl stood in abject awe of Doña Jacoba; but love of Elena and sympathy for the handsome stranger prevailed, and the girl went off with the missive.

The staircase led from Don Roberto's room to Doña Jacoba's; but the lady's all-seeing eyes were closed, and the master was snoring in his library. Malia tiptoed by both, and Elena, who had been half asleep, sat up, trembling with excitement, and read the impas-

sioned request for an interview. She lifted her head and listened, panting a little. Then she ran to the door and looked into the library. Her father was sound asleep; there could be no doubt of that. She dared not write an answer, but she closed the door and put her lips to the girl's ear.

"Tell him," she murmured, horrified at her own boldness—"tell him to take me out for the *contradanza* to-night. There is no other chance." And the girl went back and delivered the message.

## V.

The guests and family met again at supper; but yards of linen and mounds of plate, spirited, quickly turning heads, flowered muslin gowns and silken jackets, again separated Dario and Elena. He caught a glimpse now and again of her graceful head turning on its white throat, or of her sad pure profile shining before her mother's stern old face.

Immediately after supper the bride and groom led the way to the *salu*, the musicians tuned their violins and guitars, and after an hour's excited comment upon the events of the day, the dancing began. Doña Jacoba could be very gracious when she chose, and she moved among her guests like a queen to-night, begging them to be happy, and electrifying them with her rare smile. She dispelled their awe of her with magical tact; and when she laid her hand on one young beauty's shoulder, and told her that her eyes put out the poor candles of Los Quervos, the girl was ready to fling herself on the floor and kiss the tyrant's feet. Elena watched her anxiously. She adored and feared her mother. Her father petted her in his harsh, abrupt way; if she had ever received

a kiss from her mother, she did not remember it; but she worshipped the blinding personality of the woman, although she shook before the relentless will. But that her mother was pleased to be gracious to-night was beyond question, and she gave Dario a glance of timid encouragement, which brought him to her side at once.

"At your feet, señorita," he said, "may I dare beg the honour of the *contradanza*?"

She bent her slender body in a pretty curtsy. "It is a small favour to grant a guest who deigns to honour us with his presence."

He led her out, and when he was not gazing enraptured at the graceful swaying and gliding of her body, he managed to make a few conventional remarks.

"You do not like bull-fighting, señorita."

"He watched me," she thought. "No, señor. I like nothing that is cruel."

"Those soft eyes could never be cruel. Ay, you are so beautiful, señorita."

"I am but a little country girl, señor. You must have seen far more beautiful women in the cities. Have you ever been in Monterey?"





"Yes, señorita, many times. I have seen all the beauties, even Doña Modeste Castro. Once, too—that was before the Americans came—I saw the Señorita Ysabel Herrera, a woman so beautiful that a man robbed a church and murdered a priest for her sake. But she was not so beautiful as you, señorita."

The blood throbbed in the girl's fair cheeks. "He must love me," she told herself, "to think me more beautiful than Ysabel Herrera. Joaquín says she was the handsomest woman that was ever seen."

"You compliment me, señor," she answered, vaguely. "She had wonderful green eyes. So has the Señora Castro. Mine are only brown, like so many other girls."

"They are the most beautiful eyes in California. They are like the Madonna's. I do not care for green eyes." His black ones flashed their language to hers, and Elena wondered if she had ever been unhappy. She barely remembered where she was, forgot that she was a helpless bird in a golden cage. Her mate had flown through the open door.

The *contradanza* ends with a waltz, and as Dario held her in his arms his last remnant of prudence gave way.

"Elena, Elena," he murmured passionately, "I love thee. Dost thou not know it? Dost thou not love me a little? Ay, Elena! I have not slept one hour since I saw thee."

She raised her eyes to his face. The sadness still dwelt in their depths, but above floated the soft flame of love and trust. She had no coquetry in her straightforward and simple nature.

"Yes," she whispered, "I love thee."

"And thou art happy, *querida*

*mia*. Thou art happy here in my arms?"

She let her cheek rest for a moment against his shoulder. "Yes, I am very happy."

"And thou wilt marry me?"

The words brought her back to the present, and the light left her face.

"Ay," she said, "why did you say that? It cannot ever be."

"But it shall be! Why not? I will speak with Don Roberto in the morning."

The hand that lay on his shoulder clutched him suddenly. "No, no," she said, hurriedly; "promise me that thou wilt not speak to him for two or three days at least. My father wants us all to marry Englishmen. He is kind, and he loves me, but he is mad for Englishmen. And we can be happy meanwhile."

The music stopped, and he could only murmur his promises before leading her back to her mother.

He dared not take her out again, but he danced with no one else, in spite of many inviting eyes, and spent the rest of the night on the corridor, where he could watch her unobserved. The walls were so thick at Los Quervos that each window had a deep seat within and without. Dario ensconced himself, and was comfortable, if tumultuous. Elena sang once during the evening,—not a love-ballad, but that saddest and most beautiful of all Spanish songs, "The Last Sigh of the Moor." So passionate was her cry, "Ay, *nunca, nunca, nunca mas!*" that Dario knelt on the slopes of Granada and kissed the hand of Boadil el Chico with adoring fealty, then shuddered with the superstition of his race as he realised that the despairing words came from the lips of Elena Duncan.



## VI.

With dawn the dancing ended, and quiet fell upon Los Quervos. But at twelve gay voices and laughter came through every window. The family and guests were taking their cold bath, ready for another eighteen hours of pleasure.

Shortly after the long dinner, the iron-barred gates of the corral were thrown open and a band of horses, golden bronze in colour, with silvery manes and tails, silken embroidered saddles on their slender backs, trotted up to the door. The beautiful creatures shone in the sun like burnished armour; they arched their haughty necks and lifted their small feet as if they were California beauties about to dance *El Son*.

The girls had on their short riding-skirts girt with gay sashes, and little round hats were on their heads. The men wore thin jackets of brightly coloured silk, gold-laced knee-breeches, and silver spurs. They tossed the girls upon their saddles, vaulted into their own, and all started on a wild gallop for the races.

Dario, with much manœuvring, managed to ride by Elena's side. It was impossible to exchange a word with her, for keen and mischievous ears were about them; but they were close together, and a kind of ecstasy possessed them both. The sunshine was so golden, the quivering visible air so full of soft intoxication, they were filled with a reckless animal joy of living—the divine right of youth to exist and be happy. The bars of Elena's cage sank into the warm resounding earth; she wanted to cry aloud her joy to the birds, to hold and kiss the air as it passed. Her face sparkled, her mouth grew

full. She looked at Dario, and he dug his spurs into his horse's flanks.

The representatives of many *ranchos*, their wives and daughters, awaited the party from Los Quervos. But none pushed their way between Dario and Elena that day. And they both enjoyed the races; they were in a mood to enjoy anything. They became excited, and shouted with the rest as the *vaqueros* flew down the field. Dario bet and lost a *ranchita*, then bet and won another. He won a herd of cattle, a band of horses, a saddle-bag of golden slugs. Sure, fortune smiled on him from the eyes of Elena. When the races were over they galloped down to the ocean and over the cliffs and sands, watching the ponderous waves fling themselves on the rocks, then back and rear their crests to thunder on again.

"The fog!" cried some one—"the fog!" and with shrieks of mock terror they turned their horses' heads and raced down the valley, the fog after them like a phantom tidal-wave; but they outstripped it, and sprang from their horses at the corridor of Los Quervos with shouts of triumph and lightly blown kisses at the enemy.

After supper they found eggs piled upon silver dishes in the *sala*, and with cries of "*Cascarón! Cascarón!*" they flung them at each other, the cologne and flour and tinsel with which the shells were filled deluging and decorating them.

Doña Jacoba again was in a most gracious mood, and leaned against the wall, an amused smile on her strong serene face. Her

husband stood by her, and she indicated Elena by a motion of her fan.

"Is she not beautiful to-night, our little one?" she asked, proudly. "See how pink her cheeks are! her eyes shine like stars. She is the handsomest of all our children, *viejo*."

"Yes," he said, something like tenderness in his cold blue eyes, "there is no prettier girl on twenty *ranchos*. She shall marry the finest Englishman of them all."

Elena threw a *cascarón* directly into Dario's mouth, and although the cognie scalded his throat, he heroically swallowed it, and revenged himself by covering her black locks with flour. The guests, like the children they were, chased each other all over the house, up and down the stair; the men hid under tables, only to have a sly hand break a *cascarón* on the back of their heads, to receive a deluge down the spinal column. The bride chased her dignified groom

out into the yard, and a dozen followed. Then Dario found his chance.

Elena was after him, and as they passed beneath a tree he turned like a flash and caught her in his arms and kissed her. For a second she tried to free herself, mindful that her sisters had not kissed their lovers until they stood with them in the chapel; but she was made for love, and in a moment her white arms were clinging about his neck. People were shouting around them; there was time for but few of the words Dario wished to say.

"Thou must write me a little note every day," he commanded. "Thy brother's coat, one that he does not wear, hangs behind the door in my room. To-morrow morning thou wilt find a letter from me in the pocket. Let me find one there too. Kiss me again, *Consuelo de mi alma!*" and they separated suddenly to speak no more that night.

## VII.

The next morning, when Elena went to Joaquin's room to make the bed, she found Dario's note in the pocket of the coat, but she had had no opportunity to write one herself. Nor did she have time to read his until after dinner, although it burned her neck and took away her appetite. When the meal was over she ran down to the willows and read it there, then went straight to the favourite lounging-place of an old *vaquero* who had adored her from the days when she used to trot about the *rancho* holding his forefinger, or perched herself upon his shoulder and commanded him to gallop.

He was smoking his pipe, and he looked up in some wonder as

she stood before him, flushed and panting, her eyes glancing apprehensively about.

"Pedro," she said, imperiously, "get down on thy hands and knees."

Pedro was the colour of tanned leather and very hairy, but his face beamed with good-nature. He put his pipe between his teeth and did as he was bidden. Elena produced the pencil and paper she had managed to purloin from her father's table, and kneeling beside her faithful *vaquero*, wrote a note on his back. It took her a long time to coin that simple epistle, for she had never written a love-letter before. But Pedro knelt like a rock, although his old knees



ached. When the note was finished she thrust it into her gown, and patted Pedro on the head.

"I love thee, my old man. I will make thee a new salve for thy rheumatism and a big cake."

As she approached the house her mother stood on the corridor watching the young people mount, and Elena shivered as she met a fiery and watchful eye. Yesterday had been a perfect day, but the chill of fear touched this. She sprang on her horse and went with the rest to the games. Her brother Joaquin kept persistently by her side, and Dario thought it best not to approach her. She took little interest in the games. The young men climbed the greased pole amidst soft derisive laughter. The greased pig was captured by his tail in a tumult

of excitement, which rivalled the death of the bull; but Elena paid no attention. It was not until Dario, restive with inaction, entered the lists for the buried rooster, and by its head twisted it from the ground as his horse flew by, that she was roused to interest; and as many had failed, and as his was the signal victory of the day, he rode home somewhat consoled.

That night, as Dario and Elena danced the *contradanza* together, they felt the eyes of Doña Jacoba upon them, but he dared to whisper.

"To-morrow morning I speak with thy father. Our wedding-day must be set before another sun goes down."

"No, no!" gasped Elena; but for once Dario would not listen.

#### VIII.

As soon as Elena had left his room next morning, Dario returned and read the note she had put in her brother's pocket. It gave him courage, his dreamy eyes flashed, his sensitive mouth curved proudly. As soon as dinner was over he followed Don Roberto up to the library. The old man stretched himself out in the long brass and leather chair, which had been imported from England for his comfort, and did not look overjoyed when his guest begged a few moments' indulgence.

"I am half asleep," he said. "Is it about those cattle? Joaquin knows as much about them as I do."

Dario had not been asked to sit down, and he stood before Don Roberto feeling a little nervous, and pressing his hand against the mantelpiece.

"I do not wish to speak of cattle, señor."

"No? What then?" The old man's face was flushed with wine, and his shaggy brows were drooping heavily.

"It is—it is about Elena."

The brows lifted a little.

"Elena?"

"Yes, señor. We love each other very much. I wish to ask your permission that we may be married."

The brows went up with a rush; the stiff hairs stood out like a roof above the cold angry eyes. For a moment Don Roberto stared at the speaker as if he had not heard, then he sprang to his feet, his red face purple.

"Get out of my house, you damned vagabond!" he shouted. "Go as fast as God Almighty'll let you. You marry my daughter—you damned Indian! I wouldn't give her to you if you were pure-blooded Castilian, much less a



half-breed whelp. And you have dared to make love to her? Go!—do you hear?—or I'll kick you down the stairs!"

Dario drew himself up, and looked back at his furious host with a pride that matched his own. The blood was smarting in his veins, but he made no sign and walked down the stair.

Don Roberto went at once in search of his wife. Failing to find her, he walked straight into the *sala*, and taking Elena by the arm before the assembled guests, marched her up-stairs and into her room, and locked the door with his key.

Elena fell upon the floor and sobbed with rebellious mortification and terror. Her father had not uttered a word, but she knew the meaning of his summary act, and other feelings soon gave way to despair. That she would never see Dario Castañares again was certain, and she wept and prayed with all the *abandon* of her Spanish nature. A picture of the Virgin hung over the bed, and she raised herself on her knees and lifted her clasped hands to it beseechingly. With her tumbling hair and white face, her streaming upturned eyes and drawn mouth, she looked more like the Mater Dolorosa than the expressionless print she prayed to.

"Mary! mother!" she whispered, "have mercy on thy poor little daughter. Give him to me. I ask for nothing else in this world. I do not care for gold or *ranchos*, only to be his wife. I am so lonely, my mother—for even Santiago thinks of so many other things than me. I only want to be loved, and no one else will ever love me who can make me love him. Ay! give him to me! give him to me!" And she threw herself on her face once more, and

sobbed until her tears were exhausted. Then she dragged herself to the window and leaned over the deep seat. Perhaps she might have one glimpse of him as he rode away.

She gave a little cry of agony and pleasure. He was standing by the gates of the corral whilst the *vaqueros* rounded up the cattle he had bought. His arms were folded, his head hung forward. As he heard her cry he lifted his face, and Elena saw the tears in his eyes. For the moment they gazed at each other, those lovers of California's long ago, while the very atmosphere quivering between them seemed a palpable barrier. Elena flung out her arms with a sudden passionate gesture, and he gave a hoarse cry, and paced up and down like a race-horse curbed with a Spanish bit. How to have one last word with her? If she were behind the walls of the fort of Monterey it would be as easy. He dared not speak from where he was. Already the horses were at the door to carry the eager company to a fight between a bull and a bear. But he could write a note if he only had the materials. It was useless to return to his room, for Joaquin was there, and he hoped never to see that library again. But was there ever a lover in whom necessity did not develop the genius of invention? Dario flashed upward a glance of hope, then took from his pocket a slip of the rice-paper used for making *ciguitos*. He burnt a match, and with the charred stump scrawled a few lines.

"Elena! Mine! Star of my life! My sweet! Beautiful and idolised. Farewell! Farewell, my darling! My heart is sad. God be with thee. DARIO."



He wrapped the paper about a stone, and tied it with a wisp of grass. With a sudden flexile turn of a wrist that had thrown many

a *reata*, he flung it straight through the open window. Elena read the incoherent words, then fell insensible to the floor.

## IX.

It was the custom of Doña Jacoba to personally oversee her entire establishment every day, and she always went at a different hour, that laziness might never feel sure of her back. To-day she visited the *rancheria* immediately after dinner, and looked through every hut with her piercing eyes. If the children were dirty, she peremptorily ordered their stout mammas to put them into the clean clothes which her bounty had provided. If a bed was unmade, she boxed the ears of the owner, and sent her spinning across the room to her task. But she found little to scold about; her discipline was too rigid. When she was satisfied that the huts were in order, she went down to the great stone tubs sunken in the ground, where the women were washing in the heavy shade of the willows. In their calico gowns they made bright bits of colour against the drooping green of the trees.

"Maria," she cried, sharply, "thou art wringing that fine linen too harshly. Dost thou wish to break in pieces the bridal clothes of thy señorita? Be careful, or I will lay the whip across thy shoulders."

She walked slowly through the willows, enjoying the shade. Her fine old head was held sternly back, and her shoulders were as square as her youngest son's; but she sighed a little, and pressed a willow branch to her face with a caressing motion. She looked up to the grey peak standing above its fellows, bare, ugly, gaunt. She

was not an imaginative woman, but she had always felt in closer kinship with that solitary peak than with her own blood. As she left the wood and saw the gay cavalcade about to start—the burnished horses, the dashing *caballeros*, the girls with their radiant faces and jaunty habits—she sighed again. Long ago she had been the bride of a brilliant young Mexican officer for a few brief years; her youth had gone with his life.

She avoided the company and went around to the buildings at the back of the house. Approving here, reproaching there, she walked leisurely through the various rooms where the Indians were making lard, shoes, flour, candles. She was in the chocolate manufactory when her husband found her.

"Come—come at once," he said. "I have good news for thee."

She followed him to his room, knowing by his face that something had happened. But she was not prepared for the tale he poured forth with violent interjections of English and Spanish oaths. She had detected a flirtation between her daughter and the uninvited guest, and not approving of flirtations, had told Joaquin to keep his eyes upon them when hers were absent; but that the man should dare and the girl should stoop to think of marriage, wrought in her a passion to which her husband's seemed the calm flame of a sperm-candle.

"What!" she cried, her hoarse voice breaking—"what! A half-breed aspire to a Cortez!" She



forgot her husband's separateness with true California pride. "My daughter and the son of an Indian! Holy God! And she has dared!—she has dared!—the little imbecile!—the little—— But,"—and she gave a furious laugh,— "she will not forget again."

She caught the green-hide *reata* from the nail and went up the stair. Crossing the library with heavy tread, as if she would stamp her rage through the floor, she turned the key in the door of her daughter's room, stood over the girl, who still lay on the floor, although consciousness had returned. As Elena saw her mother's face she cowered pitifully; that terrible temper seldom dominated the iron will of the woman, but Santiago had shaken it a few days ago, and Elena knew that her turn had come.

Doña Jacoba shut the door and towered above her daughter, red spots on her face, her small eyes blazing, an icy sneer on her mouth. She did not speak one word. She caught the girl by her delicate shoulder, jerked her to her feet, and lashed her with the heavy whip until screams mingled with the gay laughter of the parting guests. When she had beaten her until her own arm ached, she flung her on the bed and went out and locked the door.

Elena was insensible again for a while, then lay dull and inert for hours. She had a passive longing for death. After the suffering and the hideous mortification of that day, there seemed no other climax. The cavalcade rode beneath her windows once more with their untired laughter, their splendid vitality. They scattered to their rooms to don their bright evening gowns, then went to the dining-room and feasted.

After supper Francisca unlocked Elena's door and entered with a little tray on her hand. Elena refused to eat, but her sister's presence roused her, and she turned her face to the wall and burst into tears.

"Nonsense!" said Francisca, kindly. "Do not cry, my sister. What is a lover?—the end of a little flirtation. My father will find thee a husband—a strong fair English husband like mine. Dost thou not prefer blondes to brunettes, my sister? I am sorry my mother beat thee, but she has such a sense of her duty. She did it for thy good, my Elena. Let me dress thee in thy new gown, the white silk with the pale-blue flowers. It is high in the neck and long in the sleeves, and will hide the marks of the whip. Come down and play *cascarones*, and dance until dawn and forget all about it."

But Elena only wept on, and Francisca left her for more imperative duties.

The next day the girl still refused to eat, although Doña Jacoba opened her mouth and poured a cup of chocolate down her throat. Late in the afternoon Santiago slipped into the room and bent over her.

"Elena," he whispered, hurriedly. "Look! I have a note for thee."

Elena sat upright on the bed, and he thrust a piece of folded paper into her hand. "Here it is. He is in San Luis Obispo, and says he will stay there—remember it is but a few miles away, my——"

Elena sank back with a cry, and Santiago blasphemed in English. Doña Jacoba unlocked her daughter's hand and took the note, and led Santiago from the room. When she reached her own, she



1892.]

*The Conquest of Doña Jacoba.*

opened a drawer and handed him a canvas bag full of gold.

"Go to San Francisco and enjoy thyself," she said. "Interfere no further between thy sister and thy parents, unless thou preferest that *reata* to gold. Thy craft cannot outwit mine, and she will read no notes. Thou art a foolish boy to set thy sense against thy mother's. I may seem harsh to my children, but I strive on my knees for their good. And when I have made up my mind that a thing is right to do, thou knowest that my nature is of iron. No child of mine shall marry a lazy vagabond who can do nothing but lie in a hammock and bet and gamble and make love. And a half-breed! Mother of God! Now go to San Francisco, and send for more money when this is gone."

Santiago obeyed. There was nothing else for him to do.

Elena lay in her bed, scarcely touching food. Poor child! her nature demanded nothing of life but love, and that denied her, she could find no reason for living. She was not sport-loving like Joaquin, nor practical like Francisco, nor learned like Santiago, nor ambitious to dance through life like her many nieces. She was but a clinging, unreasoning creature, with hot blood and a great heart. But she no longer prayed to have Dario given her. It seemed to her that after such suffering her saddened nature would cast its shadows over her happiest moments, and she longed only for death.

Her mother, becoming alarmed at her increasing weakness, called in an old woman who had been midwife and doctor of the county for half a century. She came, a bent and bony woman who must have been majestic in her youth. Her front teeth were gone, her

face was stained with dark spl like the imprint of a pre hand. Over her head she a black shawl, and she lo enough like a witch to frighte patients into eternity had not been so well used to She prodded Elena all over the girl were a loaf of bread her knotted fingers sought a of flour in the dough.

"The heart," she said to Jacoba with sharp emphasis back teeth meeting with a clic if to proclaim their existence. have no herbs for that," and went back to her cabin by the o

That night Elena lifted head suddenly. From the opposite her window came sweet reverberation of a gu then a voice, which, though heard by her in song before as unmistakable as if it had naded beneath her window night since she had known Castañares.

"EL ULTIMO A DIOS.

Si dos con el alma  
Se amaron en vida  
Y al fin se separan  
En vida las dos  
Sabies que es tan grand  
Le pena sentida  
Que con esa palabra  
Se dicen a Dios.  
Y en esa palabra  
Que breve murmurara  
Ni verse prometen  
Ni amrase se juran  
Que en esa palabra  
Se dicen a Dios.  
No hay queja mas hond  
Suspiro mas largo  
Que aquellas palabras  
Que dicen a Dios.  
Al fin ha llegado  
La muerte en la vida  
Al fin para entrambos  
Muramos los dos  
Al fin ha llegado  
La hora cumplida  
Del ultimo a Dios.





Ya nunca en la vida  
Gentil compañera  
Yo nunca volvamos  
A vernos los dos  
Por eso es tan triste  
Mi accento pose  
Por eso es tan triste  
El ultimo a Dios."

They were dancing down-stairs ; laughter floated through the open windows. Francisca sang a song of the bull-fight in her strong high voice ; the frogs chanted their midnight mass by the creek in

the willows, the coyotes howled, the owls hooted. But nothing could drown that message of love. Elena lit a candle and held it at arm's-length before the window ; she knew that its ray went straight through the curtains to the singer on the hill, for his voice broke suddenly, then swelled forth in passionate answer. He sat there until dawn singing to her ; but the next night he did not come, and Elena knew that she had not been his only auditor.

## X.

The week of festivity was over ; the bridal pair, the relatives, the guests went away. Quiet would have taken temporary possession of Los Quervos had it not been for the many passing guests lavishly entertained by Don Roberto.

And still Elena lay in her little iron bed, refusing to get out of it, barely eating, growing weaker and thinner every day. At the end of three weeks Doña Jacoba was thoroughly alarmed, and Don Roberto sent Joaquin to San Francisco for a physician.

The man of science came at the end of a week. He asked many questions, and had a long talk with his patient. When he left the sick-room, he found Don Roberto and Doña Jacoba awaiting him in the library. They were ready to accept his word as law, for he was an Englishman, and had won high reputation during his short stay in the new country.

He spoke with curt directness. "My dear sir, your child is dying because she does not wish to live. People who write novels call it dying of a broken heart ; but it does not make much difference *about* the name. Your child is *acutely sensitive*, and has an

extremely delicate constitution—predisposition to consumption. Separation from the young man she desires to marry has prostrated her to such an extent, that she is practically dying. Under the existing circumstances she will not live two months, and, to be brutally frank, you will have killed her. I understand that the young man is well born on his father's side, and possessed of great wealth. I see no reason why she should not marry him. I shall leave her a tonic, but you can throw it out of the window unless you send for the young man," and he walked down the stair and made ready for his departure.

Don Roberto translated the verdict to his wife. She turned very grey, and her thin lips pressed each other. But she bent her head. "So be it," she said ; "I cannot do murder. Send for Dario Castañares."

"And tell him to take her to perdition," roared the old man. "Never let me see her again."

He went down the stair, filled a small bag with gold, and gave it to the doctor. He found Joaquin and bade him go for Dario, then shut himself in a remote room,



and did not emerge until late that day.

Doña Jacoba sent for the maid, Malia.

"Bring me one of your frocks," she said, "a set of your undergarments, a pair of your shoes and stockings." She walked about the room until the girl's return, her face terrible in its repressed wrath, its grey consciousness of defeat. When Malia came with the garments she told her to follow, and went into Elena's room and stood beside the bed.

"Get up," she said. "Dress thyself in thy bridal clothes. Thou art going to marry Dario Castañares to-day."

The girl looked up incredulously, then closed her eyes wearily.

"Get up," said her mother. "The doctor has said that we must let our daughter marry the half-breed, or answer to God for her murder." She turned to the maid. "Malia, go down-stairs and make a cup of chocolate and bring it up. Bring, too, a glass of angelica."

But Elena needed neither. She forgot her desire for death, her misgivings of the future; hope gave her strength. She slipped out of bed, and would have taken a pair of silk stockings from the chest, but her mother stopped her with an imperious gesture, and handed her the coarse shoes and stockings the maid had brought. She raised her eyes wonderingly, but drew them on her tender feet without complaint. Then her mother gave her the shapeless undergarments, the gaudy calico frock, and she put them on. When the maid returned with the chocolate and wine, she drank both. They gave her colour and renewed strength; and as she stood up and faced her mother, she had never looked more beautiful or more queenly in the

silken gowns that were hers no longer.

"There are horses' hoofs," said Doña Jacoba. "Leave thy father's house and go to thy lover."

Elena followed her from the room, walking steadily, although she was beginning to tremble a little. As she passed the table in the library, she picked up an old silk handkerchief of her father's and tied it about her head and face. A smile was on her lips, but no joy could ever crowd the sadness from her eyes again. Her spirit was darkened for all time, her nature had come to its own.

They walked through the silent house, and to Elena's memory came the picture of that other bridal when the very air shook with pleasure, and the rooms were jewelled with beautiful faces; but she would not have exchanged her own nuptials for her sister's calm acceptance.

When she reached the verandah she drew herself up and turned to her mother with all that strange old woman's implacable bearing.

"I demand one wedding present," she said. "The green-hide *reata*. I wish it as a memorial of my mother."

Doña Jacoba, without the quiver of a muscle, walked into her husband's room and returned with the *reata* and handed it to her. Then Elena turned her back upon her father's house and walked down the road through the willows. Dario did not notice the calico frock or the old handkerchief about her head. He bent down and caught her in his arms and kissed her, then lifting her to his saddle, galloped down the road to San Luis Obispo. But Doña Jacoba turned her hard old face to the wall and laid it there.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON.



## THE CHILD AND THE SAVAGE :

## A STUDY OF PRIMITIVE MAN.

IT is within the knowledge of every one who has thought or read about such matters at all, that each of our familiar domestic animals, which are almost as much partakers of our civilisation as ourselves, is descended from wild ancestors who lived their lives for their own ends, fought their battles, and obtained their sustenance, just as do the feral denizens of forest and jungle of to-day. In spite of artificial breeding, and constant adaptation to our uses from generation to generation, they most of them retain interesting relics and traits of the old days of freedom. Darwin has pointed out that the dog's habit of turning himself round several times before lying down is merely the preservation of an old custom of his jackal-like progenitors, who thus twisted the long grass of their lurking-place into a comfortable nest. A walk through the meadows in April will show the young lambs of the quiet lowland sheep skipping up and down the steepest banks, and perching, all four feet together, on the top of a large stone or any other eminence with the greatest confidence and ease. Herein they show their origin among the high and perilous rocks, where their wild forefathers took refuge from the fierce carnivora of the plains. Those who have seen young lions in a menagerie will have observed the striped and spotted markings on the fur which indicate that the lion, now tawny like all desert-dwelling beasts, is connected by descent with the great *forest-haunting cats*, whose *variegated coats* harmonise with the

lights and shadows among the trees. The calf is a much more deer-like wild-looking animal than its placid square-built dam; and in the young colt we see the short mane, straight neck, long ear, and scanty tail which undoubtedly characterised his ass-like progenitors; and in many cases even the markings down the back and across the upper legs are temporarily present (and persist in some forms, as the Norwegian ponies), which show kinship not only to donkeys but also to his striped cousins of African plains. Thus it becomes evident that young animals often give us hints of their early origin and relationships by exhibiting characteristics hidden later on. This fact is very familiar to the physiologist; and the progress towards fowl-hood of the unhatched chick tells, by a temporary resemblance to successive types of ancestors, a story of wondrous changes which outdoes the magic transformations of the fairy tales.

Man himself is subject to the same rule, and many curious records of his history are written in his own person, especially during the period before he begins to assert his own individuality. The facts illustrating this point are so numerous that it will be easy, with scarcely any repetition, to bring forward many of a telling and interesting nature. Nothing is more certain than that we, in common with our dumb servants and companions, are descended from a wild creature, the fiercest and most destructive of all the dwellers in the woods and wastes—a hunting, fighting, foe-devour-



ing savage. The said savage himself was doubtless the culmination of a long line of yet more primitive ancestry, but behind him there is a great and dark gap which I shall not attempt to cross in this paper.

Now, suppose we apply the same rule to ourselves which we have done to the beasts of the field, what shall we find? Are there traces of this naked unkempt wanderer in our youthful offspring, just as the wolf crops up in the dog, and the rock-scaling burrhel in the sheep? I hope to show in a few pages that most assuredly there are; and so numerous and undoubted are these *atavistic* traits that one could almost say, "Show me an infant, and I will show you a savage."

To take first a general view. Look at the typical infantile face. Why should infants, the world over, possess the same general cast of visage? Why do they not resemble, feature for feature, their parents, or at least their distinctive racial family?

The fact is indisputable that the babes of all nations approach far more to a uniform type than do adults. They are a perpetual (and vociferous) assertion of the universal brotherhood of man. The babe of the Negro or Australian black-fellow is much lighter in tint than its parents, while a new born Red Indian or Polynesian could scarcely be told from one which boasted a white parentage.

I was much interested, while visiting the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park in the spring, at seeing a young burrhel lamb and a little bison calf. The first idea which struck me on seeing them was the almost exact resemblance of these little animals to an ordinary domestic lamb and calf. A

bulldog and a greyhound are two very differently outlined creatures, yet any one seeing a litter of newly born whelps of each, might have some difficulty in saying at the first glance which was which.

Now, to return to the babies' features, which I have only left for the moment for the sake of getting a side-light to show up the profile.

Why does not the babe more exactly resemble its parents from the first,—a Roman-nosed child rejoice the heart of a Roman-nosed father, and a lantern-jawed, thin-lipped one flatter by imitation a parent of the bony New England variety? The answer is, Because the newly born infant "favours," not so much its immediate procreator as that interesting and much-discussed ancestral celebrity, Primitive Man.

The snub nose, giving a more or less front view of the nostrils, the wide cheek-bones, the retreating chin, the hair low down on the forehead, the close-set beady eyes, the long and prominent upper lip, and the general bluntness and rotundity of the features—these are characteristic of the Bosjman, the native Australian, and the negroid Andaman Islander and Tasmanian.

The Eskimo and Lapp also present the same round blunt type of visage; and many of the skulls found along with the bones of extinct animals, and in the tumuli of this country and on the Continent, give evidence that, when clothed with flesh, they also showed the same infantile cast.

Some anthropologists hold that the yellow Mongolian is still but little removed in face and form from the early primitive type; and it has certainly passed into a proverb that his smiling countenance is "childlike and bland."



Innumerable travellers have remarked that savages in their ways and passions are like children ; but this version of the comparison seems scarcely justifiable, except as a method of deducing the greater unknown from the known. We might as well say that the sun is something like the moon, or that the writings and views of Darwin in some degree resemble those of Grant Allen or Mivart. It would scarcely be seemly or respectful to tell a grandfather that he presented a striking likeness to his grandson.

I am not at all sure that we have not here a touchstone which may enable us to test the genuineness of the claims of some savages to be called *primitive*, in contradistinction to the debased and degenerated descendants of people who once possessed a higher culture. There appear to be some grounds for suspicion that the Veddahs of Ceylon, and perhaps the Fuegians and Caribs, are not *bona fide* "primitives," in spite of the assertions of such great authorities as Tylor and Lubbock that we have no evidence of man having retrograded to the elemental stage after having been once raised from it. The Veddahs certainly, from the fact that they speak a branch of the Aryan tongue, are especially open to suspicion ; and it is a curious fact that they, and the Fuegians and Caribs, and to these must be added the Botocudos of Brazil, do not nearly conform so closely in feature to the general infantile type as do the tribes previously mentioned as among the lowest of the human family.

The Fuegians, Botocudos, and Caribs all resemble the higher indigenous peoples (some of them highly civilised) of North, Central, and South America, in having

aquiline though rather heavy features. They are also all remarkable for a melancholy, morose temperament, and have the appearance rather of outcast degraded truants from civilisation than of children who have yet to go to the world's great school.

In the bone-caves of the south of France have been found figures of reindeer, mammoths, and men scratched on horn or ivory, and evidently executed by artists contemporary with the *Elephas primigenius*. The men are represented with short bent legs, and seem to stand or walk in a stooping manner, with the body bowed slightly forward from the hips.

Now pass your hand down the back of any infant of under ten months old and feel the spine at the loin or *lumbar* region, where in the adult modern man the back is hollow or concave. You will observe that in the babe it is convex like that of a quadruped (a ten-months-old baby is practically a quadruped) ; and although the child can perhaps get on its legs with the support of a chair, it does not straighten its thighs and stand upright, but is bent forwards in the same posture of the cave-dweller whose portrait has come down to us from the age just succeeding the last glacial epoch. If the support is removed the child falls *forwards*, and again becomes a pseudo-quadruped.

All animals, man excepted—I had almost said *civilised* man excepted, for some savages still show the peculiarity—have the thigh set on at an angle with the backbone, and maintain this angle in all attitudes. In ordinary quadrupeds it is, of course, practically a right angle, the body and spine being horizontal and the legs vertical. The race-horse, even when stretched at full gallop,



still has the hind-legs bent down considerably from the level axis of the spine. In adult man standing erect, the lines of spine and thigh-bone are, as I have said, continuous, and do not appreciably deviate from the same vertical plane. But when he walks, the hinder of the two legs for the time being, before he swings it forward in its turn, makes an angle in the *opposite* direction with the erect body; it is bent backwards, instead of forwards as in quadrupeds. Still more is this the case when, in running, he vigorously spurns the ground with a backward stroke of his foot, and the impetus of the violent contraction of the flexor muscles will (as is seen in the typical pictorial representation of the act of running) carry the leg still further upwards and backwards before it is drawn forward for another step. Looking at the pictures of the crouching palæolithic men of the cave artist, one feels a doubt whether they could have flung the foot back while running with a nearly upright body, as many athletes run nowadays. They must have bent their bodies forwards before they could have gained the advantage of the propelling backward stroke upon which the swiftness of the foot-racer so greatly depends.

Now let us turn again to the young child: his legs are short—much shorter in proportion than those of an adult—and in early infancy are always bent forwards at the hip-joint, just like those of a quadruped, and cannot be held straight for any length of time without discomfort. When a child commences to walk, this peculiarity, combined with the convex outline of the lumbar spine, which has already been remarked upon, causes his body to tend to fall forwards. If we watch a

somewhat older child walking or trying to run, it is noticeable that while the legs are brought well forward and well lifted from the ground (I have often been amused at the high-stepping “action” of these little bipedal *trotters*), they are seldom or never brought behind the body with the movement which gives an adult athlete his greatest speed in running. This also explains why at school sports the small boys generally do better at the high jump than at the long jump.

The general great bodily activity, and the preference for physical over mental exertion in children, are additional points of resemblance to man in his simple state of life, when as yet books were not, and he spent his time and gained his livelihood using his muscles in pursuit of wild beasts. I will not dwell upon the universal taste of boys (and many girls) for tree-climbing, nor upon the ready automatic fashion in which a nut finds its way between the premolar teeth, for this would be straying beyond the limits I have laid down, and trespassing on the debatable ground of the missing link—whose owner is, for the present, “not at home.”

The keenness with which boys (and some older imperfectly developed human beings) take to hunting wild creatures for the mere sake of killing, is a trait not to be overlooked. The sporting instinct is still a factor of residual heathenism for the missionaries who strive to elevate the savages in our midst to take into serious consideration. It has found its expression in the saying libellously ascribed to the typical Englishman—“It is a fine morning; let us go and *kill* something.”

The lack of the power to sympathise with suffering, which makes



many savages so horribly cruel, is still, unhappily, projected into our own age.

Children are very sympathetic *when they are taught*; but as resident surgeon in a children's hospital, I had many opportunities of observing the astonishing indifference with which the little patients would look on, and laugh and prattle over their toys, when some trying surgical proceeding, such as the dressing of a frightful burn, was going on close to them. They seemed to take the painful sight, and the cries of the poor little sufferer, as a matter of course; although I have noticed that a hard-hearted, drink-brutalised navvy would show himself both shocked and sympathetic if present at such a distressing scene of helplessness and suffering.

If we could only get at the inmost thoughts of little children, I am sure, from what I have observed, that we should find strange bits of old superstition and paganism cropping up in the most unexpected fashion. It is becoming apparent that the religious instinct *per se* is absolutely as much a part of man as any of his physical members, and proves itself, by its all but universal distribution, to have been one of the essential factors in the long uphill march from brutality. This is a matter which will, I hope, be treated more fully on

some future occasion, when the material is harvestable; and, in the meantime, those engaged in the inquiry are trying to gather light by closely and cautiously investigating the inmost thoughts of some of their very small friends. A series of remarkable and curious revelations from an unexpected and hitherto despised quarter, as to some methods of nature in the upward struggle, are now occupying the attention of a few students of this branch of science; but the subject is in itself a large one, and requires a good deal of technical knowledge of anthropology and anatomy. It relates to the habits of young children when romping, and especially with regard to their behaviour and the positions they take up when "tousled" or tickled. The play of all young animals largely consists of sham-fighting, and through the training thus gained they are able to hold their own when engaged in the later serious battles for mates or food. That nature has not neglected our own race in providing this instinct for practising mimic war is now clear, although the changes which have come over us since the time when the hairy crouching originals bit and mauled one another for the sweetest nut or the most tempting marrow-bone have hitherto masked the instinct.



## AN AFRICAN EXPLORER:

THE LATE COLONEL J. A. GRANT, C.B.

IN the world's progress events are constantly occurring that make us mark time, and that suggest a retrospect. It is well that this should be so, especially in the present age when time rushes on with express rapidity, and the work that in past ages would have been assigned to centuries is now crowded within the compass of a single lifetime. It has been the privilege of the generation waxing old towards the end of the century to witness a more marvellous expansion of the world's forces, whether natural or physical, than any preceding one; but carried along as we are on the crest of the current, we do not readily realise the distance we have reached from the point whence we set out, until some incident happens to make us pause and look back. The only clear conception we can form of the marvellous growth of the great English-speaking colonies of America and Australia is by glancing back at their not very remote origins, and noting the brief interval which it has taken them to become what they are. In the same way we can only measure the growth of British power in India, and the material advancement of the country, by counting the years back to the time when Clive first laid the lines of empire. And to take the most recent illustration of all, we can only truly gauge the wonderful development which we see going on under our eyes in the centre of the Dark Continent by a reference to the condition in which such explorers as Living-

stone and Speke and Grant found it within our not remote memory.

Colonel J. A. Grant, who died little more than a month ago, had the singular felicity to see the work in which he took a chief part approaching the verge of fruition. When along with Captain Speke he penetrated into Central Africa, he traversed a country where no white man had ever been seen before, a very *terra incognita* regarding which we knew little more than Ptolemy and Strabo did—a country into which the traveller who penetrated disappeared from the world's ken, probably never to reappear again—a country which had lain for ages in the densest darkness, with but little apparent probability that it would be ever dragged to the light. He lived until the scene of his and Speke's great discoveries had become as familiar a locality in the minds of his countrymen as any corner of Africa that had been settled before the century; until he saw the country through which he had struggled amid so many difficulties and dangers brought under the protection of the British flag; and until railways and telegraphs to the Victoria Nyanza, the goal of their expedition, were upon the very point of becoming a realised fact—a remarkable revolution to be compressed within the span of a not prolonged lifetime, and one for which Colonel Grant, if he had not been too modest—as he was—might have justly said, "*cujus pars magna fui.*"

Ever a warm friend to this





Magazine, though but an infrequent contributor to its pages, Colonel Grant and his services to African progress well deserve to be commemorated here, more especially at the present time when we are preparing to reap the harvest of which he and Speke sowed the seed. He is also interesting as the last of that illustrious race of explorers which began with Bruce and Mungo Park and ended with Livingstone and himself—a race sharply differentiated from more modern adventurers by distinctions so obvious that we need not trouble to particularise them. A high earnestness, a complete devotion to duty, a sense of chivalry that savoured of earlier days, and an entire absence of selfishness or of desire for personal fame, were the characteristics displayed by Grant during his African wanderings; and these traits during his whole career, manifested as they were in the light of his singularly frank and noble nature, seldom failed to make a deep impression upon those who came even into slight intercourse with him.

Let us recall, then, some memories of the famous walk across Africa which Grant and his fellow-traveller undertook thirty years ago, and contrast the Africa which they found with the Africa now known to us. It was in 1860 that Grant joined Speke in an expedition to the great African Lake, the southern portion of which Speke, on a previous journey in company with Burton, had discovered, and had then conjectured to be the head-waters of the Nile. Fitter men for the work could not have been found. Both had seen smart service in India, and Grant, a Scotsman and the son of a Scottish manse, had only just come home after having been

through the Mutiny, in which he had been wounded at the relief of Lucknow. Speke had already had considerable African experience in the company of Burton, with whom he had penetrated into the Somali and Galla country as far as Harrar, after encountering many risks; and later on, along with the same explorer, he had reached Lake Tanganyika. In the course of the latter journey Speke, as has been said, discovered the southern end of Lake Victoria Nyanza, to explore which and to define its relationship to the Nile were the objects of the expedition on which he and Grant set out.

It was on the 2d October 1860 that the explorers started from Bagamoyo for Kazé in Unyamwe, the first section of the journey, a stage of five hundred miles. The expedition numbered a little over two hundred, including carriers and servants, and it was soon reduced by desertions and deaths to less than half that number. There were none of those elaborate preparations for filibustering and fighting the natives with which we have now come to inseparably associate an expedition into Central Africa. There were cloth, beads, and other goods to pay the way of the explorers; they were to approach the natives in a fair and friendly spirit; and for the rest—why, they took their lives in their hands. Speke had already traversed the country between Kazé and Bagamoyo, knew the natives, and had left behind him confidence and a favourable impression of himself. So far it was to be hoped the journey would be as smooth as the natural difficulties of country and climate would admit of. This portion of the march occupied three months and twenty-five



days, owing to the caprices and final desertion of their carriers. On the route, Speke's task was to map the country, take bearings, and keep the log; while Grant had charge of the scientific observations, botanising, photographing, and registering the thermometer. At first he boiled one of the thermometers, but the work had to be abandoned on account of the severity of the climate, and then he took to sketching with water-colours, with much advantage to the record of the expedition. The country was wretchedly destitute of food-supplies, and the two explorers had very frequently to depend upon their rifles for the supply of the pot. The troubles with the porters, and the grasping exactions of the chiefs, were a cause of constant delay and irritation; but these the explorers overcame with tact and good-humour, and instead of finding themselves embroiled with the natives, they were more often called in to mediate and advise between contending parties.

Through deaths and desertion the question of carriage had become a serious difficulty by the time they reached Kazé, and there the party was delayed for fifty-one days partly by the rains, but mainly for want of porters. Most of the party had suffered from fever, and Grant had three severe attacks during their stay at Kazé. At length about the middle of March they obtained a fourth of the necessary number of porters, and with these marched on in a northerly direction towards the Victoria Nyanza. Fever still haunted the party, and some Cape Riflemen whom Speke had brought with him, had to be sent back to the coast. At Mininga the party was again delayed for want of transport. The Watuta

were on the war-path, and porters would not dare to take the road. Speke had again to return to Kazé, and after wasting much time in endeavouring to effect a peace between the contending factions there, succeeded in making a fresh start. Again he rejoined Grant, but it was only to find that he must leave him behind at Ukuni with the bulk of the baggage, while he himself with a detachment pushed forward to clear the way for their advance, and, if possible, procure porters to send to Grant's relief. But while every petty chief insisted on taking toll from him, not a bearer was forthcoming; and weary and disgusted, Speke turned back at Mihambo and rejoined Grant's camp, having been away from the 3d to the 19th June, in the course of which time he had walked 180 miles going and coming. Again, after another vain journey to Kazé, Speke pushed on, leaving Grant with the rear-guard and baggage, and reached the limits of his previous journey, only to find himself obstructed by other chiefs more exacting than those he had previously encountered. He became seriously ill, and his mind was troubled regarding Grant's situation. Grant succeeded in making a start on 12th September, and reached M'yonga's country, where he found himself confronted by demands for presents, although Speke had previously franked his passage. Grant refused to submit to the chief's demands, and found that M'yonga was prepared to bar his way by force. Seven or eight armed men stopped the party, and planting their spears, dared them to advance.

"This menace made us firmer in our determination," wrote Grant, "and we swept past the spears.



After we had marched unmolested for some seven miles, a loud yelping from the woods excited our attention, and a sudden rush was made upon us by, say, two hundred men, who came down seemingly in great glee. In an instant, at the caravan's centre, they fastened upon the poor porters. The struggle was short; and with the threat of an arrow or spear at their breasts, men were robbed of their cloths and ornaments. Loads were yielded and run away with before resistance could be organised; only three men of a hundred stood by me, the others, whose only thought was their lives, fled into the woods, where I went shouting for them. One man, little Rahan—rip as he is—stood with cocked gun defending his load against five savages with uplifted spears. No one else could be seen. In fact I felt wrecked."

This incident affords an excellent illustration of the spirit in which the journey of Speke and Grant was carried through. A single hasty act upon Grant's part—and it must have hardly taxed his patience not to strike a blow in behalf of their property—would have afforded a pretext which the native chiefs were most probably waiting for, to exterminate the party and seize the goods, and thus lead to the ruin of the expedition. But in all their dealings with the natives both travellers were careful to seek redress by constitutional means; and by appealing to the justice of the chiefs, they generally managed to get some partial satisfaction. Grasping as these potentates were, they were disposed to be satisfied with less than all, and when they had extorted all that their importunity could obtain under the colourable pretext of toll or presents, they allowed them to go on their way in peace and amity. When we read of the violent measures *which recent German and even*

English expeditions have been compelled to use in their Central African explorations, we feel constrained to ask whether the patience and diplomacy by which Speke and Grant successfully made their way through the wildest regions had been tried and had failed, before recourse was had to armed force.

After saving a portion of the wreck at M'yonga's, Grant succeeded in joining Speke at Lumeresi's village in Uzinza, where the leader of the party, just recovering from severe illness, was being racked by the extortions of that chief. They only escaped from him to fall into the hands of Suwarora, a more important potentate, and the chief ruler of Usui, who refused to see them, and left them to be pillaged by his subordinates. With much haggling and bargaining they made their way northward to Karagué, lying on the south-west side of Lake Victoria Nyanza, and were received by the King Rumanika—the most friendly and generous ruler whom they had yet encountered. Rumanika was fairly captivated by the English travellers, and was never tired of looking at the wonders they had to show him, or of questioning them about the great world outside Karagué, of which he had but the very faintest ideas. Here Grant, who all through the journey from M'yonga's had been struggling with fever, was prostrated with a very serious illness. The fever was now aggravated by inflammation in the leg, which became deformed, causing intense pain, until relieved by a deep incision, which was followed by a copious discharge. Relief was only temporary, and for three months "fresh abscesses formed, and other incisions were made;



my strength was prostrated; the knee stiff and alarmingly bent, and walking was impracticable." The kindly natives tried their own peculiar treatments. M'nanajee, the king's brother, a great witch-doctor, gave the case his attention, and other skilful natives were called in; but it was not until the fifth month that the patient was well enough to get out to the open air. Even Rumanika with all his liberality was not above taking advantage of the sick man's condition, regulating his hospitality by the presents he received; and Grant's followers had to forage for him and themselves through the country. It was from his sick-bed at Karagué that Grant sketches the following amusing scene:—

"At night my few men would gather round their fire, and particularly after having an extra allowance of plantain-wine, sing a ditty about my health. Frij, on the single-stringed zezi or guitar, would commence, 'I am Frij, I am Frij; my brother Grin [meaning Grant] is very sick, is very sick; we'll get a cow, we'll get a cow, when he gets well, when he gets well;' to which the others would all subscribe in a louder voice, 'Ameen,' with great solemnity."

Meanwhile Speke was forced to push on. The extortions of the chiefs were wasting the resources of the expedition; and further delay threatened to leave them destitute of the means of making their way to their journey's goal. So leaving Grant with a portion of the baggage at King Rumanika's, the leader started on the 10th January 1862 and pushed on to Uganda, which he reached about the middle of February. The celebrated King Mtesa was then near the commencement of his reign, a capricious and haughty boy full of his own importance, but full also

of curiosity about the white foreigner, and the strange things which he had brought with him. We must refer the reader to 'Speke's Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile' for an account of life at the Court of King Mtesa, during the months from February to July 1862, during which time Speke had to wrestle with an etiquette as arrogant as that of Versailles under Louis le Grand, to assert his position in such diplomatic fashion as not to alienate the king, and yet secure respect and subsistence for himself and his followers; to play off the court factions one against the other so as to get the assistance of all and the enmity of none. All this Speke did without abating an atom of dignity or a jot of principle. At the same time he succeeded, as far as could be expected with a savage in Mtesa's situation, in impressing upon the boy-king's mind the advantages that would accrue to him from welcoming strangers to his country and treating them well; and there is some reason to believe that the vigour and sagacity which the king afterwards displayed, and the eminence to which he attained in the Lake country, may have been in some measure due to his early intercourse with the Englishmen.

Grant was at last able to resume his journey by the middle of April, and started from Karagué on a stretcher carried by Waganda bearers, a painful mode of conveyance for one in his enfeebled and disabled condition; and the behaviour of his bearers did not do much to mitigate his discomforts. They insisted on carrying him head first instead of feet first, so that he could not see the country; they would dash off the road at the sight of fruit, depositing their



hapless burden by the wayside, or crashing with him through the jungle. Grant thought "the best way was to grin as much as possible with them in their frolics." Sometimes these frolics were pushed to rather a cruel length. On the march he had to dismount in the ascent of a steep rocky hill to avoid falling out of his litter, and be carried up the ascent. As soon as the bearers saw that he was able to put his foot to the ground, they ran off with the stretcher. "For a couple of hours they allowed me to wait there, while they like a parcel of wicked boys kept throwing rocks down the precipice, listening in perfect quiet till they heard the last sound of the stones reaching the bottom of the ravine, when all would shout together." Arriving at the Kitan-gule river, Grant had expected to be able to reach Uganda by water, according to the arrangements that Speke had made with Mtesa; but what was his disappointment when he found that the king had ordained that he was to make the journey by land! No wonder though in his exhausted and enfeebled state his "heart sank within him." The Waganda bearers, who had never taken kindly to carrying the litter, pronounced him able to walk along the made roads of Uganda, and though lame and with a stiff knee-joint, he had to trudge along a daily march of from nine to eleven miles, the exertion intensified by the pace which his convoy kept up, anxious to get to their halting-place. His feet became inflamed by wading through the Uganda bogs, and swelled so that he could with difficulty wear shoes.

At last, on 26th May, he reached Uganda weary and worn out, after *having been four months separated*

from his companion. "How we enjoyed ourselves after so much anxiety and want of one another's company I need not describe," says Speke. "For my part I was only too rejoiced to see Grant able to limp about a bit, and was able to laugh over the picturesque and amusing account he gave me of his own rough travels." Grant spent about six weeks in the Uganda capital before—after much haggling, obstruction, and delay—permission could be obtained from Mtesa to set out on their journey. An officer had been sent with them by the king, with instructions to guide them to the exit of the White Nile from the Victoria Nyanza; but the man insisted upon leading them by a northerly route, which landed them at Karee, some distance to the west of the Nile, and a long journey from the point where the river debouches from the lake. The matter was not of the first importance, for if they came upon the Nile, it followed with absolute certainty that it must flow out of the Victoria Nyanza. But Speke was resolved that the minutest confirmation should be given to his report, and resolved to make a flying march back to the lake. Grant's health was still too shattered to walk twenty miles a-day; and the travellers were again reluctantly compelled to separate their camps, Speke going back to the Ripon Falls, while Grant, with the main body of the expedition, marched towards the capital of Unyoro. When they arrived within that kingdom they were met by the news that the king, who conceived himself affronted by their visit to Mtesa, would not receive them or look at their presents. Grant was compelled to fall back upon the Uganda frontier, there



to negotiate for a passage, and wait until Kamarasi's dignity was sufficiently appeased to receive him. Grant would have forced his way down to the Nile, and, joining Speke, have boated down the river; but not a man would stir to aid him. At last, when Kamarasi returned the presents that had been sent him, Grant himself set out to join Speke, and fell in with him on 19th August, and the union of the party was speedily followed by an invitation from the king, who evidently thought he had done enough to manifest his power, and was not disposed to allow the travellers to slip through his fingers. In consequence, the expedition once more set out towards the capital of Unyoro. On arrival there, the same comedy that had been rehearsed at Uganda was again played. The travellers were badly lodged, and treated with studied neglect, until they insisted upon the consideration proper for men in their position being duly shown to them; and their diplomatic firmness again won the day. Kamarasi thawed down, professed great regard and friendship for the travellers, but, like his rival Mtesa, was not above endeavouring to pillage them of all he cast his eyes upon. At last, on 9th November, after much haggling and huckstering, the party was permitted to proceed down the river Kafu in boats until they reached the White Nile; and sometimes sailing, at other times marching to avoid rapids, down the sacred river to Gondokoro. At the Karuma Falls both Speke and Grant fell ill, but were still able to proceed on their way. Their route lay down the Nile passing Khartoum, and through that Soudan country with which

since that time we have formed a melancholy acquaintance. But the perils as well as the adventures of the expedition were now over; and the travellers made their way safely to Alexandria, where they embarked for England on the 4th June 1863—two years and eight months from the date of their departure from Bagamoyo. Well might Lord Palmerston, who was Prime Minister at the time when the explorers returned, remark in his dry humorous way, "You have had a long walk, Captain Grant."

Of Grant's special services to the expedition ample testimony was forthcoming. He brought home with him a collection of 750 species of African plants, carefully preserved by the drying process, and classified and described. Of these from 80 to 100 species were pronounced by botanists to be quite new. The collection was presented by him to the Hookerian herbarium at Kew, where it is still preserved. The climatic notes, barometrical readings, and rainfall observations which he was able to take were also of great value. But perhaps more serviceable to the traveller and to the general public than these were the copious notes which he took of the country and of the various races among whom he sojourned—their ethnology, their manners and customs, their characters and their disposition, which, when incorporated in his work, '*A Walk Across Africa*,' have since proved a standard source of information regarding the natives of Karagué, Uganda, and Unyoro. Colonel Grant's interest and connection with Africa did not terminate with the expedition. We do not allude to his services in Abyssinia, where he was head of Sir Robert Napier's Intelligence De-



partment, but to the attention which he bestowed on all questions affecting Africa, and the zeal with which he advocated every measure calculated to open up or benefit the regions through which he and Speke had travelled. At the Royal Geographical Society, where he was held in high esteem, his voice was always raised in behalf of any project that was likely to advantage the natives of the Lake country. It was from him the suggestion first came to place a steamer on Lake Victoria Nyanza, which has since been warmly supported by Mr Stanley and other African authorities. His interest in the country was always manifesting itself in a variety of ways. When King Mtesa died he contributed a paper to this Magazine on his recollections of that autocrat, and foreshadowed with singular perspicacity the influence the event would have upon the condition of the Lake country. Again, when the news of the lamented death of Mackay of Uganda reached England, Colonel Grant hastened to pay a generous and feeling tribute to his memory in these pages—his last contribution. We may justly say that in Colonel Grant the natives of East Central Africa have lost the best friend they had in England—one who, in the altered circumstances which the extension of European influence is likely to bring about, would have watched over their wellbeing with untiring assiduity.

The perfect loyalty and chivalry of Grant's character—a character that often suggested Thackeray's "Colonel Newcome"—were never better illustrated than by the loving zeal with which he vindicated the credit due to Speke for his *discoveries*, when these were sought

to be minimised by other and more recent explorers. He claimed no glory for himself, but when any discovery of Speke's was ignored, Grant at once flew to arms. An instance of this occurred in 1875, when a Quarterly Reviewer, writing on the 'Last Journals of Dr Livingstone,' claimed that Livingstone not only desired to discover, but did discover the ultimate source of the Nile. Grant in a letter to the Editor of this Magazine conclusively disposed of this assertion by showing that Livingstone's explorations had never led him nearer the Nile region than the northern extremity of Lake Tanganyika, about 3° S. ; and, concluded Grant, "I claim for Speke that he was the first person, in recorded history, who not only conceived but carried out his idea of traversing Africa from south to north through the regions where the Nile unquestionably does rise, and that he settled practically the question of the African watershed, and the problem of all ages—the 'sources of the Nile.'"

We have called Colonel Grant the last of the old school of explorers. Whatever brilliant achievements those of the new school have succeeded in performing, it is to be regretted that in one very essential point they should prove deficient—in the disposition and capacity for inspiring the natives with confidence and friendly interest. An African expedition nowadays too often means a filibustering force, determined to force its way through everything, recking little what blood may be spilt, and still more indifferent as to the impression that they may make upon the natives. The dominating idea that influenced Speke and Grant, as well as Dr Livingstone, was to make the name of Englishman so much



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*The late Colonel J. A. Grant, C.B.*

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respected and trusted that any of their countrymen who followed in their footsteps would receive a warm and friendly welcome from chiefs and people. These men regarded themselves as pioneers, and their thoughts were more of the future than of their own immediate safety or success. But more recent travellers have abandoned this wise policy. When we read of the constant warfare with the natives which marked the route of such recent travellers as Dr Peters and others, we need scarcely wonder that the temper of the people towards the white strangers should have undergone a change, and that the kindly impressions which Speke

and Grant left behind them should have been supplanted by bitter hostility. We are on the eve of a great work in Africa. The scene of Speke and Grant's discoveries is already within the sphere of British influence. There is a garrison in Uganda under the British flag. Friction must unavoidably follow, as it always does follow when civilisation comes into contact with barbarism ; but the patience, energy, determination, and above all the sense of justice, which Speke and Grant displayed in their dealings with the natives, present us with an example which we may very profitably imitate at the present time.





## SIX IN A LAVA-FLOW.

## AN ADVENTURE IN TENERIFE.

## I.

WE are old residents in Tenerife, which, as all the world knows, is a highly volcanic island. We had, of course, heard the legend of the dog that was shut up in the cave below Ycod-de-los-vinos, and which, after three days, made its appearance in the ice-cave near the top of the Peak. This story naturally fired our imagination, and we determined to follow in the footsteps of that dog, or die in the attempt.

The outside world may fail to appreciate the full amount of valor we displayed in making, and still more in carrying out, this resolution; but indeed it was truly remarkable, when one takes into account the good advice that was showered upon us at every opportunity by our friends. "Oh, don't go," said one, "for so-and-so assured me, as a *fact*, that the country people use these caves to hide away their smuggled goods, and naturally dislike foreigners to go poking about their *caches*, for fear of its leading to the discovery of their little peccadilloes." Others informed us that Ycod was drained into that part of the cave which lies below the town; while others again were afraid of some accident, such as the roof falling in suddenly, either of its own accord or by reason of a small earthquake, for these convulsions of nature are by no means uncommon in our volcanic regions. The last weighty argument brought forward against the plan (and it *was considered unanswerable*) was *to this effect*: Humboldt, the

great Humboldt, had remarked, in that part of his writings which was dedicated to Tenerife, that one peculiarity of the lava-flows here is that they are unusually short, being constantly interrupted by cross-flows, which have broken and otherwise destroyed all continuity in any of them. *We* knew, however, what had never reached the ears of the world at large, that Humboldt was very much in love with a young Spanish lady, and spent most of his time in Tenerife in trying to gain her affections instead of carrying on his scientific investigations. So we were not too much crushed by the authority and magic of his name, and set out for Ycod in good spirits, and well provided with all creature-comforts. In this last respect the reader must not be too hard upon us, for we were unconsciously following the example of Emin Pasha, who declares that without the requisite amount of food, &c., every expedition must fail.

The day after our arrival we rode down the very steep and stony road leading to the sea, as far as the nearest point to the hole where we intended to make our first descent on the following morning. When we had looked at the opening, we set about examining the rest of the ground, and the mouths of several other caves close by. These, however, were too short and shallow to yield any result. Some of the party amused themselves, meanwhile, by ridiculing the more



adventurous of the investigators, and offering them various curious wild fruits to refresh them after their labours.

Having thus prepared the way, and seen that the well-known "Ycod cave" (which has its exit at one end on a cliff overhanging the sea, while the other part was supposed to run under the big church and the town) was evidently the one to which the legend referred, we returned to the Hotel Inglés, and completed our preparations for the morrow.

We set out as soon as possible after breakfast, accompanied by Lorenzo, the guide we had brought with us from Puerto Cruz, Marco, the Ycod guide, and our horse-boys with pine torches, candles, measuring-rope, and luncheon.

Before entering the cave we took our elevation, and found that the barometer marked 325 feet above the sea-level, while the compass showed that the Peak lay  $10^{\circ}$  east of south from us.

It was a curious sight to see us literally crawling into the cave, the entrance to which was partially filled with stones and rubbish left where the roof had fallen in. As soon as we had passed this obstacle we found ourselves in a lofty place, and stopped to take our bearings. The compass showed that the cave stretched away in a south-easterly direction. Later on we found that it sometimes ran due east, but for the most part it bore south-east.

We stood still for a few minutes, and gazed about us in the red and flickering light of the burning *téa*. It was a weird scene.

For some little distance from the entrance the floor was soft and muddy. The rain had obviously washed the soil from the fallen roof into the open space below. No one, looking at the cave, could

fail to see that it was an old lava-flow, the outside of which had cooled and hardened, while the inside, which had retained its heat for a longer time, had flowed on, and at last ended its course on the cliff close to the Port. We found that the walls and roof, and, later on, the floor, were entirely formed of lava, varying in colour from a reddish-brown to black, and in other places changing to an ashen grey, where the dregs of the water that had filtered through the roof had formed short brittle stalactites on the ends of the lava-points. This, however, was more noticeable in another part of the cave higher up the mountain-side.

There was no object to be gained in following the cave towards the sea, as that part of it has been shown to all visitors at Ycod for many years, so we turned our steps in the other direction. At first we got on quite comfortably, having plenty of room to walk upright, though the floor soon grew rough and jagged with sharp points of dark-coloured lava. A few yards farther the roof dipped down so low, while at the same time the floor rose up so high, that we had to creep on hands and knees, with many a groan at the sharpness of the lava-needles over which we slowly crawled, tearing our clothes, and leaving little bits of tweed behind us sticking to the barbed points.

Then again the roof became higher. We got into a large "hall," passed several turns, and one or two side-caves, like lava-bubbles, for they went in a sort of half-circle out of the real cave, and into it again some little distance farther on. The wider the cave was, the smoother the floor became to walk upon. Soon we arrived at another very low bit—lower even than the first, and more painful to crawl.



over, for there was a turn in it, and the lava-needles were longer and sharper than before. At last we reached the end of this rough low part, very thankful that the torture was over for the moment, and little knowing how short our respite was to be. The roof had been quite as scratchy as the floor, and so low that one of the party, tired of the pain of creeping, had rolled through it—a matter of considerable difficulty, as each of the investigators was provided with a large pink cotton bag containing candles, matches, food, and a bottle of milk or water. On getting to her feet after that long and agonising roll, the Chronicler discovered, to her unutterable woe, that the bottle of milk which had been intrusted to her care had become uncorked, and that she herself, together with the bag and all it contained, was in a state of dampness pitiable to behold. After much rueful laughter we went on our way again.

The cave was now much narrower, although it was of a good and comfortable height: there was a decided curve in it, and it went uphill to the end. Very soon we came to a large slab of lava lying in the midst of the way, and a few feet beyond that was a sheet of lava, descending from the roof like a curtain, a little curved outwards by the wind. It came down to within a varying distance of from three to eight inches from the ground. A dog might easily have gone on further,—we could not. We had evidently arrived at the spot where a second lava-flow had stopped and congealed.

During the course of our journey up the cave we had been much struck by the freshness and purity of the air. Here and there we found the long thin root of some shrub hanging down through the

roof; and once or twice, in the earlier part, some of us thought we heard the muffled sound of voices coming from above. In several places we passed great heaps of stones over which we had to clamber. These were generally to be found where the cave narrowed after a wider place, such as we called a “halt.”

We sat down on the lava-block for a few minutes to rest, and then retraced our steps as far as the great hall, where we stopped for luncheon, after which we returned to the open air.

The part of the cave which we had examined was 400 yards long, and took about two hours to examine from the entrance-hole to the end, measuring and taking our bearings as we went.

Once more on the outside, we traced the cave above-ground, and discovered, to our no little astonishment, that instead of going under the parish church, as the people of Ycod imagined, it kept to the very bottom of the valley, passing considerably to the east of the town.

Having done this, we returned to our hotel, weary but triumphant, and with our minds thoroughly set on pursuing our investigation of the cave, beginning at a hole we knew of farther up in the mountain, as soon as we had made the preparations which our present experience had shown were necessary.

For one thing, we saw that it was a mistake to take so many torches, as the smoke they emitted was both dirty and disagreeable. It was also “borne in upon us” that we ought to be prepared to spend the night in the mountains should we be belated, so we determined to go home at once and return to Ycod when we were able to meet all emergencies.



## II.

On the 5th of January 1891 we once more set out for Ycod, taking with us a tent in addition to our other baggage.

Next morning we employed ourselves in arranging our *impedimenta*, and then started about half-past eleven on our way up the mountain. And a goodly company we appeared, as we advanced single file up a most precipitous road, or rather mule-track, for to call it a road is really to do it too much honour. Parts of the track were so steep as to reach the proverbial angle of  $45^\circ$ , and parts were literally climbing masses of rock, in which the mules and donkeys, bringing down charcoal from the "Pinal," or pine-woods, had worn a series of what could only be designated steps; so that, with the exception of a few short intervals of comparatively flat ground, the whole ride, which lasted for an hour and a quarter, was a gymnastic feat. None of our horses apparently would have needed much teaching to enable them to dance on a tight-rope.

The hole by which we were to descend into the cave was overshadowed by a fig-tree, whose leafless branches shone silvery grey in the sunlight. An armful of ferns and grasses had to be cut away to clear the entrance, which was a peculiarly difficult one, the amount of stones, earth, and rubbish that had fallen with the roof being so great. The weather was fine; but there had been a heavy rainfall during the previous month or six weeks, so we were told not to be surprised if we found that a good deal of water had percolated through the upper crust of the cave.

Our first action after unloading the baggage-mules was to take the altitude of the entrance to the cave. This we found to be 2650 feet above the sea-level. The bearing of the Peak was, as will be remembered,  $10^\circ$  east of south.

We were accompanied by Lorenzo and three other men, and each of us was provided with a bag containing candles, matches, and various other necessities. There was a lantern besides for every two of us. The men had bundles of wraps and baskets of food to carry, in case we did not reach another hole in time to return to Ycod that night. Last of all, the Chronicler's camera was hidden away in the shelter of the cave close to the entrance.

All was now ready, and one by one we laid ourselves flat out at full length, and wriggled down the entrance-path, if so it may be called, for a yard or two, feet-foremost. The roof had fallen in such a way as to oblige us to start as if we were going down the cave (the lower part of which, between hole and break, measures some 40 yards or so), and then wind round the heap of rubbish to the other side again. It was a most laborious proceeding, but was fortunately of short duration. When we were all assembled in the wide and lofty cave below, we looked at each other and burst into a fit of laughter. We had left our hats outside, and were now rigged out in our underground head-gear of deer-stalkers' or bright-coloured Tenerife handkerchiefs, wound in picturesque but rather startling fashion round our heads, so as to cover them entirely, and also to tie down the thick paper-pads we had prepared to protect us from



injury where the roof was low. One of our party was a little boy of nine or ten years old, and he was not the least eager of the investigators. As for the Spanish following, they no doubt considered our conduct a piece of even more gigantic folly than the "mad" English were often guilty of.

For the first 20 yards our course was in a south-west direction. The next 20 yards were southerly. Afterwards the cave trended to the east for a considerable distance. Some 60 yards from the entrance we came upon a fall of rock, over which we had to scramble; and at 120 yards, where the cave was steep and narrow, we found that we had reached an altitude of 2700 feet above the level of the sea.

The cave was very wet, cold, and airy, not to say draughty in some places. Water oozed out of the sides, and great icy drops fell upon us, from time to time, from the roof. This, to say the least, was uncomfortable, but was not enough to damp our ardour. The cave was such a fine one, and so easy to follow, and then it was so interesting to examine the course of what seemed to be a second flow of lava within the first, for it was quite distinct from the outer crust in shape.

This inner flow must have been much shallower. It had hardened into two wide, broad, smooth walls, projecting from the outer crust of the cave, almost as though they had been built against it with cement. These walls were of varying height, and had a roadway running between them. This formation was one of the distinctive features of the upper cave, and was visible in nearly the whole of it. In one place, some 300 yards from the entrance-hole, these walls rose high above our heads, curving in a

kind of semicircle, so that the space at the top and bottom was smaller than in the middle; while high overhead, the roof of the cave, formed by the first flow, arched with a broad sweep.

At 2800 feet above the sea we met with our first check. There was a large stone in the roof that seemed so loose, Lorenzo thought it dangerous to go under it, as it looked as if it might fall at any moment—"Un gran peligro," he called it; but we soon found that there was plenty of room to slip past on the other side. We went some 20 yards farther, finding the banks higher and wider at top and bottom; but it was so wet with the trickling water that fell in heavy drops upon us, that we determined to stop for the night and return to Ycod. We retraced our steps, some of the party waiting behind to examine a side cave we had passed 40 yards or so before reaching the "*gran peligro*," but this cave was found to be small and uninteresting.

On climbing out of the entrance-hole we found the stars shining; but as there was no moon and the way was bad, we made up our minds to spend the night in a cottage close by. This we did, and a more curious night none of the party ever passed before.

The little boy went to sleep ere he had well finished his supper, and was laid on a table wrapped in cloaks and rugs. The rest of the party laid themselves down anywhere—on tables, on *camas de viento* (well named couches, for anything colder or airier the Chronicler never enjoyed), or even on the floor. As in all Tenerife cottages, the window-holes were filled with shutters instead of glass, and neither the shutters nor the great door of the apartment were closed tightly; so the



being gusty, with wild mountain showers driving on the wind, we felt quite stiff with cold, and "tired nature's sweet restorer" refused to visit our weary eyes.

Every night, however, comes to an end some time, even the longest, and after breakfast three of the investigators felt sufficiently invigorated to set out for the cave again; while the others, amongst whom must be numbered the Chronicler, declined again to face the fatigue of clambering up that damp and gloomy roadway to some ancient crater on the Peak. All honour, therefore, to the three gallant investigators who continued their researches so undauntedly.

On the previous day we had penetrated the cave for 240 yards. After that, two falls of rock were passed at intervals. The shelves at each side of the roadway continued all the time, but the farther the investigators proceeded the wetter the cave became. The shelf after a while grew wide and high, and the path narrow. At 320 yards from the entrance was a "hollow point," which we afterwards found clearly marked on the outside.

Up to 620 yards the floor had been of solid lava. Then came a straight flow of about 10 feet wide, the side walls low and narrow, and curiously resembling the Tenerifean *atajea*, or artificial water-course, while the road looked as though several cart-loads of stones had been laid down for making a highway.

About 20 yards farther on there was a higher level again, as though the road had been raised by another supply of stones. This led into a wider space or hall, after passing through which, and perceiving that it seemed to be

grew narrower, and the floor of loose black stones rising more abruptly than the roof, soon became so low that crawling was again necessary. The investigation of this part was then given up as too tedious.

Having returned to the big hall, the three explorers sat down to rest, and see how much time there was to spare before it was necessary to start for Ycod, in order to get there before dark. As there happened to be two hours to spare, it was determined to explore a downward flow, which led out of the same hall. It, however, soon became disagreeably low, and did not seem worth troubling about, as it was going downwards, and was of the same character as the main flow. So the investigators turned back, and, about 10 yards short of the central hall, found the mouth of a little cave above the ledge of the side wall, about 3 feet high. They clambered in, and found the draught so great that one of the lanterns, the glass shade of which had been broken, would not keep alight. The cave went on for 60 yards, ascending all the time, without ever being high enough to admit of sitting down. The floor was made of black lava, with sharp catching points, as in the cave below Ycod. At last, to the great joy of the investigators, it emerged on a shelf in a larger cave turning to the right and upwards. Into this they dropped, and found that, after 10 yards or so, it, in its turn, ran out on the 6-foot-high shelf of a still larger cave, in which they discovered, soon after entering it, that the high shelves had joined at the top, so that the cave was, so to speak, cut in two storeys, or formed a cave within a cave. The storey beneath was too uncomfortably low to attempt, while the upper one

of a fair height, and had a

2 q



smooth good roadway along which it was easy to pass, although perhaps it was a little thin. Indeed Lorenzo said it was most unsafe.<sup>1</sup> Be that as it may, it was a splendid bit of cave.

But now it was time to return, so all further investigation was put off until later in the season, when the cave is drier.

It may be mentioned that in the last large hall where they had rested, traces of seven distinct flows were clearly recognisable.

In our two days' investigation of this upper cave we went in all 720 yards underground, and stopped at a height of 3100 feet above the level of the sea. The latter part of the way was exceedingly steep, and much wetter than at first, and

"Subterranean depths prolong

The rainy patter of our feet"

was quoted with much unction by one of the party.

The three who remained outside on the second day devoted themselves to other equally useful employment. The *Chronicler* and the boy took photographs with much zeal and success, while the third defaulter followed the outside of the cave, tapping at intervals. We afterwards learnt that the taps had been distinctly heard by those below.

And so the matter must be left for the present. Future research alone can show whether the lava-flow came from a crater in the Cañadas, or from some part of the Peak itself.

*P.S.* — The investigation was afterwards pursued for some distance; but a break occurring, and the owner of the land being absent, the impediment in the lava could not be blown up, so that nothing more has as yet been done.

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<sup>1</sup> A large hole was discovered here two months later.



## HISTORY OF SMALL HOLDINGS.

It may be some consolation to those who view with so much uneasiness at the present day the departure of the English peasantry from their native villages to know that it is not a spectacle now witnessed for the first time. Just a hundred years ago, statesmen and members of Parliament, economists and agriculturists, clergymen and laymen, were all busy with the same problem; discussing what was then called the depopulation of the country, speculating on its causes, considering its effects, and devising measures for arresting it. There was this difference, however, between that time and this. The labour question had not then attained the magnitude which it has assumed in our own generation, and many who joined in the discussion did not look beyond its bearings on the food-supply of the country. Broader views of the question, however, were not wanting. At a period when England was constantly engaged in war, the importance of keeping up in its full strength a hardy and courageous peasantry was not likely to be overlooked, while there were writers at the same time who did not fail to recognise in the connection of the peasantry with the land a question belonging to the higher domain of politics. Those who looked merely at the economical aspect of the subject said that the law of supply and demand would set all to rights; that if the labourers went into the towns they must have bread to eat all the same; that if one result of enclosures was to throw corn-land into pasturage where it was better suited for grass, another would be to throw grass into plough-land

where it was better suited for corn; so that the increase in one district would balance the diminution in the other, and the multiplication of labourers in the former the decline of their numbers in the latter. They likewise argued that as the land newly converted into grass would produce more beef and mutton, the account would be even in the long-run. The majority, however, were very far from being of this opinion. They did not believe that the balance would be kept up as alleged, or that the increase in cattle and sheep would compensate for the decrease of grain. They thought that the people would be most cheaply fed by wheat grown upon the spot: and they succeeded, I think, in showing that the labouring population had diminished in the rural districts within the period they referred to—an assertion which their opponents questioned. Of this, however, we think there could be no doubt; and, this being a fact, next came the inquiry, What was the cause of it?—an inquiry which brings us at once to the threshold of our present subject. Was it the absorption of small farms into large ones to which the result was principally due, and were we to condemn the Enclosure Acts, which had greatly conduced to that absorption, or to look in any other direction for the cause or causes of the evil?

The reader must bear in mind that down to the middle of the last century there still remained in England a great extent of unenclosed land, which was occupied or owned by small farmers, whose holdings, all in tillage, were only separated from each other by an imaginary line, there being no





fences of any kind to part them. The Enclosure Acts referred to in the latter part of this article are the Acts of Parliament authorising the enclosure of these "open fields," which were then divided into closes, each surrounded with a hedge, and usually laid down in grass. They were then let in larger lots, and at higher rents, and the former tenants, who were too poor to take such farms, had to shift for themselves as best they could. To those who had been owners, a portion of the enclosed land was assigned in compensation.

This system was attacked and defended during the last quarter of the eighteenth century with great ability and pertinacity by men who had every right to command a hearing on such subjects. In favour of small holdings and against enclosures were the celebrated Dr Price, and George Chalmers, the author of 'The Estimate of Great Britain.' On the other side stood the high authority of Arthur Young, and of a very acute and well-informed country clergyman, Dr Howlett, the rector of Dunmow in Essex. Kent<sup>1</sup> mingled in the fray as opponent of *la petite culture*; and Dr Hunter, the editor of 'Georgical Essays,' published among them several valuable papers bearing on the same subject, one especially by Young himself on the "Size of Farms." But before proceeding to the period with which they more immediately concerned themselves, and with which the modern question of small holdings properly begins, we may look a little further back, and see how very early the consolidation of farms and the demolition of cottages and farmhouses began to attract public attention.

Before the end of the fifteenth century, and for some time afterwards, the agricultural labourer as we now know him was scarcely in existence—that is to say, as the occupier of a separate house, and supporting himself and his family by weekly wages. There were then, as now, farm-servants, unmarried and living in their employers' houses, who, when they had saved a little money, became farmers on their own account. But the greater part of the soil was cultivated by small tenants or freeholders, as the case might be, either with servants or without, the lord's domains being tilled chiefly by villeins, and when villeinage was abolished, by his own free servants. The first important inroad began with the termination of the Wars of the Roses, when the great fabric of feudalism was falling to pieces. The feudal baron had chiefly prized his estates for the fighting power which they represented; and it was to his interest, of course, that they should maintain as many men as possible. The monasteries, too, seemed to have favoured the system of small holdings; but when the civil war of the fifteenth century, and the ecclesiastical revolution of the sixteenth, had changed the old order, these reasons for keeping up the yeomen and smaller tenants, who had dyed so many fields with their blood, from Wakefield to Tewkesbury, began to disappear. The men themselves must have been grievously thinned in numbers by the drain upon them, which lasted for a whole generation; and when the old proprietors saw that the fighting days were over, and when new proprietors came in who looked only to pro-

<sup>1</sup> Kent on Landed Property, 1793. He was considered an authority in those days, and is warmly praised by Dr Price.



fit, it is easy to see how the process of consolidation set in. Estates passed rapidly from the hands of the old Norman aristocracy into the possession of merchants, goldsmiths, or successful lawyers, who, preferring money to men, turned their corn-land into grass, pulled down the cottages and farmhouses which were no longer required, and threw half-a-dozen farms into one wherever it was possible. In spite of all that legislation could do to arrest the process, it continued through the following century, till, by the end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the rural economy of England had undergone a total transformation, and the agricultural labourer, as we now know him, appears upon the scene. Whether it was the gradual rise of this class which prompted the 43d of Queen Elizabeth we cannot say; but the passage of the Act followed very quickly on the appearance of the men.

The Government had struggled hard. The first Act in arrest of the new system to which we need call attention is the 4th of Henry VII., 1489, about which time the system of enclosure<sup>1</sup> first began, prohibiting the pulling down of all farmhouses which had as much as twenty acres of land attached to them. In the 25th of Henry VIII., it was found necessary to pass another Act, which, after mentioning that "many farms and great quantities of sheep and cattle had been gathered into few hands, whereby the rent of land had been increased, and tillages very much decayed, and churches and towns pulled down," enacted that no person should keep above two thousand sheep, nor hold more than

two farms. In the 3d of Edward VI., an Act was passed for rebuilding decayed farmhouses, and maintaining tillage against enclosures. Acts for a like purpose were passed in 1562, 1593, and 1597. But, as Hume says, their very frequency proves that they were inoperative, and the system of enclosing and consolidating gradually went on, till at length the petty yeomen and tenants, who had been dislodged from their holdings, became numerous enough to form a class by themselves, working for the larger farmers. Their appearance is first noticed about the year 1580, and twenty years afterwards we have the Act of Queen Elizabeth especially intended to provide for them—the well-known Act declaring that no cottage should be built without four acres of land attached to it. But in 1638 it was found necessary to appoint a Royal Commission for the purpose of enforcing this Act; and ten years afterwards, in 1648, the judges at York again called attention to the neglect of it.

It is clear, therefore, that down to the middle of the seventeenth century, legislation had not been able to do much to prevent the absorption of small farms into large ones. As the wool trade expanded and the fighting trade declined, sheep became more valuable than men, and it was impossible to place any material check upon the natural consequences. The owners of large estates enclosed them, and turned them into sheep-farms. Three or four shepherds stood in the place of some thirty or forty peasant-farmers, and, of course, as there was more profit to be made by wool, higher rents were paid.

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.*, enclosures by large proprietors of their own accord; not enclosures like those spoken of (p. 589) by Act of Parliament.



Many gentlemen, also, took land into their own hands, whereof the lesser husbandmen complained grievously. In a very remarkable paper, written in 1581 by William Stafford, gentleman, and published in the ninth volume of the 'Harleian Miscellany,' we have the whole question discussed at considerable length, and with great ability, in the form of three Dialogues between a knight, a husbandman, a doctor of divinity, a merchant, and a craftsman. The knight and the doctor defend enclosure and consolidation. The craftsman and husbandman condemn them, and uphold small arable farms. Says the husbandman to the knight, "Yee rayse the price of your lands, and yee takes ermes also, and pasturage, to your hands, which was wont to bee poor men's lyvings such as I am." "On mysoul ye say true," said the marchaunte; and the Capper added, "that it was never merry with poor craftsmen since gentlemen became graziers." Here we find the complaint of the local tradesman over the loss of his customers. Yet we note in the end that the doctor succeeds in converting the husbandman, as far at least as the value of enclosures and pasture is concerned. He admits that many of his neighbours have found grass more profitable; and though he had begun by praising the good old times "when sheep, oxen, kine, swyn, pig, goose and capon, eggs, butter and cheese, yea, and breade corne and malte corne ynough besides, were reared altogether upon the same lande,"—he ends by acknowledging that it is the cattle and the poultry which pay the rent, and that he and others would probably enclose *more if the lands were not all so mixed up together in the common field.* The present writer has seen

a survival of this system in Wiltshire, where in some villages there is still the common field, generally called "the field," as distinct from the enclosures, and held much of it by small copyholders.

But though legislation failed to arrest the process of absorption, this was still comparatively gradual, and for a century and a half after Stafford wrote, the class of small yeomen and tenants continued to flourish and abound. Throughout the seventeenth century and the first half of the eighteenth they held their ground, and the question seems to have slumbered till the middle of the reign of George the Second. But about that time the old complaints reappeared; and later on, in 1780, we might be reading what was written in 1580 and in 1480.

It will usually be found that when any general complaint of this kind arises, and the facts are undisputed, the result is due to a concurrence of causes. During the earlier part of the eighteenth century, British agriculture had been in a very flourishing condition. But about 1750 or a little later a period of "agricultural depression" appears to have set in, corresponding to the one through which we have recently passed. It was not so severe, and was due almost exclusively to bad seasons. But it was severe enough to press hardly on the smaller class of farmers, and to make the landlords very anxious to protect their rent-roll by exchanging ploughland for pasture. Many of the gentry were hardly pinched as well as their tenants; while at the same time a new class of rich men were springing up, eager to buy land wherever they could lay their hands upon it. The process which had commenced under the Tudors, and had continued more or less

ever since, now received a fresh impetus. The Turkey merchant and the nabob were ready at hand to offer tempting prices for land to all classes of small freeholders, to the peasant, the yeoman, and the smaller country gentlemen too: for down to the end of the last century many old families of gentry still survived, with estates of not more than six hundred or a thousand a-year, struggling vainly for the most part to keep their heads above water under the new conditions of rural society which had arisen. But the earthen pot could not swim with the iron one. In a collection of papers entitled 'Georgical Essays,' published in 1803, we have a very interesting account of this class, the writer, Dr Hunter, showing how it was that little estates were everywhere being swallowed up by large ones. Lord Shelburne, in his fragment of autobiography, mentions one little circumstance which throws some light upon the subject. In speaking of an earlier part of the century, he says that gentlemen then drank nothing but beer. Now they were tempted to compete with the richer men who had settled down among them, and indulge in the same luxuries. Ruin followed as a natural consequence—though these processes are not completed in a day, and the class whose gradual disappearance was so deplored by Arthur Young still survived at the beginning of the present century, and is probably not extinct now.

The small farmer of course stood even less chance than the small squire of contending successfully with the circumstances in which he now found himself. Under the new valuation of land which took place after enclosures were made, rents were raised beyond what he was able to pay. Prices rose at the same time; and under the dou-

ble burden, the peasant-farmers one after another sank into the condition of labourers. Neither owners nor occupiers had any capital wherewith to improve their little holdings, and so obtain a larger income from them; and in the end they were obliged to abandon the unavailing struggle, and retire into a lower rank of life. Many yeomen had to sell their land, because when an Enclosure Act had been obtained by the larger proprietors, the smaller ones could not pay their share of the expenses.

Concerning the absorption of small tenant-farmers by larger ones, Mr Howlett has such a very interesting passage in his "Enquiry into the Increase of the Poor and the Poor-Rates," that we are tempted to transcribe the whole of it:—

"The great farmer employs fewer servants and labourers than the small one merely, while the degree of cultivation remains the same. But in at least nine cases out of ten, being enabled from his larger capital to bestow double and triple the expense to accomplish any mode or species of improvement the land may require, he eagerly employs all the hands he can find, and seldom fails to receive a full compensation in his abundance of grain, and grass, and cattle.

"That this may not be thought mere speculation, I beg the reader's attention to the following fact. In a parish adjoining to this a man occupied a farm of £12 a-year, with a capital equal to what is generally possessed by farmers of that size. Unable to bear the expense of that treatment and those improvements which the land stood in absolute need of, he continued for many years to plow and sow, to toil, and fatigue himself with the most intense industry: rising early, late taking rest, working harder and faring harder than the most laborious of mere labouring husbandmen; till at length his farm produced not corn sufficient



to repay the little money he could afford to bestow upon it, exclusive of the rent, the rates, and the tithes. Of course he was obliged to quit it. A larger farmer in the same parish, using about ten times as much land immediately adjacent, took it, covered as it was with weeds and thistles, and in all respects in the most wretched and impoverished condition. At Michaelmas 1770 he entered the premises, and the next summer, being skilful and spirited, he fallowed the whole of it, consisting of about twenty acres; manured and land-ditched the greater part, and the following spring sowed it with barley. The expenses and produce of the two years were exactly as follows:—

| <i>Expenses.</i>                                                                      |      |      |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|------|
| Land-ditching, . . .                                                                  | £20  | 2 7  |
| Summer's ploughing, . .                                                               | 20   | 10 0 |
| 10 quarters of seed barley,<br>at £1, 5s. per quarter,                                | 12   | 10 0 |
| Raising manure and carrying it on, . . .                                              | 27   | 3 10 |
| Two years' poor-rates, . .                                                            | 7    | 0 0  |
| Two years' great and small tithes, . . .                                              | 5    | 8 0  |
| Harvesting the crop, . .                                                              | 5    | 0 0  |
| Two years rent, . . .                                                                 | 24   | 0 0  |
| Total expense, . . .                                                                  | £121 | 14 5 |
| <i>Produce.</i>                                                                       |      |      |
| Two years' rent of the farmhouse, let as a cottage, . . .                             | £3   | 0 0  |
| 86 quarters of barley produced on the twenty acres, and sold at 30s. a quarter, . . . | 129  | 0 0  |
|                                                                                       | £132 | 0 0  |
| Balance in favour of the farmer at the end of two years, . . .                        | 10   | 5 7  |

"Here is £10, 5s. 7d. net profit to the farmer, although he laid out at once upwards of ten years' rent, and notwithstanding the consequent crop was by no means extraordinary. It still remains in the same hands, and, instead of relapsing into its former slovenly state, has constantly been in garden culture, and its pro-

duce repeatedly one-third part greater than that stated above. In a word, I believe I might very safely venture to affirm that in the course of the seventeen years it has been under the judicious management of this intelligent farmer, the total product for the public use has been at least three or four times as much as during the twenty years immediately before. This has been the consequence of the land having passed from the hands of a little farmer into those of a large one. Similar are the consequences of the like transition in nine instances out of ten. The little farmer, his family and cattle half starved, himself worn to the bone with unavailing labour and perpetual anxiety, can at length pay neither rent, nor rates, nor tithes: his landlord, however humane and compassionate he may be, is reduced to the painful alternative of either turning him out or of making nothing of his estate. No less than six instances of this kind, besides that already given, have happened in this same parish (it being an extensive one) within the last thirty or forty years. The rents of these farms were respectively £22, £16, £30, £24, £21, and £40 a-year. They came into the occupation of the larger neighbouring farmers, and although the rents of three or four of them have been advanced more than one-third, yet their cultivation being proportionately improved, and their consequent produce doubled, tripled, and even quadrupled, the farmers still find them sufficiently profitable, and, I believe, would suffer themselves still further to be raised rather than quit them. These facts might be multiplied *ad infinitum*. They are but a specimen, indeed, of what has taken place, more or less, in every part of the kingdom; and whoever thinks that such instances have heightened the price of provisions, much increased the number, or greatly augmented the miseries and expenses of the poor, I would advise him to renounce all further pretensions to reason, and take up his future residence in a habitation suited to the state of his understanding."

Mr Howlett, it will be seen, thought no small beer of himself;



but it is probable that the above is a very fair account of the matter; and when we find that it is on the whole confirmed by so high an authority as Arthur Young, we cannot doubt its substantial accuracy.

Arthur Young seems to have had very much the same opinion of small holdings as that expressed by Lord Salisbury at Exeter. "I have little faith in their economic results," said his lordship; "but I believe in their social and political advantages." Young says of farms from ten to thirty acres,—

"which, according to the arguments of so many writers, are the best of all,—they are found in England to be very generally the residence of poverty and misery, wretchedly cultivated. Not that I would prohibit them. Perfect freedom is all I contend for. If they are a spur to the industry of labourers, to make them sober and saving in order to become the occupiers of such, they are advantageous, but by no means for the products that will be gained from them. . . . No restrictions<sup>1</sup> whatever should be placed on the size of farms, because they ought to be of all sizes, in order to find employment for all sorts of capitals. There ought to be farms of twenty or thirty acres, that labourers may have an encouragement to save and be industrious. . . . Hence there should be an entire and universal liberty in the police of farms. The private interest of landlords will prevent an excess either way, for if little farms become very scarce, they will let so much better than large ones, that gentlemen will divide their farms; and in order to gain them, farmers will adapt their management to fewer buildings than the enormity of them common in many parts of the kingdom. On the contrary, if small farms are so numerous, and consequently let so low that they will not pay for repairs, then they will be

thrown together; and these vibrations, moved by the never-failing spring of private interest, will preserve that varying level which ought always to take place in these affairs."<sup>2</sup>

This sounds like excellent common-sense; but whether it is equally good Radicalism is not so certain. The passage we have quoted is a capital description of free trade in farming—of that unrestricted competition and perfect freedom of contract which till lately was supposed to be the creed of every intelligent and educated man. But we doubt whether the Radicals would allow such a question to be regulated by the private interest of the landlords, or advantage to be taken of the competition for small farms to charge higher rents for them. For this, if for no other reason, whatever is done in the way of extending small holdings should be done by enabling the labourer to purchase rather than to hire.

It is curious that Kent<sup>3</sup> stands almost alone in advocating both enclosures and the small-farm system at the same time. He will not allow that enclosures are detrimental to corn-growing, owing either to the space occupied by the hedges or to their interception of heat and light; and he asserts further that small open field farms cannot be kept so clean as enclosed ones, because they cannot "receive any cross ploughing and harrowing." But he is all for small farms against large ones. One great objection to them is, he says, the greater cost of repairs. But against this he sets the higher rent for which small farms can always be let—"the industrious tenant being able to pay the differ-

<sup>1</sup> This, of course, is aimed at the statutes of Henry VIII. and Edward VI.

<sup>2</sup> Essay on the Size of Farms, p. 565.

<sup>3</sup> Kent on Landed Property.



ence by doing the chief part of the work himself, and by availing himself of many little advantages which the great farmer will not stoop to pick up." And he alludes more particularly to poultry, pork, eggs, milk, butter, fruit, &c., which the large farmers think beneath them. By these means he argues that the small tenant can pay 15 per cent more rent than the large; while the expense of repairs are only 4 per cent higher—a clear gain of 11 per cent in favour of *la petite culture*.

But time and tide were against both the small squire and the small farmer. Halls were turned into farmhouses, farmhouses were turned into cottages, and all that remains in many parts of England to remind us of their former inhabitants are the ruinous out-houses still attached to the one, and the remnants of rookeries and traces of old fish-ponds which still distinguish the other.

But it was noticed by the agricultural writers of that time—Dr Price among the number—that, notwithstanding the conversion of farmhouses into cottages, the number of cottages had not increased. On the contrary, between the years 1759 and 1765, when the processes of enclosure and consolidation were in full activity, the number of labourers' cottages in England and Wales had decreased by more than six thousand.<sup>1</sup> This is Dr Price's answer to the assertion of Mr Howlett that large farms employed more people than small ones; and the question brings us into the thick of the controversy touching the effect of the Enclosure Acts, as to which there was, as we have seen, so great a divergence of opinion

among the highest agricultural authorities.

The enclosure of wastes and commons had, of course, a marked effect on the condition of the peasantry; but we are now writing only of the enclosure of cultivated land, the "common field," parcelled out among small owners and occupiers, on the effects of which experts have continued to differ down to the present day. An Enclosure Act could be obtained, on application to Parliament, by the proprietors of a certain number of acres in the parish, and was often carried out in opposition to the wishes of many of the smaller farmers. Where these were owners, they appear to have generally sold their land to avoid the expenses of enclosures. When they did not, they were allotted a certain portion of the enclosed land, on which, however, they seem never to have thriven, and which was not always an adequate compensation for what they lost. It is represented by several writers that they could not get such good crops from small enclosures lying between hedges, which kept the sun off, as they gathered from the open field; and the modern practice of leveling hedges and hedgerow timber would seem to confirm this statement. If they went in for pasturage, they would get neither corn nor straw. And whichever they did, they had to borrow the money in the first instance to pay for the fencing and ditching.

Where they were occupiers and not owners, they sank, as we have seen, into the condition of labourers, being unable to pay the new rents or the increased price

<sup>1</sup> Each farmhouse made two cottages: the two families living in them would not represent as many effective labourers as the farmhouse, in which the farmer and his sons and farm-servants all lived together.



of commodities. As the enclosures were generally required for the sake of turning plough-into grazing-land, it is clear that on the majority of such estates fewer labourers would be wanted; and we may naturally ask, What became of these small tenants and the farm-servants, of which most of them employed one or more, when their occupation was gone? No complete answer can be given to this question. But we know something. In the midland counties, where enclosures were most numerous, the stocking manufacture very opportunely came in towards the end of the last century to give employment to the labourer who had been compelled to abandon agriculture. The "stockinger," or frame-work knitter, was a man who hired his frame from the nearest manufacturing town, and worked at it in his own cottage; and it is probable that the rise of this branch of industry caused the enclosure system to be carried out more quietly than it otherwise might have been. Even as it was, however, there were loud complaints of it. Whole villages disappeared with the disappearance of the tillage which had found employment for the inhabitants. Two parishes in Leicestershire, which the present writer knows well, are mentioned by Mr Howlett as examples of this depopulation, which, however, as he believed, was not without its compensations. In each of these two parishes there had been, within the memory of men still living in the year 1788, from thirty to forty houses and cottages. In that year there was in one of them only the hall, and in the other one only the parsonage. Thirty years ago there was very little ploughed land in either parish. But formerly eight or ten teams of horses had been kept in

one of them, and no doubt as many in the other. It was still remembered where the villages had formerly stood. The site of one was covered by a piece of ornamental water. The site of the other was a large grass-field full of holes and hillocks, which told their own tale. We quote these instances, because it is difficult to find such good examples of what was going on in central England from 1750 to 1800. After that date, when the price of corn rose to such an enormous height, much of the land which had been laid down to grass was replaced under the plough. But the old race of peasant-farmers had vanished; they did not come back with the wheat and the barley, which had once gladdened their hearts. Sometimes new farmhouses were built upon the land to accommodate the new tenants. But oftener they lived in the adjoining villages, and went backwards and forwards to their farms on horse-back.

Mr Addington, a Northamptonshire clergyman, writing in 1772, speaks very forcibly on this head. In parishes that have been enclosed during the last fifteen or twenty years, he says, it is no uncommon thing to see four or five wealthy graziers occupying the whole lordship, which was formerly in the hands of a large number of small farmers, either tenants or proprietors. All these are now thrown out of employment, together with the numerous mechanics whom they helped to support, "blacksmiths, carpenters, wheelwrights, and other artificers and tradesmen,"—the same complaint as that of the Capper in William Stafford's Dialogues. Many persons in the year 1772 remembered "open field villages" with a hundred houses and families, that





had since dwindled to eight or ten, and others with five or six hundred inhabitants where there were not then fifty. With regard to the food-supply, the advocates of the old system contended that if less wheat was grown bread must necessarily be dearer, and they could point to the fact that since the system of enclosing began, bread *had* risen in price. They also maintained, with the Parliament of Henry VIII., that prices were kept up by rich farmers who were not obliged to sell, whereas the small farmer thrashed out his wheat as soon as he had stacked it, and sold it as soon as he had thrashed it. It was urged on the other side that if less wheat was produced in one place more was produced in another, and that grazing and tillage ought respectively to be pursued on the soils most favourable to each. Even the enemies of enclosures were forced to admit that they would tend in the long-run to reduce the price of meat. When the common field was divided into arable farms, the occupiers fed their cattle on the commons, and Kent gives us the difference between the weight of animals so nourished and those which fed on the enclosures. An ox fed on the poor grass of the common weighed 370 lb., while one from the rich grass of the enclosure weighed 800 lb.; a sheep in the one case weighed 28 lb. and in the other 50 lb. It is clear, moreover, that more corn would be grown by men who had sufficient capital to cultivate their farms highly than by those who had little or none.

The small holdings question having passed through two stages, is now entering on a third. We see that it first began to attract *public notice* at the end of the *fteenth century*, when the con-

clusion of the baronial wars lowered the demand for men, and turned the thoughts of landed proprietors rather towards increasing their rental than towards keeping up the number of their tenants. At the same time a new class of landowners began to spring up, unconnected with the ancient aristocracy, who looked on land from a commercial rather than a feudal point of view. Their number was greatly increased by the dissolution of the monasteries, while the growing importance of the wool trade, by increasing the value of sheep, contributed to the same result—the exchange, that is, of tillage for pasturage, and the absorption of small farms by large. Against the progress of this system the Government struggled in vain for upwards of a century. The same complaints were rife in 1581 which had prompted the interference of Parliament in 1489. The law of supply and demand would have its way in spite of all interference. The long period of peace and prosperity, which lasted from the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the seventeenth century, caused the question to go to sleep again. But from time to time—as in 1638 and in 1648—evidence crops out to show that the Government still had their eye upon it, and that the difficulty of enforcing the various statutes which had been enacted to secure to the peasant the occupation of a small farm—for even four acres cannot be called an allotment—had not been overcome. Still, from the end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth till near the end of the reign of George II., it ceased to be one of the prominent questions of the day. Petty culture still continued upon a large scale in spite of consolidation. Small tenants and small



proprietors still had their holdings in the common field ; and our agricultural arrangements continued, as we have seen, undisturbed till the system of enclosures, commencing almost simultaneously with a wave of agricultural depression, imparted a fresh and powerful impetus to the process of consolidation, and brought the question of small *versus* large holdings once more to the front.

This was the second stage of the controversy, which may be said, roughly speaking, to have extended over the whole of the second half of the eighteenth century. Now, however, the Legislature showed no signs of interference. The problem was left to work itself out as best it might, and very soon the attention of philanthropists was diverted to another one,—how, namely, to provide for the wants of the agricultural labourers, who had been injured not so much by the enclosure of farm-land as by the enclosure of wastes and commons. Henceforth the question of small holdings becomes merged in the question of allotments. The two, however, are quite distinct from each other ; nor is it any part of our present purpose to enter on the history of allotments. It is a pity that this name was ever given to the holdings of five or six acres which, early in this century, were assigned to labourers in compensation for their common rights. It has caused a good deal of confusion in the public mind between the two. But allotments soon settled down into their proper size, and have been generally understood, by persons conversant with the subject, for the last sixty years to mean land not exceeding one acre—from a quarter of an acre to a half being the more usual extent.

It is to be noted that we owe

the third revival of public interest in small holdings to one of the same causes which produced it in 1750—namely, agricultural depression ; though some experiments in the same direction had been begun a little earlier. But these were individual efforts, nor do either co-operative farms, such as those of Mr Gurdon at Assington or the scheme of Lord Wantage at Lambourn, exactly fit into the little sketch which we are here laying before our readers.

Several parliamentary inquiries into the subject of enclosures have taken place during the present century. But the majority have had reference to the enclosure of commons, not to the enclosure of farms, and throw no fresh light on the subject of our present inquiry. But there are four Reports which do—namely, the Report of the Select Committee on Agricultural Distress in 1836 ; the Report of the Commission for Inquiring into the Employment of Women and Children in Agriculture, 1867 ; the Report of the Duke of Richmond's Commission in 1881 ; and the Report of Mr Chamberlain's Select Committee in 1889-90. The three first corroborate in every respect the views expressed by Arthur Young, Mr Howlett, and other advocates of consolidation. The fourth gives rather an uncertain sound, seeming to regard the economic value of *la petite culture* as an open question, and basing the argument in its favour almost wholly on its social advantages. Witnesses before the Select Committee of 1836 spoke of the distressed condition of the small yeomen who were farming forty or fifty acres. In one case the witness was asked whether the owners of these estates had bought them, and whether it was the price paid which still weighed them down.



The answer was, No; they were mostly inherited. The inquiries of 1867-68, and of 1879-81 tell substantially the same tale. The "statesmen" of Cumberland and Westmoreland, the freeholders of Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire, are all in the same condition as that described by Arthur Young. There are exceptional cases of course; and where new comers have lately taken the place of old ones, they make a better show for the time. But wherever these little properties have been in the same family for some generations, the result is, with very few exceptions, unfavourable. The Report of Mr Tremeneere, one of the Commissioners of 1867, overflows with evidence to this effect. The inquirer should read his account of the Netherby estate (Sir J. Graham's), and then ask himself what evidence can be produced to set against it. Lord Wantage's experiment at Lambourn is too recent to afford any trustworthy testimony either for or against small holdings. But we know this much about it—namely, that many of the holders of these farms do not depend on them alone, but carry on some other trade or business at the same time, as butchers, carriers, publicans, shopkeepers, and what not. There is not the smallest doubt that these men can make small holdings answer; and in Mr Chamberlain's Report, it is stated that legislation is required as much in the interest of village tradesmen as in that of agricultural labourers. The evidence given before this Committee on the economical side of the question, and on the comparative productiveness of the two methods, is very conflicting, and on this particular point leaves *the controversy* where it found it.

*But this is only one-half of the*

question. The argument for small holdings does not rest on this, nor did it a hundred years ago. The depopulation of the rural districts, caused by enclosures and the consolidation of farms, was regarded as an evil in itself, quite irrespective of the food-supply. This objection was never fairly met. It was easy to show that the whole population had increased; that if the peasantry left the land, they went into the town, where their labour was in more request; that if less wheat was grown in one county more was grown in another. But these arguments begged the question. The complaint was that the peasantry *were* driven from the land. That they went into the towns made no difference to objectors of this class. They must go somewhere. The fact that there were fifty more artisans employed in the county town did not compensate for the fact that fifty more labourers had disappeared from the country village. It was to prevent this exodus that men like Price and Kent desired to put a stop to enclosures and the absorption of small farms.

It is much the same now. It is totally impossible to resist the preponderance of evidence against peasant-farming, regarded merely as one mode of cultivating the soil. The experience of four hundred years is dead against it. But it is equally impossible to resist the conclusion that the advantage of retaining on the soil a numerous, industrious, and contented peasantry is so great that even some diminution of production may not be too high a price to pay for it. We have seen it stated that there are more labourers on the land even now than agriculture requires, and that the process of depopulation has to go further yet before it can be



stopped. This calculation is based on the supposition that five able-bodied labourers are all that are required on a farm of two hundred acres.<sup>1</sup> Add the farmer himself, and there are six persons supported by it. But break up this two hundred acres into a dozen farms of sixteen or seventeen acres each, and you give employment to sixteen or seventeen men, if not more, to say nothing of the encouragement of local trade. If we say that eight men, not five, are wanted for two hundred acres, this will not be half the number, or less, for which sixteen small farms would find employment. We have little doubt, therefore, of the political and social value of small holdings, and that is all that either Lord Salisbury or Mr Chamberlain claims for them. This consideration is, we allow, an adequate justification of the experiment now about to be tried, which, if successful, will reflect the highest credit on its

authors. But we must be allowed to point out that it is a justification which is suggestive of very wide inferences, and that a great many fish may be swept into that net. It is clear that the opinion which Lord Salisbury expressed openly, and which is virtually recognised in the Report of Mr Chamberlain's Committee, places the moral benefits of small holdings above the material—implying, in other words, that the interests of society may occasionally require us to dispense with political economy. We have nothing to say against this conclusion. The "history of small holdings" teaches us that we cannot honestly recommend them unless we are prepared to adopt it. Our only doubt is whether, in the long-run, political economy will not prove too strong for us, and whether the interests of society will not be obliged to depend on some process more in accordance with it.

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<sup>1</sup> Times, Dec. 14, 1891.



## THE PROGRESS OF THE SESSION.

THE most remarkable feature of the commencement of the parliamentary session of 1892 was undoubtedly and beyond dispute the extraordinary conduct of the Gladstonians. During the recess, and upon the occurrence of every by-election, the leaders and orators of their party had indulged in "tall" language without a semblance of restraint. Up hill and down dale they had abused the Government of Lord Salisbury with vehemence and violence. They rushed from town to town, breathing war and slaughter against their opponents, and denouncing their policy and themselves in frenzied accents of apparently honest indignation. The innocent provincial audiences which listened to the fire and fury of their harangues cannot have doubted that these patriots were eagerly awaiting, nay, positively panting for, the moment which should bring them face to face with their opponents upon the floor of the House of Commons, and for the opportunity which would then be afforded them of exposing the weakness and wickedness of the Unionist Administration. The hour came. But where was the man? and what did the day bring forth? The man was at Nice, and the day produced one of the tamest of the meetings of the present or any previous Parliament. The rage and rancour of the Gladstonian leaders seemed to have evaporated and subsided as completely as if they had never existed. Sir William Harcourt was preternaturally gentle, and, with the sole exception of his unworthy attempt to pervert a speech of Lord Salisbury's upon the differences of Irishmen into an attack upon the Roman Catholic religion,

was tolerably fair in the mild criticisms of ministerial conduct and policy in which he indulged. The powerful attack of Mr Chamberlain upon the inconsistencies of Gladstonian policy, and the marked difference between the English and Irish sections of the Opposition in their definitions of Home Rule, did indeed provoke Mr John Morley to wrath; but that wrath, if not more simulated than real, was restrained within the bounds of moderation. Mr Morley explained that his supposed attack upon the Egyptian policy of the Government had been no attack at all, but rather the reverse; he left the question of Home Rule in the same ambiguous position which it has now, at the command of Mr Gladstone, occupied for many months; and his allusion to the duty of Government as regards the advice they should give to her Majesty upon the subject of the dissolution of Parliament, was couched in language gentle and serene, very different from the tone and temper with which the question has been discussed by the platform orators of the recess.

Nor, indeed, was the meekness and mildness of the Gladstonian leaders confined to the first night of the session or the general issues which were the subjects of discussion during the first part of the debate upon the Address. Sir William Harcourt opposed the amendment of Mr Redmond, for the release of the treason-felony convicts and dynamiters, in a speech creditable both as to tone and temper, in which he did not attempt to evade the responsibility of his own action when in office, and frankly and fairly sup-



ported the action of the present Government. Into the Government lobby, upon this the first division of the session, marched most of the Gladstonians and all the ex-official Gladstonians present; and only some forty extreme Radicals were found ready to place the House of Commons in the false position of recommending, in defiance of the executive, an amnesty for persons guilty of one of the most atrocious and heinous of offences. It was hardly to be hoped, however, that this serenity of the political atmosphere would continue. Mr Sexton moved another amendment to the Address, setting forth that the Imperial Parliament was not competent to deal satisfactorily with Irish legislation, and before long, to use a homely illustration, "all the fat was in the fire." In the course of the debate Mr John Redmond made a lucid and telling speech, in which he pointed out that which has again and again been stated in these columns—that the Gladstonians were giving one definition of Home Rule when they sought to remove the scruples of the British voter, and one essentially different when they were endeavouring to capture the vote of Irish Nationalists. He showed, without the possibility of contradiction, that the Home Rule Parliament intended to be given by the Gladstonians has over and over again been described by them as a Parliament subservient to the Imperial Parliament; whilst that which Mr Parnell had demanded, and to which every Nationalist was pledged, was a Parliament free from all restraint save the veto of the sovereign, which has long been practically a dead letter. The institution of such a Parliament had been termed by Sir William Harcourt "Fenian Home Rule,"

and Mr Redmond made special reference to Sir William and his speeches.

We do not care to go into the question of whether or not Sir William Harcourt, acting as leader of the Gladstonian Liberals in the absence of Mr Gladstone, retired into a corridor and refused to come back and reply to Mr Redmond's appeal, and whether he did or did not resist all attempts to induce him to do so. All that it concerns us to know, and this we do know from his own statement, is, that he listened to Mr Redmond's speech, left it unanswered, left the House, and came back to the "snap" division which took place upon Mr Sexton's amendment. We know, moreover, that next day Sir William Harcourt answered at a Whitechapel meeting the speech of Mr Chamberlain which he left unanswered in the House of Commons, and alluded to Mr Redmond's speech without any reference to the grave charges contained therein. There was, of course, an excellent reason for this—namely, that it was impossible for Sir William to justify his position or that of the Gladstonian party. But the character of British statesmen has indeed fallen, if they are content to hear their honesty and sincerity gravely impugned in Parliament, and seek refuge in an unworthy silence, only broken by such vulgar abuse as that with which Sir William Harcourt thought it becoming to assail Mr Chamberlain before the Whitechapel audience, where he was secure from a reply.

It was fortunate indeed for Sir William that the public—and especially the Irish public—mind was speedily turned from consideration of the debate upon the Address to Mr Balfour's bill upon



Irish Local Government, which he introduced on the 18th February. Here indeed was an opportunity for the front Opposition bench to throw themselves once more into the arms of their Nationalist allies of both sections, and persuade the latter to forget the little difficulties about the definition of Home Rule, and unite in abuse of the Government who had presumed to recognise the undoubted fact that minorities in Ireland require to be protected against majorities after a fashion which is unnecessary in Great Britain. Any Government which should venture to shut its eyes to this necessity would be guilty of an unpardonable neglect of one of the first duties of a Government—namely, to prevent oppression in the administration of the law; and any Government which is acquainted with the history of Ireland in very recent times must be fully cognisant of the fact that such oppression, and the abuse of authority placed in their hands, have been brought home to local bodies in Ireland by irrefragable evidence, and have compelled the interference of Gladstonian as well as of Conservative Governments. The outcry raised by the combined Gladstonians and Nationalists against the Government bill was chiefly aimed at the provision which empowers two judges, upon due complaint made by ratepayers and sustained by evidence before them, to suspend County Councils from their functions, if it should be proved that they have abused those functions and been guilty of oppression. Whether or not the judges are the best tribunal which could be established for this purpose may be *doubtful*, but it is little likely *that the Government would decline to substitute any other*

tribunal which on full consideration might appear to be more palatable to Ireland and less obnoxious to the objections which have been urged against the tribunal at first proposed. But unless the objectors are prepared gravely to assert that there should be no check upon Irish County Councils, and can convince the House of Commons that such a state of things would be just to the ratepayers and wise as regards public policy, they will have to put their objections in more tangible form, and suggest a tribunal preferable to the judges. Meanwhile, under the cloud of dust raised around the bill by Sir William Harcourt and his Nationalist friends, there stands out clearly the undoubted fact that in his proposed measure Mr Balfour, on behalf of the Government, is about to introduce a representative system based upon democratic principles, which is in strict accordance with the promises of the Government and with the legislation already passed for Great Britain. No doubt it suits the Gladstonian and Nationalist leaders to ridicule and condemn this measure, because their party policy requires that Ireland should not be tranquillised or contented by any policy which emanates from the Unionist Government and is supported by the Unionist party. But it is to be hoped that Irishmen who are capable of judging fairly upon public matters and public men will recognise in Mr Balfour's bill an honest attempt to settle a difficult question upon a sensible and equitable basis, and will not suffer themselves to be misled by the fervid and impassioned appeals of a self-interested and unpatriotic faction.

The opponents of the Government cannot but acknowledge that

the latter have lost no time in providing the House of Commons with material for legislation. Mr Balfour's bill had been scarcely presented before Mr Chaplin made his statement in moving for leave to introduce the Government measure relating to small holdings. The greatest difference of opinion has always existed, and still undoubtedly exists, as to whether large or small farms are most conducive to the good cultivation of the soil, and thereby to the interest of the people. But whichever theory may be right, there can be no doubt that of late years a feeling has sprung up in the public mind in favour of multiplying the owners of land, and of placing land within the reach of a larger number of people. So general and so strong has this feeling become, that it had no doubt rightly impressed itself upon the mind of her Majesty's Ministers that their duty required them to recognise and endeavour to meet it. Those who are well acquainted with agricultural matters will probably be inclined to doubt whether the restoration of the yeoman class is to be easily effected by legislation. No doubt this class once flourished, and was in some counties numerous and apparently firmly rooted in the soil. But its decadence, and in some places its disappearance, have arisen from a variety of causes, some of which are hardly to be reached by the most supreme legislative effort. Moreover (and this is the strangest part of the whole affair), the political party which affects to regret the diminution of this class, and has most loudly raised the cry of "bringing the people to the land," is precisely that party which is wont frequently to indulge in denunciations of landowners and in attempts to saddle the land with

fresh taxation. But surely, if a poorer class of people are to be encouraged to possess land, the logical course would be to bring land more nearly within their reach by removing some of the burdens with which it comes to them at the present moment. By all means dispossess large owners of their superfluous acres, at a reasonable price, and under a well-considered system, for the benefit of their poorer neighbours; but you will have done but little for the latter, if you hand them over to the intending "small" farmer land with an amount of tithe and rates to pay which will go far to cripple him, even without the payment of interest or the borrowed part of the purchase-money which he will have to pay to the lending authority.

We need not say that we heartily wish success to the Government measure, and trust that their laudable efforts to avoid the introduction of the compulsory element may more than answer their expectations; but, as Mr Chaplin himself observed, this species of legislation can be but tentative, and we must not expect that any great results will be immediately apparent, or that the conversion of large farms into small holdings can be effected without delay, or except by a careful testing of the machinery to be employed for the purpose of attaining this end.

Besides these two bills, the Government did not allow the month of February to pass without introducing their measure relating to Irish education, to the favourable reception of which in the House of Commons the careful and lucid speech of the new Chief Secretary for Ireland greatly contributed. It is satisfactory to observe that the common-sense and business-like manner of Mr Jackson have





already produced a considerable effect upon those with whom he has to come in contact, and that Lord Salisbury's selection of this gentleman for the important and difficult post which he occupies seems to be fully justified.

A by-day, on the 23d February, upon which the question of Welsh Disestablishment was brought forward, was not attended by the results confidently anticipated by the Opposition. Sir Edward Clark, the Solicitor-General, opposed the motion in an able speech, and, on behalf of the Government, declared against the principle of Disestablishment with no faint and uncertain voice. Sir William Harcourt, indeed, denounced the Welsh, and apparently the English, Church Establishment together, and spoke as one who had forgotten that there ever was an Archbishop Harcourt, or that any ties of family feeling or gratitude existed which should render him tender in dealing with Church interests. But despite this unkindly attack, and the urgent whip of the Liberationists, they only succeeded in increasing their last year's numbers from 203 to 220, whilst the Government majority rose from 235 to 267; and it remains for Churchmen in the Principality and throughout England to study the debate and the division-list before the time comes when they will have to record their votes at the polls for or against that general Disestablishment to which that of the Church in Wales must inevitably lead.

No one can deny that the Government has provided sufficient business for the moribund Parliament, and that it has been brought before the House of Commons with commendable despatch. It is true *that the measure relating to the Procedure upon Scotch Private*

Business was delayed in its introduction; but the delay was caused by no fault of the Government. Mr Campbell-Bannerman set the ball of unnecessary talk a-rolling, and the Scotch Liberal members were not slow to follow his example, developing such a capacity for the utterance of commonplace dreariness as must have made the representatives from the Sister Island feel jealous of their own reputation in that connection. Mr Gladstone returned from his holiday in the south of France on the last day of February, and his first appearance in the House of Commons was signalised by his walking out and refusing to take part in the division upon Mr Balfour's motion that the House shall adjourn until two instead of twelve o'clock on Ash-Wednesday. This is a motion which has been made for many years past from the Ministerial bench, and which Mr Gladstone has again and again supported. To this point, however, have we arrived, in the policy and practice of the Gladstonian party, that the leader skulks away, whilst nearly the whole of his party, including most of those who held office in his last Administration, vote against the motion. The Government majority on this occasion was only twenty, and on several other occasions it has been much smaller than should have been the case, when, as we know, the Unionist majority exceeds seventy.

Apart from any question, however, of majority or minority, two sittings of the House of Commons have been especially remarkable to those who have been watching the state and progress of public events. On Monday, Feb. 29, the House being in Committee of Supply, a vote of some £30,000 was proposed "for expenditure con-



nected with the relief of distress in Ireland," upon which Mr Dillon proceeded to make some observations. He could not deny that "the distress was fully met and adequately dealt with, and to that extent he was prepared to give credit to the Government." He also admitted that the light railway which had been made in the district which he represented "would greatly benefit the people," and that it had been treated by Mr Balfour "in a very liberal manner." Then, however, Mr Dillon proceeded to complain of the relief having been administered in some instances through the police, and declared that "relief and relief works would do no good until the cause of distress was removed. By relief measures the Government were really increasing the security of the landlords in respect of their rents." "If the House wished to do permanent good, let them begin by *purchasing at a fair valuation the rights of the landlords*, who had been the cause of the people's poverty, and who, if measures were not taken to prevent it, would absorb and carry off all the benefits of such measures of improvement as the Government were now maturing." To these remarks Mr Balfour at once replied in a short speech, which deserves to be read from one end of the country to the other. He alluded to his visit to the distressed districts, at which Mr Dillon had sneered, and said that his object had been, not, as that gentleman seemed in his generosity to suppose, to make political capital out of the visit, but to do something for relieving that distress "about which the hon. member talks so much, but towards mitigating which he does so little." He told Mr Dillon that he had spoken "not so much as a despairing philanthropist as a dis-

appointed politician;" he defended the action of the Government, and reminded the House that in that action, directed entirely towards the amelioration of the people of Ireland, they had been "hampered by gentlemen opposite," and that their "Light Railway Bill" had met with opposition from many of the Nationalist members who posed as the special friends of Ireland. Mr Balfour referred to the "Congested Districts Board," established, with ample funds and powers, by Lord Salisbury's Government for the relief of those districts, and yet opposed by every Irish Nationalist member; and he plainly told Mr Dillon that, although he had heard him make "countless speeches on the woes of Ireland," never had he "heard him make one practical suggestion," unless it was to be counted as such that he stated the only hope for Ireland to be "in the refusal of Irish tenants to pay their rents." And, added Mr Balfour, in words which should be weighed well by the electors of Great Britain and Ireland at this moment: "If anything is certain in this world, if there be one truth which the universal experience of mankind has conclusively established, it is that *you cannot found the greatness of a nation on national dishonesty.*"

Mr Balfour's speech was received with the applause which it so well deserved, and his triumphant vindication of the Irish policy of the Government left nothing to be desired. It is an undeniable fact that the Conservative Ministry have taken a large and comprehensive view of Ireland and of Irish questions, and that, whilst upholding and enforcing the law with vigour, they have taken practical steps towards the amelioration of the condition of the Irish people, which have never



been taken or suggested by previous Governments. On the other hand, it is lamentable to consider the reckless and unpatriotic course of the Gladstonian party. Many of them have, indeed, visited Ireland, but to what good end? not to preach loyalty and content; not to advise submission to the law, the due discharge of moral and legal obligations, and the development of honest industrial exertions,—but for purposes of a vastly and sadly different character. The weight and influence of the Gladstonian party, and even of those on the front Opposition bench, has been directly or indirectly thrown into the scale of illegal opposition to authority, refusal to discharge obligations duly undertaken, dishonest withholding of rents, and support of that Plan of Campaign which the High Courts of law have solemnly pronounced to be an illegal conspiracy. There really seems to be no length to which Gladstonian members and candidates are not prepared to go, in order to secure the support of the Irish Nationalist vote at the approaching general election. A notable proof of this unhappy and discreditable state of things was afforded by the debate and division upon Ash-Wednesday. A bill was proposed for second reading by Mr O'Kelly, the object of which was to reinstate in their holdings all those tenants who had been evicted for non-payment of their rent. The principle of compulsory sale was to be applied in favour of these men, who would thus be better off than those honest men who had resisted the Plan of Campaign and paid the rent which they had agreed to pay. Under this bill, if a landlord had used and improved the land thrown upon his hands by the eviction of the non-paying

tenant, he would have to give it up to the latter, and this, too, without compensation; where fresh tenants had taken the farms, they would be dispossessed in favour of the evicted men,—and so, in fact, a reward would be given to all those who had defied the law, refused to discharge their obligations, and joined the illegal Plan of Campaign. It is difficult to see how politicians of common honesty or of common decency could have supported such a bill, yet Mr Shaw-Lefevre spoke in favour of the second reading, though without venturing to defend the provisions of the bill, and Sir George Trevelyan followed his example. It is sad to see such votes and speeches, even in the case of weak and eccentric politicians like these two gentlemen; but it is more melancholy still to have to relate that not only Sir William Harcourt and Mr Morley, but Mr Gladstone himself, voted for this palpable encouragement to those who had broken and defied the law, and consequent reflection upon and punishment of the honest and law-abiding men who might have expected better things from statesmen with any sense of responsibility. It is these speeches and these votes which may well cause apprehension for the time before us. If Mr Gladstone and his friends should unhappily succeed in obtaining the power for which they are so unscrupulously bidding, their present course of action is preparing for them a swift and sure retribution. For if, as the responsible Ministers of the Crown, they refuse to sanction measures opposed to the first principles of common justice and common honesty, they will at once incur the wrath and ensure the opposition of those Irish Nationalists, who will call to judgment against them the



factionous and wicked second-reading votes which, given for the purpose of embarrassing the Conservative Government, will recoil with tenfold force upon those who have so sinned against parliamentary custom and political morality. If, on the other hand, they should be driven to introduce or to support such measures, they will rouse against themselves every man to whom justice and honesty are not dead and unmeaning words, and will unite in opposition to their Government the righteous indignation of a law-abiding and fair-dealing people.

It is pitiful indeed to see the expedients to which the Gladstonians are driven, in order to maintain, until the general election is over, that alliance with the Irish Nationalists which is as discreditable to one section as the other, because each knows full well that its aims and objects differ essentially from those of its ally, and both are perfectly aware that if their unnatural coalition should obtain a majority at the polls, it would be crumbled and shattered to atoms by the first attempt at constructive legislation. There is another method which has been practised, and doubtless will be repeated, by the Gladstonians, in their frantic efforts to obtain in 1892 the reversal of the verdict given against them by the country in 1886. This method consists in the bringing forward in the House of Commons of abstract resolutions, which it is difficult for Government to refuse without affording their crafty adversaries the opportunity of posing before the constituencies as the party which specially protects the rights of the public, and is identified with the popular view of various questions which from time to time occupy public attention. Thus did Mr Herbert Gard-

ner, the active Gladstonian member for one of the divisions of Essex, prepare for Ministers a well-constructed pitfall with respect to the refusal of the managers of schools to allow the use of their buildings for political meetings. As a rule, of course, nothing can be more foolish than to refuse the use of such buildings to the ratepayers of the parish or district, and nothing can be more unfair and unwise than to allow this use to one political party and to refuse it to another. With such refusals, however, the Unionist Government has no more sympathy than its opponents; and, subject to proper restrictions, to secure the safety of property and the maintenance of order, they are quite ready to secure to the ratepayers the use of the school-buildings for legitimate purposes. This was so clearly shown by the speeches from the Ministerial bench, that the wind was completely taken out of Mr Herbert Gardner's sails, and another proof was afforded of the fact that, in matters affecting the rights of the public, the Unionist party is the party whose policy is the most sensible, because it is the most practical, aiming, as it does, at the maximum of public rights with the minimum of possible injury to private interests.

This attack on the Government, or rather, this attempt to place the Government in a false position before the public, conspicuously failed, and only cleared away the mists which hung around a subject which, had it not been thus discussed in the House of Commons, would doubtless have been used more or less effectively by Gladstonian candidates at the coming general election, and would have afforded a ready pretext for insidious misrepresentation of the real attitude



of the Government, and for loud laudation of Gladstonian liberality and Gladstonian zeal for the interests of the people. It is more than ever incumbent that such erroneous teaching should be promptly encountered and exposed at the present moment, and that the constituencies should not be beguiled into the belief that useful and practical reforms can only be obtained by the installation in office of the party which follows Mr Gladstone.

This is the doctrine which the Gladstonian leaders and orators are endeavouring to cram down the throats of the electorate, and it is with this object that "the great Liberal campaign" has been opened in the metropolis. In this connection the elections to the London County Council have been carried on with an organisation which the Gladstonians hope to turn to their own account in the coming parliamentary elections. This movement must be met and checked by the Unionists, or incalculable mischief may ensue. The "Progressive" party in the County Council are by no means synonymous with the Gladstonian party in the country. The former have a policy, which can hardly be said of their "Moderate" opponents—and in this country a party with a policy has a distinctive advantage over a party which has practically none. But in the political battle into which we shall soon be plunged, both parties have a policy, and both parties are for progress. There is, however, one great and essential difference between these two parties. The Gladstonians are the party of promise; whilst the Unionist party is emphatically the party of performance. The Gladstonians make wild promises, and dangle before our eyes, and especially before the eyes of the operative classes, visions of legislation in

their favour which they know to be impossible; whilst the Unionist party is content to grapple with the social questions of the day in a practical manner, proposing such legislation as may assist people who are trying to assist themselves, but altogether rejecting the delusive theories of mountebank politicians who preach such strange doctrines as that wealth, happiness, and prosperity can be brought to every man's door by Act of Parliament. These doctrines may and doubtless will be thrown over by the Gladstonian leaders if the result of the general election should place them in power; but the mischief will then have been done, encouragement will have been given to teaching which the history of mankind has over and over again shown to be foolish and pernicious, and the opportunity for wise and safe progress within the lines of the constitution will have been lost.

If, owing to mismanagement, bad generalship, or want of organisation, London, after the dissolution, should no longer throw its weight into the Unionist scale, a fatal mistake will have been committed by the electorate, the full effects of which it is difficult at this moment to estimate. Such a disastrous result, however, may, by prompt and energetic action, be averted. The Chertsey election proved that the Unionist cause—the cause of loyalty and liberty—is still all-powerful in the south, and we only require wise leading and good organisation in order to repeat the Unionist triumphs of 1886. Even in such Radical constituencies as South Derbyshire and Kirkcaldy, the numbers polled by the Ministerial candidates betoken the existence of a powerful Unionist element; and this element will undoubtedly be increased and strengthened, if only

the true position of the country can be brought to the knowledge of the electors, and if their minds can be disabused of the idea that the followers of Mr Gladstone are the real Liberal party. That they should continue their attempts to monopolise the title of Liberal would be a ridiculous if it were not a dangerous course of action. For to any one who honestly endeavours to work out political problems for himself, it will be abundantly clear that these men have cast to the winds the old traditions of the Liberal party, and are, in fact, nothing more nor less than a company of unscrupulous politicians seeking to obtain power and place by the adoption of any project and any principle which may be momentarily popular with the democracy. Take, for instance, the attempt to associate the Temperance party with themselves, and to claim for their candidates the support of that important section of the community. The Unionist party are just as much desirous of supporting temperance as their opponents; but whatever may be thought of the merits of the policy which would enable a majority in any given district to close the public-houses, this, being clearly a measure which, right or wrong, is a measure of compulsion and restriction, can only be called a Liberal measure by a total perversion of the meaning of the word. Take again the laws which restrain men out "on strike" from preventing others from going to work. Gladstonian orators frequently avow their readiness to alter such laws, which may be right or wrong; but surely it is altogether a misnomer to apply the word Liberal to a policy which would allow men who are unwilling to work to prevent and punish those who desire to labour.

Other instances without number might be adduced, to show that the old traditions of freedom, which formerly gave its name to the Liberal party, have been entirely abandoned by those who still seek to monopolise the title. But most of all may we cite the demand for an Eight Hours Bill, which a large section of the Gladstonians seek to inscribe upon their banners at the coming election, as part and parcel of their policy. A bill which compulsorily limits the hours of work to a specific number, be it more or less than eight, may be a good bill or a bad bill, but it cannot be a Liberal bill, because it is emphatically an arbitrary and restrictive bill which forbids a man to employ that health and strength which are his capital in the manner and to the extent which he knows to be most advantageous to himself and his family. It must, therefore, be clear to all sensible people that it is an abuse of terms to call the Gladstonians the Liberal party, and that they have no right to the claim to that title which they so arrogantly assume.

Meanwhile, the measures which Lord Salisbury's Government have introduced during the present session have shown their true attachment to Liberal principles in the best sense of the word, and their readiness to redress grievances wherever grievances can be shown to exist which are capable of removal by legislative action. It cannot be said that exceptional good luck has attended the Government, or has waited on Mr Balfour's leadership of the House of Commons, during the first two months of the session. Apart from the diminution of their normal majority, which has proceeded from various causes, and which must have been a source of an-



noyance and anxiety to the Government, several circumstances have occurred which have doubtless tended to the same result. The divisions upon the appointment of a Welsh county court judge, who could not speak Welsh, to a district in which the Welsh language was generally spoken; upon the votes given in connection with the vote of £20,000 for the survey of the Mombasa Railway by certain members supposed to be interested in that railway; and upon the repeal of the clause in the Eastbourne Local Act, under which the Salvationist Army had been brought into conflict with the Eastbourne authorities,—have all been unfortunate circumstances for the Government, and all the more so, because to a looker-on it appears that at least two out of the three might have been avoided. The county court judgeship appointment was one which could not be defended; and a frank confession that this was the fact, and that the error should not be repeated, would have been better than a division with only a small majority. The votes given by interested members raised a question in which the House and not the Government was chiefly concerned; and it was a misfortune that Mr Balfour, after stating that this was a matter in which the Government, as a Government, could take no part, should have gone on to avow his own opinion against expunging from the division-list the names of the members in question, and that so strongly as to give the majority in favour of that course the appearance of a majority against the Government, which was of course the subject of triumphant misrepresentation in the Gladstonian press. The position of the Government upon the Eastbourne clause was technically and

logically right; and here again the question was open, and members of the Government voted on each side. Still, it was unfortunate that most of the leading members of the Government should have been obliged to vote in a minority; and here again the good luck was on the side of the Opposition. On the other hand, no one can deny the ability which Mr Balfour has displayed throughout the debates in the earlier part of the session, or the courtesy with which members on both sides have been treated by the new leader of the House. It is true that Mr Balfour has been obliged to ask from the House a larger share of the time of private members than has usually been the case before Easter; but then it must be remembered, first, that the circumstances of the year are peculiar, and, secondly, that the garrulity of those members has been found to be as irrepresible as ever, and has caused a consumption of public time against which Mr Balfour has been repeatedly obliged to protest. There seems, indeed, to be a class of members in the House of Commons who have an enormously exaggerated idea of their own importance, and of the desire of the House of Commons and the public to be made acquainted with their views upon all possible subjects. This class has doubtless always existed in Parliament, and has certainly not been diminished by the extension of the franchise and the enlargement of the constituencies. Everybody must be able to speak nowadays, and to speak with sufficient eloquence to satisfy the class in whose gift lies the majority of votes. It is not an unnatural thing that men who have found themselves successful in this respect should cherish a belief that their persuasive elo-



quence would be equally effective in the House of Commons; and hence has arisen an alarming increase of prosy orators who are not aware that they *are* prosy, and of pushing, empty-headed politicians who are firmly of opinion that they have as good a right as anybody else to occupy the public time, and to bring their twopenny-halfpenny cases of grievance before Parliament. To such men all appeals are of course in vain; and it is a lamentable fact that even wiser and more practical men are often lacking in the common-sense which should tell them that Government business is the *business of the country*, and that when they impede its progress in order to obtain a discussion of some pet crotchet of their own, their action, however important their crotchet may be, is an unpatriotic interference with the country's work. The repeated interposition of some crotchet-monger's debate when the House had assembled for Supply, the consequent uncertainty as to the moment when the Estimates would come on for discussion, the sudden passing of important votes without discussion, and the vexation thereof of members who had intended to take part in this, perhaps the most important function of the House of Commons — all these things are really exemplifications of the faults and difficulties of Government conducted upon representative principles. If the people are represented by 600 or 700 members, it is simply impossible that business should be transacted by so large a body without an amount of self-imposed restriction upon loquacity and deference to the feeling of the House itself, which we look for in vain in the present age of talk. Therefore it is that the House has, as it were,

to take itself in hand, to make new rules from time to time with a view to facilitate the passage of business, and continually to encroach upon what is called "the time of private members," who, in their dislike to this proceeding, entirely forget the encroachment upon public time of which they have themselves been continually guilty, and which has compelled the Government to ask for the powers required to get any business at all through the House.

It cannot be said that in this respect the Government has had to complain of the conduct of the front Opposition bench. It would not, indeed, be wise for the members who occupy that bench to display themselves just now in the character of obstructionists. The electors throughout the country have their eyes attentively fixed upon the contending political parties in the State, and will be keen to discover any error on either side. The consciousness of this fact, and of the certainty of a dissolution of Parliament within a very few months, increases the difficulty of transacting business in the House of Commons to a very great extent. Not only do the bores feel doubly bound to indulge in the loquacity by which they trust to commend them to re-election by their constituents; but a kind of indescribable restlessness pervades the whole House, members whose seats are threatened being not unnaturally uncomfortable at the advantage which they feel their opponents may be gaining, and those who, as yet free from opposition, dreading lest any unpopular vote on their part should encourage that most unpleasant change in the aspect of affairs. Meanwhile the Gladstonians and their allies are hard at work at their old game of misrepresenta-





tion and abuse. Perhaps the most absurd of their extravagant charges against the Unionist party is their allegation that the latter are not only animated by personal dislike to Mr Gladstone, but that they eagerly desire his departure to another world. Thus the 'Daily News,' just before the commencement of the session,<sup>1</sup> informed its readers that "the Tory tadpoles and toppers feel a malign and baneful interest in Mr Gladstone's health;" and goes on to say that "the ignoble gamblers who have staked heavily against his life must begin to feel rather uncomfortable as their own parliamentary tenure draws to a close." Was there ever a more vile and disgraceful imputation made against a political party by its adversaries? The Unionist party cannot help the fact that Mr Gladstone has passed the age of eighty, and yet the wisecracks of the 'Daily News' seem to impute that fact to them as a crime, and are apparently of opinion that *because* Mr Gladstone has attained to his present age those who believe his Home Rule policy to be fraught with danger to the country should lay aside their views, strike their flag, and no longer dare oppose their political foes, *because* they happen to be led by an octogenarian leader! The line taken by such writers and speakers as the inspired writer of the 'Daily News' would be utterly absurd, if it had not been adopted by other men of the same party in their speeches to audiences with whom they thought it would "go down." These audiences and the public are subjected to the following process. First, they are moved to sympathise, as every Englishman does sympathise, with the pluck

and vigour with which a man of eighty-two years of age still fights in the van of the battle, and having been duly led up to this point, they are asked to rush to the conclusion that all those who honestly fight on the side antagonistic to the veteran are acting from ignoble and unworthy motives, and are, in some inscrutable way, attacking, not the principles to which they object, but the old age for which they entertain as high a respect as any of Mr Gladstone's own followers. The point would hardly have been worth notice save as an example of the unscrupulous tactics of the Gladstonian party.

There is another branch of the same subject which is even more important, because it refers to a bait more attractive to the general body of electors. It will be noticed, in Gladstonian speeches throughout the country, that Home Rule is only alluded to in a general and perfunctory manner. The latest Gladstonian manoeuvre, indeed, is to point to the triumph of the Progressive party in the London Council elections, to claim that Progressive and Gladstonian are convertible terms, and to parade, before the eyes of that large body of electors throughout the country who are undecided or waverers, the fact that the tide has turned, as evidenced by these London elections, and that theirs will be found to be the winning side at the general election. We are not concerned at the present moment to show that a man may be a true Progressive, and at the same time very much opposed to Gladstonian policy upon imperial matters. Neither do we object to the Gladstonian endeavour to make the greatest possible amount of political capital out of their mu-

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<sup>1</sup> Daily News, January 23.

nicipal victory. So far as London Unionists are concerned, we trust that the lesson which they have received will rouse them to strenuous and continued exertions from this time until the general election shall have taken place. The lesson was needed, and if it is thrown away upon Unionist electors, they will deserve to have it repeated in the political contest which is at hand. *It must not be thrown away.* The electors of London owe it to themselves, as well as to the great body of electors throughout the country, to show to the world that, when imperial interests are threatened, and imperial principles are in question, their opinion is the same as in 1886. And here comes in the point which has induced us to call attention to this special phase of Gladstonian policy at the present moment. Whilst attempting to pose as the Progressive party before the constituencies, Home Rule is studiously kept in the background, and it is sought to gain seats for Gladstonians as supporters of whatever special reform or crotchet particular constituencies are supposed to be enamoured. But let the undecided and wavering electors who are loyal to the constitution beware of the insidious approach by which the enemy seeks to undermine the constitutional citadel. All these Progressive men, if once the Gladstonian majority be obtained, will blossom forth at once into Home Rulers. Home Rule *must* stand first in the Gladstonian programme. It is quite true that Mr Redmond has shown, clearly and beyond doubt, that the front Opposition bench mean one thing and the Irish Nationalist party another by the words "Home Rule." Moreover, it is literally certain that no Home Rule Bill can be

introduced which would not shatter into fragments the Radical party who were responsible for its introduction. But an immense amount of mischief will be done if the constituencies return a majority which is not a Unionist majority. Every attempt is being made to push Home Rule aside at the English elections; but these attempts will fail if the electoral body is true to itself.

Meanwhile, the anxiety of the Opposition to be made acquainted with the actual moment at which Parliament is to be dissolved is from time to time displayed in a more or less ludicrous manner. Thus, on the night of the 17th March, Mr Labouchere (who is a formidable rival to Dr Clark and Mr Morton in the occupation of wasting the public time) initiated a wholly unnecessary debate, with the (real or pretended) object of eliciting from Mr Balfour some statement upon this point. Statement, of course, there was none to make. Ministers have placed their programme of business before Parliament. When Parliament shall have given its opinion upon the measures thus introduced, and when the ordinary business of the House of Commons has been duly performed, the dissolution will doubtless take place. It is ridiculous to suppose that the Government will be worried or bullied by the irrepressible bores of the House into a premature dissolution, or any declaration upon the subject. It is of course possible that the Opposition may be so unwise as to support the obstructionists in such a manner as to prevent the progress of public business. In such a contingency, however, and in the event of a consequent dissolution before the legitimate work of Parliament had been concluded, those who were responsible for the ob-



struction would probably appear to disadvantage before the constituencies. On the 18th March—the very day after Mr Labouchere's escapade—the official Opposition promoted a discussion of nearly three hours upon Mr Balfour's motion for more time to be given to Government for the necessary business of Supply, and in spite of a majority of 79 against them, which evidenced the general feeling of the House, they exercised no restraining influence over their followers in the wearisome discussion upon the votes in Supply which afterwards took place. Boredom again had its way, and once more was the public time wantonly wasted by men who vainly attempt to justify themselves by pretending that the Government are responsible for the delay of public business. This, indeed, is the tone of the Gladstonian press, and their evident desire is to throw upon the shoulders of Mr Balfour the responsibility which, in reality,

rests upon their own party. But Mr Balfour is too strong and too clever for his hostile critics. No Irish Secretary has ever yet won the gratitude which he has earned during his occupancy of that office, and we venture to predict that in the discharge of his new duties he will gain fresh laurels, will justify to the full his selection for the arduous post which he now fills, and will strengthen his party for the battle of the polls. At the present moment there is little more to be said of the progress of parliamentary work; but at least the Government have performed their promise in proposing legislation desired by the constituencies, and whatever may be the fate of the measures which they have introduced, they may rest assured that their continued attempts to supply public wants and remedy public grievances in a wise and practical manner, will meet with due appreciation when submitted to the calm judgment of the people.



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### CIVILISATION, SOCIAL ORDER, AND MORALITY IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

EXACTLY a year ago an article appeared in this Magazine, which in temperate language, and on the proof of admitted facts, demonstrated that the corruptions of Republican government had resulted in the United States in widespread despotism and anarchy. To the American citizen who uses his eyes and reads his daily newspaper, the facts adduced could scarcely have been a revelation; but indignant national feeling chose to look upon them in the light of a calumnious impeachment. Evidently the Americans do not put up the poet's petition for a power to "see ourselves as others see us"; nor do they concede to the foreigner the same candour as they tolerate in their own organs of public opinion. Nevertheless, Europe has a claim to criticise the working of American institutions that cannot be denied. The stream of population which flows from the European States into the Western Republic, gives us a direct interest in the administration of the laws and the maintenance of

liberty in the land where these emigrants make for themselves a home either temporarily or permanently; and in the case where it becomes the refuge of the malcontent subjects of a European Power, that Power is interested in inquiring whether the central executive of the United States has either the ability or the disposition to prevent such a class from using its territories as a *pied-à-terre* for prosecuting its original quarrel with the mother country.

There is another and not less urgent reason why the nations of Europe should critically examine the results of American republicanism, whether in their material or in their moral aspects. The Republic is on all hands held up by advanced political thinkers as the political ideal for which the democracy ought to strive. The wonderful expansion and progress of the United States within the present century is perpetually cited as an irrefutable proof of what can be done when men are allowed to



govern themselves unencumbered by the incubus of a throne and a hereditary legislature. And America is well content to pose as an object-lesson to the universe. But there is a seamy side, a very seamy side, to this attitude which America herself hides, and which republican orators outside of her ignore. In our former article we have pointed out how the theoretical political freedom guaranteed by the United States Constitution has been practically nullified by political and electoral corruption; in the following remarks we shall endeavour briefly to show how social order and social morality have themselves been contaminated by their political surroundings.

Citizens are continually boasting of their liberty, equality, and fraternity, but they take a shadow for reality. They do not possess real liberty, real equality, real fraternity, or they would be the most godlike people upon earth, loving God with all their hearts, and minds, and souls, and their neighbours as themselves. Looking at them through their own microscopic eyes—their newspapers—it is quite obvious that, whatever they are or may be, they are not yet saints, or likely soon to become saints. They boast that their President costs a great deal less than the sovereign of a hereditary monarchy or empire. That is a false boast. They pay their President parsimoniously, and give him a furnished house to live in during his term of office, the total direct cost to the nation being small. But the indirect cost of his nomination and election, because of the enormous waste of time and of money, the demoralising habits engendered—frequent and lengthened periods during which the nation's agricultural, manufacturing, commercial, and other business interests are

prejudicially affected—the intruding of purely partisan politics into national relations with foreign countries,—all this indirect cost is incalculable, but must be many times the cost of supporting the hereditary sovereign and the Royal Family of the United Kingdom. Further, presidential elections, because of the unscrupulous individualism of the partisan politicians of all parties, are standing menaces to the internal peace of the nation. It is not yet forgotten that, when Mr Samuel J. Tilden, the democratic candidate, was elected President, but was counted out by the fraudulent manipulation of the republican party in power, a civil war was imminent, and but for Mr Tilden's forbearance would, it was currently reported, have broken out. Again, when Mr Grover Cleveland was elected, it was the general expectation that civil war would break out if the republicans counted him out as they had counted out Mr Tilden.

By the Federal Constitution Congress cannot make any laws abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; and by the state constitutions every citizen may freely speak, write, and publish his sentiments on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of that right; and no law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of speech or of the press. This inalienable right has been so carefully protected by legislation and decisions of law courts, that it does not pay for an aggrieved person to sue for damages for slander or libel. Occasionally the newspapers announce that suit for libel has been threatened or entered, or that a person has been arrested for criminal libel; but if the plaintiff is discreet, the proceedings will go no further, the newspapers having already done for him as much, if not more, than a



judgment would. There is endless vexation, humiliation, loss of time and of money in such a suit. The very best of men would probably fail to vindicate himself so as to wipe out the effect of the libel, and the damages recovered would not pay the counsel's fees, not recoverable as costs; and after all, the damages awarded might prove unrecoverable from the defendant, who has thoughtfully arranged his affairs. No one who has not resided in the United States can realise how greatly the general abuse of this inalienable right by the practically irresponsible citizen has deadened the finer susceptibilities of character, and reduced the moral tone of the people. Generally speaking, the laws and institutions of the several states, and of the United States, favour debtors and law-breakers, whose inalienable rights must not be encroached upon by those who can afford to have a debtor, or by those who have not the wit to guard their property, reputations, or persons, from injury, destruction, or death.

In the United Kingdom the sovereign succeeds by hereditary succession; and recognised as the official representative of the nation, is loyally supported by the people. Like every great peer, the sovereign has a large private income in addition to what the people may grant to properly support the sovereign dignity and splendour in his or her official capacity as representative of so rich and powerful a nation. Republicans, socialists, anarchists, and others denounce as useless, extravagant, and wrong the expenditure of so much money in such a manner, and the supporting in idleness, luxury, and viciousness men and women who are no better than all others, and ought to do manual or other labour according to their capacities. The

executive power is vested in the sovereign, but is only nominally vested. Practically it is vested in the people, and were the people to elect a president, and vest the executive power in him, as the citizens of the United States do, they would be beginning to enslave themselves. The constitutions of the states and United States of America are now in some respects antiquated—are of a past and less advanced civilisation. The sovereign is not his own prime minister. He has a power of veto which is now very rarely exercised, and may be almost classified as a mere nominal power. The prime minister is nominally selected by the sovereign, but is really the selection imposed upon the sovereign by the position of affairs in which the people find themselves at the time. The statesman having been thus selected, and requested by the sovereign to form a ministry, has then to set about getting others to become ministers, and the principal ministers form the Cabinet. But if he cannot get together a ministry which is supported by a majority sufficiently large to ensure the carrying of government measures, he reports his inability to the sovereign, who then gets another statesman to form a ministry, probably of a different political party. After a ministry is formed, and takes hold of the reins of government, its tenure of office is dependent upon retaining the support of a working majority of the representatives of the people; and so soon as it ceases to have the confidence of the House it resigns, because the people insist that the affairs of government shall be properly conducted. In certain circumstances it may be desirable to dissolve Parliament before its natural life of seven years has expired, and to hold a general



election, in order to give the people an opportunity to express their views upon a line of policy of great importance — such as that which the fifty-first United States Congress passed against the will of a majority of citizens — namely, the radical change in the tariff system embodied in the so-called M'Kinley Bill; or the Ministry, thinking the House no longer fairly represents the views of the people, may dissolve Parliament and hold a general election, before acknowledging that they cannot carry on the government. The ordinary life of a Parliament is well within the seven years. It rarely, except in the case of a strong, trusted Administration, approaches seven years, and it may not last one year. Vacancies by death or otherwise are constantly occurring, and the majority of the people are never out of touch with Parliament or the political party in power for the time being. The community is not kept constantly on the boil by elections and the intrigues of political parties; business is not disarranged by elections oftener than absolutely necessary for the liberties of the people; and there is a total absence of that unprincipled demoralising horde of men who, in the United States, under the fig-leaf apron called politics, are enabled to perpetrate the vilest frauds and iniquities, and to demoralise all they come in contact with. Congress is lacking in that smooth vitality and accommodating-to-the-people elasticity which are remarkable features of Parliament. The United States senators are elected, two from each state, by the state legislature, to serve a term of six years; and it is so arranged that the seats of one-third of the senators are vacated every *two years*. Thus only one-third of *the Senate is changed during the*

President's four years' term of office. There are by-elections to fill vacancies caused by death or otherwise.

When a change of Ministry takes place in the United Kingdom, only the heads of the great State departments resign and give way to new heads. All other officers and employees of whatever rank are unaffected. But it is not so in the United States. There, when a new President comes into office, there may be a complete change from top to bottom; but if he is of the same political party as the previous President, the changes, besides those in the heads of the great State departments, are comparatively limited, and chiefly dependent upon the wishes of representatives in regard to their particular election districts. The patronage of the representative is extensive and subject to his "individualism." When the political party in power is routed, the successful party upon coming into possession expects and demands a division of all the spoils of office and of all the "boodle" which can be handled. Long services, special fitness, and other considerations, have little or no weight in favour of those who can be ousted. Character, fitness, and qualifications may be taken into consideration when appointments are made; but the offices are generally given to partisan politicians because of political services rendered to the party. The city is taken and is handed over to the soldiery to pillage, to ravish, and to murder. This old savage form of carrying on political warfare is still followed in the United States, and is acceptable to the citizens, who claim to be further advanced in civilisation than all other nations upon earth. When Moses descended from Mount Sinai after having had the Ten Commandments imparted to him, the Israelites said to him, "Speak thou



with us, and we will hear; but let not God speak with us, lest we die." The devil's parody on these words has been caught up by republicans. *Vox populi, vox Dei*, which will have to be converted into *vox Dei, vox populi* before the advent of the millennium. The millennium is not yet in sight in the United States of America.

What kind of civilisation is to be found in the United States? This is a very difficult question to answer, and it seems better to let the reader form his own opinion than to answer it directly. Of course there are good and bad men and women; and civilisation of the highest order, according to modern ideas, is to be found; but it is for the reader to estimate the average proportion of good to bad or bad to good citizens, and in doing so he may be biased by tradition and other authority and by his own individual experience of mankind. Then he can proceed to adjudicate upon the question of civilisation. "Civilisation" is defined in Webster's Dictionary as,—“1. The act of civilising, or the state of being civilised; refinement; culture. ‘Our manners, our civilisation, and all the good things connected with manners and civilisation, have in this European world of ours depended for ages upon two principles—I mean the spirit of a gentleman, and the spirit of religion.’ —Burke. 2. (*Law*) The act of rendering a criminal process civil (*obs.*)” From what Burke says, manners are bred of the spirit of a gentleman, civilisation of the spirit of religion. The civilisation of the United States is not civilisation proper, but rather what is conducive to the welfare of materialists, who (as Webster states) deny the existence of spiritual substances, and maintain that the soul of man is the result of a particular

organisation of matter in the body. The civilisation of the United States of America is really antagonistic to the principles of true republicanism. It is favourable to “individualism,” which Webster defines as—“1. The quality of being individual; individuality; 2. An excessive or exclusive regard to one's personal interest; self-interest; selfishness;” and to “materialism,” which means “devotion to the material nature and its wants.”

It has been estimated that two-thirds of the whole population of the United States never enter a church, although it may be assumed that almost all have been baptised in some form or other. These two-thirds may be classified as irreligious, or devoid of religion. The reader may estimate how many of the remaining third are really religious. The number of professed atheists is unknown, but it is said that atheistic missionaries are to be met with. Agnosticism is professed by a very large number. Israelites, hundreds of thousands of whom are inhabitants and citizens, are agnostics so far as Christianity is concerned; and very many Gentiles represent themselves as agnostics. Naturally it would be inconsistent for a good Christian or a good Israelite to go the usual pace as one of “the boys”; so the profession of agnosticism serves many as a pretext for their conduct. Although professed Christians are generally not backward in dilating upon their ideas of religion and of God, and many of them would be offended were they told that they were nothing but idolaters, it is safe to hold that most of them have very quaint ideas of the attributes of God, and are in fact idolaters. Being unable to reconcile individualism to any god but one after their own heart, each has his ideal god—not of



stone, wood, or india-rubber, but a flexible and comfortably fitting ideal god, who suits at all times under all circumstances as his worshipper desires. This kind of deism is consistent with man's reason, but may not prove to be a saving doctrine. It is about a century since the French in Paris dethroned God and enthroned the Goddess of Reason. Man's reason is self-asserting, and not to be put down in the United States—where Reason reigns supreme, so it is claimed. They take their chances as a matter of course. Permanent impressions are made upon a child's mind at a very early age. In the United States little or no special care is taken to keep the bad from deteriorating the good. All are thrown together, and it may be for the good of the bad—so think many. Parents may not have had the advantage of education, and may be vulgar, foul-mouthed, foul-mannered, drunken, vicious, and utterly depraved. Their children soon learn to despise them, or are ashamed of them, or break away from them. Long before the children have left school they have become self-asserting, and grow up, for want of proper restraint and correction, to imagine that they are the salt of the earth, and far superior to all their seniors—or at least equal to them in knowledge and in ability to take care of themselves. They scarcely know what gratitude is. They may or may not even thank the donor for favours or services rendered, but receive everything as a matter of course, as only their due. Children become prosperous, and ignore parents living in poverty or as invalids. They will, for a few dollars, blacken the characters of parents, or will allege that their parents are insane. The contests over the probating of wills reveal too often the unscrupulous, black-

hearted ingratitude of children. Their education has been such as to develop and sharpen their intellects in competition with others; and they grow up to be "smart" men and women, seeking to succeed in social and business and political circles, according to their opportunities and capacities. They are "on the make" all the time, and never "let up." Most of them get no religious training at home—the traditional good American mother is not the fashion nowadays. They get no instruction in religion at the public schools, and only a comparative few attend Sunday-schools or otherwise get religious instruction. Hence it may be said the moral backbone of the people is weak, and cannot withstand a severe strain. The number of good men and women who go wrong is remarkable. Pillars of society are apt to totter and fall; pillars of the churches become rotten and unsavoury; pillars of business disappear, or burst with destructive effect; pillars of politics rust and pollute all around them. In the United States the term "gentleman" is, according to Webster, "applied to men of education and good breeding of every occupation." White and coloured exercise-boys in racing stables, and all other male citizens, are gentlemen in their own estimation, and expect to be called and treated as gentlemen. So likewise all the white and coloured female citizens claim the appellation "lady."

It is often supposed that the inhabitants of country districts are more moral than those of cities, and that their blood is purer. This is not true of the United States, when what are called the slums of the city are excluded from the comparison. The slums are the receptacles of degraded outcasts, who cannot live in the country or else-



where, and who necessarily drift from the country and elsewhere to the slums. Besides these outcasts, there are men and women and children whose misfortunes compel them to live as next-door neighbours to these outcasts, but who are not yet depraved or necessarily even vicious. These unfortunates are tottering on the brink of the precipice, making last efforts to regain their hold upon good society. The word "society" does not properly mean only that of the *élite* of a place; but, as Webster defines it, "any community of individuals who are united together by any common bond of nearness or intercourse." The slum-workers of the Salvation Army have discovered and published to the world that the slums of New York are as bad as those of London. But the slums of some other cities in the United States are quite as bad. Tens of thousands of unfortunate immigrants swell the slum populations. Thousands and thousands of these were doomed from the first to sink into the slums. Many did their best to make a start in their new life, but failed. Others have been cheated, wronged, and ruined. A very large number of human beings, although perhaps a small percentage of the total immigration, have found the bright promises of their future elusive, and fade out of their lives never to return. Only those who have passed through the ordeal know what emigration implies; and those who do not emigrate cannot realise the dangers of immigration. The number of the unfortunate is large enough to sadden the hearts of those who have knowledge of human misery and despair. The assertion that native-born citizens are more moral or less vicious than foreign-born inhabitants (keeping, of course, the slums out of the comparison) is incredible.

It may be that alien-born inhabitants, including citizens, are oftener fined for being drunk and for fighting with fists; but alien-born citizens are not such adepts as native-born in the use of revolvers, razors, and other lethal weapons. They are not greater experts in wrecking banks; making away with county, city, village, state, and other funds; in treachery to those who trust them as friends or otherwise. They are not gayer or more unscrupulous Lotharios, whose doings break up families and fill the newspapers with sensational and filthy reading matter. It is natural for the native-born to accuse the alien-born of being worse than themselves, but it is unfair. The figures of the 1890 census are so convincingly incorrect that it would be absurd not to doubt the correctness of partisan figures, because figures proverbially never lie. The reader has reason to be sceptical about figure statements made up in the United States. The figures may be right, but the statements or records from which they are made up are usually very unreliable.

The boys and girls grow up like half-broken colts and fillies. They are headstrong, and apt to take the bit between their teeth; they shy, and balk, and bite, and kick, and buck - jump; their mouths are wretched. They interfere, overreach, and stumble. The girls are often so perverse as in "pure cussedness" to delight in skating upon all kinds of social ice. Many break through and get socially drowned, while others have to retire until their dirty linen is washed and dried. These latter may have another chance, and may even do well; but as a rule, the colours of their attire have run, and they may be considered as of the *demi-monde*. The stories of the lives of unfortunate sisters, some of whom



are inmates or frequenters of disorderly houses, reflect unfavourably upon the unrestrained intercourse between the sexes, especially at that age when girls are budding into womanhood, and have not mature discretion and strength of will. The *demi-monde* finds very many recruits from the ranks of divorced wives. Owing to the unconventionality of society in the United States, a great number of black sheep of both sexes are found in the best society cliques. Social frauds are very numerous. Many little girls are outraged by human fiends; and when a parent tells one that a daughter of six or seven years has been outraged, one's blood curdles with horror. Many older girls and women are likewise victims. The total number of such outrages is unknown; but the cases brought to light by Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, reported in newspapers, and upon record in criminal courts, are appalling. It may pretty safely be asserted that no other country shows such a record, even in proportion to the number of inhabitants. The number of shootings is enormous. But by the refinement of the law they are not all murders, even although death ensues. There are more murders during one week in the United States than in the whole United Kingdom during one year—and the period of one week might perhaps be reduced to three days, ay, sometimes to one day. The number of suicides is awful, and reveals the fact that the United States are full of suffering humanity, hopeless, and driven to despair. It is almost every day one reads of a rejected lover shooting or otherwise killing the woman he would marry, his wife, and maybe his children too, or his mistress, and *immediately afterwards* killing himself. Some years ago a case similar

to that of Mazeppa, who was bound upon the back of a wild horse, which was then set free, was reported from the western prairies; and there have been lately several cases of lovers dying simultaneously by poison, gas, shooting, or drowning.

In their domestic and family relations the citizens do not set a good example to the rest of mankind. Enough has been said about the children as children. Except among strict Roman Catholics the marriage bonds sit very lightly upon the people. They are easily assumed, easily broken, easily unloosed. School children get married before they begin to earn a living. Papa said to Della, "You must not have anything more to do with Eddie;" and papa said to Eddie, "You had better forget all about your little sweetheart Della." They afterwards meet, and Eddie says to Del, "Papa says we must not meet any more." Della says to Eddie, "So did my papa." Eddie says, "Let us elope." They elope and are married. Girls under the age of consent elope with older men, tell lies, and get married. A great many get married just because they want to know what married life is, and because they know they can get a divorce whenever they want to be free. The antecedents of men and women are generally taken upon trust, and women, without inquiry, marry a man who says he is not married, or that he has been married but has got a divorce. As might be expected, in the United States many soon find that they are not lawful wives. It is noteworthy that many women thus deceived get other husbands. The notoriety of their first venture may draw numerous offers of marriage from unknown men, and there may be an offer of engagement to exhibit in a dime museum—a "dime" is

ten cents. Some women fall in love with a man who is merely separated from his wife, and if he will only go through the marriage ceremony with them, they afterwards live with him as his wife. Others are not particular about any marriage ceremony, and others do not believe in it under any circumstances. Some married women who leave their husbands to live with another man like to be able to show a decree of divorce, but do not really care whether it is genuine or bogus. Milton used the phrase "civilised adultery," and, basing the opinion upon the Bible, no more appropriate term could be applied to the domestic relations of a vast horde of men and women in the United States. The reader, with a little exercise of imagination, can picture to himself how complicated a family relationship must be when the children can be classified as "mine," "thine," "ours."

By the laws of the State of New York, "if any person whose husband or wife shall have absented himself or herself for the space of five successive years, without being known to such person to be living during that time, shall marry during the lifetime of such absent husband or wife, the marriage shall be void only from the time that its nullity shall be pronounced by a court of competent jurisdiction." And further, final sentence of a husband or wife to imprisonment for life dissolves the marriage, and no pardon restores such person to the rights of any previous marriage, or to the guardianship of any children the issue of such marriage. In South Carolina there are no divorce laws. The divorce laws of all the states vary. The grounds for divorce may be adultery; wilful desertion; habitual drunkenness; imprisonment for felony; cruel and abusive treatment; inhuman treat-

ment; failure to provide for; great neglect of duty; absence without being heard of; absence without reasonable cause; separation; voluntary separation; ungovernable temper; such indignities as make life burdensome; husband notoriously immoral before marriage, unknown to wife; fugitive from justice; gross misbehaviour, or wickedness; attempt on life; refusal of wife to move into the state; joining any religious society that believes marriage unlawful; cannot live in peace and union; and still other causes. It is calculated that at least one half of the divorces are applied for because one or other of the spouses has fallen in love with some other person, and may even be engaged to marry such other person before the divorce is applied for. Damages for breach of promise to marry and to get a divorce from a living spouse have been awarded.

The annual number of divorces granted in the United States cannot be accurately ascertained, but can be calculated roughly. Recently an official list of divorce libels awaiting trial in the Supreme Court for Suffolk County in the State of Massachusetts showed 234 cases. The 1890 census gave the total population of the county as 484,780, of which 448,177 were resident in the city of Boston. The twenty-five cities in Massachusetts had 1,337,164 inhabitants, and the total population of the state was 2,238,943. As divorce cases are generally of short duration, and few are not successful, it is probably within the mark to hold that the number of divorces granted in 1891 for Suffolk County exceeded 234; and so, basing the calculation upon that number, it would appear that in one year two of every 2072 of the population of all ages were divorced; 3402 persons were divorced in the State of Massa-



chusetts; and 60,484 in the whole United States, with a population of 62,662,250. Recently an advertisement appeared in a Chicago newspaper that "experienced divorce lawyer will take cases at reduced prices." It was ascertained that his charge was \$24, payable in instalments if desired. The court costs amount to \$15, so for professional services not more than \$9 remained. But in addition he might recover costs from a husband. In a published interview he was reported to have said that he got divorce cases in such large quantities, and did the business so expeditiously, that he could cut a little on the regular prices. A great many bogus divorces are being constantly foisted upon men and women by swindling lawyers, whose fees are regulated by what they can get their victims to pay. Surely, with an accumulation of many years of divorced persons scattered throughout the United States, and met everywhere socially, their number is too considerable to be innocuous to the rising generation. In fact, with very few exceptions, all the boys and girls from their infancy upwards absorb the poisonous atmosphere around them, and can rarely trace back to first knowledge their familiarity with the details of divorce lore. There is nothing to wonder at in the fact that, with comparatively very few exceptions, the boys and girls of the United States are precocious, and are wanting in the natural youthful pureness and freshness of mind and manner. The youth of the United States soon drop out of the category, "For of such is the kingdom of heaven." They are exposed to so many risks that it is not safe to keep them ignorant of the ways of the world, and mothers have to put *their daughters* upon their guard *before* they enter their teens.

It is customary for men to discuss many subjects in the presence of, and even with ladies, which could not even be referred to in the United Kingdom. It is the ambition of many men to excel in indelicate talk, and to make use of some new and catching gross expression; and so words in the English language acquire a new meaning, or an obsolete word, which has long ago been banished current conversation, is revived and becomes the fashion. Married women and the *demi-monde* soon learn these new meanings, and girls are apt pupils. Slang words used in the United Kingdom with an innocent meaning are in the United States expressive of gross indelicacy.

Almost without exception, every appointment to fill an office made by vote of the citizens is a partisan political appointment. Qualification and character are subservient to party politics. The result is, that men utterly unworthy of trust, and totally unfitted for the particular office, are often elected, although the candidate of the other political party was of pure character and record, and thoroughly qualified in every respect. Publicans and sinners are fast allies; and consequently their candidates are the most likely to be elected. It is impossible, in the limits of this article, to go much into detail, but it may be kept in mind that, as a rule, every citizen is sleeplessly alert to benefit himself—he is "on the make," and not over-particular. He spends his money freely, lavishly, but rarely with purely altruistic thoughts. He spends to make, to gain his purpose, whatever that may be. Clergymen devote themselves to solicit subscriptions for charitable or other purposes, and are paid commissions, like *canvasers* for advertisements in newspapers. Lawyers, brokers, merchants,



and business men of all kinds will treat you as a prince, and then having attained or found that they cannot attain their object, pass on to the next. It is curious how many friends a new-comer who has, or is supposed to have money, finds around him. These cannot do too much for a friend, and have a good thing, certain sure to be a bonanza, which they can let him into. He goes into it, and the chances are that he meets a loss. He invests in a business, in a farm, in house property, or buys anything, and in time realises that he has been swindled or has paid far too much. After the mischief is done, some one may inform him that he paid ever so much more than his friend had tried to sell it to others for. If it is not owing to the institutions and laws of the republic, it must be because of climatic or atmospheric influences—perhaps it is in the water or in the wind—that it dawns upon many new-comers that there is no such thing as friendship, that those who call themselves friends are speculators, bunco steerers, shrewd, cold-blooded calculators of man's weaknesses, and unscrupulous enough to take advantage of the weaknesses or ignorance or innocence of every man, woman, and child they come across. But the reader knows better than to condemn all so sweepingly. There is a minority, the number of which he has to estimate for himself, to be excepted. All the men and boys are not stamped with such individualism that they cannot be kind, generous, unselfish, and pure-minded, as men go; cannot be noble-hearted, true, trustworthy sons, brothers, husbands, fathers, friends; cannot be straight in business, and in all their dealings generally; cannot be level-headed, honourable politicians, citizens, Christian, God-fearing men. The

women and girls are not all badly brought up, tainted, impure, unchaste, bad; are not all disobedient, ungrateful, unbearable, unlovable, bad-mannered, women's rights advocates of individualism; are not all bound to marry with free-trade ideas concerning divorce; are not all unsatisfactory, heart-breaking daughters, sisters, wives, mothers; are not all unreliable, treacherous friends; are not all lacking in softness and true womanly simplicity of heart and mind and character; are not all deficient in the Christian virtues; are not all machines to be cast aside when worn out. But that they are not so is no thanks to the political and social atmosphere amid which they have grown up, but rather that nature has benignantly made them proof against the contaminating influences by which they are surrounded.

Life in the country and life in the city are different. There is and need be little actual want in the country among those who are hard-working, thrifty, and out of debt. There is a steady demand for a certain amount of labour all the year round, and for more or less extra labour in spring, summer, and autumn. The township, village, and county elections are important to the community, and are all more or less partisan-political. The justices of the peace hold important offices. They are often as good as could be got from among the inhabitants, but are, of course, not exempt from common weaknesses. To illustrate how the wheels within wheels are worked in townships and counties, take the case of Monmouth County in New Jersey, which is one of the richest farming counties in the state, and contains Long Branch and other celebrated seaside summer resorts; also Monmouth Park, a celebrated race-course started over



twenty years ago by Mr John Chamberlain, a professional gambler, who had a luxurious gambling establishment at Long Branch during the summer season, and an all-the-year-round one in New York city. Elberon, where President Garfield died, was not then in existence, and few villas were built on the then unsoiled sandy dunes stretching northward to Sandy Hook. Mr Chamberlain made money, spent freely, and became popular with the freeholders and others who made money at the race-course and at Long Branch, by selling farm and vegetable garden products, &c. Care was taken that complimentary tickets for admission to the grand stand should be sent to all the county notables, including judges, prominent freeholders, the sheriff, the prosecutor of the pleas, and others; and these were warmly welcomed, invited to take drinks, and made much of. The result was that Mr Chamberlain's gambling establishment and Monmouth Park were not disturbed, although both were run in direct contravention of the criminal laws of the state. After a few years Mr Chamberlain, because of unfortunate investments, had to give up the race-course. It was bought by some wealthy New York gentlemen of the highest character and social position, who were interested in horse-racing as a sport. Because a New Jersey Company could not be legally organised for the purpose of horse-racing, a New York State Company was organised, and did business in New Jersey. Under the new management Monmouth Park acquired a great name for horse-racing, and everything was conducted upon the highest-toned sporting principles. But horse-racing courses do not pay expenses *in the United States* without the *income* derived from leasing the

privileges of selling pools, book-making, &c., on the course. A large majority of the citizens in the county were, notwithstanding the state laws, decidedly in favour of Monmouth Park, while only a few realised that there were great evils attending it. These few were, as is usual throughout the United States, averse to risk their popularity by taking open action to enforce the laws, and thus mitigate the evils referred to and felt by them. Under "An Act for the Punishment of Crimes," in part "III., Against public morals and the institution of marriage," it was enacted that all racing by running, pacing, or trotting of horses for money or other valuable thing, or where twenty or more persons are assembled together, are offences against the state, and all persons concerned therein, either directly or indirectly, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanour, punishable on conviction by fine not exceeding \$100, or imprisonment not exceeding six months, or both—fair exhibitions of any agricultural or other incorporated society being excepted from the operation of this law. Persons betting or wagering on such racing, or concerned in making up any purse therefor, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanour, similarly punishable on conviction. Stakeholders, and riders and drivers in any race, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanour likewise punishable on conviction. And if any person let or rent his land for the purpose of a race-course, or knowingly suffered any such racing, pacing, or trotting upon lands belonging to him or in his possession, he shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanour, punishable on conviction by fine not exceeding \$1000, or imprisonment not exceeding one year, or both, at the discretion of the court. Nine years



ago the first attack was made upon Monmouth Park, and every year afterwards the Law and Order Society kept up the warfare. The clergy were not at first acting in concert, and it took time to get them united in a common cause; but once started, the ball kept rolling and enlarging. Mr Anthony Comstock, of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, became interested, and rendered valuable assistance. There were some notable points which illustrate the difficulties in the way of law-abiding citizens to enforce state laws in their own community. The first step was an application for an injunction to prevent racing at the Park, on the ground that the races were run for money. Betting, &c., took place on the Park; liquors, &c., were sold there without a licence; and the place was a public nuisance. The Vice-Chancellor, in the absence of the Chancellor, authorised the use of the Attorney-General's name, and granted an order for the Park Association to show cause why the injunction should not be granted. But the influence of the Park Association was too powerful. Both the Chancellor and the Attorney-General were in the habit of spending the summer months at Long Branch, and, it was understood, patronised the races, and knew all about the several large and luxurious gambling establishments at Long Branch. The Attorney-General objected to the use of his official name in such an application, and, appearing before the Chancellor, the latter quashed the whole matter, stating that the Vice-Chancellor had "incontinently" issued the order. An application was made the following spring for a licence in the name of the Association's superintendent at the Park, and notwithstanding opposition, a hotel licence was granted to him by the judge of the

Supreme Court, and the two lay judges acting with him. The Supreme Court judge hesitated, but entered no dissent on the records of court. The Law and Order Society subpoenaed witnesses, and brought the matter before the grand jury of the county, but the grand jury would not indict. On one occasion, counsel for the Law and Order Society requested the said Supreme Court judge, in his instructions to the grand jury, to direct their attention to the laws against betting on races, &c.; but he did not do so. On another occasion a written petition was presented to the same judge respectfully requesting him to specially instruct the grand jury upon their duty concerning the laws against betting on races, &c.; but he sent the grand jury to their deliberations without any instructions. The grand jury, of course, found no indictments when the matter was laid before them, notwithstanding the witnesses were present to prove the complaint. Meantime a fight against pool-sellers and bookmakers at race-courses was started in another county, and some of them were indicted, tried, convicted, fined. This was encouraging, because it showed that all the judges were not alike. Then some bookmakers were arrested at Monmouth Park, and had to find bail to appear before the next grand jury. The time taken up in finding bail caused so much loss of time in their bookmaking business that the Park authorities made an arrangement with a local justice of the peace to be in attendance at the Park during the races, so that should any more arrests be made there should be no loss of time in getting the arrested liberated on bail, and free to at once resume business. The net had closed on the county grand jury, and they had to indict. The





bookmakers were tried, convicted, fined, and paid their fines into the county treasury. Last year a large number of bookmakers were arrested at the Park during the races, and some of the owners of the Park were arrested on a charge of permitting horse-racing on their ground, and a hotel licence having been granted to the Park, of keeping a disorderly house. The grand jury had to indict, and *petit juries* had to convict all of them. An appeal was taken to the Court of Appeals, and as no decision was rendered, and the high-toned gentleman could not stomach conviction for keeping a disorderly house, no races have been held at Monmouth Park this year; but they were run instead at Morris Park and Jerome Park, in the State of New York. A similar war, carried on at other race-courses in New Jersey, has not been so successful, because bookmakers treat fines as merely a tax upon their business, and the owners of the race-courses did not care so much for their personal reputations. The majority of the people of the State of New Jersey are opposed, if not to horse-racing, at least to betting on horse-races, and so the friends of Monmouth Park and other race-courses have been unable to get the New Jersey Legislature to pass a law legalising betting, bookmaking, &c., on race-courses. A similar warfare was carried on in the State of New York; but the influence of gentlemen interested in race-courses was so powerful that a compromise was arranged, and the legislature passed a law authorising duly organised Jockey Clubs or Associations to hold race meetings on not more than thirty days in one year, legalising betting and bookmaking, &c., on the race-course, provided a certain percentage of profits is paid into the state treasury, and making

bookmaking, &c., illegal at any other place. As was to be expected, the law does not hold water, and the bookmakers, &c., have learned how to evade it, and carry on business elsewhere than on race-courses. In other states war is being made on gamblers, pool-sellers, &c.

Upon 26th January 1892, Manning M. Knapp, an upright justice of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, was stricken down by apoplexy while indignantly arraigning the grand jury of Hudson County in the court-house in Jersey city, and died within a few minutes. Time and again the Law and Order League of Hudson County had got warrants and arrested one Siegfried Cronheim, described in the newspapers as "the dirty, drunken, disreputable, theatrical dive-keeper of Hoboken, . . . for giving lewd concerts on Sunday, and selling liquor on Sunday, and to minors," who relied upon his political "pull," gave bail each time of arrest, and continued business as before. A still more notorious defiance of the state laws was shown by the parties carrying on the Guttenburg Race-track within Hudson County. This association could not be incorporated under the laws of the state; but by private agreement certain parties owned, controlled, and conducted the concern. During the winter months, "rain or shine," horse-races are run daily, Sundays excepted. It is funny how the races are run to pay the management; but the best proof of the pudding is the eating, and the fact that Guttenburg Race-track pays is established by its continuing open. There may be honourable and pure men and women frequenters of the track; but pretty much the same crowd is seen there day after day—a professional race-track crowd of male and female sports. The Guttenburg



bosses, according to the newspapers, boast of controlling the county politics, the grand jury, the police, the justices of the peace—everybody, practically, with power to interfere with their game at the race-track, pecuniarily a bonanza of great magnitude, equal to a gambling-hell where loaded dice are used. Any one who knows the intricacies of horse-racing and horse-ownership and betting labyrinths, can understand how the public lose and the insiders can win, unless they find it judicious to lose. But this reflection is not intended for those high-toned gentlemen and honourable trainers and jockeys who do credit to the turf in the United States. The grand jury came before Judge Knapp to hand up presentments; but these did not include any against Cronheim or the Guttenburg Race-track offenders. In his displeasure Judge Knapp, among other severe things, said:—

“They say that here in this country a grand jury undertakes to discriminate and undertakes to say that one class of offences against the law we will not punish, and another class of offences against the law we will punish. Where did you get the authority to say that? If this is a Government of law, if we are all alike bound to a common rule, who shall say that one class of men shall violate the law and not another class? . . . The system of the grand jury, like all other legal systems, is designed in the interest of the public to punish crime, and jurors cannot protect criminals. . . . It is openly charged that the courts are concerned. Imputation is also made that the courts are involved in this. Time after time the courts have spoken to the grand juries on this matter,—and there was a time when the word of this court was heeded by the grand jury. The word of this court was respected, and when such matters were given charge to the grand jury, the instructions of the court were received with respect and

consideration. I hope, gentlemen, that that time has not passed. You will find there the testimony taken before Judge Lippencott.”

These were the last words he could utter. He sank back in his chair with a gasp. One of the grand jurors said, smilingly, to a companion, “The judge got too much excited;” and the other answered, “Yes, the judge lost his temper.” Grand jurors are a better class than *petit* jurors. Both classes of jurors must be citizens of the United States. The governor of the state could interfere, but he has declined to do so, upon the ground that it is a county matter—corroborating what the ‘New York Herald’ of 15th January 1892 said, “No one expects him to do so, because of the enemies it would make for him.”

In March of last year eleven Italians, prisoners in the parish prison at New Orleans, in the State of Louisiana, were ruthlessly lynched by citizens of the United States. Some of these Italians had been tried and acquitted by a jury—none but citizens can serve as jurors. The crimes charged against these eleven prisoners had not been proven against them by trial by jury. By the Constitution of the United States it is provided, article iii. section ii., “3. *Trial by jury*.—The trial of all crimes, except in cases of impeachment, shall be by jury;” and the state constitution likewise secures to citizens and others the inalienable right to trial by jury. The accusation that these Italians were murderers was not proven; and until it was proven, they were each and all entitled to protection as any innocent person is. The citizens of New Orleans will realise in time the heinousness of that lynching. The subsequent presentment of the grand jury upon the matter of the lynching is a dis-



creditable document, and bears intrinsic testimony to their unfitness to act as grand jurors, and of their betrayal of duty to uphold the inalienable rights of man secured by their state constitution as well as by the Federal Constitution. In that presentment they stated that—

"The gathering on Saturday morning, March 14, embraced several thousands of the first, best, and ever the most law-abiding of the citizens of this city, assembled, as is the right of American citizens, to discuss in public meeting questions of grave import. We find a general sentiment . . . that the verdict as rendered by the jury [which tried and acquitted some of the eleven] was contrary to the law and the evidence, and secured mainly through the designing and unscrupulous agents employed for the special purpose of defeating the ends of justice. At that meeting the determination was shown that the people would not submit to the surrender of their rights into the hands of midnight assassins and their powerful allies. . . . The condition of affairs in this community as to a certain class of violators of the law had reached such a state that the law itself was powerless to deal with them, so far-reaching was their power and influence in the trial of criminal cases. Good citizens were profoundly impressed by the repeated and signal failure of justice. The acts of the perjurer and briber seemed to dominate in the courts, paralysing and rendering powerless the ends of justice. In the public meeting above referred to—general and spontaneous in character as truly indicating an uprising of the masses—we doubt if any power at the command of the authorities would have been sufficient to overcome its intentions. . . . The magnitude of this affair makes it a difficult task to fix the guilt upon any number of the participants—in fact, the act seemed to involve the entire people of the parish and city of New Orleans, so profuse is their sympathy and extended their connection with the affair."

*The presentment stated that*

judges estimated that from 6000 to 8000 persons were engaged in the affair—the population of New Orleans was upwards of 230,000. The perjurers and bribers are so numerous throughout the United States that one might suppose that the proper course would be for citizens to lynch, if they must lynch some one, those of their own number, particularly jurors, who accept bribes or are deceived by perjurers, supposing any one can fail to do his duty as a citizen or as a juror, without being himself a perjurer. In the city of New York and in other cities in the United States, it is openly charged, and believed if it is not really so, that aldermen, mayors, boss politicians, and others get their henchmen, if they do not do it themselves, to control those against them by force, by bribery, by getting innocent persons convicted of misdemeanours or crimes, by assaults, possibly fatal, and if need be, by murders. Police justices may be their tools and protectors—all for money and politics.

It is curious that this presentment vindicates the right of an "entire people of the parish and city"—a parish in Louisiana is equivalent to a county—to cast the laws of the state to the winds, and to do as they please. Since last March, in the State of Louisiana, or in an adjoining state, a negro was roasted to death by lynchers, who might have held a cannibal feast on roast nigger, and not been indicted, or in any way molested, had they happened to be able to manipulate the entire people of the "parish." The story of this lynching is instructive. The negro had been arrested for stealing a pig. He sent to a white man requesting him to lend him enough money to get him out of prison, promising to repay. The money was lent, but the negro would not repay the loan. The



White-caps paid him a visit at his cottage, when he suddenly opened his door, and without taking aim fired his gun into the midst of them, and, as it happened, killed the man who had lent him the money. He was arrested, but as no one dared to appear against him, he was taken from the officers by the lynchers and lynched. The White-caps could not appear as witnesses without disclosing their identity.

Law and Order Societies are found almost everywhere necessary to take action against the majority in a community in order to enforce the laws, without incurring special personal unpopularity, or laying one's self open to a nocturnal visit from Regulators, White-caps, or the like. It makes little or no difference whether one is right or wrong, the crime is in daring to assert one's inalienable rights without due respect shown to the opinion of—well, the Regulators or White-caps, whoever they be. These irresponsible, self-constituted, lawless, secret judges claim the right to discipline drunkards, unclean livers, bad husbands or wives, thieves, anybody and everybody they take a dislike to, or think ought to receive some discipline. There is a brutal originality in their punishment of victims. They carry out their own sentences in their own way. They may whip, ride upon rail, tar and feather, shoot in the legs, and inflict other punishments, or force him to move away at once or on short notice, but they stop short of killing, unless by accident, or forced by circumstances to do so. In every state, perhaps every county, there is some such similar secret confederation. Recently White-caps tarred and feathered a citizen in Massachusetts. Some of them were identified and were indicted. The indignation of the people was

aroused, and the trial was in consequence held as privately as possible. During it a notice was found on the door of the courthouse to this effect: "*Notice to White-caps.*—Another such case as that of Pratt will entail upon us the necessity of invoking the aid of Judge Lynch." (Signed) "*VIGILANTES.*" Whether this notice had any real significance or not is a matter of conjecture. In Indiana White-caps disguised in women's clothes took a man from bed one Sunday evening, beat him with hose stuffed with sawdust, and then threw him into the river. When he came out they threatened to punish him again if he did not stop drinking. Any number of examples of the lawless acts of White-caps and suchlike might be stated, but all would tend to show that it was high time for the citizens to turn over a new leaf in the manner which the reader's own ideas of proper civilisation point out. The whole population is honeycombed with secret societies and organisations to such an extent, that recently the Presbyterian Church in a certain district openly denounced secret societies. The Roman Catholic Church has always set its face against secret societies. There are social, political, benevolent, and other kinds of secret societies. There used to be the Ku-klux, Molly M'Guire's, and other suchlike societies. There are the Clan-na-Gael, the Vigilantes, Regulators, White-caps, and other lawless and murder-dealing secret societies. The Italian Mafia is no worse than some of them.

But it is an Augean stable full of political, social, moral, business, legal and all other kinds of obliquity, this magnificent country of the United States of America; and it will continue to be so certainly until the citizens insist that the laws shall be enforced impartially



and fearlessly, and that politics must be subordinated to the state and federal laws. At present creditors are very greatly at the mercy of their debtors. Judgment may be obtained, but cannot be collected, because the debtor has so arranged his affairs that nothing of his can be got at. The creditor may die of starvation, while the judgment debtor lives in comfort or perhaps elegant luxuriousness. A judgment debtor, a lawyer recently appointed to the bench, laughs at the judgment creditor, and arranges that his ample salary shall be so paid that his creditor cannot attach any of it. His colleagues on the bench decided that he must support his dignity, or the dignity of the bench. A plaintiff brings suit, and can recover only certain taxable costs from the defendant. These do not include counsel's fees, so that the plaintiff has to pay these sometimes enormous counsel fees out of his own pocket; besides, there may be in addition a commission charged for collections, so reducing the amount recovered. Creditors cannot recover commissions for collection. Very often judges are susceptible of outside influences indirectly, if not directly, brought to bear upon them. There is much fine work done in this direction, and a weak spot in the judge's previous career may be used to advantage. Referees are likewise often susceptible. Who is not approachable in the United States is always a question for consideration. Laws are drawn so loosely that coaches-and-fours can always be driven through them. Unscrupulous able lawyers can always be found to advise clients in carrying out rascally transactions, and sometimes even themselves to plan and engineer them. A prominent *politician* and a judge conspired *with two others as principals and*

three others as tools, to organise, under the laws of another state, a company with a capital of 500 shares of \$10 each, with power to increase to \$850,000, represented by 85,000 shares. Five of the conspirators subscribed for 100 shares each, but did not pay one cent thereon, although the laws of the state required that 10 per cent at least should be paid. Affidavit was made that 10 per cent had been paid, and the certificate of incorporation was granted by the Secretary of State. This certificate legally prevented investigation of what preceded it. At once the conspirators met and organised. The judge became president, and the offices of vice-president, general manager, secretary, and treasurer were allotted to other four. The sixth then made a written offer to sell a lot of practically worthless patents in consideration of \$845,000 in fully paid-up stock of the company. The offer was at once accepted, a general assignment executed, and the stock transferred. The offerer was then elected a director. The company never afterwards properly completed its title to the several patents. The secretary and treasurer were each credited with \$1000 on account of salary, and thus their indebtedness for their 100 shares was at once squared. The \$1000 indebtedness of the third minor conspirator was also provided for. The 85,000 shares were divided up into lots among the three principal conspirators and some friends. Then meetings of stockholders and directors were held, and salaries of \$12,000 per annum, payable monthly in advance and beginning within a few days of the company's organisation, were voted to each of the president, vice-president, and general manager. At this time the company had done no business,



and in fact all the business it ever did was not enough to pay its rent in cash. It professed to sell state rights, but that did not work. The books were, to say the least, suspiciously defective; and the transactions, if any, could not be ascertained. There was no copy letter-book; and after the salaries were voted, the minute or record book contained nothing almost but notes of changes on the board. There was no record of sales of state rights, although contracts were made, which, however, were not acted upon, except in one case, when a company was started, but soon failed. In some cases, certainly, at least half of the cash price was returned by way of commission for getting up the company, and little, if anything, was actually received. Of course the percentage of stock of the company given as part of the price was absolutely worthless. Practically there was merely an exchange of receipts, and the company could say the rights had been sold at a big price. In one case the rights for a state were stated in writing to have been sold for \$40,000, but within a few days the alleged purchaser offered them for \$3500. This is a sample of an immense number of swindling private corporations, got up merely to sell worthless stock to the public.

Recently the treasurer of the city and county of Philadelphia was sentenced to twelve years and six months' imprisonment in the penitentiary. It was his duty to collect the money due to the state from taxation levied in his community, and transfer it to the state treasury. The state auditor-general keeps the accounts and receives the moneys. The law provides that should the whole amount due from a city or county, or any part of it, not be paid by

the second Monday of November, the auditor-general shall "settle an account" against the delinquent, which means that he shall make a formal presentation and showing of the amount due to the state, and why and how it is due. An appeal against this showing can be made within sixty days, and if no appeal is taken within ten days after the lapse of the sixty days, the auditor-general is enjoined to turn the account over to the attorney-general, who must thereupon begin suit against the delinquent to collect the accounts. No discretion is given to the auditor-general how to act. In this case the amount of property tax, as fixed by the state Revenue Board, payable by Philadelphia in 1889, was about \$750,000. This sum was duly collected and paid into the hands of the city treasurer, but \$170,895.48 of it was not remitted to the state auditor-general, who neither settled an account against the city nor communicated with the attorney-general. Meantime the 1890 tax had been levied, the amount apportioned for Philadelphia being \$779,811.20. A good part of this 1890 tax had come in by March 7, 1890, at which date an account had been made by the auditor-general, and sent to the city treasurer, who at once took enough of the new collections to settle up the old account. By August 1st almost all the 1890 tax must have been in the city treasurer's hands, but he remitted no part of it until 30th December, when he sent \$150,000 to the state auditor-general, who had not "settled an account" in terms of the law, or made a move. By the 16th section of the law relating to personal property taxes, one-third of the net amount of the tax collected and paid into the state treasury shall be returned by



the state treasurer in payment of the expenses incurred in the assessment and collection of the tax. Although only \$150,000 of the \$779,811.20 had been paid over as stated, the state auditor at once returned the whole \$150,000 as a payment on account of said third part of the whole sum to be collected and paid over. Early in January 1891 the state auditor-general made an account against Philadelphia, whereupon the city treasurer responded with \$150,000. Thereafter the attorney-general's services were called upon, and resulted in the city treasurer confessing, and being sentenced as stated. But the Keystone National Bank meantime failed, and a very complicated state of affairs developed, involving the president of the bank, who absconded, the city treasurer, a first-class boss politician, United States Cabinet Minister, and others. This complication has not yet been solved, but it would appear that the city treasurer did not personally appropriate much if any of the moneys he failed to pay over to the state auditor-general, and there is a belief that it is an outgrowth of politics. This case illustrates how the highest municipal state and federal officers may neglect their duty and abuse their position, all on account of politics it may be. There have been great frauds in the Federal Pension Bureau, in the Federal Land Office, and, it may be said, in every federal, state, municipal, county, village, and township department.

Not in the Keystone, but in another National Bank case, the United States Supreme Court decided that a director of a National Bank is not bound to perform any duties, and cannot be made personally responsible; also that the president can by himself alone legally

run the bank, and if he wrecks it or plunders it, the passive directors are not legally responsible for his blunders or criminality. But four of the justices dissented, and stated that "upon this theory of duty the only need for directors of a National Bank is to meet, take the required oath to administer its business diligently and honestly, turn over all its affairs to the control of some one or more of its officers, and never go near the bank again unless they are notified to come there, or until they are informed that there is something wrong. . . . Such a system cannot be characterised otherwise than as a farce. It cannot be tolerated without peril to the business interests of the country." But other directors besides National Bank directors perform or neglect their duties in the same way. And very often directors manage so that they can fleece the shareholders, whom they look upon as their legitimate prey. National Bank directors must all be citizens.

Criminals are too often made heroes, and are often not only treated with too great consideration, but made the heroes whose doings, and everything concerning them, are daily recorded in the newspapers. The American newspapers having no royal family doings to record, record the doings of the people's pets, the criminals in and out of prison. The devil's subjects are magnetic, and there is a fellow-feeling towards them which finds expression in every possible way, until the envy, hatred, and malice of the lynchers are excited. The State and Federal constitutions provide that "the privilege of the writ of Habeas Corpus shall not be suspended unless when, in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require its suspension." A few years ago the New

York legislature passed a law that capital punishment should be inflicted, not by hanging as heretofore, but by means of electricity. The different electric companies did not like such advertising of electricity, and, as believed, they assisted convicted murderers to make appeal after appeal to get the convictions set aside, or delay indefinitely their execution. By the trick of getting an indefinite number of stays of execution on an indefinite number of Habeas Corpus appeals to the United States Supreme Court, the capital punishment laws of any state can be made a dead letter. This trick was a Texan discovery. It rests upon the right of the citizen to demand a writ of Habeas Corpus in a United States court on some alleged constitutional ground, and on his right to carry an appeal, upon a negative ruling in a court below, to the Supreme Court of the United States. Recently the New York Court of Appeals stated in a decision as follows :—

“In December 1889 the defendant was convicted of murder in the first degree. He appealed to this Court, and the case was argued in June 1890, a few days before the summer recess. The judgment was here affirmed. The subsequent proceedings in the case on behalf of the defendant have been discreditable to the administration of

justice. The case has been twice to the Supreme Court of the United States, and is here now for the third time, and the Court have been needlessly vexed for no possible purpose except delay. . . . It ought to be a subject of inquiry, therefore, whether they [the attorneys and counsellors admitted to practice] can thus become the allies of the criminal classes, and the foes of organised society, without exposing themselves to the disciplinary powers of the Supreme Court.”

The remarks of the New York Court of Appeals did good.

We are thus forced to the conclusion that a just and impartial administration of the laws—always the true note of a truly free state—cannot be credited to American republicanism as one of its essential characteristics. Nor is the elevation of humanity in the moral scale a distinguishing mark of its legislation, as may be inferred from what we have already instanced. We in England are too apt to think of the Americans of the present day as the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, of the high-minded and patriotic companions of Washington; but the partisans and wire-pullers of the Byzantine decadence called themselves Romans as well as the companions and colleagues of Lucius Junius Brutus.





## THE YARROW OF WORDSWORTH AND SCOTT.

NEARLY in the centre of the Borderland of Scotland,—through the heart of the mountainous district known of old as the Middle March and “The Forest,”—there flows, from the south-west to the north-east, a stream much spoken of for the last ninety years, and famous in story, song, and romantic ballad. This is “the Yarrow,”—literally, perhaps, “the rough stream.” It is a broken water certainly, but a rough stream it is not in any proper sense of the word. From the point where it leaps from the Loch of St Mary, full-born, to where it is fused with its brother water, the Ettrick, not far below the battlefield of Philiphaugh and the grey ruins of Newark, it is usually bright and sparkling, passing from rapid stream to calm reflective pool, but for the most part rippling, restless,—rushing down amid the smooth rounded stones of its softly musical strand. To the ear which listens and broods over its flow, there seems to be a suggestion of that cadence of the ballad measure, which is so appropriate to the pathos of its story. The valley of the Yarrow—which may be taken as beginning above the Loch of the Lowes, and running north-eastward for some twenty-five miles—has hills on either side of the rounded massive kind, that flow down to the stream in a consenting parallelism and harmony. Those in the upper reaches of the valley, especially if we take in the tributary Meggat Water, have a marked impressiveness and grandeur, rising with massive fronts to more than 2600 feet, their sides cut and cloven into deep grey heughs and scaurs, where of old the red-deer herded; but from the outflow of the Yarrow from the Loch they are

gently sloping heights of some 1500 to 1800 feet, green and wavy in outline. The valley has thus no Highland cliffs to show, no great height of mountain, no striking grandeur of peak or summit; it has nothing by which it can appeal with sudden and intense impression to the eye or the sensuous imagination. Yet it has a charm, has had a charm through many ages. People, even at first sight, look and wonder, are stirred and brood over the scene,—over the lonely river, as it passes on amid those green, soft-sloping, wavy hills; the placid monotone of its bare treeless scenery; the deep pastoral stillness of its braes and hillsides, broken only it may be by a fitful sway and sigh of the water, or the bleating of the sheep that, white and motionless, dot the knowes. And if you stay there for some days, in summer or autumn, you will find that the stream and valley know well the mists and the sunshine, the rapid change of grey darkening cloud and bright gleaming sun-glimpses through the mottled heavens, that touch the heart to pathos and then to joy: it has, in a word, its “dowie dens” and its “bonnie houns,” reflected it would seem in its sad and joyous song.

Around this stream,—this valley with its hills, its ruined towers, its storied names,—there has grown, through the last three centuries at least, a fulness of stirring associations and of imaginative feeling, a wealth of romantic ballad and pathetic song, such as is not paralleled in Scotland; such as is only matched in some respects by the lyrics that rose in the time of Burns to life and beauty on the banks of the Lugar and the



The Yarrow we see is thus not the Yarrow we feel. The bare stream has been uplifted to the heaven of imagination; to the dreamland of poetry and pathos. That quiet Border stream has flowed for many ages through the heart of the land of Old Romance; and it will flow in the time to come with a quickening power and thrill for all souls capable of being touched by the simplicity, the strength, the tragedy of our old-world life, and of love faithful to death. It belongs now to the realm of the ideal, and this encircles us as the heavens, and changes not, "whate'er betide." But its ancient story and ballad I cannot here touch in detail. I wish now only to look for a short time at a certain modern outcome of the older minstrels' lays, and try to realise that mysterious charm which the Vale of Yarrow has exercised over the spirits of two men of varied genius,—men who were able to express in the melody of accomplished song what many have been able only to feel,—I mean William Wordsworth and Walter Scott.

It is now eighty-nine years since Wordsworth passed down the vale of the Tweed, and first linked his name to the long line of the minstrels whose hearts the Yarrow has stirred to song. This visit to Tweedside and the Borderland recalls strange and thrilling memories of a time long gone. It takes us back to the rich and glorious dawn of our modern poetry and romance; and we seem to see moving in it the young and eager faces of some of the men who were destined to fill all Britain, even all Europe, with the thrill of their rhythm and the power of their song. These men have done their work; they have now passed away; and we have but their writings and their graves. Wal

but thirty-two, was haunting Tweedside and the glens of the Borders in search of old legend and romance, and the Ettrick Shepherd was herding on the hills of Leithen Water. As yet neither had made his mark in literature, but Hogg was seeing ecstatic visions on the hillside, and Scott was going about restlessly crooning to himself the stanzas of the as yet unpublished 'Lay of the Last Minstrel'; and the young century had the promise of one of the richest summers of literature the world has known. When Wordsworth and Scott met for the first time at Lasswade, and afterwards conferred together on Tweedside, at Melrose and Jedburgh, who, looking to that day and comparing it with the present, will venture to give us words adequate to estimate the wealth of ideas, of purifying ennobling emotion, of ideals that lift us above self and pelf and the down-dragging world, which has been added by these two men alone to the treasury, the spiritual treasury of mankind?

Wordsworth, looking from any one of the mountains of Cumberland, which he was accustomed to climb, might have seen in a clear day the shadowy forms of the Cheviots and other Border hills; but if he had been in Scotland before, it was only to cross the Border. In August 1803, he, his sister Dorothy, one of the noblest, most richly endowed, and most self-sacrificing of women, and Coleridge, their friend, left Keswick for a tour in Scotland. The travelling equipage was an Irish car and one horse—a slow-going mode of locomotion truly; but we may be thankful it was so, and the tour so leisurely done. There was much keen observation and rich meditation,—much fine emotion by the way, many stirrings of heart and



fancy, which are now immortal. Compare this way of travelling and its results with the boasted modern method of being shot through the air like live luggage, at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour, and think of the fine poetic fancies which usually are inspired in the railway carriage! Ours is the day of the maximum of locomotion; is it not also the day of the minimum of reflection? After journeying through the Highlands, Wordsworth and his sister on their return home visited Scott and his wife at Lasswade on the 17th September 1803—the memorable day on which the two greatest men of the time first clasped each other's hand. Wordsworth and his sister parted with Scott at Lasswade, under an engagement to meet again in two days at Melrose. The two travellers made their way to Peebles and the Tweed. Just before this time the fine old wood at Neidpath had been cut down by its owner—the Duke of Queensberry—to spite his heir of entail. It was on a Sunday that Wordsworth visited Neidpath Castle, and on his return from it he was accosted and taken aside in Peebles by some one in authority, and required to give an account of himself—the poet being probably, and not unnaturally, by the municipal mind considered a sort of vagrant or tramp! He seems to have escaped with an admonition: they did not put him in jail. The result of that day's visit to Neidpath was the famous sonnet on the destruction of the wood there. He commemorates the outrage, but has an eye for Nature's remedy of its own wrongs,—man's outrage, Nature's healing:—

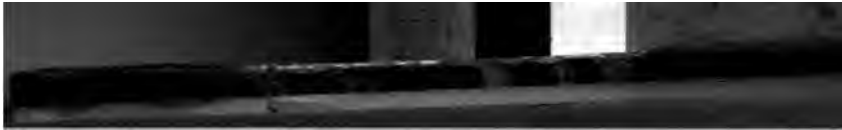
“Many hearts deplored  
The fate of those old trees; and oft  
with pain  
The traveller at this day will stop and  
gaze

On wrongs, which Nature scarcely  
seems to heed:  
For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks,  
and bays,  
And the pure mountains, and the  
gentle Tweed,  
And the green silent pastures, yet  
remain.”

Leaving Peebles, Wordsworth and his sister went down the valley of the Tweed. Innerleithen, Traquair, Elibank, Ashiestiel, each had its share of notice. At length they reached Clovenford. The question now was, Shall we turn aside to Yarrow—that is, down by Yair away to the junction of the Ettrick with the Tweed, and so up the Vale of Yarrow? There was something of a debate between the poet and his sister on this point. The sister was obviously eager to go and see the stream that flowed through the heart of old romance. The poet himself seems to have been in a curious and for him unwonted mood. For some reason, convenience or other, he was not disposed to go. They did not at least visit Yarrow on this occasion, and we have the colloquy between brother and sister in “Yarrow Unvisited.” The poet at first says almost lightly:—

“ ‘There's Gala Water, Leader Haughs,  
Both lying right before us;  
And Dryborough, where with chiming  
Tweed  
The lintwhites sing in chorus;  
There's pleasant Teviotdale, a land  
Made blithe with plough and har-  
row;  
Why throw away a needful day  
To go in search of Yarrow? ’  
“ ‘What's Yarrow but a river bare  
That glides the dark hills under?  
There are a thousand such elsewhere,  
As worthy of your wonder.’  
Strange words they seemed of slight  
and scorn;  
My true-love sighed for sorrow;  
And looked me in the face, to think  
I thus could speak of Yarrow!”

Sometimes an accident of a



rangement stays us from doing what we most desire. Perhaps there was something of that sort here. But later stanzas reveal a deeper feeling in the heart of the poet. It was not that he slighted the stream that he would apparently pass it by. Rather, it was almost too sacred for him to see, to look at, at least, in a hurried way. It was to him already an ideal of beauty, grace, romance. He "had a vision—a Yarrow—of his own." And this ideal vision of the Yarrow must have been founded mainly on the ballads and songs referring to it, which had been given in the 'Minstrelsy of the Border,' in 1802 and 1803. Hamilton of Bangour's "Braes of Yarrow" was clearly also familiar to him. 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel'—the first of Scott's great creations—though written, was not published until 1805. But obviously Wordsworth had already eagerly assimilated, and made part of himself the Yarrow of the 'Minstrelsy.' Here he found the Yarrow, no doubt, of the faded forest, of the Dowie Dens, of the Blackhouse tragedy, of the wan maiden awaking to life in St Mary's Kirk at the touch of her lover's hand, of the sweet flower of Dryhope wedded to the rough reiver, of the youth dead in his prime of love and promise in the cleaving of the crag. And the poet feared to undo the image, to confront his ideal with the real. Here is the true reason of "Yarrow Unvisited":—

"Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown !  
It must, or we shall rue it ;  
We have a vision of our own ;  
Ah ! why should we undo it ?  
The treasured dreams of times long  
past,  
We'll keep them, winsome marrow !

For when we're there, although 'tis  
fair,

"Twill be another Yarrow !"

Scott was afterwards to work on the old life, story, and legend in his own manner of re-creation, idealising, and picturing for the senses,—the harshness, even the coarseness, softened in the mellow light of memory,—so that we not only feel this curiously mixed past to be real, but even rejoice in its strength and tenderness. Wordsworth, as his ballads on Yarrow show, was to take up the same material, deal with it in his own fashion—that is, pass it through the flow of his meditative fancy—and link it to emotions, which, while peculiarly and intensely the property of the poet himself,—the seer,—are so real, deep, and fitting that every true man afterwards feels them, and is enriched by the clear consciousness of the spiritual possession.

Eleven years pass away, and Wordsworth is once more in Scotland, and in the Borderland (1814). He lodged, he tells us, the night at Traquair, where Hogg joined him, coming across from Eltrive, and also Dr Anderson, the editor of the 'British Poets,' who was on a visit at the manse. It is probable, I think, from Wordsworth's own statement,<sup>1</sup> that he slept at some small hostelry, or public-house, in the village of Traquair, not at the manse, where I wish he had lodged. At this time the minister was the Rev. James Nicol, one of Scotland's true singers, though he has not left us very much of song. One of his best lyrics is "Where Quair rins sweet among the flowers." Mr Nicol, however, was from home Mrs Nicol seems to have entertained the stranger in the evening,

<sup>1</sup> Works, vi. 41 (Knight's edition).



sending for William Laidlaw,—Scott's friend, and the author afterwards of "Lucy's Flittin',"—who was living not far off, then tenant in Traquair Knowe, to meet him. Next morning the party, including, I think, Hogg, William Laidlaw, Dr Anderson, and Wordsworth, walked up by Newhall on to Glenlude and the watershed there, through one of the greenest, purest, most pathetic glens in the Borderland: the glen where the fringe of the birks, fragment of the old forest, first greets you in the early spring, and in autumn warns you by its wan tint of the fading life of the hillside,—a meet and sacred vestibule to Yarrow. It was from the ridge of the watershed of this valley, and the descent on the other side, that Wordsworth first saw the Yarrow. The ridge and descent give the best first view of the stream. The soft green wavy line of hills to the south, on the opposite side of the valley, arrest the eye; the stream is below, seen glancing and winding to the east; the hills on each side conceal the river to the west, but hint its course. Eltrive Lake, Hogg's first assured and real home, whither he brought his bride, and where he lodged his old father in his declining years, is seen on the opposite side of the valley, where Eldin Hope opens and carries the eye up to the heights of Thirlestane overlooking the Ettrick. Dark broad-browed mountains, often misty-topped, bound the view to the west, where we know lie concealed St Mary's Loch, Loch of the Lowes, and high and dark Loch Skene. But immediately before us all is gently green, soft-flowing, sacred,—

"More pensive in sunshine,  
Than others in moonshine,"—

*bare, treeless, with but occasional  
purpling interspaces of heather;*

and though man has here and there set down a homestead, with some little planting round it, this does not break the simplicity and unity of the scene: Nature keeps hill and haugh still her own, and works on them through the varying year her own sweet wild will. Wordsworth was now in presence of the reality of his cherished ideal. And what were his emotions? What did he say or sing, in "Yarrow Visited"?

"And is this—Yarrow?—*This* the  
stream  
Of which my fancy cherished,  
So faithfully, a waking dream,  
An image that hath perished!  
O that some minstrel's harp were near  
To utter notes of gladness,  
And chase this silence from the air  
That fills my heart with sadness!"

Yet why? A silvery current flows  
With uncontrolled meanderings;  
Nor have these eyes by greener hills  
Been soothed in all my wanderings.  
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's  
Lake  
Is visibly delighted;  
For not a feature of those hills  
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow Vale,  
Save where that pearly whiteness  
Is round the rising sun diffused,  
A tender, hazy brightness.

Delicious is the lay that sings  
The haunts of happy lovers,  
The path that leads them to the grove,  
The leafy grove that covers:  
And Pity sanctifies the verse  
That paints, by strength of Sorrow,  
The unconquerable strength of Love;  
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair  
To fond Imagination,  
Dost rival in the light of day  
Her delicate creation:  
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,  
A softness still and holy;  
The grace of forest charms decayed,  
And pastoral melancholy."

"You look on Yarrow," says Prin-



cial Shairp, "you repeat those four lines over to yourself, and you feel that the finer, more subtle essence of nature has never been more perfectly uttered in human words."<sup>1</sup>

Clearly Wordsworth saw the Yarrow on a bright day, yet he felt a certain solitude of silence, and "pastoral melancholy." Still there are times when the phrase "the dowie dens" is not quite appropriate. There is also the feeling of "the bonnie houns" of Yarrow, which is equally real and true. The Yarrow, indeed, has a peculiar aptitude for suiting itself to, in fact drawing out, varying moods of mind. There are few valleys, as I have already hinted, whose scenery is capable of greater contrasts at different times, and under different atmospheric conditions. It can smile and cheer in sunshine; it can softly soothe in its green pastoral calm; or when the stream steals through the misty haughs, it can sadden, even depress, by suggestions of awe, gloom, and indefiniteness. On the same day even, the stream is in the sunny noon clear and sparkling; in the gloaming, it wears a wan pathetic look. A sudden mountain shower will shroud it in gloom; to be followed by a sudden outburst of sunshine, which renders its green sloping braes at once golden and glad. It thus suits equally the emotion of finding the youth dead in "the cleavin' o' the crag," and the joy which thrills the lover over his successful suit.

Seventeen years have passed, and Wordsworth is now sixty-one, having conquered his position in the realm of English poetry,—a crowned monarch of song. Scott is sixty, and he too is an acknowledged lord,

—the lord of romance. But, alas! the darkening margin of the eclipse is now stealing over the noble brow, and he is on the eve of leaving Scotland for Italy, if haply he may be restored to himself and the world. Wordsworth and his daughter Dora came to see him at Abbotsford, on a Monday evening late in September. On the Tuesday, he, Scott, Dora Wordsworth, and some of Scott's family drove to Newark on the Yarrow. It was only the lower reach of the well-loved stream which that day they touched—

"Where Newark's stately tower  
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower."

Scott was seriously ill: it was the last day he was destined to look on Yarrow, the stream of his heart, but the end was not yet so ominously certain. There was still a hope for him in the approaching journey to Italy. We can thus understand the feelings with which his friend, Wordsworth, accompanied him to Newark. We have the memory of the visit for ever preserved to us and the world by Wordsworth, in "Yarrow Revisited," over which the shadow of Scott's illness, "the sore pressure of fact," as his friend tells us, lies very heavily. Ah! that pressure of fact, how it restrains the poet's flight, yet deepens the outcome of the poet's heart!

"Once more, by Newark's castle-gate  
Long left without a warder,  
I stood, looked, listened, and with Thee,  
Great Minstrel of the Border!

Grave thoughts ruled wide on that sweet  
day,  
Their dignity installing  
In gentle bosoms, while sere leaves  
Were on the bough, or falling;

<sup>1</sup> From "The Three Yarrows," in *'Aspects of Poetry; being Lectures delivered at Oxford, 1881'*—a book full of true insight and fine suggestion.



But breezes played, and sunshine  
gleamed  
The forest to embolden ;  
Reddened the fiery hues, and shot  
Transparence through the golden.

For busy thoughts the stream flowed on  
In foamy agitation ;  
And slept in many a crystal pool  
For quiet contemplation :

Past, present, future, all appeared  
In harmony united,  
Like guests that meet, and some from far  
By cordial love invited.

And if, as Yarrow, through the woods  
And down the meadow ranging  
Did meet us with unaltered face,  
Though we were changed and chang-  
ing ;

If, then, some natural shadows spread  
Our inward prospect over,  
The soul's deep valley was not slow  
Its brightness to recover.

For thee, O Scott ! compelled to change  
Green Eildon Hill and Cheviot  
For warm Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes,  
And leave thy Tweed and Teviot

For mild Sorrento's breezy waves ;  
May classic Fancy, linking  
With native Fancy her fresh aid,  
Preserve thy heart from sinking ! "

"Yarrow Unvisited" has been represented as indicating reserve of force—the writing of one not caring to expend the imaginative power on an actual scene ; holding back in a sort of prodigality of youthful power and exuberance. I confess I see little of this in the first poem, just as I do not see in the last—"Yarrow Revisited"—any traces of halting or vacillation or imperfect reflection. In "Yarrow Unvisited" there is simply a half-playful, half-regretful apology for absorption in other work or scenes, almost certainly a wish not to disturb, by a hurried visit, a long-cherished ideal. In "Yarrow Visited" there is an abundant

realisation, though in an unexpected way, of the imaginative vision. And in "Yarrow Revisited" there is the force of "the sore pressure of fact," the sense of the writer's own years gone, and of his friend's too obviously impending fate,—this and the suggestions of the autumnal day, finely, tenderly, pathetically intermingled. The three Yarrows have been taken as typical of what are regarded as "the styles" or forms of Wordsworth's poetry. In the first, there is a literalness and directness of reference to what might be supposed to be the mere outward features. In the second, there is the distinct growth of reflection, fused with the carefulness of outlook, and the interpretation of scenery through subtle spiritual symbolism. In the third, the characteristics are emotion and reflection, and saddening thoughts—seeking relief, but in no way hopefully. In all of them there are some stanzas of as high an order of poetry as Wordsworth himself has reached, or as any other of Yarrow's singers has given us through the ages, and that is saying much.

Wordsworth and his daughter Dora left Abbotsford on the Thursday. Scott, with difficulty, wrote some lines in Dora's album, at her request. They contain a touching reminiscence, and an ominous foreboding. At Jedburgh, twenty-eight years before, Scott had recited to Wordsworth cantos of the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' ere it was published. Wordsworth had liked it, and approved, and Scott, the young poet, was encouraged. Now Scott sat down in his feebleness and wrote these lines :—

" And meet it is that he, who saw  
The first faint rays of genius burn,  
Should mark their latest light with awe,  
Low glimmering from their funeral  
urn."

Bishop Wordsworth of St Andrews, in 'Annals of my Early Life,' recently published, gives the lines as follows:—

" 'Tis well the gifted eye, which saw  
The first light sparks of fancy burn,  
Should mark its latest flash with awe,  
Low glimmering from its funeral  
urn."

The journey to Italy was of no avail. No human love, no human emotion, could stay the march of the all-crushing power. Passing through the ford of the Tweed that evening, on their return to Abbotsford, Wordsworth turned round and caught a sight of the Eildons. The light shed on the triple heights gleamed weirdly, and it touched him; and afterwards he wrote those lines:—

" A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping  
rain,  
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light  
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple  
height:  
Spirits of Power, assembled there, complain  
For kindred power departing from  
their sight;  
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting  
a blythe strain,  
Saddens his voice, again and yet  
again.  
Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners! for  
the might  
Of the whole world's good wishes with  
him goes.  
Blessings and prayers, in nobler retinue  
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror  
knows,  
Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be  
true,  
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland  
sea,  
Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope!"

The foreign land had nothing to show—nothing to stir or arrest the broken spirit. Once or twice Scott was roused; but then it was at the sight of the tombs of the Stuarts

in Rome or of the heather on the Italian hills, so like what there was on the braes of Yarrow. Nothing of classical poet, nothing of Italian verse came into the memory, but only a snatch like this under the Italian skies:—

" Oh! it's up yon heathery mountain,  
And doon yon bracken glen,  
We daurna' gang a-milkin'  
For Charlie and his men."<sup>1</sup>

This, too, was the last visit of Wordsworth to Yarrow. But when the Ettrick Shepherd died, in November 1835, the memories of the place came over him, and stirred him to a power of song, as characteristic as anything he has written:—

" When first, descending from the  
moorlands,

I saw the stream of Yarrow glide  
Along a bare and open valley,  
The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

When last along its banks I wandered,  
Through groves which had begun to  
shed

Their golden leaves upon the pathways,  
My steps the Border Minstrel led.

The mighty Minstrel breathes no longer,  
'Mid mouldering ruins low he lies;  
And death upon the braes of Yarrow,  
Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes.

Like clouds that rake the mountain-  
summits,

Or waves that own no curbing hand,  
How fast has brother followed brother,  
From sunshine to the sunless land!

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumber,  
Were earlier raised, remain to hear  
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,  
'Who next will drop and disappear?'"

It is true of most Scottish poets, whose bent has been at all in the line of outward nature, that they have been first and most seriously impressed by the locality of their early surroundings. This has been

<sup>1</sup> See Lockhart's 'Life,' vol. vii. p. 357.





a quickening and a nourishment to them, and we find the impression thus gathered moving through and tinging their after-poetry in various ways. The leaping rush and the linn-pool of the Ayrshire burn are first felt in "The Cherry and the Slae" of Alexander Montgomery. The soft moonlight on the hills high up on the Jed Water, and the power of its winter storms, are manifest in 'The Seasons' of James Thomson. Beattie in the 'Minstrel' shows the gleam of the sea, as he viewed it from the heights above Fordoun; and, greater than all, the streams, the glens, the haughs of his native Ayrshire thrilled the soul of Robert Burns, and he wove the banks and braes of the Doon,—

"Auld Coila's plains an' fells,  
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,  
Her banks and braes, her dens and  
dells,"—

as golden threads though his unsurpassed love lyrics. And, later than Burns, the melody of the sensitive, fine-souled Tannahill was poured forth amid "the braes of Gleniffer" and "Stanley's green shaw."

But Walter Scott was more markedly than any of his predecessors, or indeed any of his successors, a poet of places and names. The observational,—the noting of things, places, and incidents both local and national,—was his pre-eminently, and this it was that fed his historical imagination. These were with Scott in many instances the very substance of his work. And as with the poets I have mentioned,—as with Byron too by the Dee and under the shadow of Lochnagar,—Scott took the colouring of his poetry and the bent of his imagina-

tion from the streams, glens, and hills of his early childhood and youth,—particularly old Smailholme Tower and its crags; the long stately reaches of the Tweed at Kelso, where he was at school, and where as a boy he read the Percy Ballads; but, above all, the waters of the Yarrow and Ettrick.

But the place, the name, was only a part of the inspiration. Those place-names had come down from the past charged with legend, story, tales of heroism, rude raids, love, sacrifice, and death,—charged, too, with dreams of the spiritual, the supersensible, world, often graceful as the fairy vision, often dark and weird as the most gruesome medieval fancy. They were suggestive of the fine forms that glimpee on the moors in the moonlight, of the dread weird terrors that, to the old imagination, haunted the darkness of the winter night, and were borne as of wings on the midnight winter storm. They were associated, above all, with national and local story, family feuds and traditions, hand to hand encounters, which had been set for the most part in intense, simple, yet touching and beautiful ballad and song;—

"Those strains to savage virtue dear  
That won of yore the public ear,  
Ere Polity, sedate and sage  
Had quenched the fires of feudal rage."

To Walter Scott, the poet, the near descendant of the ministers of Yarrow and Selkirk,<sup>1</sup> and thus the heir of all the memories of the vale and stream, the Yarrow was an object of overpowering interest. In a heredity of soul whose communion with the past was its innermost pulse, "the Forest,"—the district of the Yarrow and the Ettrick,—was in name even redolent of past

<sup>1</sup> John Rutherford, the minister of Yarrow, Scott's great-grandfather, married Christian Shaw, the daughter of the Rev. John Shaw of Selkirk.



story, and full of suggestions that touched all the range of his fancy. The very desolation of it, its ruined peels, the modern bareness of hill and glen, had an especial charm for him. As strongly as the old "Violer," Nicol Bourne, he felt—

"Full many a place stands in hard case,  
Where joy was wont beforrow,  
With Humes that dwelt on Leader  
side,  
And Scotts that dwelt on Yarrow."

In the heart of Scott, notwithstanding the apparent gaiety, social cheerfulness, and delight, there was through life a deep undercurrent of sadness. This very frequently tinges his description of scenery—especially of the Border district; and I cannot help feeling that this background of pathos is due partly to that mood of mind which broods over an interesting and stirring past not to be recalled, and partly to what may be called the monotone of the Border moors, glens, and hills. At the brightest, the height of summer, the joy they inspire is a chastened one; and for many months of the year they are "waesome" as the wind sighs over the sapless bent, the faded brae-side, the browned and broken bracken, and the dark stretches of heather. There is a long winter, a slow, cold, halting spring, and it is late ere the life of summer comes to touch with colour the deathlike face of winter—not indeed, as a rule, until the yellow violet and the rock-rose peer in June, set like golden gems amid the tender shoots of the green hill-grass.

The very name of "the Forest" is linked with ancient story in a manner that touched Scott to the core—in fact, made him the singer and magician he was. It is redolent of the outdoor life of the whole line of the old Stuart kings. They, with

all their failings, loved their native land with an inborn hereditary love, with a feeling of kinship born of the soil. They mixed with the people familiarly, and helped them personally as best they might; and being almost constantly in the saddle, tenting it in Yarrow, Meggat, and Ettrick, killing there the deer by the score, as was the custom of the time, had more acquaintance with the glens and the hills of the Lowlands, more enjoyment of free natural life in those far-spreading wilds, than has been at all possible to any British sovereign since the union of the Crowns. And in some of the old Stuart line—notably James I. and James V., and probably also Mary—the pathos of the glens touched and quickened a chord of poetry in the heart.

Though

"The scenes are desert now, and bare,  
Where flourished once a forest fair,  
Up pathless Ettrick and on Yarrow,  
Where erst the Outlaw drew his arrow,"—

yet we can well understand the lines in which it was described of old,—

"Ettricke Foreste is a fair foreste;  
In it grows many a semelie tree.  
There's hart and hind and dae and rae,  
And of a' wilde bestis grete plentie."

Then there were other associations which came home to the mind and heart of Scott with peculiar power. There in that Forest there rose on the memory names and visions of unspeakable charm. Newark and Oakwood, where Michael Scott's lamp burned o' nights; the fairy Carterhaugh, where Janet waited on the eerie midnight moor for the fairy riders, and, woman-hearted, gripped her lover and tore him from the envious power and the jealousy of the Queen of Fairy; the Hanging



shaw and the Outlaw, with his green-coated gallant riders, and his wide-summoning bugle-horn; the dowie dens and the grief-stricken maiden, her lips ruddy from kisses of her dead lover's wounds; Dryhope and the Flower of Yarrow; St Mary's Kirk, where only now the grouse-cock calls and the plover wails, yet suggestive of quaint and limitless romance; and the grave of the Wizard Priest—

“ Whose bones were thrust  
From company of holy dust ”—

a lonely churchyard, where still the peasant,

“ Dying, bids his bones be laid,  
Where erst his simple fathers prayed.”

It was these—the names, the stories, the traditions, the legends of the past—which stirred and filled the soul of Scott. For him they were enough without symbolical suggestion, musing, or reflection. They had been in some form or other a part of human experience, a stirring storied past, touching human sympathy, and even teaching human lessons, and the heart of Scott, like the heart of Shakespeare, was as wide as humanity. Scott's faculty lay in the directness and intensity of his feeling, in the transparent power of spontaneous art. And well it is that we should have this side represented and revived, especially in these times. For, notwithstanding the power of symbolism and reflection, when truly, purely, naturally evoked, there is a great danger on this side—the danger of morbid individualism, and the consequent overflow on what is sacred and pure and fitted to touch the universal heart, of a lurid and even degrading personal mood. Wordsworth has been a blessing to the land: others, as individual, have been a good deal

the reverse. Scott was ever open to the outward—“ the best shows of sky and earth ”—the widest scope of story, tradition, natural scene. He was healthy at the core; because he was open, waiting, reverent. As has been said: “ Unlike Byron, who always drew from himself, his versatility was unbounded; like Shakespeare, he was equally at home with the clown and the sage; and, like that great dramatist, he—

‘ Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new.’ ”<sup>1</sup>

This passion for the Yarrow and the Border country was at the heart of Scott. It made him, and he enriched the land in turn.

“ By Yarrow's streams still let me  
    stray,  
Though none should guide my feeble  
    way;  
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick  
    break,  
Although it chill my withered cheek.”

This depth of interest enabled him to see and to feel what was good and pure, what was tender and pathetic, what was noble and heroic in the old life, the old manners, the old deeds there—and so to link this for ever with the sympathies—the universal heart of mankind—

“ For thou upon a hundred streams,  
    By tales of love and sorrow,  
Of faithful love, undaunted truth,  
    Hast shed the power of Yarrow.”

The introduction to the second canto of ‘Marmion’ lays bare the whole inner heart of Scott. It is devoted almost wholly to the Yarrow. It is the lifelong feeling of the man—deep, loving, passionate. Regret for the past, vivid imagining of it, old memories strong as if they were present perceptions,

<sup>1</sup> Vedder, *Memoirs*, p. 83.



the softening and subduing power  
of old story—all this we find :—

“ Yon Thorn—perchance whose prickly  
spears,  
Have fenced him for three hundred  
years,  
While fell around his green compeers—  
Yon lonely Thorn, would he could tell  
The changes of his parent dell,  
Since he, so grey and stubborn now,  
Waved in each breeze a sapling bough :  
Would he could tell how deep the shade  
A thousand mingled branches made ;  
How broad the shadows of the oak,  
How clung the rowan to the rock,  
And through the foliage showed his  
head,  
With narrow leaves and berries red ;  
What pines on every mountain sprung,  
O'er every dell what birches hung,  
In every breeze what aspens shook,  
What alders shaded every brook ! ”

Here is another mood, but of the  
same sort tinged with regret. It is  
dated “ Ashiestiel, Ettrick Forest.”  
(Introduction to ‘Marmion,’ canto  
fourth) :—

“ Even now it scarcely seems a day,  
Since first I tuned this idle lay ;  
A task so often thrown aside,  
When leisure graver cares denied,  
That now, November's dreary gale,  
Whose voice inspired my opening tale,  
That same November gale once more  
Whirls the dry leaves on Yarrow shore.  
Their vexed boughs streaming to the  
sky,  
Once more our naked birches sigh,  
And Blackhouse heights, and Ettrick  
Pen,  
Have donned their wintry shrouds  
again :  
And mountain dark, and flooded mead,  
Bid us forsake the banks of Tweed.  
Earlier than wont along the sky,  
Mixed with the rack, the snow-mists  
fly ;  
The shepherd who in summer sun,  
Had something of our envy won,  
As thou with pencil, I with pen,  
The features traced of hill and glen ;—  
He who, outstretched the livelong day,  
At ease among the heath-flowers lay,  
Viewed the light clouds with vacant  
look,  
Or slumbered o'er his tattered book,  
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Or idly busied him to guide  
His angle o'er the lessen'd tide ;—  
At midnight now, the snowy plain  
Finds sterner labour for the swain.”

The lines on St Mary's Loch  
in calm, in this introduction to  
‘Marmion,’ show Scott's power of  
direct picturing at its highest and  
best. But they do more ; for with  
the outline to the eye is mingled  
the impression on the soul, made  
directly by the scene—the loneli-  
ness, the pathos of the bare hillside,  
the silence, only brought home  
more deeply by the sound of the  
mountain streams. This mingling  
of the outward and inward, of eye  
and soul, is comparatively rare in  
Scott's descriptions. It does not,  
indeed, rise to the symbolism of  
Wordsworth, with whom the epi-  
thet is as suggestive of moral qual-  
ity or feeling as it is accurately  
descriptive of the outward. But  
the soul subdued, pathetic, and  
passive in presence of the lake and  
its surroundings, shows how deeply  
the scene had entered Scott's very  
heart ; entered it as probably only  
a scene in Yarrow could do. The  
lines are household words ; but I  
make no apology for quoting them  
in this connection :—

“ When, musing on companions gone,  
We doubly feel ourselves alone,  
Something, my friend, we yet may gain ;  
There is a pleasure in this pain.

· · · · ·  
Oft in my mind such thoughts awake,  
By lone Saint Mary's silent lake ;  
Thou know'st it well,—nor fen nor  
sedge,  
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge ;  
Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink  
At once upon the level brink ;  
And just a trace of silver sand  
Marks where the water meets the land.  
Far in the mirror, bright and blue,  
Each hill's huge outline you may view ;  
Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,  
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake, is there,  
Save where, of land, yon slender line  
Bears 'thwart the lake the scattered  
pine.



Yet even this nakedness has power,  
And aids the feeling of the hour :  
Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,  
Where living thing concealed might lie;  
Nor point, retiring, hides a dell,  
Where swain, or woodman lone, might  
dwell ;  
There's nothing left to fancy's guess,  
You see that all is loneliness :  
And silence aids—though the steep hills  
Send to the lake a thousand rills ;  
In summer tide, so soft they weep,  
The sound but lulls the ear asleep ;  
Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,  
So stilly is the solitude."

This description is even now essentially true, notwithstanding coaches from east and west, and that dreadful planting by the margin of the Loch on the Rodono side, which seems intended to show how impervious man can be to nature's grace and charm.

The pictures of St Mary's Loch left by Scott, Wordsworth, and by Hogg also, who has given us an exquisite description, are of its placid mood. Scott indeed has also pictured it in storm, but they have all dwelt on its calm aspect. It is seen hushed to rest amid the hills, whose peaceful shadows lie within its bosom, far down in its quiet depths, as if in a fusion of earth, sky, and water—the whole in an ideal—"a far nether world"—and a more perfect symbol of sympathetic calm cannot be found, where the overlooking hills are face to face with their own forms, in the still responding mirror. But one may on an October day find a very different Yarrow from that of the poets now referred to, and a very different St Mary's. You get to the point on Mount Benger where the Yarrow opens on the vision, or ought to do so ; but the day is cloudy, and there is a thickening mist moving in folded wreaths. Going downwards from the hill above the Gordon Arms, the valley is dimly seen ; certain

patches of it stand out more markedly than others, suggesting the glimpses of a river-flow, wan rather than bright. The hill-tops and higher reaches of the glens are shrouded ; you are aware only of the sloping braes on each side of the stream. But towards the Loch the mist lightens, and you find the expanse of water by no means in a quiet mood. It is dark-grey, like the sky, wild, shimmering restlessly, and streaked with foam. The hills do not view themselves to-day in the peaceful mirror, and there may be a swan, but there is no double—a "shadow." It is now perhaps that one feels the power and suggestiveness of St Mary's at its greatest. It may be that one's thoughts, full of troubled Border story,—deeds of violence, blood, and daring,—find in the turmoil of the Loch that the spirit of old times is thus moving, thus imaging itself. It is at least true that the placid St Mary's of Scott and Wordsworth is a merely one-sided representation of the real,—an idealised picture of a not uncommon aspect. The Loch is not privileged above the human hearts,—that were stirred of old by the dule of Henderland, the tragedy of the Douglas Burn, where the maiden saw that her lover's blood tinged "the wan water," and the constant alarms of midnight reivers in those adjoining night-shadowed glens,—with an everlasting calm and perpetual sunshine ; and when troubled by storm, and its "snow-white sprites" rise and sweep in their power, it is the appropriate symbol of the old life, the old emotions, and the old deeds, appearing almost as if it kept in its bosom, but could not always restrain, the memories of that strife, stirring, and romantic past.

J. V. KEITH.



## THE MATHEMATICAL MASTER'S LOVE-STORY : A RECORD.

## I.

It was about half-past five, on a March afternoon some few years ago, when Gertrude Hurst, worn out with a long morning of teaching, and a long afternoon of correcting books, let her pen slip from her hand, and leaned back in her arm-chair, just for a few moments' laziness. "I will not even shut my eyes," she said, as though in excuse to herself for this unwonted indulgence.

But Nature inexorably claims her own, and before many minutes had passed, this tired London high-school teacher had fallen fast asleep. Her arms rested listlessly on each side of the chair, and her head was pressed against its cane back. There was a worried look on her thin face; and indeed her whole strength seemed exhausted, while the dark lines under her eyes told a story of study protracted late into the night. She was dressed in some kind of loose-fitting gown, of a style free and unfashionable; her dark-brown hair was cut short, in the way that many girls now choose for comfort and convenience; not any of her features were beautiful, but there was the beauty of thoughtfulness about her face. Her table was strewn with exercise and lesson books, and a few set apart were obviously for her own private work, being several volumes of biology, inorganic chemistry, and physics, and Salmon's 'Conic Sections,' and Smith's 'Analytical Conics,' and two or three frowning treatises on trigonometry. Her little sitting-room, rather comfortless in its poverty, had for ornaments two or three

photographs of pictures from the National Gallery, and a photograph of Watts's beautiful picture of "Hope." This picture faced Gertrude Hurst's writing-table, so that every time she raised her eyes from her work, they fell naturally there. The other ornaments of the room were a few books, held together by a home-made book-shelf. On the fire the kettle was boiling merrily, waiting impatiently until it should please the lady to fill the little black teapot which was reposing in a corner of the fender. A shabby white cat was sitting upright on the hearth, contemplating with learned gravity some loose sheets which had fallen to the ground, and which were covered with figures and signs having something to do with parabolae and tangents, asymptotes and other mathematical mysteries. The room was evidently that of a solitary student, and yet the slight figure of the girl yonder seemed so childlike, that at first sight she might well have been taken for a child; only on closer inspection one could see that she had lived through years of toil and of sorrow, and had learned things which Time alone can teach.

Gertrude Hurst must have been sleeping for more than half an hour, when some one knocked at the door. Receiving no answer, the person asking for admittance refused to be kept waiting any longer, and opened the door for himself and looked into the room. Then, seeing the sleeper in the arm-chair, he stood hesitating what to do.



"Poor tired child!" he whispered; "she is worn out with work."

He went gently up to her side and bent over her, and stooping down, picked up the pen which had fallen from her hand, and replaced it on the inkstand. He lingered by the fireplace as though he were reluctant to go away.

"I suppose I ought to go," he said to himself; "for she thinks I am still in Australia, and I should startle her on her first awakening."

And again he murmured to himself: "Poor child! she is worn out. I am glad I have come home to help her."

Perhaps he would have really gone; but at that moment the black kettle boiled over, and Elkin Annerley bent down to rescue it from the indignant fire, whilst the shabby cat looked calmly on, as though it understood all about the proceedings, and did not intend to ruffle itself on account of an agitated kettle. The kettle was placed in safety on the hob; and Elkin Annerley was just turning towards the door, when he suddenly caught sight of those papers lying under the arm-chair. And a few well-known hieroglyphics arresting his attention, everything that was mathematical in him arose in excitement. He took up the loose sheet as though it were some precious gem, and began to examine it; then he frowned and shook his head, and mechanically drawing a pencil out of his pocket, he made some few corrections.

"The whole thing is wrong," he said impatiently; "waste of time and waste of paper. She ought to be ashamed of herself, after all my teaching, too."

He snatched from the shelf a large book on which to fix the

paper, and he settled himself in a low chair near the fire, and rested his feet against the fender. He was soon lost in the interesting and absorbing nature of his work; and to judge from the far-away look on his face, he had probably forgotten everything save the one important fact that here was a most intricate problem badly worked out, in defiance, too, of some of the most elementary mathematical rules and formulæ.

"This is just the sort of carelessness to irritate me," he said. "Perhaps it is a good thing for my pupils that I am not now teaching mathematics."

His face cleared, though, when he turned over the page and found some other problems cleverly worked out.

"Come, come," he said, "this problem redeems the other." And with the old instinct of a master, he put *V. G.* at the end of it, and signed his initials *E. A.*, smiling somewhat mournfully as he did so.

He was a man of about thirty years of age, very frail, and of medium height. He had the appearance of being worn out before his time; but the enemy, consumption, had not been able to rob him of everything, and there was still a pleasing sort of defiance in the way in which he carried his head—a head which had not submitted itself to the doubtful mercies of the conventional barber. His eyes seemed fixed on distant objects, as though they were trying to penetrate into that Infinite which is the pleasure-ground of all mathematicians. For a mind bent on tangents and parabole and hyperbole, on sines and co-sines, and the resultant of forces, and the properties of cones, is allowed on all hands to be hopeless, so far as the plain and matter-

fact things of the outer world are concerned. And Elkin Annerley, the young mathematical master, whose bad health had obliged him to give up all his work and his prospects, seemed quite to have lost himself, as he sat there working out problems, probably suggested by these others which he had just been correcting. His hand moved over the paper quickly, and then as quickly crossed out all the working, the writer shaking his head in vexation.

"That was not the shortest way of doing it," he said. "Ah! this is far neater and prettier. It would be a good rider to set for an examination-paper. I shall make a note of it."

Whilst he was thus busily engaged, Gertrude Hurst awoke, and, turning round, saw her visitor. She rose, and stood waiting until he should look up. At last he did look up, and she said: "Why, I thought you were in Australia, Mr Annerley. I have been wondering all the time how you were getting on there."

That was all she said, but there was a glad smile on her frank face, which told how pleased she was to welcome him back from Australia. He had thrown aside his papers, and stood beside her.

"Do you know," he said, "you look very tired? And you cannot disguise from me that you have fallen asleep over your work."

She pushed the hair off her face, and laughed. "Is that all you have to say, after your long voyage to Australia?" she said. "I should have thought you would have had some remarks to make about the climate, or your fellow-passengers, or the steamer."

"That may come later," he answered, as he watched her busying herself about making the tea.

"Perhaps you'll clear the table?"

she said to him, "and get the cups and saucers, and the sugar out of the cupboard. Tell me about yourself; you look a little better. Do you feel better?"

"You know I have no illusions about myself," he said with strange indifference, as he placed the cups and saucers and the sugar-bowl on the table. "I have only a few months to live, and when I got out to Australia, it suddenly struck me what a fool I was to take all the trouble of going there, just for the sake of prolonging my life for a few paltry months. After all, what are a few months in the long-run? Surely it is better to have the shorter time with the surroundings one cares for, and near the work to which one has given one's whole life. There is some comfort in being near the work, even if one cannot do it."

He held the teapot for her to pour the boiling water into, and then she drew her chair nearer to the table.

"And then," he continued, "I thought how selfish my choice was. There I was, out in Australia, doing no one any good, and at least, if I were at home, I might be giving the best of my help to those who might be glad to have such help. It seemed such an utter waste of my abilities, such an utter waste of all my studying. And then I thought of you."

She was leaning back in her arm-chair, and did not look up, even at his last words.

"And then I thought of you," he repeated, "and I remembered how you worked all the day, and how you studied against such odds, with all your high-school teaching to do as well. And the idea seized me, that I should like to help you, and see you safely through your examination this time."





Again she pushed the hair back from her forehead, and still she did not look up. She seemed to be thinking.

"I took your failure to heart last year," he said, as he balanced his tea-spoon on his finger. "I believe I gave careless lessons, for at times I felt almost too ill to teach well. I never thought that you had a genius for mathematics; but all the same, I felt as though you had failed because of me. And I wish you to pass, because, when you have once taken your degree, or even part of it, your whole position in the teaching world will be altered, and you will not have to drudge."

"Mr Annerley," she said, suddenly, "soon after you had gone, I went to the New College to pay in my fees. I found I had been forestalled. You paid them for me, did you not?"

"Yes," he answered. "I hope I did not vex you. I could not bear to think that you were to be put to the extra expense because of me. But I see you are vexed."

"No," she answered, smiling frankly at him. "If I were vexed at that, I should not be able to understand any kind of poetry and chivalry. You have always been good to me, and I have never been a credit to you. But you must not say that my failure was owing to you, for it was entirely owing to my own stupidity and to my over-fatigue. Still I was disappointed. One always does hope for success. And it is a serious thing for any one working for a livelihood to be kept back a whole year. And I lost the chance of an appointment which was to depend on my success in the Intermediate Science."

"I did not answer your letter which announced your failure," he said, "because I felt that there

was nothing to be said on the subject. But, you know, there are other failures in the world. Look at my own."

"Ah! do not say that," she said, eagerly; "no one who has done good work, as you have done, can be said to have failed."

"But I have had no time," he said, impatiently.

"What is time?" she asked, smiling sadly. "You yourself said that a few months more or less made no difference."

"But that is when a man is doomed," he said. "When he is doomed, the sooner he goes the better. But, for my own part, I seemed to be played out before I had a chance of playing myself in. It is maddening to have opportunity and talent and ambition, and to be denied time and strength. And then to think of the many people in the world who do not make the best use of their strength, and who complain of time hanging heavily on them. Good God! if one might take from them both time and strength!"

He pushed the teacup impatiently away from him. "But there now!" he said. "I hate grumblers, and I have not come to talk about myself. I want to hear what you have been doing in my absence. By the way, you had done one of those problems most disgracefully; indeed I think your mistake there was unpardonable." As he spoke, he showed her the corrections he had made. "You ought to have known better than this," he said; "it is a careless piece of work, enough to dishearten any teacher."

"I do not want to excuse myself," she said; "but lately I have been so worried and overwrought, that my own private study has suffered in consequence."



"But you redeemed yourself here," he said, pointing to the problem which had met with his approval. "That is really neatly and elegantly done, enough to encourage any teacher. Ah! I am glad I have come home. I am going to make you help me to fulfil my one remaining ambition."

"And what is that?" she asked.

"My one remaining ambition," he said, half to himself, "is that you should pass your examination. For this purpose, I wish you to accept my help in your work, as long as I am able to give it. I have always had the deepest reverence for you, Miss Hurst, and wish all good things to fall to your share. Such knowledge as I have, I should like to leave behind as a legacy to you, to make life easier for you. Independent natures do not care to be under obligations to any one, I know well; but if you would be generous enough to accept my help, you would make these few remaining weeks very beautiful for me."

Her hand rested gently on his.

"Indeed I accept it," she said, quietly. "I am glad you have come back, for your companionship was always a pleasure to me, Mr Annerley. And then, too, although you knew how to scold me, you also knew how to encourage me. That is what your pupils have always said of you. I think it must be a real comfort to you in your trouble, to know how your pupils have felt for you, and how they have missed you too. The new master at the New College had a very difficult position to fill when he took your place amongst us. And though he did his best for us all, he had not that sympathy which makes teaching a success, nor that enthusiasm which can turn mathematics into real poetry. If you only knew how

we had missed you, you must needs have been gratified."

"You speak very kindly to me," he answered, as he shook his head; "but there is really no comfort in what you say. The only comfort is in work, and I envy those who can do it. If they can do it, they are not to be pitied, even if they have lost everything else that people value, such as faith, and love, and friendship. I have always thought that as long as one could work, nothing else mattered. The little worries of life passed by me unheeded, simply because I always said: 'Ah, there remains my work.' I believe I was often considered wanting in proper dignity because I let things slip which any proper-spirited man would have resented. But I never thought it worth while to be agitated about, or disappointed with, men or things. Humanity might be unsatisfactory, but I never found hyperbolæ unsatisfactory. Ellipses were always my consistent friends."

Gertrude Hurst laughed. "Perhaps it all depended on the way in which the hyperbolæ and ellipses were treated," she said. "Perhaps you understand them better than humanity. With all due respect to you, I prefer humanity."

"We have never been able to agree on that subject," he said, smiling. "It is no use whatever to pin one's faith to humanity; it is much better to believe in hyperbolæ."

"Well, like every one else," she said, "you are a contradiction to yourself, for you are always interesting yourself in humanity. My own case, for instance: if you find every one so disappointing, why should you take the trouble to interest yourself in me?"

"You are something quite



apart," he answered, quietly. "I regard you very much in the way that I do the choicest curves. All things considered, I should think you could not be disappointing."

She shook her head deprecatingly. "To know is the beginning of sorrow," she said, as she turned to her exercise-books.

"Well, I shall not have much time to know," he said, with sad humour; "so just allow yourself to remain on the list of the choicest curves. Do you mind me sitting quietly here, while you finish correcting your books? And then, if you are not too tired, we might perhaps have a mathematical lesson with which to finish up the evening. And meanwhile I will read one of these treatises on socialism, and try to become interested in all those new theories. No wonder you are over-tired, if you crowd so much into your life. You ought to be content with your own personal work."

"I cannot go on correcting books if you go on talking like that," she said, "and I am just engaged on two particularly bad specimens of Latin prose. You always irritate me when you pretend to take a narrow view of life. Why, if I had not interests apart from my own personal work, I should be utterly miserable; and besides, to be interested in anything outside one's self, saves one from one's self. It is always such a difficulty to get away from one's self; and that has always

seemed to me the loveliest part of Buddhism. I think it was Buddha who spoke of the 'heresy of individuality.' And then the idea of being merged in one great whole is so comforting to those who, like myself, are tired of individual existence. I think that those rare moments, *when one does not feel one's self*, ought to be recorded as the fairest moments of one's life—red-letter moments, in fact. Music sometimes has this effect on us."

"Finish your corrections," he said, "and let us get to the mathematics; for I am on safe ground there, and you cannot dispute what I teach you."

So the evening passed away, and he trimmed the lamp for her, and pulled down the blinds, and then returned to his post by the fire-side. Sometimes he looked round to see how she was getting on, but he made no movement to disturb her, and she could not see the smile of quiet pleasure which was on his worn face. At last, when she was ready for him, he gave her an algebra lesson, and having explained away many of her difficulties, set her some problems to do, and rose to go.

"Thank you for your kindness," she said, as she opened the door for him. "I feel sure that with your help I shall have no difficulty in passing my examination."

"Then you will fulfil my only remaining ambition," he said, as he passed down the stairs.

## II.

It was generally understood amongst those who knew Elkin Annerley, that the only thing he really cared about was mathematics, and the teaching of mathematics. *He had a very rare gift of teaching, and had always been considered*

one of the ablest masters at the New College, where he interested himself in an impersonal sort of way in all his pupils, both men and women. But his kindness to them, and his interest in them, began and ended with the



mathematics. He was generous of his time to them at the New College, and was always willing to correct any extra exercises which they might wish to bring him. But this being done, he returned to the region to which he was supposed to belong, the Region of Abstract Thought, where the words love, and friendship, and human companionship had no formulæ, and were therefore unknown quantities. So after some time, his very kindness came to be regarded as one of the properties of a strange curve, the eccentricity of which was something out of the ordinary. Perhaps he was eccentric; but, as a matter of fact, he had just done a most ordinary thing in coming home from Australia; and while it was supposed that he returned to England because he could not keep away any longer from his mathematics, the real truth was that he could not keep away any longer from Gertrude Hurst. She was by no means the most promising of his pupils at the New College, for mathematics were her weakest point. But there was something in her frank manner which had won his attention; and her eagerness to overcome her difficulties, and her enthusiasm for work, had claimed his interest, and an unconscious kind of sympathy between them had done the rest. Sometimes they chanced to meet on their way to the New College, and as time went on, they had learnt to take a quiet pleasure in each other's companionship, although, after all, it was very little they saw of each other. Whatever his feelings towards her may have become when he got to know her better, his manner was precisely the same as it had always been when she was merely an unpromising pupil, and nothing more.

She had no idea that when he saw her looking worried and over-worked and sad, he suffered, and would fain have done anything to help her. But he went away to Australia without her guessing anything of this, and even when he came to her last night, his manner would have revealed nothing to her; though the mere fact that he had returned to help her, told her more than any words or any special manner would have told. And Gertrude Hurst began to understand at last.

The next day, when she was out teaching, she found herself thinking constantly of Elkin Annerley. While she was thinking of him, he called at her lodgings in the Marylebone Road, and left the books that they would require for their studies; and he who had no notion of comfort for himself, looked about the comfortless room, wondering how he might improve it for her. He did not know anything about women, but he had vague notions that they liked cushions and footstools, and choice flowers; and there were none of these luxuries here, but only a little fern, which had answered to Gertrude Hurst's loving care. He bought a cushion, which he fixed in her easy-chair; and he chose some flowers from a florist's near at hand, and arranged them with as much taste as he could command, in a little vase which he found on the mantel-shelf. Then he wrote on a piece of paper that he would call that very evening to give his lesson.

He came punctual to the moment, just as though he were going to give a professional lecture; and the two, without any preliminary conversation, set to work to attack conic sections, which had always baffled Gertrude Hurst. He was



almost disagreeable in his stiffness, and occasionally when she made some slip, or seemed dull of understanding, his manner was sharp and impatient.

"You have gone back very much," he said at the close of the lesson. "And if you are not careful, you will not get through your examination. I think, though, that I am almost too irritable to be a good teacher now; you must bear with me."

"You are not irritable," she said, though the tears had darted to her eyes at some of his sharp observations.

"But I know better," he said. "I should not be able to do much teaching now. Only, if I am hard on you, it is because I am so anxious for you to do really well."

So day after day they worked together; and sometimes, when the lesson was over, he would sit by the fire reading the evening paper; or, more often than not, staring into the fire, and sometimes stealing a look across the table at Gertrude Hurst stooping over her papers.

"You seem better to-night," she would say to him sometimes, and he would smile, and let her think what she pleased. He never complained of his fate. If there had been any bitterness in his heart at being cut off in the midst of his work and his ambitions, something had come to sweeten his life. It was not religion, and it was not resignation.

One day when he had been coughing a great deal, she said to him: "I think these lessons are too much for you, Mr Annerley."

She was sorry at once that she had allowed him to think that she noticed his growing weakness, for he seemed to be quite annoyed.

"I'm not worse," he said, sharply, "and these lessons are mere child's play to me. You surely do not flatter yourself that you have reached the mountain-tops of mathematics, where the brain reels! You are only at the base of the mountain. I tell you it is all child's play to me."

So she did not again allude to his illness, until one night, after the lesson was over, she happened to speak of endurance, and she told him that his courage would always help her to endure. But he shook his head.

"Don't mistake it," he said: "it is not that people learn to endure; it is that the edge of most things wears off, whether it be the edge of pleasure, or sorrow, or disappointment."

At no time was there very much personal conversation between them; they talked of events and theories, and, at his request, she would read poetry to him, especially Browning and Shelley.

"Read me some Browning," he would ask; "I want to feel strong and vigorous again, and Robert Browning, of all the poets, helps one to do that."

He was quite alone in the world, and had no relations to care for him in his illness; but Gertrude Hurst watched over him as well as she could, and tried to be thoughtful for him in many ways. She spent her half-holidays with him, and made every effort to be cheerful with him, although she was feeling over-worked and over-anxious, and altogether miserable. She was in that unsatisfactory state of mind when one analyses everything—life, its objects, its sorrows, and its pleasures; and having thus come even to analyse its pleasures, she had ceased to enjoy anything. Mercifully for her, and for all like her, this state of



mind cannot last long at a time. There come, even to the most parched minds, oases in the desert of thought, and the heart is once more reconciled to life, its objects, its sorrows, and its pleasures. Once, when she confided to Elkin Annerley her state of mind, in consequence of his having reproved her for carelessness in her work, he said to her:

"Do not attempt to analyse anything if you want to live on happily. Never stop in the middle of your work and question yourself about the value of that work; for there is nothing so fatal as that. Those who do that, are lingerers by the wayside, and they will never reach their destination. Take my advice, Miss Hurst, and do not worry yourself with thought. If you must think, learn to think of nothing."

"But you have not succeeded in doing that," said Gertrude.

"Mathematics help me to do that," he answered: "at least, I mean to say, that my reason becomes so occupied with these abstractions, and these indefinite conceptions are so engaging to my fancy, that my mind simply cannot contain thoughts of another genus. I should certainly advise people who are troubled with doubts and sorrows and misgivings about things in general, to turn to mathematics; for they give comfort by inducing forgetfulness."

"I don't believe a word of what you say," she answered as she shut the conic-section book with a bang. "You sit there and tell me gravely not to feel and not to think. Is it possible that you do not feel, and that you do not think? I would rather think and suffer, than be indifferent. At least to suffer, whether mentally or physically, is life; but indifference of mind, or paralysis of body, is death in life."

"Some day," he said, "you will feel this indifference growing on you, and you will understand what I mean. Take my advice, and just go through your life unquestioningly; and when you have a road to cross, just cross it without wondering whether it is worth taking the trouble to do so. If you stop and hesitate, some lumbering waggon will knock you down, and that will be the end of you. Come now, let us return to the mathematics."

They went on with their lessons for many weeks, and Gertrude Hurst saw no one else but Elkin Annerley. He took a great interest in all she did, and always liked to hear her chronicle of the day's work—whether the pupils had been trying, and whether she had given a good history lesson. Once or twice she told him that she thought he did not take sufficient precautions about the cold and the damp, and that he ought not to go out in the evenings.

"Don't talk to me about precautions," he said, impatiently, "for I am going to enjoy myself as long as I can, and it is my pleasure to come to you."

But one night after the lesson, he looked around her little room, which he had learnt to love, and he said:

"I shall not see this room again, after to-day. I feel now that I cannot get so far; but you will come to see me, will you not, and let me help you as long as I can? There are only about six weeks before the examination begins, and I shall be able to hold out till that."

"Do you feel worse?" she asked, anxiously. "I thought you looked a little better, and you will become still better as the spring warms into the summer."

But he shook his head, and



smiled brightly at her. "I have told you many times," he said, "that I have no illusions about myself. Most consumptive people think they are going to get well; but I happen to be an exception. You will come to my lodgings, will you not?"

After that she went to his rooms, and had her lessons there; and he was delighted with her pro-

gress, especially in trigonometry, and said that she would yet prove herself to be one of his worthiest pupils. She noticed a great difference in him, and saw that he was breaking up; but he was always cheery, and always said to her: "I shall live to know my one remaining ambition well fulfilled, and that is more than most men can say."

### III.

About the beginning of June he told her that he had decided to take rooms in Hampstead, and to spend his last few weeks under an open sky. "I have such a desire to be amongst the green trees," he said to her. "I feel that I have missed so many beautiful things in life, which were there ready for me, if I had only known and cared. I am not well enough to go far away from London, but I shall be quite content to sit under the Hampstead trees, and see the far-lying country, and hear the singing of the birds, and watch the children playing about. That will amuse me all the day long, for I do not care to read any more; indeed I cannot read when the fever comes over me."

So she searched for lodgings for him, and found a quaint old-fashioned house within three minutes' walk of the Heath. It was situated on a hill leading up to the Heath; and he could sit at the window of the cheerful little sitting-room, and watch the people passing to and fro, and study all the life, which in this part remote from London, seemed to have something free and genial of its own. This alone was an endless source of amusement to Elkin Annerley. And then never an evening passed but that Gertrude Hurst found me to come to see him; and he

still gave her lessons, and still praised her for her progress. She spent the whole of Saturday and Sunday at Hampstead, and brought a pile of exercise-books to correct; and then, when work was finished, they strolled out together on to the Heath, chiefly frequenting a beautiful part known as Judge's Walk. There were three rows of trees in Judge's Walk, splendid old elms and limes, and one solitary horse-chestnut; they formed the aisles of a leafy cathedral, lovelier than any cathedral reared by human hands. The sun shone through the branches, just as in a cathedral the sun shines through the jewelled panes; and the delicious scent of the limes stole through the air, casting fragrance all around. Elkin Annerley found happiness here every day.

"Here I can worship the unknown God," he said; "here dogmas are of no account, and our thoughts, and our hearts' best aspirations spring up unchecked by the boundaries of space or doctrine. Do you know, I am becoming sufficiently human to realise that this place gives me all the more pleasure because it has given pleasure and comfort to thousands of my fellow-beings! It is lovely to think of this being so near the great city, within reach of all those wl



that soothing balm which only Nature can give. I wonder how many tired, disappointed workers have sat here, and watched the sunset, and have gone on their way again, less weary and less disappointed?"

They used to watch the children playing games on the grass, and hide-and-seek behind the great trees.

"How the trees must love the children!" Elkin said. "How they must love to feel the touch of those little hands, and how they must love to hear the music of those voices day by day through the spring, the summer, and the autumn!"

They used to see the same people time after time, and they amused themselves by making up stories about them all. There was one white-haired old man, who came regularly and sat on the bench which they generally occupied. He was much crippled with gout, but managed to crawl along, and to be very good-tempered in spite of the gout. They christened him "The Professor." One evening he said to them:

"Do you mind me sitting here with you? I know lovers like to be alone, as a rule; and I suppose you *are* lovers? When I was young, if an old buffer like myself had come and sat by me when I was with my sweetheart, I should have sent him flying, gout or no gout."

"Do not move," said Elkin Annerley, smiling. "It is we who are the new-comers to Judge's Walk, and I daresay we have taken possession of your particular bench."

"I see you very often," said the old man. "I suppose you are lovers?"

Elkin ~~shook his head.~~  
"I at casu-

ally, "and my companion is going in for an examination."

"Ah!" said the old man. But although he seemed disappointed with the information, he continued to take an interest in them, and always smiled his greeting and welcome when they came to sit on his bench. He did not often speak to them, but when he did choose to speak, they were always delighted with what he said. He had studied a great deal, and spoke eloquently of the books he loved. He, too, liked being amongst the lime-trees. He told his young friends what a privilege it was to get a little closer to Nature.

"When we are nearing the end of our lives," he said, "we begin to realise how much we have missed. Now I have been so much shut up in books all my life that I have missed fresh air. Fresh air is better than books."

"That is just what I feel," Elkin Annerley answered. "I, too, have missed so much."

The old man laughed. "You have plenty of time," he said.

"A few months at the most," was the answer.

"Then it is a damned shame!" said the old man, stamping on the ground with his bad foot. "What does it all mean, I wonder? A worthless old fool like myself lingers on, and I assure you I have no particular wish for a prolonged existence. I have done my work, had my fun, and am ready to go. Every one ought to be allowed his chance. I call it damnable!"

After that, he appeared to take a great fancy to the two companions; and once he told Gertrude Hurst in confidence that he would see that the young man did not need for companionship when she was not able to be with him in Judge's Walk.

"I suppose you would have been





lovers under other circumstances?" he asked, almost entreatingly. He seemed to have set his heart on that.

Gertrude smiled, and the old man looked at her face and read in the smile what he wanted to know.

"That is enough, my dear," he said, kindly; "you have answered my question, and I am satisfied."

Her high-school work prevented her from coming to Hampstead in the mornings, but she never failed to come sometime during each day, until at last the distance told on her, and so she took lodgings for herself close by, and transferred herself and her shabby white cat from Marylebone to Hampstead. Even then she found the distance to the high school very trying in all the heat; but she assured Elkin that the fresh air more than restored her, and he was content. He was always thinking of her comfort, and always anxious when she looked tired; and sometimes when they walked together up and down Judge's Walk, he would notice that her step dragged, and he would say: "Ah! I was walking too fast for you. Why, I believe I have more strength than you have!"

Then she would say: "I believe

you have." And he would never guess that her pace had been altered to suit his failing steps; for she pretended now not to notice his weakness and his shortness of breath. She never offered him the help of her arm; she walked by his side, a bright cheery companion, her arms folded tightly together, according to her custom. When they were tired of walking, they would find their old particular bench, just under the sweet-scented limes, and they were happy though perhaps they never spoke a word. One evening when they were watching the sunset, and taking pleasure in the beauty all around, the old white-haired man came and sat near them.

"Well," he said, cheerily, "my news is that my gout is better. And pray, what is your news, young people?"

"Our news," said Elkin Annerley, "is that Miss Hurst is going to come out splendidly in her examination, which takes place on the 21st of July—that is to say, in about three weeks' time."

"And yourself?" asked the old man, kindly.

"Oh, I am quite sure I shall live to hear of her success," said Elkin, brightly. "That is all I ask; it is little enough, is it not?"

#### IV.

Thus time sped on, and when Gertrude had finished her high-school work, she would step over to Elkin's lodgings to hear how he was, and what news he had to give her, and to receive her mathematical lesson.

"A procession of twelve coal-waggons passed by my window to-day," he said, "and the horses were the finest I have ever seen, capable of an infinite quantity of

work." Or he would say, "I saw that young artist, and I had a talk with him. I like him, for he is a hard worker."

That was the standard by which Elkin Annerley judged people—their enthusiasm for, and their capabilities of, work. He interested himself in the costermongers who passed by with their donkey-carts, and made particular friends with a certain fish-woman and her



husband. He bought trifles from them, horrible, smelling kippers and haddocks, in order to have a few minutes' chat with them, and to help them along without patronising them. Thus he amused himself when he was alone; and when Gertrude came in, he always had something to tell her—how perhaps he had spoken to the old white-haired man, or how he had begun a friendship with a little gem of a child who had come and sat by him, and had confided in him, seeing no doubt that he was a person to be trusted. She was about five years old.

"When I was a baby," she had told him mysteriously, "I swallowed a tooth!"

"Indeed!" he had answered sympathetically. Then, encouraged by his sympathy, she intrusted to him other confidences about her dolls, and about the brown collie Rufus, who was her constant companion. She belonged to one of the houses at the back of Judge's Walk, and she came out to play around the dear trees, as she called them, or to have a romp with Rufus.

These were only little instances, it is true, but Gertrude Hurst listened with pleasure to all Elkin told her about his companions, and she learnt to like them too. But he enjoyed those times most when Gertrude was by his side: life was very lovely to him. It was so sad that he, this silent mathematical master, who was supposed to be interested in nothing but mathematics, should be entirely taken up with all things human, just as the end was approaching and it was too late. In the evenings he still gave her a lesson, though at times he was scarcely strong enough for the effort. She sat patiently by his side, showing him all the deference she would have

shown him if he were lecturing at the New College. If he were a little irritable, she took his rebukes silently. But he praised her sometimes, and said she was beginning to have mixed mathematics at her finger-ends, and that she knew her book-work so well that she was bound to pass on that alone.

At last the evening came when he was to give her the last lesson; for the examination began on Monday, July 21st, and they had settled between them that she should cease working some few days beforehand, and enjoy the quiet of Hampstead, of course doing her teaching at school in the mornings.

"I am going to give you a very stiff problem in mixed mathematics," he said, "and if you do it elegantly and well, you will more than satisfy me."

She worked at it whilst he sat at the open window. When she showed it to him, he was delighted.

"I have not come back from Australia in vain," he said, brightly. "Now I flatter myself that I have really drilled you into capital form; and if you are plucked this time, I shall be inclined to behave as anxious and indignant mothers usually behave on these occasions,—that is to say, go and storm the examiners in their own strongholds and remonstrate with them! Ah! but there is no fear of failure this time."

So the lessons had come to an end, and the two friends passed their time sitting on the bench in Judge's Walk, or strolling slowly up and down, or talking to Elkin's many acquaintances. The brown collie Rufus followed them deferentially, recognising them to be the little golden-haired girl's friends. She herself ran out to



see them sometimes, and the old white-haired man had his usual kindly word or look of greeting for them. Once or twice they got as far as the horse-pond, where they watched the strong old waggon-horses enjoying their summer paddling, and the children sailing their little ships. Elkin's anxiety was lest the ships should get entangled in the waggon-wheels. "The children would be so hurt," he said, anxiously.

"Look after that ship!" he would cry with his weak voice to the waggoners.

But the men always steered

clear of the ships, and the horses lifted their great feet carefully, as though they well understood that the ships were not to be interfered with, nor the children's feelings hurt.

These were Elkin Annerley's happiest days. He had never before come so near to love, to humanity, and to nature. Hyperbolæ, asymptotes, diameters, indices, permutations, logarithms, obtuse and acute angles, foci, and oblique cylinders were being shorn of their glory, and other things were gaining in loveliness, when it was too late.

V.

On the 21st of July, Monday, Gertrude Hurst went in for her examination — viz., the Intermediate in Science of the London University. Naturally nervous over examinations, she summoned together all her courage, feeling that she must succeed this time. And as she sat in the room bending over her papers, the thought of Elkin Annerley helped her, and she looked at the men and women around her, and wondered whether they had such a stimulus to success as she had. One o'clock struck, and the interval between one and three was spent, as usual, in choking down some lunch, discussing the papers, and perhaps finding fault with the examiners, according, of course, as the candidate was satisfied or dissatisfied with the questions set. The following day, at one o'clock, Gertrude found Elkin Annerley waiting for her on the steps of Burlington House. Some of his pupils hastened up, eager to shake his hand, and to hear how he was feeling after his voyage to Australia. They turned away sorrowfully when they saw the cruel change in his appearance.

"You ought not to have come down," Gertrude whispered to him reprovingly.

"I shall not come again," was the quiet answer. "I just wanted to see the whole scene for myself. You remember it has been my life for so long."

At last, when Gertrude had done the mathematical papers, Elkin and she went carefully over them, and he was perfectly satisfied with her work. The teacher of biology at the New College thought that she had also succeeded with his subject, so that she had every reason to feel comforted. But however well one may feel one has done, it is scarcely safe to judge of possible success by feelings alone; and although Gertrude Hurst had vague hopes, she had also vague forebodings. Elkin laughed these forebodings away, and declared as usual that she was going to pass, and that he was going to live to hear of her success. But at times it seemed doubtful whether he could hold together much longer: the doctors had said that he lived on by mere pluck, and Gertrude knew well that he would not be

able to withstand another hæmorrhage. He suffered much from weakness and fever, and during these days of waiting to hear the result of the examination, he was not often able to go out.

When Gertrude came to fetch him for a stroll on Judge's Walk, he usually said :

"No, not to-day. But you go, and tell me how the trees look, and whether the limes are still fragrant, and whether the children still play about on the grass."

One afternoon he did crawl out, and sat in his old accustomed place under his favourite lime-tree. The little golden-haired girl and the dog Rufus ran up to greet him as usual, and the old white-haired man sat beside him.

"You've not been out for some time," he said to Elkin. "I have missed you. How do you feel to-day?"

Elkin looked up quickly, and made him understand by a sign that he did not wish to discuss the matter before Gertrude. So he merely answered :

"I feel proud of my pupil. She has done excellent papers. I own I have been astonished at her progress."

But he soon became very tired, and the two friends strolled homewards. She saw how weak he was ; but she did not dare offer him the help of her arm, fearing to hurt his feelings. She knew how he suffered mentally : she knew that the mental suffering was worse to him than the bodily suffering itself. He had been so independent all his life, and had asked so little of any one, and her heart bled to see him so young, so weak, and so helpless.

"I am tired this afternoon," she said to him. "Will you let me have your arm?" He smiled brightly.

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"I am glad you asked me," he said, "for I noticed how tired you seemed. Your work has been too much for you. Why, I do believe I am stronger than you to-day."

She took his arm ; but it was he who had the support, and not she, and when they reached his lodgings, he sank back exhausted.

"I can still smell the lime-trees," he said to himself, as he loosened his scarf. "I am glad you persuaded me to go out with you, for it was pleasant to see the whole scene again. There is no cathedral more beautiful than that leafy cathedral which we have just left. I hope you will always be fond of it, if only for my sake."

Suddenly he was seized with a fearful fit of coughing, and Gertrude bent over him anxiously, as he sat in his arm-chair by the open window.

"Elkin, what can I do for you?" she asked, sorrowfully. "What can I do to help you?"

That was the first time she had called him Elkin. At the sound of her voice he looked up and smiled.

"If you do not mind," he said, "bring that stool, and sit near me, and let me hold your hand."

It was the first time he had ever asked anything of her. He was silent for some minutes, and seemed to be thinking. She sat near him, and held his right hand in her own. Then he spoke.

"You are only a child, only a child," he said, mournfully, "and life is so hard for the strongest amongst us. I wish I could have had a long, strong life, so that I might have helped you. You are only a child, for all your independence."

He rested her hand against his cheek. "It is some comfort to me," he said, after a pause, "that you will live on to work. It is splendid to think of you living and

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working. I have always had such a passion for work, and you know my great trouble has been that I have had to be idle. But you will do your share of work for me as well as for yourself, and that is my comfort."

Her hand still rested against his cheek. She could not speak a word.

"Life is hard for the strongest," he said again, "but you are gallant. I always thought you were gallant; I thought so the very first moment you came into my class room at the New College. I have not spoken to you lately about ambition; but do you know, that of all ambitious men, I am by nature the most ambitious? One by one I have had to give these ambitions up, and one by one my heart-strings broke. But a broken heart is better than a bitter one. Will you remember that, child? Still, you know, one ambition does remain, and that is to live long enough to hear of your success. I have missed other things, but this one thing I am sure I shall not miss, for no one, not even the hardest taskmaster, would grudge me twenty-four more hours of life. . . . You look very tired, child, and very anxious, but this time to-morrow you and I will both be smiling because of your success. You must take care of yourself. I want you to live long so that you may do much. As a teacher you have a great responsibility to fulfil. You have a broad open mind yourself, therefore teach your pupils to take a *wide view of life*. Tell them that God, who, so they believe, made the open-lying downs, and the free sky, and the boundless ocean, and the spreading fields—tell them that God cannot wish our minds to be pent up in a nut-shell. As our eyes cry for light, so our minds should cry for

space, always more space. Tell them this from me. I want you to have all the things which I have missed. I want you to live and love. And I want you to rejoice in the sunshine and in nature. Do not make yourself miserable with thought. There is a great brick-wall against which we kick in vain—call it God, or Fate, or the First Cause. Just do your work well, and by adding to the store of work well done, you will help humanity, and you will earn your immortality, and your rest too."

She rose and kissed him on the forehead. "You have been so good to me," she whispered, "but I cannot say much to you to-night, for everything seems to me so mournful. And I cannot bear for you to suffer. I would gladly give my life for yours. What does it all mean, I wonder? You are a rare spirit, and I am just a simple girl, with no originality in me. I can well be spared and you cannot. And yet it is you who have to leave your work. Sometimes when I look at you, it seems to me all a dream that you are ill."

"If I had been well," he answered, as he watched her put on her hat and scarf, "many things would have been different. Yes, many things would have been different."

They stood there in the twilight, hand in hand, and there was silence between them for many minutes.

"Who knows?" he said cheerily, "you may gain the gold medal in your examination."

"Whatever I gain," she answered, "I shall owe to you."

"If you pass," he said, "there will be no more drudging, no more anxiety about stray lessons, but a good post and a good salary. Come straight home to me, directly you hear the news to-morrow after-



noon, and take a hansom. Tell the man to drive quickly. Do not delay one single instant, for I shall be so anxious to hear the good news."

As he held out his hand, she raised it to her lips and kissed it lovingly. "Good night," she said, "good night, Elkin dear. God

bless you." And as she spoke, the tears fell from her eyes, and he saw them.

When he was left alone, there was a strangely beautiful smile on his face. He knew now, that whatever else he had missed, he had not missed love.

## VI.

It was about two o'clock on August 12th when Gertrude Hurst went down to Burlington Gardens to hear the verdict of the examiners. Her number was 24. The lists were not yet out when she arrived, and the hall was full of men and women, each one more anxious than the other, although, of course, there were some who pretended not to be anxious at all, and were talking on subjects which had nothing to do with examinations, but who nevertheless looked up eagerly, expecting to see the list, which was to set all doubts at rest. Gertrude Hurst found many of her men and women friends, and they all told her that there was no need for her to be anxious. She, in her turn, spoke many cheering words to a forlorn middle-aged teacher, who looked over-worked and under-fed. Gertrude thought only of Elkin Annerley; all personal interest in the matter had passed away, and it was for his sake chiefly that she wished to see number 24 on the list. "Who knows?" she thought; "a great gladness often helps people to live, when doctors have given them up."

At last the list was brought in, and there was a rush to the stand, and Gertrude could not get near enough to see. But some man, more chivalrous than the others, called out:

"All right, Miss Hurst; 24 is on the list."

He made way for her, and

she saw for herself. She waited just long enough to congratulate some of her friends, and to press in kindly sympathy the hand of the middle-aged teacher whose number was not on the list. Then she hailed a hansom, and was just going to step into it when she told the man to wait a minute; and she ran back to have one more look at the list. "Just to be quite sure," she said to herself. She read all the numbers from the beginning, and then came 19, 20, and 24. She sprang lightly into the hansom, and her face was radiant with happiness. "It is through his help," she said to herself, "and I am so proud and glad to think that I owe my success to him. If it had not been for him I should have failed again in mathematics: all the biology and chemistry in the world would not have saved me."

The weariness of the last few weeks seemed to have left her; her face, ordinarily so troubled, looked girlish and young again; her only thought was how pleased he would be to hear the good news, and what a cosy evening they would pass together now that this anxiety was removed.

At last she reached his lodgings, jumped out of the hansom, overpaid the cabman, and knocked loudly at the brass knocker. The door was opened by the old landlady.

"I have such good news for Mr



Annerley," Gertrude said, smiling happily. Then she noticed a strange expression on the landlady's face.

"Is anything wrong?" she asked, a sudden fear possessing her.

"Oh, Miss Hurst," the old landlady said, "how can I tell you? He died this morning at two o'clock."

Gertrude stood at the door, speechless. In that brief moment, she knew that the loveliest part of life had been taken from her. She went silently up to the room where Elkin Annerley lay, and there she stayed for full an hour. After that, they saw her standing on the doorstep.

"I am going for a walk," she told them. "I shall be back later on."

There were no tears in her eyes, and her face was almost expressionless. She walked up and down Judge's Walk, under the spreading branches, which cast their shadows on the path; the Hampstead bells were chiming a sweet melody; the lingering sun shone through the trees; the

birds, so strangely tame there, hopped from one gnarled root to another; the children played their games on the grass and round the great trees; the dog Rufus came and walked by Gertrude's side, barking as though anxious to be noticed.

The old white-haired man passed by her. "Ah!" he said, in his cheery way, "and where is your companion to-day? It does not seem natural for you to be alone here." Then she looked up.

"He is dead," she said, quietly; "therefore I walk alone."

"And what of you?" he asked, kindly.

"I have passed my examination," she said, half dreamily.

"You are glad of that," he said. "Your companion was so anxious for you to succeed."

"But he does not know," she said, and her lips quivered for the first time. "What is my success worth to me now?"

Then she passed on her way, her head bowed, and her arms folded tightly together.

BEATRICE HARRADEN.



## OPIUM-SMUGGLING IN INDIA.

OPIUM-SMUGGLING, when it was first talked about in England, meant the forcible or clandestine introduction of opium into China. The former kind of opium-smuggling in China is now almost a thing of the past. The regular importers of opium no longer try to run a cargo by night in native lorchas or piratical junks. They find it more expedient to take the opium to the Custom-house, and to pay the duty that the Chinese Government discreetly levies on it. But opium-smuggling, in several different forms, has at times prevailed in India, where the poppy is cultivated and the opium is manufactured. Smuggling, as every one knows, depends chiefly on the difference between the natural and the artificial price of an article, be it whisky, or tea, or tobacco, or opium. Where, for the sake of the public revenue, an artificial price or value has been created, by excise laws or any other legislation, the smuggler comes in, and tries to make a profit for himself on the natural price of the goods.

There were several forms of opium-smuggling in India. Perhaps some of them hardly rise to the dignity of smuggling,—they were simply frauds and devices for obtaining money by false pretences. Take, for instance, the fraud known as paper-cultivation. The reader may well ask, What on earth can paper-cultivation be in connection with opium? Unfortunately it requires some considerable explanation, which is to be found in the exhaustive report written by the Commissioners who were appointed by the Government of India in 1882 to inquire

into the working of the Opium Department. No one, save a few officials, reads such reports at the time that they are drawn up. They are not formally published. They are too technical, too long, and too dry for the public at large. But much of the information that they contain is interesting, if not actually amusing, and the essence may be extracted without disturbing the ponderous substance.

What, then, was paper-cultivation? It was a fraud practised against the Indian Government by its own native officials. The Government is obliged to employ a very large number of these gentlemen. There are above one million ryots engaged in the cultivation of the poppy in Bengal, and a separate account is kept with each of these one million individuals from the day on which he engages to plant a bit of his land with poppy to the day on which he receives the value of the opium that his poppies have produced. It is, therefore, necessary for the Government to employ a vast number of accountants, of whom the principal are known by the native title of *gomasta*. The cultivators, on the other hand, usually work in village parties, averaging twenty in number, one of them becoming their foreman and representative, so that the other nineteen men need not leave their villages, and go to dance attendance on the *gomasta*. Each of these twenty men devotes a bit of his land, usually less than an acre, to the cultivation of the poppy. The bulk of the land in a village is always kept for cereal or food crops, but no crop pays so well as the poppy, and the ryots are





almost always willing to set aside a portion of their land for poppy. The *gomasta* draws up a list in which he writes the names of each member of the village party of twenty, to each of whom an advance in money is then and there paid, through their representative foreman, under the superintendence of an English officer, whose presence is a guarantee that the money is paid in full, without any *dustooree* or other native deduction. It will be observed that the advance-money is paid, not to each individual in person, but to the accredited representative of the party of twenty. It was here that paper-cultivation came in. Twenty is the average number of a party, but there may be sometimes only sixteen or seventeen names if the village is small. Where the number was less than twenty, the *gomasta* entered in his list two or three fictitious names, and drew advance-money on their behalf. It was a clumsy form of fraud, for the coin had to be paid to the representative of the party, and the *gomasta* had to get it back from him as soon as the English assistant's back was turned. Subsequently, the *gomasta* had to invent a lie to cover his fraud. He submitted to his superior officer a report stating that the individuals with the fictitious names had fled the country and thrown up their land, so that the money advanced to them was lost to Government. Such a story might be accepted by the English superintendent if he were at all lax in his work, when it first reached him; but when the same story came again and again from the same *gomasta*, but not from other *gomastas*, suspicion was aroused, and a local inquiry quickly led to the conviction and punishment of the fraudulent *gomasta*.

It is said that paper-cultivation is now a thing of the past, and executive reforms have made it almost impossible.

Illicit cultivation, as a fraud against Government, may be considered as almost the converse of paper-cultivation. It is also said to be a thing of the past, but it would be unsafe to put too much confidence in that statement. It was too profitable to be abandoned if it could be carried on with impunity. It came about in this way. As the cultivation of tobacco is prohibited in England except under a special licence from the excise authorities, so the cultivation of the poppy in British India is forbidden unless a licence has been taken out. When a cultivator takes out a licence from the Opium Department to cultivate a certain area (usually two-thirds of an acre of his own land), he receives an advance in money to secure his allegiance, and he binds himself to deliver to the opium agent, at a fixed price, ordinarily of 5s. a-pound, whatever opium may be produced on his land. When official supervision is efficient, it is certainly very difficult for a man to cultivate poppy on a larger area than is covered by his licence without detection. The cultivation cannot be concealed. It is a sort of garden cultivation, the poppy-plants being grown in little squares or beds intersected by tiny water-channels for irrigation, wherever this is possible. The growth of the plants is carefully tended; and at length the time comes when they burst out into flower, and the fields look like a sheet of silver as the white petals of the flowers glisten in the morning dew. These beautiful petals are the first produce of the crop; for the women and children of the cultivators' families come



forth and pick them off one by one, and carefully dry them, so that they may serve afterwards as the covering of the manufactured cakes of opium. Then the poppies, with their bare capsule-heads, remain standing in the open field, until it is considered that they are ripe for lancing. The cultivators then come forth in the evening, and, with an implement not unlike the knives of a cupping instrument, they scarify the capsule on its sides with deep incisions, so that the juice may exude. In the early morning the cultivators reappear with a scraping-knife and their earthenware pots, and they scrape off the exuded juice and collect it in their pots. And this is crude opium. It is obvious that cultivation carried on in this open manner cannot be hidden. If one man were disposed to have a little illicit cultivation on his own account, it would become known to all the village. Moreover, the native subordinates of the Opium Department and the English officer in charge of the district are frequently moving about, watching the progress of the crop, and vested with authority to measure the land if they suspect that either too small or too large an area has been cultivated. Still it seems quite possible that a man might so craftily amplify his boundaries that he might be cultivating a quarter of an acre more than he was licensed to cultivate. *Prima facie*, the produce of that extra quarter of an acre would become his own property, and he would be able to dispose of it by selling it to the professional smuggler. Perhaps it will be sufficient to acquiesce in the conclusion of the Commissioners that illicit cultivation is a thing of the past. There remains the fact that the cultivators, if they are dishonest, sometimes find

themselves in the possession of a larger quantity of opium than they deem it expedient to deliver up to the Government opium agent. If this is so, they have to league themselves with the professional smugglers. The Government opium agent will pay them only 5s. a-pound for their opium. The smuggler can usually afford to pay them much more.

There is, however, considerable inducement offered to the honest cultivator of the poppy not to smuggle. If he deals fairly and truly with Government, he has little to complain of. The estimated full produce of opium from an acre of poppy-land is 36 lb. weight. The price of this quantity at 5s. a-pound is £9 an acre. Out of this sum he will have received an advance in money of about £3, so that he has another £6 to receive when his opium has all been weighed in and tested. Very elaborate precautions are taken on both sides that there may be no cheating. The opium officials have to be careful that there are no little stones, or bits of mud, or other weighty but undesirable substances, mixed up under the mass of opium that looks like a lump of consolidated treacle. At a later stage the official analyst, an English chemist, will ascertain if inferior sorts of opium have been mixed and covered up under an exterior of the best opium—though it is said that the experienced native testers can discover this by touch and sight almost as accurately as the analytical chemist. The cultivator, on the other hand, is usually present to see his pot of opium weighed; and if he cannot come himself, he may appoint men in his confidence to represent him, and to receive for him the ticket on which the weight and value of his produce are noted, with a view



to the payment of the balance due to him. It is one of the marvels of India—which the hurried cold-weather Indian globe-trotters never behold—to see the crowds of opium cultivators assembled on one of the hottest days in the end of April, thousands and thousands of them, with their earthenware pots of opium, whilst one pale-faced English officer sits patiently under a large umbrella, from early dawn to late at night, watching the scales in which the pots of opium are weighed, and noting their contents and value in English in his book, as a check on the native accountants, who keep their books in the vernacular. The same officer is also careful to see that each man is paid the sum due to him, and it very rarely happens that any cultivator goes away discontented.

The bulk of the cultivators are certainly honest and content in their dealings. But let it be supposed that the men of a certain village have determined, or have been persuaded, to act dishonestly, so that they have kept back part of their produce, which they now intend to dispose of, for their own advantage, at a higher price than the 5s. a-pound that they would have obtained from the opium agent. There are two plain methods in which this may be done. There are certain shops licensed by the excise authorities for the retail vend of medical opium in every district. These shops are only kept open to prevent the people from having an excuse for using illicit opium. The shopkeeper binds himself to buy from Government as much excise or medical opium as will make it profitable to keep the shop, if he acts honestly; but he usually takes only the minimum quantity that he may consider

sufficient to give a colour for keeping his shop open. The opium that he has to buy of the Excise Department is prepared in a form and colour differing much from the crude opium that he can buy from a dishonest cultivator; so that when the shopkeeper buys the illicit crude produce of a cultivator, he runs a considerable risk of detection—for, if he has a domiciliary visit from an excise inspector who examines his stock of opium, he ought certainly to be found out. Fortunately for him, subordinate excise officials are venal, and can close their eyes if the palms of their hands are properly tickled. But there is always the risk of a visitation from some native officer of higher rank and pay, or from an English official, who will be incorruptible.

The other method of disposing of the illicit opium is to sell it to some enterprising individual, who undertakes to collect a considerable quantity, and to send it down to Calcutta, or to the French settlement at Chandernagore, where it can be kept in safety until an opportunity is found for shipping it to China and the Straits, or for disposing of it to the Chinese residents in the capital. Before the East Indian Railway was carried through the heart of the districts in which the poppy is cultivated, the illicit opium used to be sent down to Calcutta, sometimes in convenient parcels that a man could carry on his back, but more commonly by the country boats that navigate the rivers Ganges and Hooghly from Benares to Calcutta. When the railway was opened the smugglers soon took advantage of it. A man with a large package, ostensibly of onions, secured in a covering of goat-skin, took his seat at Patna in a third-



class carriage, with his package under the seat, and in a few hours he and his opium arrived safely at Chandernagore or Calcutta, where he was welcomed by confederates.

In order to stop this kind of smuggling, the Government pays a very high reward, far in excess of the actual value of the opium, to any one who can detect and capture an opium-smuggler. Consequently, when a special railway police was organised, it soon came to pass that when the train arrived at the terminus for Calcutta several seizures were effected. The trains that arrived in the dark were usually patronised by the smugglers, and when the smuggler pulled out his package from under the carriage-seat, and stepped out on the station platform, he found himself accosted by some inquisitive policeman who wanted to know what was contained in the strong-smelling goat-skin package. The smuggler would probably offer a small sum of money to be let go, but that was of little avail, for there were other railway policemen looking on. It may be explained that as opium has a strong and peculiar odour, the smuggler tried to conceal it by packing it with onions, and in a full-flavoured goat-skin. But the railway police soon learned to distinguish this special combination of smells, and a constable with a good nose could wind it at times before the door of the railway compartment was opened. The detected smuggler was apprehended, and carried before a Calcutta magistrate and convicted. The men thus captured usually gave false names and addresses; but in some cases where their real name and the name of the village from which they came were discovered, measures were taken by the heads of the Opium Department to capture the rest of

the local gang before they had time to learn the fate that had befallen their unlucky confederate.

The smugglers became alarmed at the captures that were thus made in Calcutta, and for a time they tried the plan of throwing their packages of smuggled opium out of the windows of the railway carriages as the train passed along the borders of the French territory at Chandernagore. This could easily be done in the dark, and the confederates who were expecting the packages were ready waiting to carry them off into the French settlement. But there was a very clever and active officer at the head of the Hooghly district, where the boundaries of British and French territory meet, and as soon as he got wind of this new arrangement, he took measures to circumvent it. Although the French police in Chandernagore had the reputation of being in the habit of giving their protection to smugglers and other delinquents who could afford to pay for it, they had one great merit, for they were reasonable men and open to practical persuasion. If the smuggler paid 10s. to a French officer for protection, it was always possible, with the high rewards given for the detection of smuggled opium, to outbid the smuggler. If a detective of the British Excise Department offered 15s. to the French police officer, the latter saw the force of the argument, and the pitiful fellow who had only paid 10s. was betrayed into the hands of the English Philistines. The smugglers found that this form of conveying opium into French territory was not safe, and, at least for a time, they abandoned it.

But there was still a chance of working the goods department of the railway, and in one or two large consignments of rice that



were made from Benares and Patna, the smugglers managed to introduce some bags that contained a quantity of opium well surrounded by grain. But this plan did not answer. Respectable consignors and consignees of grain were strongly adverse to it. Whilst the grain was lying at the warehouse of the railway station awaiting delivery to the consignee, the smell of the opium would assert itself and betray its own secret. Moreover, some of the confederates were obliged to run a great personal risk by going to the warehouse to try and rescue the particular bags that contained opium; and after one or two failures, followed by convictions of the smugglers, this plan was dropped.

There remained the old plan of sending down the smuggled opium by country-boat, carefully packed and concealed under a cargo of onions, or tobacco, or hides, or anything that could mask or qualify the smell of the opium. A country-boat takes at least three weeks on its voyage downstream from Patna to Calcutta, even when the river is in full flood. The stream is very strong, but there is generally a high wind against the stream, and the wind catches the upper part of the boat, which in size and shape is very like a floating hay-stack, so that the boatmen have often to come ashore and take to the tow-rope and tow down-stream in order to make any progress. Meanwhile the consignment of this smuggled opium becomes known to too many individuals, some of whom have no inclination to keep a secret, especially when a shrewd detective officer is tempting them with a good round sum to betray it. There is a place called Saheb-gunge on the river Ganges, half-

way between Patna and Calcutta, where all the country-boats are required to stop to give particulars of their tonnage and cargo. This detention is for purely statistical purposes, according to the theory of the late Sir George Campbell, who introduced it; but it tends to the great personal profit of the native subordinates, who have the power to stop, and to let go, each boat as it passes. This was a favourite spot for the excise detectives, who could easily spot the smuggler with his cargo of onions and hides, beneath which packets of opium were concealed. The detectives or informers never attempted to stop or to seize the boat and its cargo at this point, for reasons which are obvious. They only took care to identify the boat and to ascertain to what place it was bound, and to whom the cargo was consigned. This could easily be ascertained from the papers which the captain or the supercargo of the crew was required to show for statistical purposes.

Of course the circumstances of each seizure of contraband opium differed more or less, but a description of one case will stand for many others. One great source of supply of contraband opium is in Nepal. The kingdom of Nepal is independent, and where its boundaries touch those of the British territory the Nepalese ryots are in the habit of cultivating the poppy without any licence or interference from their own Government. There is a departmental rule under which any Nepalese ryot can take the opium that he has manufactured, and receive for it the price of 5s. a-pound from the nearest opium agency of the British Government; but as there is a chance of making a much higher profit for himself by



selling it to some other person, the Nepalese ryot often adopts this course, and the purchaser from him becomes the smuggler, who has to get the opium thus obtained through British territory to the port of Calcutta. It was in May 1870 that an old river-trader named Ram Dass found himself in possession of about 10 cwt. of opium that he had bought piecemeal from Nepalese ryots at an average of 7s. a-pound. This opium was collected on the Nepalese side of the river Gogra, and it was carefully packed and stowed away on board a large country-boat, under a cargo of timber and hides and onions. There was a crew of ten men to the boat, and Ram Dass, with his servant, travelled as supercargo. The boat's papers were made out as coming from Fyzabad, in the province of Oude, and the cargo was consigned to a native merchant at the large mart of Bhudressur, which adjoins the French territory at Chandernagore. The boat made a good passage down the Ganges. It was stopped and inspected (for statistical purposes only) at Sahebgunge, and at last the boat anchored off the town of Hooghly, waiting only for the turn of the tide to make its way in a few hours to Bhudressur. Ram Dass was considering himself a happy and successful smuggler.

But unfortunately for Ram Dass, he had enemies and rivals in his own country. He had declined to give a share in the spoil as hush-money to one of his brethren, and as soon as the boat with its freight had started on its journey, this individual went off and gave information to the nearest excise officer. The detective officers were soon set in motion; and by the time that Ram Dass and his boat had reached Sahebgunge (to be

stopped there for statistical purposes) his coming had been anticipated, and he had been carefully identified and marked down for seizure on his arrival at Hooghly. Unknown to Ram Dass, the progress of his boat was further watched and reported from certain other points, and by the time that he arrived at Hooghly the officers of the Excise and Detective Department were ready to receive him.

When Ram Dass's boat dropped its anchor near the river-bank, off the old native fort at Hooghly, the rain was falling heavily, as it does rain in torrents in Bengal in July and August, and the crew were glad to shelter themselves under the thatched roof of the boat. Presently a voice from shore hailed them with the usual call, "Heh, Nayah!" (for every boatman is called Nayah or Noah, after the old admiral of the ark,) and some friendly advice was tendered as to the insecurity of the position that the boat had taken up. The boatmen were warned that the bore, or tidal wave, might upset them, unless they ran out a rope fore and aft to the shore to straighten the boat, and in compliance with this advice two stout ropes were carried out from the bow and the stern, and secured to strong posts in the river-bank. The crew having thus contributed to their own capture, the men on the shore departed for the night; but in the early morning an English sahib with several of his subordinates appeared, and asked Ram Dass for permission to go on board his boat. This permission being refused, they obtained the services of a passing fishing-boat and boarded the smuggler. Ram Dass and his men protested loudly, and threatened all manner of legal proceedings; but they were quietly



told that their boat would be unloaded down to its bottom boards. "You may unload it yourselves," said Ram Dass; and then the boat having been hauled in close to the river-bank, the English officer and his men set to work to clear out the odoriferous cargo of onions and hides and timber. They toiled for several hours in the hot and steamy atmosphere, with alternate rain and sunshine, Ram Dass and his men looking on, and occasionally taunting them at their slowness—for Ram Dass still had hopes. He thought at least the sahib would want to go away and get some food, and then he might make a bargain with the native officials and be allowed to make away with the opium; but, to his dismay, another sahib and another batch of men came down and continued the work, and Ram Dass felt that the discovery of his opium was imminent. So he quietly got out over the stern of his boat into the river, hoping to swim away unperceived; but his manœuvre was noticed, and he was captured and brought back. Then the sahibs knew that it was all right; and at last they came upon the bags of opium, which were hidden under the cargo. Poor Ram Dass and his men were made prisoners, prosecuted, and convicted. Their boat was confiscated, so also was the opium, on which a reward was paid to the informers and seizers that made them rich men for a time. The only men who got no immediate reward were the English sahibs, who were not allowed to take any money; but their reward came to them afterwards in the form of promotion and increase of pay, which they had so well merited.

I may conclude by telling one story of smuggling opium in which

an English lady was concerned. It happened many years ago, and all the parties concerned have long since gone to another world. It came about in this way. Mrs X. was the wife of a gentleman who was an indigo-planter at a factory not very far distant from the Nepalese frontier. It came to the notice of Mrs X. that every year, when her husband's indigo was being packed in chests to be forwarded to the Calcutta market, her *khansamah*, or butler, was very busy in collecting all the old jam-pots and pickle-jars, which he packed in an old indigo-chest, that was consigned to one of his friends in the Calcutta market. The *khansamah*, on being questioned, said that there was no sale for the old jars and jam-pots at the factory, so he tried to make a little profit out of them by sending them down to be sold in Calcutta, getting a free passage for them with his master's indigo. The lady's curiosity being aroused, she soon contrived to find out that the jam-pots did not go empty, but that they were filled with Nepalese opium, which could be sold for a good price to the Chinese dealers in Calcutta. A stone jar that had held 3 lb. of jam might be filled with the same quantity of opium that would be worth 30s. in Calcutta. The indigo season had been bad and unprofitable, and money was very scarce at the factory, so the lady determined to go into partnership with the *khansamah* in his opium speculation. After several anxious weeks of doubt and expectation, she was delighted to find that, as the result of their first joint venture, they had each realised more than 100 rupees, or £10 sterling. Subsequently she took her husband into her confidence, and when

his poverty induced him to consent to a renewal of operations, his agents in Calcutta were rather surprised by the large indents for English jams in 3-lb. stone jars that they received from Mr X.'s factory. The jams, with the other factory stores, were sent up according to order, and months rolled on without any notice being taken. Meanwhile the lady and her *khansamah* had been busy in buying as much opium as they could get from the Nepalese cultivators, and at the same time the cook of the establishment was employed in making a considerable quantity of Tapari or Cape-gooseberry jam. The lady and the *khansamah* then proceeded to fill about three-fourths of each stone jar with opium, whilst on the top of the opium was placed a layer of jam, and the lady, with her own fair hands, wrote out the English labels that were placed conspicuously on each jam-pot to indicate that the contents were of an edible character. Several indigo-chests were thus filled with jars containing opium below and jam above, and the lady expected to make a considerable profit for herself and her partner. But, alas ! "The best-laid schemes o' mice and men Gang aft a-gley."

She had forgotten that one of her female servants, who had been lately dismissed, had become aware of her smuggling experiments, and this woman, out of revenge, went and gave information to the excise authorities, who pounced on the bullock-cart on which the chests were loaded before it had travelled half-way from the factory to the river, where they would have been safely put on board a boat with the indigo of the season. There was a considerable local scandal, and a severe penalty was levied on the unfortunate Mr X., who had to bear the responsibility of his wife's proceedings. I have never heard of any other similar attempt by a lady to smuggle opium. It only shows how difficult it is for the person who wants to evade the law, and run a cargo of anything contraband, to make sure that he has no private enemy who, for the sake of revenge, will give information to the excise authorities, and, in most cases, receive for himself the handsome reward that Government allows to the informers in order to protect its opium revenue. As a rule, however, there is now very little opium-smuggling, at least in the Lower Bengal province of India.



## DIANA: THE HISTORY OF A GREAT MISTAKE.

## CHAPTER X.—THE TWO LITTLE WOMEN.

MRS NORTON and her niece had received the tidings of the Hunstantons' approaching departure with consternation almost more profound, and certainly more simple in its exhibition, than had been exhibited by any of the other members of the party. Surprise, which at the first moment took the form of angry petulance and offence, had been the manner in which it showed itself in Sophy; and as her aunt lived only in her and her wishes, the girl's angry vexation resolved itself into a mixture of offence and resignation in Mrs Norton. She calmed her child and soothed her, and then repeated Sophy's sentiments in a more solid form. "My darling, you must not blame Diana. Diana has been goodness itself. We never could have had this pleasure at all but for her thoughtfulness," she said, and then added: "I think, however, that Diana might have managed to let us know delicately what she meant—not forcing it upon us through the Hunstantons, if that is what she wants us to know." Sophy did not think whether Diana had or had not taken this underhand way of warning them that it was time to depart; but she was angry beyond measure and beyond reason. They both cried over the thought, shedding hot tears. "Just when we know everybody and are really enjoying ourselves!" said Sophy. "Oh! how are we ever, ever, to put up with that nasty, windy Red House among the trees, with no society, after all that we have had here?"

"Oh hush, my darling!" said Mrs Norton; "this is what it is

to be poor, and to have to do as other people like. Those who are rich can please themselves—it is only the poor who are shuffled about as other people like; but we must remember that we should never have come at all if it had not been for Diana."

"Would it have been worse not to come at all than to be sent away now?" said angry Sophy, at that height of irritated scepticism which would rather not be, than submit to anything less than perfect satisfaction in being. Could any one say they were ungrateful? Did not the ascription of praise to Diana preface everything they said, or at least everything that the most reasonable of them said? For as for Sophy, what was she more than a child? and a child, when it is crossed, allows no wisdom or kindness even in God Himself, who ought to know better than to expose it to suffering. They made up their little plans together on the very morning after that 'momentous night. They would go to Diana, and find out what her intentions were—whether she meant them to go, whether they were to accompany her wherever she might be going, or go back with the Hunstantons. "She must at least see that it is reasonable we should know," Mrs Norton said, with a dignified and restrained sense of injury—as one above making an open complaint, whatever reason she might have. When it came to the moment of going down-stairs, Sophy indeed began to hesitate. She was afraid of Diana.

"I am sure you will talk to her



better without me, dear auntie," she said. "When any one is cross I cannot bear it."

"That is because you are too sensitive, my love," said Mrs Norton. "Poor darling, who would be cross to you? and you are only afraid of Diana because of the time when she was your governess," she added, with a mild sense of superiority as of one who never was, nor had in her family any one who required to be a governess. But nevertheless, half by moral suasion, half by authority, Sophy was made to come and back up the elder lady by her presence. They went down-stairs slightly nervous it must be allowed. They knew that they were braver behind backs than when Diana looked at them with those large eyes of hers; but having made such a strenuous resolution, they could not withdraw from it now. They found Diana taking her morning coffee with a book before her, as is the use of lonely people, and she received their visit quietly as a not unusual incident. She was not an early riser—that was one of her weak points—and they were early risers; and they naturally looked at each other with a glance of commentary and gentle moral indignation at her late hours.

"You are so like a gentleman sitting there with your book," said Sophy, with a sense of pleasure in finding something to find fault with. Diana closed the book and smiled:

"I suppose I should take that as a compliment," she said, "for Sophy, I know, has the highest opinion of gentlemen. Can one do better than copy them? You have been up for hours, and have done a great many things already, while I have been idling here."

"Yes—but then we have no maid to do anything for us; and if

we want to have our things nice, we must get up early," said Mrs Norton. "We thought most likely you would be at breakfast, and that we should be sure to see you alone for a few minutes—you are always so much engaged now."

"Am I? I thought I was generally at my friends' disposal," said Diana, with a smile; and then there was a little pause. For even her smile when she looked up at them expectant, perceiving something that was on their lips to be said, alarmed the two little women. However, Mrs Norton, feeling the situation to be too serious for silence on her part, took courage and began—

"Diana—we don't want to disturb you, dear. We know you are sure to do what is best and kindest for everybody; but we should just like to know, if you don't mind, what your plans are——"

"My plans! I don't think I have any plans," said Diana, surprised, and then she laughed and added, "To be sure, we can't stay here all the summer, can we? We are not at home, are we? That is what I always forget when I get settled anywhere."

"And not much wonder: for you can surround yourself with all kinds of comforts," said Mrs Norton, looking round her wistfully. To be sure, the third floor up-stairs was not like the *piano nobile*: but she did not intend to seem to make any injurious comparison. The idea was suggested however, and Diana, who was very quick, took it up, and she coloured, and a pained look came upon her face. This was the kind of reproach to which she was most susceptible. It was as if she had been accused of making herself comfortable at some one else's expense.

"I hope you are not uncomfortable up-stairs," she said. "I



thought the house was the same all the way up—no difference but the stairs.”

“Oh no, Diana, dear!” cried Sophy. “Our drawing-room is not *half* so big as this. It is divided into two. This part is auntie’s room in our apartment——”

“But that does not matter a bit,” cried her aunt; “you must not think we are anything but comfortable, and quite happy, Diana, and most grateful to you.”

“Never mind about being grateful,” said Diana, “the comfort is much more important.” She laughed and shook off her momentary offence. “If there is anything I can do to secure that, you must tell me,” she said, kindly; “the Hunstantons’ rooms perhaps might be better when they leave.”

“Oh!” cried both the appellants, with a common breathlessness. “That was just what we meant to ask you about,” Mrs Norton went on—Sophy, so to speak, running behind the skirts of the elder and more skilful operator. “We wanted to know if you thought—if you wished—what you think we ought to do? We came with the Hunstantons; and Pisa is not a place to stay in, in summer. But on the other hand, to go back to the Red House when you were away, Diana——”

“Yes, I understand; but shall I be away? If Pisa is not a summer place, I cannot stop in Pisa more than any one else.”

“But you can go where you like, dear. There are a great many other places to go to. There is Florence, which you would like to see, and the Bagni di Lucca; and there is Switzerland, Diana. You can do whatever you please; but we can’t afford, can we, to do anything but go straight home?—if you think we ought to go *raight* home.”

Diana looked from one to the other. There was a point in which she was the foolishlest of women. She liked to satisfy other people, to give them the things they wanted. When she saw a secret coveting in anybody’s eyes, instead of disapproving and reproving, the immediate thought in her mind was how she could get them what they wanted. Perhaps this was a temptation which she would not have felt had she always been Miss Trelawny of the Chase, accustomed from her cradle to be better off than other people, and feeling it natural. But the new power of giving, and of gratifying those wishes which she remembered to have entertained herself without being able to gratify them, was very pleasant to her, and she could not resist it. She was not strong enough to deny herself in order to preserve the independence of Sophy and Mrs Norton. She looked from one to another, and saw the suppressed eagerness in their eyes.

“And you would like to go to Florence, too—and Lucca—and to go home by Switzerland? Why not? It seems a very reasonable plan.”

“But we cannot afford it, Diana.”

“Oh, as for that, I can afford it. Don’t say anything,” said Diana. “Don’t you see it would be no pleasure to me to go alone?—and evidently that is the natural thing to do.”

“To be sure,” said Mrs Norton, gravely. “It is not nice to travel alone: but then the expense. How could I put you to so much expense? I don’t think it would be quite—right. I don’t think——”

“As for the right and the wrong, I think we may take them in our own hands,” said Diana, with a smile. “You must get the Brad-



shaw—that is what you must do, and settle the routes. Of course, we must go by Switzerland. And I had never thought of it! It is evident I want you to put things in my head.”

“You are very kind, Diana. I am sure if I can be of use in any way to you who are so good to us—and, of course, it would not be nice for you to travel alone, I allow that: even for gentlemen, it cannot be so nice. But for a lady, and so young as you are still——”

Diana laughed. She was half ashamed of herself for seeing so clearly through this little air of reluctance and difficulty. “Evidently,” she said, “I am too young to take care of myself. Any one who thinks differently does me an injury. Then that is settled, is it not? It will be a great deal more pleasant having your company. I never like to do anything alone.”

“Oh, Diana, what a darling you are! How good you always are!” cried Sophy, throwing her arms round her friend. “And I am such a nasty little thing! I thought you would not care a bit: that you would send us away with the Hunstantons by that horrid long railway, and never think—— Oh, I am so ashamed of myself! and you do love us, you do like to have us with you, Diana, dear?”

“Do you expect me to make protestations?” said Diana, shaking herself free with a little embarrassment, feeling compunctions on her own side that she could not be more effusive. “I ought to have thought of it before, but it did not occur to me. Yes, to be sure, we must see the snows. We have our time in our own hands; we are not compelled to be at home by a certain day like Mr Hunstanton.”

“Oh, Mr Hunstanton! he is so fussy, always interfering with everything—what does it matter when he gets home? I am tired of Mr Hunstanton!” cried Sophy.

“You should not speak so rashly, my dear. Mr Hunstanton has been very kind. *She* has never liked us much. She has always been jealous of Diana’s love for you, never seeing how natural it was: but Mr Hunstanton has always been kindness itself. Oh, I am sure she will make disagreeable remarks now! She will say we don’t mind what expense we put Diana to. I know exactly how she will look. But do not think anything of that—I do not mind, Diana. Do not imagine that I would take the pleasure out of your journey, dear, for anything any one could say——”

“And spoil our own pleasure, too, when Diana is so kind,” cried Sophy, with frank delight. “Oh, do you think my old travelling-dress will do, aunt?—or should I have another grey alpaca? Switzerland! I never, never thought of such happiness: though indeed,” added the girl with a sigh, “I shall be very, very sorry to leave Pisa, too. I have never been so happy as here.”

What was it that had made Sophy so happy? Diana looked at her with some curiosity, patting her softly on the cheeks.

“So many parties,” said Sophy, “or at least as good as parties. We have never been at home for a whole week. There has always been something going on; and expeditions; and dances now and then. I have never been so happy in all my life before.”

“Hush, hush, my darling! you would be just as happy at home. I *hope* my Sophy does not want constant amusement to make her happy; but still it has been very



pleasant, and, of course, we could not hope to have so much in a quiet country place."

"And in England! where, as Colonel Winthrop says, the skies are always grey, and the company bumpkins," said Sophy, with the sublime contempt of a traveller. What could Diana do but laugh as they played their little pranks before her. They were as good as two little white mice in a cage.

"You had better look into that serious question of toilet," she said, "and quite make up your mind whether another grey alpaca is necessary; for if we do go to Switzerland, there will be a great deal of travelling to do."

"What shall you wear, Diana?" said Sophy, growing serious; "for you know your merino that you came in will be too warm. I wish you would think of that a little more. Yes, auntie, indeed I must speak. You know you always say that Diana never does herself justice."

"Do I?" cried Mrs Norton, colouring a little, while Diana laughed with great amusement. "I am sure Diana always looks well whatever she puts on. You have heard me say so a hundred times."

"Don't take any trouble on my account," said Diana. "I shall find something, never fear."

"And we are wasting all your time," said Mrs Norton. "Sophy, we must run away. If Diana has not the little things to do which we occupy ourselves with, she has other matters to think of. Dear Diana! how can I ever say all I think of your kindness! Nothing would make me accept it except the thought that we can perhaps, in our little way, make it pleasanter for you too."

She was very strong on this subject to everybody to whom it was mentioned afterwards. "Yes,"

she said, "we are going to Switzerland. Dear Diana does not like to travel alone; and, indeed, it is scarcely proper, for she is still quite what is considered a young lady, you know—though, of course, a very great deal older than my Sophy; and Diana has been so very kind to us that I like to do all I can to be of use to her. Sophy will enjoy it too. Oh, it is not at all disagreeable to me, I assure you," she said, smiling with gentle friendliness and resignation. The chaplain's wife, if no other, thought it was "so kind" of Mrs Norton to go to Switzerland with Miss Trelawny. "It took them all by surprise, I believe, and they had made their plans to go home: but they are such good creatures, so unselfish! They have changed all their arrangements rather than that Miss Trelawny should have the annoyance of travelling alone." This was repeated over and over again that afternoon in the little church coterie at a choir practice, where there was quite a flutter of admiration over the unselfishness of the two little ladies. The glee-party was all there, with the exception of Mrs Hunstanton, whose absence, perhaps, was fortunate in the circumstances. As for Mrs Norton, she never departed from this ground even in her most private moments. "I am so fond of Diana that nothing is a trouble," she said, "she has always been such a friend;" and then it got whispered round, to the great admiration and surprise of everybody, that Miss Trelawny, though so great a lady, had once been Sophy's governess. What a wonderful thing it was! everybody said; exactly like a romance in real life!

The Snodgrasses, who were also at the choir practice, heard, like the rest, of Miss Trelawny's plan, and



the excitement of the information brought the curate out of his corner. "I don't really care about going to Florence. I never did care," he said hurriedly to his uncle. "Switzerland is what I should like most." The rector shook his head, and called his dear Bill a goose; but yet, reflecting within himself that dear Bill was six feet high, and a fine specimen of a man (though not perhaps what is generally called handsome), and that Miss Trelawny had a fine fortune, and that Perseverance was the thing which carried the day, Mr Snodgrass thought that perhaps, by chance, so to speak (if it were not an impious thing to speak of Chance), he might direct his steps to Switzerland too. So that a whole party of people were moved, and their intentions and destinations changed, by the impatience and disappointment of Sophy Norton at the prospect of an abrupt conclusion of her holiday. She thought herself, and with justice, an insignificant little person, yet it was she who had made all this commotion.

In the meantime Sophy's own head was full of her wardrobe, to the exclusion of other ideas. Should she have dresses enough for the summer? should she want another grey alpaca? or could she get on with what she had, with a new white frock, perhaps, and a dust-cloak? "There is nothing looks so nice as white," said Sophy, regarding her wardrobe with an anxious pleasure. "In fine weather, my darling: but it always rains among the mountains, and a white dress, or a cotton dress of any kind, looks poor in bad weather." This was a very serious question: for indeed

she had a grey alpaca already, which was too good yet to be taken merely for a travelling-dress. It was the one which had been made up on the model of Diana's beautiful new silk from M. Worth's. This was a very perplexing problem, and one which gave them a great deal of trouble: but yet it was a happy kind of care.

As for Diana, she had the faculty of putting aside the points that jarred in her friends' characters. She was aware that they were not perhaps so unselfish as they took credit for being, and she could not but laugh softly under her breath at Mrs Norton's solemn conviction that she "could be of use" to Diana. But what then?—what did it matter after all? It would be pleasant enough to go to Switzerland, and travelling alone was not very pleasant. So far the Nortons were right. Diana feared (a little) the innuendoes of Mrs Hunstanton when she heard of the project; but otherwise it amused her (she did not put it on any higher ground) to see their pleasure, to indulge them with every luxury of a journey made *en prince*. To have everything you can desire, without ever having to think of the expense, how pleasant it was! How she would have liked it when she was poor! She did not say to herself that she had been as independent as she was poor, and would not have lightly taken such a pleasure at any one's hand. Why should she have remembered this? Sophy was not like her: and after all, to make these two little women perfect, to reform their characters, and mould them after her own model, was at once a hopeless proceeding and one altogether out of her way.



## CHAPTER XI.—THE PROPOSAL.

The rooms on the third floor of the Palazzo dei Sogni were not like those in Diana's beautiful *appartamento*. The drawing-room, which was so spacious and lofty in the *piano nobile*, was low, and divided into two; one half of it was Mrs Norton's bedroom. In moments of excitement, and in the early part of the day, the door of communication was sometimes left open, though it was against all the English ideas of nicety and tidiness, in which these little ladies were so strong, to leave a bedroom visible. But what else could be done, when Sophy was seized with that anxiety about her toilet, and the delightful sense of preparation for a further holiday whirled them both out of their sober routine? Mrs Norton had her excuse all ready if anybody should call—that is, if any lady should call—for the thought of a masculine foot crossing her threshold did not occur to her. "We have no maid," was what she would say, "and of course there are a great many things which we must do ourselves. Fortunately, I am quite fond of needlework, and Sophy is so clever, and has such taste. You would never think that pretty dress was made at home? but I assure you it is all our own work. The only thing is that we keep the bedroom door open, in order to keep this one as tidy as possible." Every visitor (being a lady) sympathised and understood: and gentlemen, except the clergyman, never came. A clergyman, by virtue of his profession, has more understanding on these points—has he not?—than ordinary men; he is apt to understand how poor ladies have to employ themselves when

they have no maid; in short, he has the feminine element so strongly developed as to be able to criticise without rushing into mere ignorant censure, as probably a gentleman visitor of another kind would have done. And no profane male foot ever crossed Mrs Norton's threshold. They were at their ease therefore next morning, after their interview with Diana, when they got up to the serious business of the day. There was no hurry; but the work was agreeable, the excitement of preparation agreeable, and then, to be sure, a hundred things might happen to hasten their departure, and it was always best to be prepared. The door of Mrs Norton's sanctuary was accordingly standing wide open, revealing not only the Italian bed with its crackling high-piled mattress of *turchino*, but a large wardrobe standing open with all kinds of dresses hung up inside. The alpaca which was in question was spread out upon the sofa in the little drawing-room, and formed the foreground to the picture. They were both standing at a little distance contemplating it with anxious interest. Mrs Norton had her head on one side. Sophy had a pair of scissors in her hand. It was almost the most difficult question that had ever come before them.

"It is very elaborately made," said Mrs Norton, doubtfully. "The flounces would be very awkward in a travelling-dress. They are so heavy to hold up, and they get so full of dust——"

"But, auntie, I have heard you say it made all the difference to a dress when it was nicely made."

"Yes, that is very true; but a travelling-dress ought to be sim-

ple—it never ought to have a train, especially for a young person. You ought to be able to jump out and in of carriages, and never think of your dress. Besides, *that* would be so useful at home. You could wear it so nicely for Diana's little parties, or when she is alone——”

“Oh, auntie! I shall never care for these horrid little parties again.”

“Hush, my darling! at least you must never *talk* like that. You will be very glad of them, Sophy, when winter comes.”

Sophy shook her head: but the present matter was still more important. “Something new would be better, no doubt,” she said, “for the evening—one of those light silks that are almost as cheap as alpaca. When one has to get a new thing, isn't it better to have it for one's best? whereas an alpaca is never very much for a best dress, and would look nothing in the evening; and making a new common dress is just as troublesome as making a handsome one. And I might cut this a little shorter, or loop it up: and it would look nice when we stayed anywhere for a few days. Diana will insist on staying everywhere for a few days: I am sure she cannot really like travelling: and this with my white frocks when it is very fine——”

“I see your heart is set upon a new silk.”

“No, indeed, auntie,” said Sophy, half offended. “The only thing is, what should I do with two grey alpacas? If I were to take off the trimming here, and change this flounce——”

“Run, Sophy, run! there is some one at the door. Filomena has no sense—she will show them in at once.”

“What does it matter?” said

Sophy. “It can only be Mrs Hunstanton—I don't mind at all what she says. I should like her to know. She ought to be cured of her interfering. It will let her see who Diana cares the most for. It will show her——”

“Mr Hunstanton!” cried Mrs Norton, with almost a shriek. A *gentleman*! and actually the bed visible, and all the things hanging up. She made a dart at the door and shut it, then turned round breathless but bland. “This is a pleasure!” she said; “but you find us in great disorder. I am so sorry. We were just arranging a little against our journey.”

“What journey?” said Mr Hunstanton. “Don't apologise. I like to have a finger in the pie. You shall have my advice with the greatest pleasure. But what journey? Were you thinking really of returning with us? That would be good news: though I think I have perhaps something to say that may make a difference. Don't take away the dress: I am a great authority about dress—though my wife snubs me. Don't take it away.”

“We are going with Diana,” said Mrs Norton. “If we had been going home there is nothing I should have liked so much as going with your party. You were all so kind to us coming. But our first duty is to Diana. She has never been abroad before—she thinks she would like to return by Switzerland, and see as much as possible; and, of course, I could not let her go alone. And Sophy will enjoy it—though, indeed,” said the little woman, with a sigh, “it will not be unalloyed pleasure to me. My circumstances were very different when I was there before. Still I must not be selfish; and, of course, I could not let Diana go alone. After all her





kindness to Sophy, that would be too ungrateful—it is what I could not do——”

“Whew!” said Mr Hunstanton under his breath: and then corrected himself, and composed his countenance. “So you are going to Switzerland with Diana. Ah-h!—with Diana! That is a new idea. Bless me! I wonder what Diana will say to me if I spoil her trip for her? Mrs Norton, I have come to say something very important to you. It is not on my own account exactly. I am come as an ambassador; as—plenipotentiary. I have got something to say to you. Well, of course I don’t know what you will answer; but it is not disagreeable. It is the sort of thing I have always heard that ladies like to hear——”

Mrs Norton looked with unfeigned amazement at the beaming ambassador, whose enjoyment of his office there could, at least, be no doubt about. The smile on his face, the knowing look, the air of mingled fun and flattery which he put on, with a comical assumption of the aspect which the wooer he represented ought to have worn, half alarmed her. Though she was conscious to the bottom of her heart of her dignity as a married woman, with a late “dear husband” to refer to, yet the mild little lady was as old-maidish in her primness and over-delicacy as the most pronounced specimen of that type. What could Mr Hunstanton mean? Had he gone out of his senses? or was there anybody so rash and foolish as to think of addressing her, a clergyman’s widow, in this way? A momentary recollection of Mr Snodgrass flashed across her mind, and a slight blush came upon her matronly cheek.

“Oh, shall I run away?” cried

Sophy, still more surprised, and most unwilling to go.

“No, no! Sophy must not go—why, it is all about Sophy!” cried Mr Hunstanton. “She must not go on any account. Mrs Norton, you know it isn’t our English way; but whether it is that I have lived so much abroad, I don’t know, but I think it a very rational way. Inquire first if there are any objections; and then if there are any objections, withdraw without humiliation. Oh yes, I have a great opinion of the good sense of an English girl; but still you know, Sophy, you are fallible, and sometimes a man is drawn on—and then sent to the right-about, as if he had no feelings at all.”

Mrs Norton had taken time to compose herself during this speech. She dismissed the rector out of her mind abruptly, with something of the feeling with which she would have turned an impertinent intruder out of doors—indignant: though, indeed, it was not at all Mr Snodgrass’s fault that she had thought of him. The excitement was scarcely less when the case was that of Sophy: but still that personal suggestion took the edge off her flutter, and made her listen more calmly. But there are limits to patience. She interrupted Mr Hunstanton with all the weight of authority. Here certainly she was mistress of the position; though it was not very clearly apparent what that position was.

“I have no objection to you as an ambassador, Mr Hunstanton,” she said, “and I think it very right that any gentleman should address me first rather than to disturb my child. But Sophy, pardon me, had better withdraw. The only reason for telling me would be that Sophy should not know—except afterwards, if I thought fit, through me.”



"Oh, auntie!" said Sophy, under her breath. She stood, holding the dress in her hands, in natural curiosity and excitement, her pretty round face all flushed. She did not want to go; but she was dutiful though she was excited, and thought of nothing beyond remonstrance. Mr Hunstanton, for his part, lost his head altogether. He got up and took the dress out of her hands (not so awkwardly for a man, they said afterwards). When he had laid it down with clumsy care on the sofa, he took Sophy's hand, and drew her forward. "Sit down here," he said, "Come, Sophy, you needn't blush. I am not going to make love to you. We'll leave *him* to do that; but I can't let you be sent away. It is her affair. Let her hear it. After all, there is nobody so much interested. Well, now, look here, guess! You ladies have eyes more than we have for that sort of thing especially. Who do you suppose has sent me here to-day?"

Sophy sat where he had placed her, and looked at him, her soft little face crimson with excitement and pleasurable expectation, her blue eyes round and eager. She was a pretty little thing, and a man would be very well off, the ambassador thought, with such a fresh soft innocent creature always looking up to him. Mr Hunstanton was sensible enough to feel that a wife always looking up to you might be, on the whole, inconvenient now and then: but still it would be pleasant; and it would just suit Pandolfini, who was a solemn sort of personage. Where is the man that would not like it? though the other sort of wife is of more use, perhaps; and he was content with his own lot. Sophy looked quite ready to accept any love-making that should come her  
a little apart,

her breath coming quick, her little heart all a-flutter, her whole mind absorbed in inquiry. Who could it be? Pandolfini was the romantic hero of Sophy's imagination, but there were two or three others whom she would not have frowned upon. Which could it be? Her eyes fixed upon Mr Hunstanton with growing eagerness. She made a pretty picture—all glowing innocence and ignorance, the most charming blank sheet of paper on which a man could desire to inscribe his name.

"Mr Hunstanton!" said Mrs Norton, shocked; "indeed I don't approve of my child being exposed to this. Sophy, you had really better go away. It is quite improper—it is a sort of thing—we are not accustomed to——"

"I should hope not, I should hope not, my dear Mrs Norton; though I don't doubt that you knew all about it in your day. But Sophy is young enough to begin her experiences, and I trust we shall bring them to a close very suddenly. Now I am not going to keep you in suspense. Mrs Norton, you know him very well. You have had ways of seeing how much we think of him. My wife has the very highest opinion—and you know in many things Mrs Hunstanton is perhaps more *difficile* than I am. His means are not great. He has enough to be very comfortable, but not enough to make a great show according to our English notions" (here Sophy's countenance fell a little, for, to be sure, where everything was so vague, it was easy to add riches to the fabulous unknown wooer); "but Sophy is not the girl to mind that: and he belongs to a very good family. She will be able to call cousin with half the princes in the Italian peerage."

"Mr Hunstanton!" cried Mrs



Norton, breathless; "what is all this in comparison to more essential things? It depends entirely upon Sophy's feelings; and how can we tell till we know—not what he is, but who he is?"

"My dear lady, am not I just going to tell you? Sophy knows who he is. She has found it out in his eyes, as I did. Why, who should it be but Pandolfini? And a man any girl might be proud of—a fellow—though I say it that shouldn't—who knows English as well, and is as fond of it as of his own language—a most accomplished fellow! I verily believe just the best man living, and so modest you would never find it out. There's the lover I bring you, Sophy; and if you don't appreciate him, you are not the girl I took you for. He deserves—simply the most charming wife in the world."

"The Cavaliere!" cried Sophy under her breath. In the first moment of awe the colour fled from her cheeks.

"Mr Pandolfini!" cried her aunt. Then she paused and looked at Sophy, who sat breathless, the blush coming back again. "Mr Hunstanton, I am sure you will not doubt we are very sensible of the honour he does us. Not that my Sophy would not be an ornament to any family; but till I know her feelings—Yes; he is a very charming person indeed. I have the greatest respect for him—and admiration—a man that any one might be proud of, as you say; but till I know my Sophy's feelings—my darling?" the little woman grew tremulous. It was a situation which she had never realised.

"Oh, auntie!" cried Sophy, throwing herself into Mrs Norton's arms. The girl laid her head

on her aunt's shoulder, and

melted into sobs. "Oh, I am not good enough! I am not clever enough! It cannot be me he cares for."

"My darling! when Mr Hunstanton tells you——"

"Oh, it must be some mistake—it must be some mistake!" cried Sophy, burrowing with her head in her aunt's bosom. Mrs Norton encircled her with tender arms. She felt that her child was behaving herself at this wonderful emergency exactly as she ought.

"You see how much overcome she is! You must let us have a little time, dear Mr Hunstanton. You can imagine the excitement, the agitation. She is so young. And when I am so much upset myself, what should she be—at her age? But, indeed, it is I who have the most occasion," said the little lady, beginning to cry; "for what shall I do without my Sophy!—not that I should think of that when her happiness is concerned."

"Oh, auntie!" cried Sophy, clasping her close, and burrowing more than ever, "I could never leave you—how could I ever leave you? You must always—always stay with me."

Mr Hunstanton rubbed his hands. "I see—I see!" he said, "it is too early for a direct answer; but I don't think Pandolfini need be cast down. I think there are indications that he will gain the day."

At this moment it became apparent to Mrs Norton that Sophy's agitation was too sacred to be witnessed by strange eyes, especially by a gentleman's eyes. Encircling her child with one arm, and holding her close to her breast, she extended the other hand to Mr Hunstanton. It was too exquisite a moment for ceremony. "Dear friend," she said, amid her tears, "you see how it is. Leave me



alone with her, and if you will come later—or I will write you a note: yes, that is the best, I will write you a note. No, I do not think he need despair.”

“I understand—I understand—a note will be the best, which I can show him,” cried Mr Hunstanton, delighted. “Good-bye—good-bye, Sophy. Yes—yes, I shall take myself off. Let her have it out; but it will not be long till Miss will be turned into Madame, I can see. Never mind the door. I hope I can open it for myself. Yes—yes, it is she that wants you most, poor little soul!”

Sophy raised herself from her shelter when the ambassador was heard to go; her pretty little face was all stained like a child's with tears. “Oh, auntie!” she cried, looking her aunt in the face, then giving her a still closer hug; and then there followed a moment of mutual endearment, sobs, and kisses. “Oh, auntie, do you think it can be true? *Him*. I thought him so far above me. I never thought he would look twice at a little insignificant thing like me.”

This was *selon les règles* too; and Mrs Norton felt with unfeigned satisfaction that Sophy was fully equal to the circumstances, and was saying and doing exactly what she ought. She pressed her to her breast with mingled love, respect, and admiration. Nothing inappropriate or out of place had come from Sophy's lips. In everything she had comported herself as the most anxious of aunts could wish; and all the girls of England might have been there to take a lesson. Mrs Norton breathed a sigh of content as she pressed her child to her heart.

“My darling, you are too humble—not that I wish you different, Sophy. I like to see that

my child is the only one that is unconscious of her own merits. But Love sees further. Dear fellow! Oh, what a happiness for me, my pet, to think, if anything happened to me, that I could leave you in such good hands!”

“But oh, auntie, *him*! I thought it was Diana he would care for——”

“Diana, Sophy? My dear, Diana is very handsome—for her age: but she is not like you. You know how fond I am of Diana; but gentlemen don't care for such clever women. They like some one to look up to them, not a person who is always standing on her opinion. No, my darling, Diana will never attract a man of fine feeling like dear Mr Pandolfini. It is not just an equal he wants. He wants a clinging, sweet, dependent creature. And then youth, my pet, youth! that always carries the day.”

“But oh, auntie, fancy any one being with Diana, and preferring poor little *me*!”

What more natural than that a flutter of gratified vanity should thrill through the girl! Mrs Norton shared it to the fullest extent. She said, “I never expected anything else. Though I don't set up for being clever, I know the world, and I know *gentlemen*. It is not talent that is necessary for that—you know I don't pretend to talent—but experience, and perhaps a little insight. Oh yes, I know what may be looked for. I know what gentlemen are; and you may take my word for it, Sophy, a woman of Diana's age has no chance—especially when they look their years as dear Diana does fully, whatever your partiality may say.”

“She *will* dress in such an old-fashioned way. I have spoken to her about it so often, and she



never pays any attention. But oh, auntie! what will Diana say?"

"I don't know what she can say, dear, but congratulations. Dear Diana, she will be so glad of your good fortune. She always is so generous. She will be sure to want to help with your *trousseau*; and it is evidently such a pleasure to her that one never knows how to refuse."

"Oh!" cried Sophy, hiding her face, "it is too soon surely, surely, to think of anything of the kind. A *trousseau*, auntie! it scarcely seems—proper,—it scarcely seems—delicate."

"My darling, you are so sensitive!" said Mrs Norton, taking her child once more into her close embrace.

It was not, however, till several hours later that she wrote her note to Mr Hunstanton. It was quite a model of what an acceptance should be: dignified, yet not too dignified; cordial, yet not too effusive. She appreciated Mr Pandolfini, but she knew the value of

the treasure she was giving. "I shall be happy to see him this evening or to-morrow," she wrote. "They will be better able to understand each other when they meet by themselves; and I too shall be glad to have a talk with Mr Pandolfini." Mr Hunstanton rubbed his hands as he put this epistle in his pocket-book. "I knew they would be delighted," he said to himself, "and with good reason. Why he should have made such a fuss I don't know; for, of course, it's a capital match for Sophy. And she'll make him a nice little wife, and give him a tidy, comfortable English home, which is a thing not very common in Italy. My wife, by the by, will be in a pretty way! She never could bear these two harmless little bodies. Why are women so queer? They never judge as we do. But here's a settler for them all," he said, chuckling and patting his breast-pocket. Certainly it was all done and settled, and put beyond the reach of uncertainty now.

#### CHAPTER XII.—THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

Pandolfini scarcely slept at all that night. His mind was full of dreams and visions, and an agitation beyond his control. He let himself in to his sombre *appartamento*, which was all empty, echoing and vacant, and lit his lamp from the taper which he had carried with him up the dark staircase. The rooms he inhabited were in an old palace which belonged to his family, but of which he had only a corner now. Upstairs lived an old couple of his kindred who had their *terzo piano* by right of blood. In the higher storeys there were some suites of smaller rooms let to smaller people. Down below in the *piano nobile*

was an English family, the usual tenants of everything worth tenantry. His second floor contained some handsome rooms, and there was one at least which showed more signs of being lived in than seems natural to Italian rooms. It was somewhat richly hung with old tapestry. There was a carpet—unusual luxury!—covering the centre of the floor, and the walls which were not tapestried were clad with book-shelves. Books, too, were in all the corners, piled even on the floor, but carefully piled and in order, arranged by a hand that loved them. There was no sign of any one living but himself in the dark silent place,



where his little open lamp with its three slightly flickering flames made a mere speck of light in the darkness, and his foot on the marble of the floor made an echoing sound all through the house till it reached the sanctuary of the old soft Turkey carpet, from which long usage had worn the pattern here and there.

He put down the lamp on the table and threw himself into a chair. The figures in the tapestry were undecipherable in the dim light, except just opposite to it where a shepherdess and shepherd sat in eternal dalliance upon the little green mound beloved of such art. The soft and worn tints gave a certain faint cheerfulness to the wall, but all was dark around and as still as the night itself. Old Antonio, his faithful servant, slept in a corner somewhere, peacefully undisturbed by the master's comings or goings. The *donna da jaccenda*, or woman-of-all-work, had long ago gone home to her family. This was all his establishment. The conversation he had just had, awakened, as may well be supposed, a thousand thoughts in the Italian's mind. It had been all fervent poetry as he stood outside her door and walked home along Arno, hearing the bells chime her sweet name : Diana, Di-an-a, with its long, soft vowels, such as an Italian loves. But when he reached his own house, other thoughts not less thrilling or sweet, though more real, came into his mind. Was it possible that she should set foot here even — take up her abode here? He rose up from his chair when that fancy came to him, and stood with his breast expanded and his head held high, not feeling that he had breath enough for such a thought. Diana — and here ; and then it occurred to him,

perhaps for the first time, how poor and dark and silent it was, how worn and faded, how unlike a shrine for such a saint! What could he do to it to make it better? Pandolfini was not of so poor a spirit as to think that Love (if for him such a thing could be) would despise his condition and surroundings. No ; if, profoundest wonder of wonders, Diana should love him, as his friend took upon himself to promise, what to her would be the circumstances external to him? Nothing! He had forgotten that he had heard it said she was a great lady in her own home — forgotten even the superior wealth of her surroundings here. He cared nothing about these, and Diana would care nothing. If only the first might be true, there was nothing else to be taken thought of. The wonder of her loving him could not be greater if she were a queen.

But supposing — then what could be done to make the faded things bright, to renovate, and warm, and light up his house for her coming? He dropped back into his chair and began to think. Could any magic make these apartments worthy of her? Then he rose hastily, unable to be still in his excitement, and took up his lamp in his hand again, and began to go over the room, his head throbbing with agitating thoughts. Every new door he opened sent a thrill of echoes through the place, until at last they disturbed the rest of old Antonio, who sallied forth in alarm, his grey locks tumbled from his pillow, his eyes fiery yet full of sleep, a coloured counterpane wrapped round him for want of better. "Ah! it is only the *padrone*," cried Antonio, turning his back without another word, but with muttered grumblings in his throat. He was



angry to be disturbed. "Surely he walks enough in the day to leave one tranquil at night," the old man grumbled, as he restored the counterpane to his bed. Then a momentary thought struck him that it might not be the *padrone* at all, but his double, presaging evil. But after a moment's thought, Antonio dismissed that idea; for had not his quick eye caught that very thin place, not yet a hole, on the right leg of the *padrone's* pantaloons, which he had brushed so carefully that morning? No ghost risen from the grave could know about that thin place. So Antonio went grumbling yet calm to bed.

Pandolfini took little notice of this old grey apparition. He gave the old man a nod, and passed on. There were many empty rooms to go through, all furnished after a sort, all with cold glistening marble floors, dim great mirrors, into which his lamp gleamed with mysterious reflections, dark pictures, bits of tapestry, here a frescoed wall, there a richly decorated roof. The remains of wealth, or rather the ghosts of wealth, were there standing with a forlorn pride in the midst of the cold and of the dim reflected lights. Of all the rooms he went into, only his own library could be called inhabitable, much less comfortable; and yet there was a faded grace and dignity in everything. Would she prize that and understand it? he wondered. Ah yes! Could it be possible that Diana did not understand everything, see everything with the noblest gentlest comprehension of all that had been noble, then she would not have been the Diana of his thoughts. She would understand. She would learn the story of the house, and its decadence, and its fall—all in a glance. But—

would she prefer her English comfort, her warmth of carpets and close-drawn hangings, and the insular way of cushioning and smoothing over every sharp corner—to this old chill splendour and poverty? He could not answer himself with any satisfaction; and his thoughts carried him further to his little farm in Tuscany, and the villa with its bare rooms and terraces, which had not even any trace of old splendour to veil the present poverty. Would it be better to dismiss the *forestieri* down below, who paid so good a rent for the *piano nobile*, and so make more room and a more seemly habitation—something more worthy of *her*? But then his foreign lodgers gave a very agreeable addition to his funds; and how could he do without that? or how adapt the villa for an English lady without spending of money which was impossible to him?

When the vague raptures of a dawning love change into plans of intending matrimony, the difference is very great. Had he known how rich Diana was, the simple-minded Italian might have taken matters more easily perhaps than an Englishman would have approved of; but he was an Anglo-mane, and had picked up some reflections of English thoughts, which made him try anxiously now if there was any way by which he himself on his own finances could accomplish all this. And the question was grave, very grave, deepening the furrows on his forehead. When he paused from these reflections, and the first initial thought of all,—the idea that Diana—*Diana!* loved him,—came back to his mind, Pandolfini's heart recovered itself with a great throb of happiness beyond all imagining, an incred-



lous triumph of joy, which took away his breath. But then he fell back again into his anxieties, his questions. To realise this crown of all possible gladness and delight, what cares, what anxious self-discussions, what elaborate calculations must he go through! how could he make her life fair, and bright, and free from the pinchings which were in so many Italian houses, which he had learned by heart in his own life, and which, if they no longer existed for him now, might come back again were he to launch into greater expenditure and luxuries hitherto unknown?

He sat up half the night pondering all these strange new thoughts, which were penetrated now and then as by a sudden golden arrow, by that flash of consciousness which made everything glow and shine. But this very consciousness, this ecstasy, was the occasion and beginning of the care. After he had deliberated and deliberated till his very brain ached, he took paper and a pen, and began to put down his calculations. The very act of doing so, putting this wonderful hope, so to speak, into black and white, and making his visionary preparations into a tangible thing which he could look at, thrilled him through and through again with touches of delight. He leant back in his chair, and laughed softly, so softly that the low utterance was more like a tone upon an instrument than the commonplace happiness of laughter. To him, to come to *him*! he who had never expected it, never hoped for it, since his first youth. Love! He was incredulous of it, yet believed in it to the bottom of his profound and passionate soul.

Thus he sat through the long night, feeling neither cold nor

weariness, nor as if he could ever want such vulgar consolations as sleep, until Antonio's first stirring in the blue chill of the morning aroused him from his arithmetic and his thoughts. He started guiltily, and saw the flicker of his poor little lamp reflected in the dim mirror at the end of the room, in the midst of a soft clearness of the day, which confused him, and gave him a sense of shame, as if some cool and calm spectator had suddenly looked over his shoulder and seen the follies that occupied him. Quickly and abashed he extinguished the lamp, gathered up all his papers carefully, opened the window to let in the morning air still somewhat chill: and feeling for the first time a little stiff and cold, crept noiselessly to bed, afraid to be found out by Antonio, who, however, was not deceived by this stealthy retreat, and knew very well by the smell of the suddenly extinguished lamp, and the creak of the opened window, that his master had been keeping unholy vigils. "Had he slept when all Christians ought to sleep he should have got up now," said Antonio, "instead of stealing to bed like a thief lest I should find him. Ah, *padrone mio*! if you could but learn what was for your true advantage!" But that is what young men will never learn till it is too late, Antonio reminded himself: for his master was yet young to Antonio, a fit subject for lecturing and good advice still.

Pandolfini came out of his room at a respectably early hour after all, and with innocent looks that did all but deceive his old servant. "I hope I did not disturb you last night," he said, with hypocritical amiability; "I was looking for—a book."

"The *padrone* did not disturb me last night," said Antonio, severely;





"but this morning when I found the lamp still hot, and the *illustrissimo's* chair warm! *padrone mio*, it is not good for the health. There is a time to sleep, which is the night; there is a time, if you will, to make calculations to amuse one's self—to play, if it is necessary—and that is day."

"I am going to make use of the day," said Pandolfini, taking the cup of coffee which was his cheerless breakfast. And then he added, "Don't you think, my old Toni, that the olives at the farm might yield a little more oil? Marchese Rolfo has no better land than I have, and yet he sends more flasks to the market."

"Marchese Rolfo is an old miser; he wrings the trees and the poor men that keep them," cried Antonio; "and Gigi at the villa is as honest a man as any I know. The *padrone* forgets that it has been a bad year."

"It is always a bad year," said Pandolfini, ruefully. "I never knew it otherwise since I was a boy."

"Praised be God, yet we live! we are not, after all, at the mercy of the olives," said the old man, cleverly shifting his ground; then he added, in more insinuating yet judicial tones, "If, instead of making calculations on the *tombola*, as I see you have been doing, whether numbers or colours I know not, the *padrone* would make himself beautiful and marry one of those rich English ladies, who have more money than they know what to do with——"

"Fie, Tonino! is it better to be at the mercy of a lady, than of the olives?"

"That is quite different. They are only women at the best, however rich they may be; and a man is no man who cannot manage a woman; but the Providence of

heaven which is inscrutable, which will send a frost when it is sunshine that is wanted, and torrents when one has but asked for showers, that is what no man can manage. The *padrone* may be sure that I give him good advice."

"And why not?" said Pandolfini, with that smile which is confusion to all givers of advice. "Why not?" Was that an answer to make, as if it were some bagatelle? Antonio began to sweep energetically, careless of his master's coffee; and Pandolfini sallied out into the fresh morning. He was not a man so objectless as not to know what to do with himself when he happened to be earlier than usual. But to-day, what was there to do? He crossed the streets, and went and looked over the low wall at Arno sweeping on below. There had been rain, and the stream was very full. The hurry and sweep of the yellow water seemed to carry his soul with it as it flowed and flowed. But it carried everything with indifference, not to be diverted from its flowing!—all kinds of waifs and strays, and even a common boat which had got loose, and was blundering heavily down-stream, like the blind thing it was, bumping here and there, carried along with a sort of labouring, piteous appeal for guidance. Pandolfini watched it with a kind of half amusement, half sympathy. It caught at last in a muddy corner under the first arch of the bridge, the only gloomy and dirty spot, so far as could be seen, in all the hurrying stream. Was this what Antonio called inscrutable Providence?—that strange, impersonal, half-heathen deity, to whose operations all Christendom attributes every evil with a sort of pious resentment!

When the boat was thus arrested in its course, Pandolfini roused



himself from his fascination. He went into the little Church of the Spina, close to the river, and heard a Mass, though it was not his custom; and then he sallied forth again, and performed a multitude of little duties which he had neglected—a curious jumble. He paid a few little debts; he went and looked at some pictures which he had long forgotten; he paid a few visits—to an old *canonico* in the cathedral, who had taught him when he was a boy, to an old servant, to a friend whom he had almost lost sight of—such visits as might be made any morning. It seemed to him afterwards that everything he had done was like the half-conscious act of a man taking leave of his old life. When the thought occurred to him it did not make him melancholy. It is only sad to take leave of a phase of life which is ending, when that to which you look forward is less happy. When it is the other way, is there not a secret exultation, a concealed happiness, even in the farewell?

It was too early yet to go to Hunstanton, to inquire into his success. Englishmen are not so early as Italians, and Pandolfini remembered with a smile all the ceremonies that his friend had to get through before commencing any enterprise out of doors. First his breakfast—a meal unknown to the abstemious Tuscan, whose coffee was swallowed in two minutes; then the letters and newspapers which the post brought him; then his “business” in his study apart from the vulgar eye, a formula Mr Hunstanton went through religiously, as if he had his estate to manage on the second floor of the Palazzo dei Sogni. All these had to be gone through—and who could tell how many

more? He gazed at the great house from the other side of the river before there was any sign of waking save in the rooms under the roof, where the tenants were out upon the *loggias*, and busy with their morning occupations like the rest of their country-folk, long before the drowsy English had opened an eyelid.

Then the *persianis* began to open one by one, and the mist of dreams cleared off. On the first floor the *persianis* had not been closed at all. How he knew Diana in that! how she loved the air, the morning sunshine, not yet too hot for pleasure, the soft gay shining of the morning, even the sounds beneath which more fastidious *forestieri* objected to! Nor hers the ear that was ready to be offended by lively voices of common life, by the morning noises and cries of humble traffic. Pandolfini's heart swelled and a soft moisture of exquisite feeling came to his eyes. Though she was of the family of the Dreams, as he had said, no artificial gloom of drawn curtains, of hushed movement, was natural to Diana; the early sunshine, the morning bells, the herb-gatherers' cry in the streets, were no disturbance to her. The sweet homely stir of living was the best call for her. He felt that it was in her to rise lightly as the lark to all the duties of that blessed common living, were they necessary; and the more homely they were, the more noble would Diana appear in them. So he thought, looking across from the other side of Arno with that exquisite moisture in his eyes, in that glory of the morning. As a matter of fact, the first English head that appeared at the windows of the Palazzo dei Sogni was Mrs Norton's, who pushed the *persianis*



open with her own hand to air the rooms, and looked out like a little brown hen-bird, the grandmother, if there could be such an official, of the nest. She called to Sophy to make haste, to get ready, while she made the tea, and to come and look at the market people coming in from the country—or rather going away again, as they were by this time; and then Sophy looked out with all her curls. But the watcher did not so much as notice these two, and Diana's balcony remained vacant. Notwithstanding all these beautiful thoughts about her, and notwithstanding that these thoughts were all true, Diana, as a matter of fact, was not, at this period of her life, an early riser, as has been already said.

Poor Pandolfini! He knew no more than the least interested passer-by the disastrous business his English friend was doing for him a little later on—nor how his fate was getting decided, and all the miraculous sweetness over which he was brooding, being turned to gall. He waited through all the long morning, remembering English habits, with a shrug of his shoulders, till “luncheon”—mysterious word!—should be over; reflecting, perhaps not quite justly as he did so, on the portentous English appetite which demanded two meals so early in the day. Then, with a heart which did something more than beat, which gave leaps and bounds against his breast, and then paused breathless to recover itself, he rushed up the long stairs. Diana was on her balcony as he approached, and after a little wave of her hand to him, disappeared suddenly. What did that mean? His heart sank, then bounded again with excitement, anxiety, suspense. He rushed up to the

Hunstantons' second floor like a whirlwind, and found himself in his friend's room, breathless, speechless, breaking in, he supposed, like a thief.

“Well?”—all the breath left in him, and all the fever of emotion, came forth in the one word.

“My dear fellow!” cried Mr Hunstanton, with both hands held out, “my dear Pandolfini! I congratulate you! Well?—yes, of course, all's well as I told you. They are as pleased as possible—say they never thought of such a thing, as all women do—but feel sure there never was anybody so good, and so perfect and delightful. Bless you, I knew it! They are as happy as you are, all in a flutter; and you are to go up at once.”

Pandolfini's eager countenance was as a gamut of all emotions as his friend spoke—the blank of utter anxiety, the leap of hasty delight, the cloud of doubt: and withal a touch of fastidious and troubled dissatisfaction impossible to describe. He grasped and held Hunstanton's hands, holding himself up by them, body and soul, and gazing at him with eyes that grew almost terrible in the strain.

“*They!*” he said, still breathless, with a long-drawn gasp, in a voice husky with agitation. “*They!* Who is—the other?”

“My dear fellow! You to ask such a thing with your Italian notions! Of course, her aunt! You might have done it, being the lover; but you don't suppose I, an ambassador, could have made my proposals to little Sophy all alone! Love has turned your head.”

Pandolfini dropped his friend's hands: a sudden darkness seemed to come over him and swallow him up. He staggered to the window, and stood there silent for a moment, looking blankly out.



## RECENT BOOKS ON THE COUNTRY.

THERE is no more delightful reading than the book of Nature, though too often the commentaries on it are desperately dull. There is poetry breathing from every page, as it is rich in romance and the animated drama. Nowhere is there such infinite variety in subjects and spectacles, from the sublimity of stern scenery, where the elements are in their wildest moods, to the softness of summer landscapes, slumbering under skies of azure in lotus-eating calm: from the blaze of a sunset on the limitless sand-wastes of the desert, to the roar of the surging ice-packs against the splintering ice-cliffs of the Pole. The sparrow foraging for a living in the London streets, under the wheels of the hansoms, is as picturesque in his way and as individual in his habits as the condor who has his habitation among the volcanoes of the Andes; and the beetle in his brilliant mail, or the mole, with his compact strength and bull-dog courage, is at least as deserving of close observation as the singular ant-bear or the mighty elephant. There is matter for epics in the devastating migration of the lemmings, or the headlong rush of those extinct herds of the bison, whose bones still whiten the Western prairies; in the flight of the locusts glorified by Joel, leaving desolation, famine, and epidemics behind them; as in the whirl of the weary birds of passage in a blustering autumn night, round the lonely light-tower on some rock of the ocean which flashes magnetic attraction through the watery cloudland.

Nothing strikes us more forcibly than the inspiration of Nature on

those who are born with the genius that sympathises with her. We have said that many of the commentaries are dull; but that is because so many intelligent men mistake their vocation. The drudge who is indefatigable in his observations and in noting them down in tabulated form in a diary, or the scientist who dexterously manipulates the microscope, may be invaluable in providing materials *pour servir*; but they cannot clothe the skeletons in vivid flesh, and send the blood coursing to the complexion, through the multiplicity of veins and arteries. As for the globe-trotters and book-scribblers, who describe their glimpses at forest or jungle, in the futile idea of helping to pay expenses, or, as the preface says, "at the urgent entreaties of friends," we may dismiss them with the contempt they deserve. But we repeat that it is wonderful so many of the most enthusiastic sportsmen should take at least as kindly to the pen as the rifle. According to our taste, there are few sensational romances to rival Harris's 'Wild Sports' in Southern Africa, when the Transvaal was the private preserve of the savage autocrat Moselekatse. Gordon Cumming — although we suspect that he habitually played truant from school, and graduated in the forests of Strathspey and the salmon-pools of the Findhorn — scarcely falls short of Harris in spirited narration. As for Sir Samuel Baker, who, after his experiences with 'The Rifle and Hound in Ceylon,' lived for years among sporting barbarians between Gondokoro and the great lakes, and who saw, from his shooting-



lodge on the banks of the Blue Nile, the giraffe, the elephant, and the rhinoceros disporting themselves among the timber in his park, he is one of the most charming of English writers. Or, if we turn from savage Africa to our own empire of Hindustan, we have books that have become classics with generations of sportsmen. There are, for example, 'The Old Forest Ranger,' the 'Highlands of Central India,' by Forsyth, the 'Wild Sports and Wild Beasts' of Colonel Gordon Cumming, a brother of the mighty African hunter; and, to come down to our own days, there are few pleasanter volumes than 'Tent-Life in Tigerland,' by Inglis. Be it remembered, we are not remarking on the matter of these gentlemen, but on their manner and easy literary style. There is a certain excitement that needs little embellishment, in the chance of being tossed by an elephant or torn by a tiger, or in tumbling from the face of a frozen precipice into a fathomless abyss, on the shelving "Roof of the World," where General Macintyre, as he describes in his 'Hindu Koh,' went in for the wildest of stalking and mountaineering, between the gardens of Kashmir and the Steppes. But with all these writers, with the exception perhaps of Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, the blood and the butchery are kept in the background. What they revel in is the wild life in the invigorating air, with its incomparable opportunities of zoological study. They do not even make much of their hairbreadth escapes, which are all incidents in the day's work, and accepted as matters of course. They draw the scenery they enjoy with a facile pen; they dash off effective sketches of savage character; they

paint in brilliant colours the picturesque manners and customs, the scarcely altered survivals of prehistoric times. As we owe to being indebted for a good part of our French and Scottish history to the writings of Dumas and Sir Walter Scott, so we may say for ourselves, as for many others, that the books of our best sporting writers have told us more of geography, ethnology, and zoology than we should ever have been likely to pick up elsewhere.

If there is necessarily less sensation in the books on rural England, they command a wider range of sympathy and interest. We fancy that even the hard-worked agricultural labourer is more susceptible to impressions than is generally supposed; and we know how the most poverty-stricken inhabitants of our great cities delight in a "day in the country," though they can only appreciate its attractions like the turnkey in 'Little Dorrit,' who had vague impressions of "daisies and all manner of games." It is not in our present purpose to speak of the poets, and yet we cannot pass them over in absolute silence. From Chaucer downwards, their most seductive passages, set to the sweetest melody, have been on scenes and subjects associated with the country. We might throw off with Chaucer's hearty burst—

"Ha, ha, the fox! and after him they ran."

How often have we heard in concerts and drawing-rooms the native wood-notes wild of Shakespeare, set to more modern music: "I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows," or, "Who loves to lie with me, under the greenwood tree!" The English genius of Shakespeare scorns the prosaic limitations of soil and climate, and



"Midsummer Night's Dream" all the better that he sprinkles sun-burned Attica with the field-flowers of sylvan Warwickshire for the joy of the bees of Hymettus, and gathers the "dew-berries" of the showery English midlands in the hedgerows of an imaginary Arcady. Though there is much mannerism and affectation in Herrick, some of his winter pictures are admirable. Denham, the Cavalier poet of the first Charles, has painted "Cooper's Hill" with wonderful spirit and beauty. No artist can illustrate "Windsor Forest" more delightfully than the eminently artificial and self-sufficient Pope, for his genius under congenial inspirations would break through its habitual trammels; and then peasant England had its Bloomfield and its Clare, when Thomson in Scotland was singing the 'Seasons,' to be succeeded by Burns and Allan Cunningham and the Ettrick Shepherd, with a host of inferior yet melodious bards.

Many a man of humble birth has stocked a small farm or started in a modest trade, through the rhyming touch of sympathy with Nature which makes him nearly akin to so many of his countrymen. Byron was never more vividly pathetic than when, looking back in melancholy upon blighted hopes, he sang the beauties of the landscape between Newstead and Annesley, and immortalised the solitary clump of trees which was sacrilegiously felled by a rival's jealousy. Even friendly critics, such as Ellis, Erskine, and Morrit, were hard upon Scott for breaking the chivalrous flow of his 'Marmion,' by the dedications he prefaced to the cantos. For ourself we should almost sooner sacrifice the great poem itself. Ruysdael never painted the finer th

isolated Ashiestiel looking down on the frost-bound rivulet, that should have been hurrying its waters to the Tweed. No wonder, perhaps, for the landscape-painter of Dutch and Flemish flats never had the luck to happen upon so romantic a subject. The dreamy Wordsworth forgot his philosophical speculations and shook himself free from the tedious company of pedlar and leech-gatherer, when he asserted his claim to be king of rocky Cumberland, by dashing into his verse its cliffs and its tarns, with the raven croaking from his weather-beaten pines, and the kingfisher and water-ousel fitting along its beck and brooks. And to tear ourselves away, and to take a leap down to the Laureate, —who has gone with more minute and searching observation into all botanical details with the variations of seasons and districts? It is many a year now since the author of 'Jane Eyre' made an old Lancashire squire praise "the young man" for the shrewdness with which he had noted the tints of the blackened ash-buds in March. Morrit has told how he saw Scott at Rokeby, making notes of the wild-flowers on the Greta, for service in his forthcoming poem. Scott explained that Nature never repeated herself conventionally, except, as he might have added, in the contemporary drawing-room annuals. Tennyson, who paints with a more minute delicacy of touch, goes far beyond Scott. With his laborious finish the writer of "The May Queen" and "Mariana" is the Van Ostade or the Franz Mieris to Scott's Ruysdael.

As for prose writers, we see that the books which take the fancy of the public, and are handed down in successive editions, the attractions we



have noted in the volumes of foreign adventure. It is true that our English authors cannot have the same sensational experiences, and it is all the pleasanter for them. Gilbert White never faced the chances of being stung by whip-snakes or rolled up in anaconda coils when he went grubbing about in Selborne Hanger; nor had Richard Jefferies to look out for the spring of the crouching jaguar when he loitered along the field-paths of Wilts or Surrey. But there is a romantic home interest, all the same, in such stories as those of the immemorial pair of ravens building in the tree on the cliff, which no scapegrace from the village could ever scale; as in Jefferies' pictures of the keeper patrolling his coverts in the night, when he knew that the poachers were abroad, and that he might have occasion to handle his bludgeon. They describe the condition of primitive districts, where the labourer still lived very much as the serf under the rule of the Plantagenets; they tell us of time-worn lanes under impenetrable canopies of foliage, like those where the Breton Chouans ambushed in their relentless warfare with the "Blues," changed into impracticable water-courses for the winter season; of eccentric characters, whose misanthropic foibles had grown on them, in an isolation that knew of nothing beyond the bounds of their parishes; of hovels on the heaths, frugally lighted by stripped rushes dipped in mutton-fat; of the marvellous simple, supposed to be sovereign for every malady except the rheumatism or old age; and of the strange superstitions that had been always associated with lych-gates, wych-elms, shrew-mice, and all the rest. We can scarcely pretend to explain the hold which

the delightfully gossipy parson of Selborne has established on our affections. For his style is simplicity itself, and sometimes brief and bald, almost to provocation. Yet somehow he can hit off in black and white and in a line or two, as if with the flying brush of a Rembrandt or the clever etching tool of a Railton, the dark swifts circling round the village church-tower, or the wild-fowl that haunted the meres in Wolmer or Alice Holt forests. We love to listen to him, broaching his heterodox theories as to the hibernation of swallows, with the conviction of the man who is resolved to be convinced, in his formal and somewhat pedantic letters to Pennant or Barrington. Nor are we ever tired of hearing of that passion of his for the venerable Sussex tortoise, which Russell Lowell ridiculed with delicious geniality in one of his fugitive essays.

We can better account for our liking for William Howitt. His home wanderings and his insatiable admiration of the historic and picturesque carried him to the most interesting scenes in the British Isles, from the Cornish Castle of King Arthur to the field of Culloden. He was as catholic in his tastes and likings as White was concentrated. He was gifted with an easy and fascinating style, which could dispense with florid embellishment. Like his accomplished wife, and his brother Richard, although he seldom or never wrote serious verse, he was imbued with the true spirit of poetry. He was born in a secluded country house, educated with the rough sons of the villagers, and brought up in the wild scenery of the Peak. His familiar sympathy with the lower orders was developed by the sensibility



of his nature and his unquenchable thirst for the information he made it his business to collect. Mr Watson, whom we shall notice, had a precursor in Howitt, in his observations on the small "statesmen" of the north, and the penurious and hard-living natives of the Dales. Howitt's graphic sketches are not to be surpassed, although Mr Watson contributes a fitting sequel when he comments upon recent changes. We grant that Howitt may sometimes be tedious or even a trifle dull, when he drops into the guide-book vein, and dilates on the details and dates of castellated architecture, on escutcheons, armorial bearings, and the contents of picture-galleries. But you may always trust him to break away into old-world talk with the gossipy old housekeeper, or with the belated woodcutter he overtakes, when strolling inn-wards in the dusk, through the furze and the bracken in the deer-park. We should back him to "draw" anybody in the way of conversation; and he might have succeeded when Scott's friend Clerk was baffled by "the wight who could say nothing of anything but bend-leather." So that in a different manner, his travelling studies are almost as bright as Heine's wonderful 'Reisebilder.' What we may call Howitt's habit of being hail-fellow-well-met with everybody was inherited by Mr Louis Jennings, and with the same pleasant results. Next to the 'Rural Life,' and his 'Visits to Remarkable Places,' we ask no better company on an English tour than Mr Jennings's 'Field Paths and Green Lanes' or the 'Rambles among the Hills.'

We cannot apologise for the length of the introduction, for it is really the essence of the subject. But it is time we left the past for

the present, and spoke of the "Son of the Marshes." He has much in common with Jefferies, nor do we care to draw invidious comparisons. We shall only say in common justice, that the "Son of the Marshes"—we must abbreviate his anonymity into "the Son"—is still at his very best; whereas Jefferies, who was the victim of poverty and painful disease, had worn his work somewhat threadbare before he died. Both were of humble birth, both were, in a great measure, self-educated: each had the eye of the artist and the soul of the poet; and both were enthusiastic naturalists, by instinct as much as by reason. As for "the Son," he must be a very remarkable man, and, as we gather from the preface to his book, 'On Surrey Hills,' he is at once unfortunate and extremely fortunate. He is crammed with zoological knowledge and rural lore, and with ideas of all kinds struggling for expression. But as Moses, the great lawgiver, could not speak in public, so the gifted "Son" has no readiness in writing. Yet kindly Providence has sent him a *collaborateur*, and though we know nothing as to how the two divide their work, we do know that the result is undeniably delightful. The 'Annals of a Fishing Village' followed 'Woodland, Moor, and Stream'; but it ought to have come first in chronological order. It is the desultory autobiography of the marsh-bred and amphibious boy, who has shown us how much wild romance may still be found within about a thirty miles' radius from the centre of London. So in a sense all these books must be somewhat melancholy reading, for the picturesqueness of the past is being fast obliterated, as the greater migratory birds give the





metropolis a wider berth, and the "vermin" and birds of prey are disappearing before the persecution of the keepers and the enterprise of the suburban builder.

Whatever may be our regrets from the sentimental or romantic point of view, we cannot say in conscience that all the changes are for the worse. When young "Denzil" was a boy, somewhere beyond Sheerness, the "marsh bailiffs" were as busy in the saltings as in the eastern fens. "The marshlands were the home—the breeding-place—of fever and ague. Those scourges of the flats visited the dwellers constantly, and more or less severely according to the seasons. Sometimes, after a spell of hot weather, the wind would change to a colder quarter, and send the thick mists rolling over the flats, charged with all the dread exhalations of the swamps. Then not only did the dwellers on the marshes suffer, but the inhabitants of the healthier fishing villages as well. A thick cold mist enveloped all the district." We are told how the foul gases from the rotting marshes formed ghostly lights after dark, that flitted over the former haunts of the bittern; and how the old folks believed, with good reason, that these were corpse-candles, and the infallible harbingers of deaths. No doubt they were, and when once an epidemic broke out, thanks to the neglect of sanitation, its ravages were terrible. The fen-folk fought, and still fight, the marsh bailiffs by the aid of opium, which they take in tremendous doses. The Kentish marshmen find more agreeable antidotes, although possibly less efficacious. The whole population—whether fishermen, farmers, or labourers—was devoted to drink, whenever it had the chance, and more or less con-

cerned in the contraband trade. The clergymen who, by strange accidents, found spirit-kegs lying about in the vestries, were very ready to connive. In fact, the lives of their flocks and the amount of their indirect emoluments depended on defrauding his Majesty's customs. Every old mansion of any pretensions had its secret chambers and subterranean communications; with signal-stations ingeniously contrived among the chimneys, whence signals could be flashed to vessels at sea. The game was played according to certain rules, as the old Galloway smuggler said to Harry Bertram, in 'Guy Mannerling,'—"Hands off is fair play: here a cargo ta'en—vera weel, that was their luck," &c. — although shots, of course, were occasionally exchanged. But—

"Wonderful stories, however, did Scoot and Winder pour into Den's ears of what they had heard whispered by their fathers and grandfathers of scenes that had taken place, in which the space on the leads had figured significantly; of dark and stormy nights, they told, when a flash of fire had been seen to rise above and at the sides of that old chimney-stack just as the fishing-folk were going home to bed. And then, how between one and two in the morning, horses at top speed had been heard coming down the street, with the sound of round oaths and pistol-shots intermingled. After that a second flash had come up from the house-top, and the next moment horsemen at full tear had dashed round the house, crossed the garden, and made for the low wall of the mill-pond. Splash after splash had been heard by the miller's men who were at work inside the mill that night, before all had vanished no one knew whither. But no sooner were they out of ear-shot than other horsemen were heard coming up; and as they turned the corner those who caught a glimpse of them saw that they were excise officers."



Nothing showed more forcibly the popular feeling in favour of daring illegality than the fact that one of the most respectable men in the place, who might, doubtless, have been a churchwarden had it pleased him, notoriously lived by a smart smuggling schooner, keeping the crew in clover when the vessel was laid up. Naturally, that isolated community was superstitious. We have spoken of the jack-o'-lanterns, called corpse-candles, and regarded as ominous of deaths, and there were ghosts who notoriously walked in spots which were shunned after nightfall. Nay, it would seem there was something in those tales, for the very horses would snort with terror. The mournful booming of the bittern, the plaintive whistle of the curlew, the cries of the skeins of wild geese passing overhead, the angry screams of the storm-driven sea-fowl, sounded in the stillness of misty nights, when the wintry moon was wading through cloud-drift, to the ears of the fearful listeners as the wailing of restless spirits. Most dramatically impressive is the description of the lonely marshland church in "Old Titlark's Domain." Old Titlark was the venerable sexton, and, like his *confrère* alluded to by Dinmont in 'Guy Mannering,' was doubtless at home with ghosts and that kind of thing.

"There was one spot the shore-shooters and fishermen fought shy of, a church in the centre of a dark wood on an upland above the shore. It has now been cleared, and fruit-trees blossom where there used to be dark recesses in which the white owls hissed and snored, and the brown ones hooted; while the fox slipped about over the graves on his way to the marsh and the creek. Now and again, too, the unearthly yell of fierce cats was heard there. These

were creatures, no doubt once domestic, but which had long before gone wild in that wood, and had prowled and yelled there from time immemorial. The fishing-folks, being superstitious, would not be persuaded that they were cats at all. They said that the yells were unearthly sounds proceeding from unhappy souls who were, for some dire misdeeds, tormented before their time, whilst their bodies rested in the lonely churchyard. They were, however, large ferocious creatures, that played havoc at times with the farmers' poultry. The farmers killed any of the cats they got at, but many remained and wailed at night round about the old church, which was hidden, all except the square grey tower, in the midst of the trees. Not one of the fisher-lads would take his way by that church in the night-time."

A charming chapter, although on a melancholy text, is that on "Hard Times along Shore." It tells of the sufferings of man and the wild creatures in the protracted severity of exceptional winters. The fisher-folk had fish enough, but man cannot live by fish alone, when the cruel winds are piercing to the marrow. The birds, whether resident or migratory, were still worse off, for they were fluttering in pitiable feebleness over their frozen feeding-grounds. We hear of hungry gulls and waders skimming along the tide-line in flocks, in the desperate quest after anything edible. Strange that the instinct of gregariousness should be so strong, when it would seem that the selfishness of self-preservation would induce each creature to go a-questing on his own account. The crows from the land, with the gulls from the sea, found inestimable treasure when they discovered a field that had been freshly besprinkled with fish-manure; and all the birds, from the greatest of the gulls down to the little dunlings, were on the out-



look for the ebb of the tide. Then they were to be seen, hustling and shrieking and scrambling, as they followed each shoaling wave. Night and morning, the skies would be darkened with hosts high up in the air, the mixed multitudes of vociferous fowl winging their way southward. "There they go," the old shore-shooters would say, "duck, widgeon, geese, and plovers, all on the move. 'Tis dreadful hard times up in the north."

The 'Annals' give the recollections and fresh impressions of an eager boy to whom all the world was new. Neither hunger, thirst, fatigues, nor "weltings" could deter the zealous young naturalist from following the irresistible bent of his tastes. In 'Woodland and Moor' and 'On Surrey Hills' the man has matured his fancy, as he has been enlarging his knowledge and cultivating his mind. Many of the chapters are perfect idyls in prose. It is the old story of "Eyes and no Eyes." Where nine men out of ten would note little, this man peoples the picturesque country with the lurking animals whose habits invite yet elude observation, and he takes decided and original views, based upon his long and varied experiences. He is no great believer in the vaunted intelligence of birds, and he has come to the conclusion that the fox is a far less clever fellow than he has been represented. To be sure he has only had his acquaintances among the English foxes, which are coddled and preserved except on hunting days. The hill shepherds who know the marauders of the Highlands and of the Yorkshire fells have formed very different opinions. He reminds us that as we saunter along the woodland lane anxious eyes are

teaching us from lairs among the

leaves and roots. Much is to be seen at early morning when the night prowlers are going home to turn in for a quiet day's rest. For the dusk and the early dawn are the times when wild nature is most animated, and the roads for various reasons are the best places of observation. "Rabbits, rats, mice, frogs, and birds all live and roost or rest in hedges. The bottom of every good old hedge is a perfect fortress for the creatures." Consequently the hedges are infested by all manner of blood-thirsty ground-vermin. The hedgehog, whose favourite pace is a cheerful canter, naturally betakes himself to the roads for easy going. Shakespeare, who knew him well, and must often have met him under the Warwickshire elms, notes with his invariable fidelity the whine of the hedge-pig. The hedgehog with his wear of prickly armour need dread nothing but man. It is very different with the small birds who are hunting after moths and night-flies. They in their turn became the prey of the kites and hen-harriers and sparrow-hawks. As for the owls, they are always out, and generally questing in couples. No bird has been more misunderstood, and Gray did him great and inexcusable injustice when he struck a false note for Cockney verse-makers by singing of the moping owl. His night-cry, when abroad, is suggestive of anything but moping; and in reality he is a fellow of infinite jest, though his humour is of a dry and saturnine or sanguinary order. Floating noiselessly on down-lined wings, with flashing eyes fitted with lenses of infinite microscopic power, he is always springing practical jokes and unpleasant surprises on unsuspecting mice and shrews and small birds. Then, as he stows



the prey away in his roomy cheek, he sweeps softly round the corner with a complacent chuckle. And he gloats grimly over the screams of the unfortunate frog, who is being submitted to a process of slow vivisection. "The Son" remarks that he has often heard the frogs complaining most bitterly about the cruelty of the operation. Then there is the fly-catcher, who works indefatigably to deserve his name; and the night-jar, that is death on all kinds of winged insects, pleasantly associated with the balmy pine-woods or breezy heaths, where he always seems to be springing a watchman's rattle, when the more decent-living day-birds have their heads beneath their wings.

What perhaps strikes us most in reading "The Surrey Hills" is the variety of wild animals still to be found in the home counties, within a very short railway journey of the metropolis. We are told, for example, of a certain pool near the bottom of Box Hill—and we happen personally to know it well—which must have some special attraction for birds of passage, and is even now frequented occasionally by wild geese. We are not surprised to hear that, going out for an early stroll in the morning sunshine near Guildford, "the Son" heard the swish of the wings of the mallard flying lovingly with his mate. But we are astonished that, stealing towards the skirts of the woods, he should often have heard the call of the blackcock at play, and seen the Black Prince in all the pride of his glossy plumage, parading in the midst of his admiring seraglio. Of course the fox may pick and choose his quarters, with free right of earths, rabbit and warren. But at one place "the Son" came upon a badger, living "convenient" as the Irish say, to his vulpine cousin's resi-

dence, and in close proximity to a labourer's cottage. We are puzzled to know how the beast was ever bred there, for the harmless badger has been remorselessly proscribed by the game-preservers, since the brutal sport of badger-drawing went out of fashion. His rarity is shown by the fact that this labourer, who had lived all his life on the Surrey hills, was sadly puzzled as to the mysterious animal's identity. He spoke of the "queer critter that had come to his garden—to his mind it was very like a little pig—in fact, fust off he reckoned it was one o' his young snorkers had got out." There are still otters, too, in the "sullen Mole,"—in the "burrowing Mole," as the poets have styled it,—where it dives and rises again in pools under the alders and the black yew-shade of Norbury Park. Here are some passages from a nocturnal drama, in which a pair of otters play the leading parts. They illustrate the writer's power of description as well as the minuteness of his zoological knowledge. He goes down to the Mole one night, in company of a gentleman whom we strongly suspect to have been a professional poacher.

"It was a waiting job, no mistake about that, and the midges were ferocious. We kept, of course, perfectly quiet, and about midnight a splash was heard in the pool below, as if some dog had jumped into the water.

"'Hark!' whispered my companion; 'they are at play, and will pass the ford directly.'

"That splash answers two purposes; there is fun and profit as well in it, as far as the otters are concerned. The fish rush to the sides of the banks; so do the otters. Frightened fish lie closely together; the otter knows this, and catches them easily."

"As we still stand perfectly quiet



a hedgehog comes to the toe of my shoe, places his fore-feet on it, sniffs, murmurs a little, and passes on. Rabbits dot to and fro, and one hare rushes over the meadows. You hear the yapping bark of the dog fox and the scream of the vixen all through the night."

The old poacher, getting impatient, slips quietly down into the water; the dog-otter slips by, still more stealthily, between his leg and the bank, escaping a shot by very audacity. The watchers in the ambush wait on, resisting the temptation to fire at ducks and at a heron which settles down solemnly within a few yards of their station. For all the time they can hear the otters—who had been foolish enough not to take the first hint—exchanging calls. And we are sorry to add that one fell a victim as he dashed like a streak of silver down the dark waters of the sluggish stream. "The Son" has some interesting remarks on woodcocks, which, strange to say, appear now to breed far more freely in England than formerly. When St John wrote his 'Wild Sports of the Highlands,' their nesting even in Northern Scotland was supposed to be so rare, that he appeals to the Morayshire keepers in support of his statements. "The Son" professes to distinguish the cocks of the New Forest from those on the Surrey Hills, by plumage and otherwise. There we hesitate to admit his conclusions, considering that the migrants must still infinitely outnumber the home-bred birds. We would willingly linger with him by the romantically named "kissing style" near the Mole, which serves the purpose of the symbolical misletoe, when rustic lovers stray abroad in the gloaming: in the gloomy grounds of a deserted Surrey mansion, infested by snakes

and noxious reptiles, till an inventive genius suggested their destruction by swine: in the dreary "No Man's Land," where the savage squatters and villagers used to resent the appearance of every decently dressed stranger: and in the broken Sussex borderland, once covered by the vast Anderida forest, where moated and fortified farm-buildings still attest the insecurity of life and property in the days of outlawed freebooters and banded refugees from justice. Nor is there anything more picturesque in his volume than the vivid description of a forest-fire, where cattle and ponies, ground-game and foxes, were all flying for their lives, in the blinding and smothering clouds of fiery smoke which were singeing and suffocating the fowls of the air, like the moths that are scorched in the flame of a candle. But we must hurry on to hear something from Mr Watson, who is as enthusiastic a naturalist as the "Son of the Marshes," and who has at least as happy a knack of sketching the rustics and their manners.

Mr Watson's observations take a wider range; he has rambled through many of the English counties, although he seems to have been brought up in the north. Many of his remarks are strikingly suggestive, and although at first sight they may seem paradoxical, we are strongly impressed by their truth. He contrasts, for example, the nocturnal quietude of a mighty city like London, with the noises and the notes of animated nature which perpetually disturb the silence of the country.

"There seems no absolute and general period of repose. There is always something abroad, some creature of the field or wood, which by its voice or its movements is betrayed. And



just as in an old rambling house there are always strange noises which cannot be accounted for, so in the by-paths of nature there are innumerable sounds which cannot be localised. To those, however, who pursue night avocations in the country—gamekeepers, poachers, &c.—there are always calls and cries which bespeak life as animate under the night as that of the day."

He tells how he has often crouched motionless on some shelf of rock, softly cushioned with moss, listening to the "churring" of the wings of the night-jar, and the whirring of its jarring note; to the short sharp bark of the prowling dog fox, or to the melancholy night-cry of the otter. He tells how he has lain on the confines of a wood in the warm summer-time, when the air was filled with a solemnly joyous harmony, yet each separate sound might be traced to its source, and their impressions were as distinct to the mind as the ever-changing sights to the eye. He speaks with modest doubt, though with much knowledge, of the mysteries and marvels of migration, for the bird-movements go forward on regular lines, and he has known how to post himself in the track of the migrations. He has seen such frail creatures as the goldcrests, steering their definite course resolutely in the teeth of a storm that threatened destruction to the strongest ships. It would appear that these migrants are propelled by an insensible *ἀναγκη*; for a day or two up or down ought to be of little consequence to them, when they can find comparatively comfortable quarters in the copses beneath the groaning and bending trees. He finally describes the sights he has seen from a lonely lighthouse in the boisterous North Sea, and it is situated, we presume, on the island of Heligoland, which

is a favourite halting-place of the weary travellers.

"The daughter of the lighthouse is trimming the lights. . . . It is now nearly one o'clock. A strong east wind blows over the North Sea, with fog and drizzling rain. For hours flocks of larks, starlings, mountain-sparrows, titmice, wrens, redbreasts, chaffinches, and plovers strike the light, and hundreds have fallen. Thousands of birds are flying round the lantern—their white breasts, as they dart round and round in the light circle, having the appearance of a heavy fall of snow."

And then he goes on to speak of the open pages presented in the volume of Nature after a snow-storm, when the shyest of birds and the stealthiest of furry poachers have left tell-tale traces of each movement they have made. The language, though in type of very different sizes, is always legible enough to the practical student.

Migrants will still come and go, though the swans and the wild geese—even the ruffs and the reeves—begin for obvious reasons to avoid their favourite haunts. But though more wild creatures than we might have believed may still lead a skulking existence among us, the work of extermination has made melancholy progress. Of course the hills of the Lake country, the secluded dales in the Yorkshire Ridings, and the broad expanses of barren moor on the Borders, are the most variously peopled of our natural fastnesses. Mr Watson reminds us that, not so many decades ago, the golden eagle and the peregrine continued to have their nests in inaccessible cliffs on the misty Helvellyn, getting the best part of their living at the cost of the sheep-farmers of the fells. The white-tailed eagles bred on the rocks of the western coast that



had been hollowed out in caverns by the surge of the ocean, and preyed alternately on the sea-fowl or on the moor-fowl and the mountain-hares. Eagles even now may be occasionally seen, for their flight is strong and their range indefinite. But they revisit their old homes as strangers and foreigners, on visits that are few and far between. Even the ravens of the Lake districts have been ruthlessly killed down—probably they have been put through a practical course of the chemistry of poison—and in his last visit to the haunts of his youth he found that one venerable pair were the sole survivors of the original "Red Tarn Club," immortalised by old Christopher when he put on his sporting jacket.

The changes and modifications of habit have been nearly as great among the human inhabitants of those isolated dales. In an overcrowded country like this, the progress of civilisation, although it may be delayed in some directions, is universally irresistible in the end. We remarked that Mr Watson's most effective pictures of the past are the complement and sequel to those by Howitt. Many of his pages will be invaluable material for the future historian of old English life. "The folk of the fell-dales lived out their lives in a narrow way—lives that were bounded by the hills of the valleys that had bred them." Wordsworth visited them with his sister, and hit off in "Peter Bell" their physical characteristics with poetical realism:—

"And he had trudged through Yorkshire dales,

Among the rocks and winding scars :  
Where deep and low the hamlets lie,  
Beneath the little patch of sky,  
And little lot of stars."

The nearest seaport or manufacturing town might be a hundred

miles away ; no one cared to go beyond the bounds of his native parish ; the trade was conducted by the travelling pedlar ; the heavier imports and the export of wool were carried on long strings of pack-horses. The dale folk, although not ungenerous to each other, were penurious to the last degree. Their only notion of a safe investment was the cottage thatch or the goodwife's stocking. Most of the natives were decently-to-do "statesmen," who owned and farmed their holdings. And each statesman had his rights of common on the mountain-pastures belonging to the community of the dale. Disputes were settled by local judicial tribunals of their own, by no means unlike the Indian *panchayat*.

"The old-fashioned yeoman followed the most primitive methods of agriculture. He lived along the sides of the dales, a mountain-stream rushing through his rich meadows immediately beneath. His house and barns, built primarily with a view to shelter, were composed of rocks and boulders from the fell slopes, and were more like productions of nature than of art. The homesteads were generally planted at the base of the mountains, as there the soil is richest and deepest. . . . Taking our stand by the margin of the valley stream, we have first the meadow slip, then the 'intacks' or fell-side pastures ; the 'grassing heads,' and finally the mountains. Many of the enclosed hill-pastures are fringed with shaggy underwood and bosky dells, vestiges of primitive forests. In limestone caverns and recesses of the hills, remains of bears, wild boars, and wolves are found ; while on one of the fells there still remains a large herd of red-deer."

These farms used to average a yearly value of some £50. But the small holdings have been gradually merged in larger, and the larger have been swallowed up in extensive sheep-farms, as were



fencing has often replaced the former natural landmarks. The statesman had always a hard struggle with the seasons. The short summers were often wet; the winters were terribly severe. He had the right of pasturing some five hundred sheep on the common lands, and he selected the hardy breed of the Herdwicks. In place of seeking shelter below, they climbed before the snowstorm to the wind-swept summits. Thus they escaped being buried in the drifts, and they scraped away the snow like the chamois to come at the herbage. The statesman clothed himself from his own fleeces with clothes that were made under his own roof from the wool that was spun by his own women. In the winter-time he saved costly fuel and light, by rising and going to bed with the sun, which very sufficiently accounts for any lack of education or intelligence. Such lights as he did use, when necessity compelled, were made like those of the cottagers under Selborne Hanger and in Wolmer forest, of rushes dipped in a solution of sheep-fat. Oatmeal and bacon were the staple fare; the more substantial yeomen smoked their mutton and salted their beef. The servants, who were clothed and boarded, had but a mere trifle of money wage. The bootmaker was conspicuous by his absence; even the children of the parson went to church in iron-bound clogs. We are told that even now there are no grates in the smaller dwellings. The fire of peat or wood used to be laid on the hearth under the vast chimney; the fires were always "raked" at night, to save rekindling with flint and steel; and "some are known never to have been extinguished for a century." But all we have been quoting concerns the better class of

yeomen. "The class below them knew little of their comfort and nothing of their luxuries. The land-labouring classes were badly housed, and were fed on barley boiled in milk, with the addition of meal-bread, butter, and a small quantity of salted meat. This diet told terribly upon the poorer population in spring, for ague set in with painful regularity." Yet, even so, these dalesmen must have been far better off than the labourers in the southern and south-western counties; and they had to pay no such heavy dues to the marsh bailiffs as the dwellers in the eastern fens or on the Kentish marshes.

In these primitive communities the parson was among the poorest. On the other hand, there were no claims on his charity, nor was he called upon to keep up appearances. Mr Watson selects a typical specimen, whose biography is matter of history. He turned his hand to anything, and took wages for his work without any scruple. He was schoolmaster as well as rector or vicar. He made hay and sheared sheep: he made wills and butter-prints, and he acted as notary-public. His services were always paid in wool. He was busy with the spinning-wheel while he taught the children. He carried his own wool-bags to market on his own shoulders; he lived to the patriarchal age of ninety-three; and by diligence in business and rigid economy he bequeathed his family a fortune of £2000. Frugal as they were, the dalesmen had their festivities. The annual shearing was celebrated with unwonted luxury and profusion. The tables, stretched upon trestles in a great barn, were surrounded by a jovial company seated upon sacks and creels. The *menu* was Gargantuan.





"Huge rounds of beef, legs of veal and mutton, quarters of lamb, hams, and pies of every description: there were sweet-puddings, and all things else in keeping." Strong ales and trays of tobacco still circulated when the dishes had been cleared away. The songs and the spirited Border ballads were ringing under the rafters through the dense smoke-wreaths; but all was conducted with due decorum, for the parson presided at one end, as the squire was enthroned at the other. For the parson was simply "one of us." He tilled his tiny glebe, and had his sheep-run on the fells. Another venerable and characteristic institution was the "shepherds' meeting"—a clearing arrangement like that of the London bankers or the Colorado ranchers—when wandering sheep were identified and reclaimed. All the intruders were driven into the rude stone-folds, and every shepherd took back his own. Mr Watson has much to say of the intelligence of those hill-sheep, and of the marvellous sagacity of the dogs that are the invaluable aides-de-camp of the shepherds. "They can be hounded for miles, as far as they can see the action of the shepherds directing them. In fact, they are quite knowing enough to work without their direction; and I have seen them scale a cliff and carefully bring a flock of sheep from the rocks and ghylls where not a single living thing was apparent to the eye." When the game is scarce, and the poultry-yards are too carefully guarded, the mountain foxes fall back on the mountain mutton, consequently the shepherds, leagued with the keepers, wage inveterate war against them. They trap and shoot and even lay poison in safe places. "till colonies of the foxes hold

their own in the hill fastnesses, and "the mouth of the earth is a perfect shambles." "Such a spot is a very paradise of foxdom, and a perfect training-ground for the cubs. They gambol about at twilight, sending up clouds of fur and feathers, evidently quite unaware that this is the most critical period of their lives. When found under such circumstances, a stout stick and a couple of dogs soon enable the shepherd to despatch a whole litter, and he never loses the opportunity." Nor is there any more popular pastime among the dalesmen than a regular hunt; such as Scott has inimitably described in 'Guy Mannering.' When the runs are unusually hard and long, some of the scratch pack are generally lost or brought to grief; and in especial there is always the danger of a keen hound getting himself "crag-fast." He follows the fox along some shelving ledge over a precipice, to a spot where he can neither go forward nor back. Then, unless his yelping for aid comes to the ears of his friends, he is doomed to a slow and miserable death; and even if he be "spotted," his torments may be tantalisingly increased by the knowledge that those friends of his can do nothing to help him.

We had intended to say something of 'Forty Years in a Moorland Parish,' but must be content to do it the injustice of dismissing it in a postscript. The Rev. Dr Atkinson, the incumbent of Danby-in-Cleveland, is learned in folklore and in local archæology as well as in natural history. He must be blessed with an excellent memory, and he has kept regular records. As to the old manners and customs, he fully confirms Mr Watson, and he also describes the changes that have taken place during his forty years of incum-

bency. Morality and education, agriculture, dairy - farming, and stock-raising, have all made marvellous advances. Hovels have, for the most part, given place to tolerably comfortable cottages, and the farmers and their servants now live like Christians, instead of herding promiscuously like the primitive Celts of Connaught. The advances are very suggestively marked by the story of his first visit to the living to which he had been presented. He walked from Whitby across the desolate moors. He met but a single soul to direct him, and neither could clearly comprehend the speech of the other. When at last he reached the hamlet where his predecessor resided, he found the parsonage was a low thatched cottage, with the cow-house at one end and a lean-to shed at the other. After much knocking, the minister took him in, receiving him in what was at

once the kitchen and the living room, where the family were sitting down to a frugal dinner with their daytal man or day-labourer. After dinner the one clergyman showed the other the church, where the rickety altar, draped in ragged green baize, was thickly covered with stale crumbs. It seemed that the Sunday teachers "got their meat" there, and never even cared to shake the tablecloth. The disregard for common decency and the sullen barbarism were explained by the isolation and the state of the communications. When crossing the moors, he met a waggon loaded with blocks of freestone from the quarries. And a mixed team of ten yoke of oxen and horses had stiff work to drag it over the rugged track. That single circumstance is significant enough of the state of things which Dr Atkinson has graphically depicted.

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## BEAM - T R A W L I N G.

A BRIGHT July morning, a blue sky, a sparkling sea smooth as a mill-pond, and the brave steam-trawler *Bosphorus*, ready to sail from the Fish-Market Wharf at Aberdeen to the fishing-grounds off Montrose.

"You ought to go out in one of the boats and see for yourself how the fish are caught and treated on board," one of the owners had said to me a few days previously, when I presented my letter of introduction, with a request for information. "I'll make every arrangement for your comfort," he kindly added; "just let me know when you have made up your mind."

The outcome of this kind offer was the voyage in the *Bosphorus*, so auspiciously begun that bright Thursday. The skipper's daughter accompanied me; and after saying *au revoir* to the friends who had come to see us off, we stepped on board, took up our position on camp-stools on the bridge, and were soon steaming across the harbour bar, and then S. by E., at a decent distance beyond the famous "three-mile limit."

As soon as we were so far out that we could no longer, even by the aid of the skipper's powerful glass, distinguish the familiar features of city and shore, I was conducted by him through the vessel, which I shall describe for the benefit of those who have not had an opportunity of seeing for themselves what life on board a trawler is like.

The *Bosphorus* is a paddle-boat of seventy horse-power nominal,

and of the following dimensions: Length, 112 feet; main breadth, 19 feet 2 inches; depth of hold, 9 feet 7 inches; length of engine-room, 47 feet 3 inches. She is fitted with a side-lever surface-condensing engine. Her registered tonnage is 138 tons. She has comfortable cabin accommodation; a fish-room; an ice-room; a winch, connected with the boiler when desired; a derrick or crane; and two sets of "gear," which I shall presently describe.

Trawling, although a comparatively new trade at Aberdeen, has made rapid progress—so rapid, indeed, that the *Granite City* is already recognised as the second fishing port in the United Kingdom.

In the year 1882 a few enterprising local merchants brought the first steam-trawler to Aberdeen. The value of her first year's catch of fish was £2890.

To-day about seventy first-rate steam-trawlers, all the newest of which are screw-boats, built and fitted with all the latest improvements, bring fish from the fishing-grounds in the North Sea. The amount of trawl fish landed at Aberdeen alone, for the nine months ending September 1891, was 146,076 cwt., representing a money value of £110,095. Every morning fish in large quantities are despatched from the handsome fish-market to the metropolitan and other southern markets, where Aberdeen fish, like Aberdeenshire cattle, have made for themselves a name.

The official returns are—

| Landed at Aberdeen.       |         | Cwt.    | Value.   |
|---------------------------|---------|---------|----------|
| Trawl fish, year 1891,    | .       | 198,988 | £156,264 |
| Do. first three months of | 1892, . | 62,674  | 43,573   |
| Do. do. do.               | 1891, . | 55,634  | 39,409   |



Trawling at Aberdeen and other Scottish ports is carried on in quite a different fashion from what it is off Grimsby, Hull, Shields, &c. There the boats are mostly sailing-vessels, which go out in what are known as "fleets"—that is, a large number together—and remain out for weeks at a time. Steamboats, known as "carriers," continually run backwards and forwards between the fleets and the various ports to which they belong, carrying out provisions and bringing back the fish to market. The fish are transferred from the fleets to the carriers by means of small boats, a practice that too often entails serious loss of life, especially in winter.

At Aberdeen, on the contrary, steam-trawlers are the only vessels in use, and short voyages of three or four days are the rule. The boats do not go in fleets, but each one steams and fishes on its own account when and where the skipper pleases.

To return to the Bosphorus. Our destination, as I have already said, was the fishing-grounds between Bervie and Montrose, some three hours' sailing from Aberdeen, and about twenty-nine miles out at sea. Our crew consisted of Captain Joe Ballard, the genial skipper, two fishermen, an engineer, and two firemen, a cook, and last, but not least, Princie, a fine brown retriever dog, a very important member of the boat's crew. Dinner was served shortly after we left port; and I may say here, that on all the trawlers the food supplied is abundant, and of the best quality.

On reaching the fishing-grounds, soundings were taken in order to ascertain, from the nature of the soil adhering to the tallow at the bottom of the lead, if the proper fishing-banks had been reached.

This having been decided on, preparations were made for "shooting away the gear." This gear consists of the "net," the "beam," the "trawl-heads," the "ground-rope," the "warp," and the "bridles."

The net is something in the shape of a huge jelly-bag, with the front or under part cut out. It is composed of tarred Manilla twine, and is divided into the "square" or upper and single part; the "batings"—viz., the part attached to the square, which runs down to the end, diminishing in size as it goes, to make the funnel-shape; the "belly," made of thicker twine to give it strength; the "wings," which run along each side, and connect the belly with the top. Then come the "false bellies," added to save the net, borne down by the weight of the fish, from wear and tear. The extreme point of the net is known as the "cod-end," and is very thick and strong. The net is usually about 70 feet in length. The upper or single part of the mouth is attached to the beam, the lower part to the ground-rope, which runs in a semicircle round the top of this lower or double part, and is generally about 104 feet long. The beam is supported at each end by an iron hoop or frame called a "trawl-head," generally about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  or 5 feet in height. The beam is thus carried all that height above the bottom of the sea, so that the popular idea that it drags along the ground, destroying fish and spawn, is erroneous, as well as absurd. Were that the case no fish would get into the net, seeing that it is the beam supported on the trawl-heads that keeps open the mouth of the net. As the gear moves slowly along in the wake of the vessel, the current of the water gathers the fish into the net; and once in, should they try



to escape, they get caught in what are known as the "pockets," from which escape is impossible. The trawl-heads are something like a pear in shape, and when in operation the lower sides move along the ground like the runners of a sledge. The whole apparatus is towed by the bridles, a steel rope 150 feet long, which starts from each of the trawl-heads, and unites in the form of a V at the point where it meets the warp composed of 200 fathoms Manilla rope, by which the whole is secured to the boat.

When all was ready, the engines were stopped and the net thrown overboard. The beam and trawl-heads followed, and as the vessel again moved slowly onwards, some 150 or 160 fathoms of the warp were unwound by the winch, in order to allow the gear freedom of action at the bottom of the sea. While it is down, the ground-rope sweeps the bottom and keeps down the lower part of the net. The best water for trawling in is from 20 to 30 fathoms, and the usual time for allowing the gear to remain down is four hours.

After tea, I spent the evening hours on deck, listening to the skipper's interesting reminiscences, and "tales of the stormy sea," as the vessel moved in a circle round the fishing-bank. The air was soft and warm, and the sea smooth as an inland lake. About 10.30 the cry "Up trawl!" broke the spell of *dolce far niente* that had been gathering round us, and all hastened to obey, our friend Prince being the first "man" to answer the summons. As soon as he heard it he ran to the side of the boat where the gear was, and kept jumping and wagging his tail till the gear was "hove up," quite interested in the "take." The men, less agile, though equally interested, donned their oilskins,

the steam was put on to the winch, and the warp wound up. By-and-by the beam and trawl-heads made their appearance, and were secured to the bulwarks. The empty part of the net was then drawn up by hand, and a final effort of the winch and derrick swung the bags containing the fish high above the deck. A rope at the extremity of the cod-end was loosened, and out fell the fish in a living cataract. All alive they were, and in splendid condition. How they flopped and wriggled on deck! and how I wished my prejudiced friends could have seen them! Surely, if they had, there would have been no more word of "choked" and crushed fish, &c.

That evening the "shot" was a good one. "You're lucky, miss," said the first fisherman to me, when the bag was opened; "here's some fine turbot." No sooner were the fish got on board than all hands were busily employed in storing them in ice, an operation over the doing of which no time is lost; but of this more by-and-by. As the work went on the darkness increased, and torches were lighted on deck. The effect was weird and Rembrandtesque in the extreme. The light and shadow; the eager fishermen; the living, moving mass of fishes; the nets glittering with phosphorescent gleams; the beacon-light of Scurdy Ness shining like a star on the far-distant horizon, and anon disappearing in the darkness, and all around the silent night and the murmuring sea. I did not remain on deck to see the conclusion of the work. Tired nature asserted her claims; so wishing "Good night" to all on board, I retired to my comfortable cabin, and soon fell sound asleep,

"Rocked in the cradle of the deep."



Next morning the roll of the boat was considerably increased. The surface of the sea was smooth, but there was a good bit of a ground-swell, and the weather was hazy. Nevertheless, as it was mild and warm even out at sea, I spent the most of the day on deck, enjoying my meals, picnic fashion, in the open air. There were several good "shots" brought on board at intervals during the day, so that I had excellent opportunities of watching the storing of the fish.

The turbot and other large fish were bled by cutting the main artery; those requiring cleaning from sand and slime were then washed in a trough of sea-water; the haddocks and other fish were gutted, and the whole shot was finally handed down to the fish-room, there to remain till the market was reached.

While haddocks, whiting, and other round fish are caught in abundance by the trawl, it is principally for our plentiful supply of the more *recherché* flat fish—turbot (*Rhombus maximus*), brill (*Rhombus levis*), lemon dabs (*Pleuronectes microcephalus*), plaice (*Pleuronectes platessa*), witch soles (*Pleuronectes cynoglossus*), &c.—some of which are seldom, if ever, caught on the lines, that we have to thank the trawl fishermen. But in addition to the edible fish they bring to market, they do valuable service by destroying large quantities of angler-fish (*Lophius piscatorius*), also known as "fishing-frogs" or "sea-devils." These monsters feed on immature fish, and are seldom caught on the lines, but are brought up in tons by the trawl fishermen. I saw any number of them brought on board the Bosphorus, and ugly-looking monsters they were.

The angler somewhat resembles a huge tadpole, and takes its name

of fishing-frog from the ingenious way in which it fishes or angles for its food. Nature has provided it with a complete angling apparatus, in the shape of a pair of elongated and tapering tentacles, with glittering morsels of membrane at the ends of them, which spring from its forehead. When the fish feels hungry, it stirs up the mud at the bottom of the sea and hides its body in it, all the while waving backwards and forwards the line and bait. It is another reading of the spider and the fly. The fishes come round to see what is going on, the angler bides its time; presently they draw nearer, when snap go the enemy's huge jaws, and lo! the poor silly fish are entombed in the capacious stomach of this living fish-trap. The mouth of an angler of about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  feet in length would measure about 14 inches from corner to corner, and as much across the gape. The quantity of fish devoured by these fishing-frogs must be enormous, and would certainly far exceed the number caught by the trawl fishermen. A skipper of one of the trawl-boats dissected an angler on the Fish-Market Wharf in my presence, for the benefit of a lady friend who accompanied me, and who wished to see what they really did feed on. Several large haddocks, which had been swallowed alive, were taken from its stomach in splendid condition, not a scale being ruffled, and firm enough to satisfy the most exacting house-keeper, besides a number of small fry of various kinds, and any quantity of spawn. The skipper threw them with a disgusted air on to a barrel of offal, exclaiming, "There's where the fish go, ladies, and yet they blame us poor trawlers!" So perfect is often the condition of these swallowed fish, that it has been darkly hinted they are not infrequently turned to some ac-



count. I heard of a man employed in one of the curing-yards who sold three flukes which he found in an angler's stomach for a shilling. He probably did not inform the buyer how he came by the flukes.

Not only has the angler a couple of rows of very long, sharp, and powerful teeth, which, from the peculiar formation of its mouth, close like the prongs of a rat-trap, so that it is impossible for its prey to escape; but the tongue and gullet are likewise covered with teeth, which, says Couch, in his 'History of British Fishes,' "by the action of muscles which act on the gullet, prevent such struggles as might obstruct the process of swallowing." The teeth of this monster, he adds, "appear to be in a state of perpetual renewal, and those of the inner row are for the most part the largest." When we learn that some 100,000 anglers are estimated to have been destroyed by Aberdeen trawl fishermen alone in the course of a year, we may imagine the service done by them in ridding the fishing-banks of so many of these ruthless devourers of fish and spawn.

Dog-fish, of which there are two species, are not so numerous off the north-eastern coast as they were formerly. They "follow the herring," however, and when they come in the way of the trawl-net, are caught in large numbers, seeing they are gregarious. They are about two and a half feet in length, and resemble the shark in appearance. They are a great nuisance to both herring and line fishermen, as they tear the nets of the former to get at the herrings, and bite the fish off the lines of the latter. On some parts of the coast dog-fish are occasionally so plentiful and troublesome that fishing operations have had to be suspended.

There were no dog-fish caught during my voyage in the Bos-

phorus, but I saw numbers of cat-fish (*Anarrhichas lupus*), also called "wolf-fish" or "sea-wolves." These creatures are extremely ugly in appearance; yet it is said that, if properly cooked, they are very good to eat. They are about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet in length, of a dull bluish-grey colour, and have large, prominent, formidable-looking teeth. In fact, the inside of their mouths may be said to be paved with teeth all the way down to their throats. By means of this crushing apparatus the cat-fish is able to masticate the crustacea which form its sole food-supply. To show me how the cat-fish could bite, one of the crew held an individual close to the top of the winch. So viciously did the creature tackle the hard iron, that its front teeth were broken right off and went bounding across the deck.

A more dangerous customer, so far as human life is concerned, is the Greenland shark (*Squalus borealis*), which is occasionally caught in the trawl. Specimens of this shark have been landed by trawl fishermen measuring 15 feet in length by 10 in girth. It is a great event on board a trawler when a shark is found in the net. It kicks up a terrible row on deck, lashing with its tail, and snapping with its huge jaws at anything it can reach. It is, however, speedily despatched by repeated blows on the head, and usually left on deck till the market is reached, when it is sold for a few shillings to be converted into manure.

A favourite amusement of mine on board the Bosphorus was to lean over the bulwark-rail and watch the jelly-fish (*Medusæ*) floating past, near the surface of the water, looking like fragments of summer clouds. Numbers of these lovely creatures are brought on



deck every time the trawl is "hove up." Cuttle-fish, star-fish, sea-urchins, and various kinds of crustacea are also caught in abundance by the trawl; but all of these, with the exception of the edible crab (*Cancer pagurus*), are shovelled overboard as soon as the marketable fish are disposed of, and the decks are then washed with an abundance of water, pumped up from the sea by the donkey-engine.

In the afternoon, after the skipper had had his "forty winks," I joined him on the bridge for the purpose of having a chat on various matters connected with his interesting though arduous occupation. The fog that had prevailed during the earlier hours of the day had cleared off, though the sky was still cloudy and the ground-swell continued. The existence of a swell at sea during fog is a phenomenon well known to sailors, though one for the existence of which, so far as I have been able to learn from them, they can give no reason. They do not say the fog causes the swell, but it certainly increases it. To use a Scottish sailor's phrase, the fog "houks [digs into] the sea." For my part, I thought we had had enough of it, so that I was glad when here and there on the leaden surface of the water cat's-paws gave promise of a breeze to break the monotony.

The first subject I touched on was the alleged destruction of immature fish and spawn. In reply to my query as to what he had to say to that charge, the skipper said that was a favourite cry of the line fishermen, although he thought they had little need to cast a stone at their neighbours, seeing they caught a great many more immature fish than the trawlers do,

adding, that he had seen as many as eighty boxes brought ashore in one day at Aberdeen containing fishes 7 to 9 inches in length. This last statement I have since been able to verify by statistics. I have found, since the time of my trip in the Bosphorus, that on one occasion a line-boat landed at Aberdeen "205 scores very small haddocks during the last fifteen days of July; 357 scores in August; 659 in September; 763 in October; and 120 scores in the first two days of November — making in all considerably over 20,000 small haddocks within a period of sixteen weeks, not to speak of a large quantity of very small whittings."<sup>1</sup> I have often wondered to see the quantities of immature fish landed on the Market Wharf by the line fishermen. When we learn, however, that Aberdeen line fishermen use the smallest hook of any in the kingdom, it is no wonder that off *that* port, at least, great numbers of small fish are brought ashore. Our skipper further gave his opinion that the meshes of the trawl-net are too wide to retain many such small fry, seeing that the nets used by the Scottish trawl fishermen have the largest mesh of any on the whole British coast. This cry of the trawl destroying immature fish is, however, getting out of date nowadays. Special investigations have been made in vessels chartered for the purpose, the results of which have mostly gone to prove that, with regard to the alleged destruction of immature fish and spawn, neither of these sins specially lies at the trawler's door. To give one or two examples. At the International Conference held in July 1890, Mr Gestin of France stated that the French trawlers frequent-

<sup>1</sup> Fishery Board Scientific Investigations.





ing the North Sea do not complain of the diminution of fish, also that 520 years ago an agitation existed against the use of the trawl. Since that time a great deal of trawling has been carried on, and the sea continues to repair its losses. It was also brought under the notice of the members that the Bay of St Andrews, which has always been celebrated for its flat fishes, had been swept for many years by fleets of sailing-vessels and steam-trawlers. Lord Dalhousie's Commission closed it for experiments, the plaice being said to be exterminated, but were found to be there in multitudes. Professor M'Intosh, who was giving evidence, went on to say that "the enormous power of reproduction of these fishes is a striking feature; and so long as the sea remains, so long as there is open water—and we know that the inshore grounds are but a fraction of the whole—we need not despair." In the 'Fishery Year-Book' for 1890 we find, under the heading "Immature Fish," that a new Commission appointed in 1878 followed the same plan as its predecessors, and found that neither the beam-trawl nor the seine-net, nor any other mode of fishing, involves the wasteful destruction of fish or spawn. In 1883 the Commission found that there is no wasteful or unnecessary destruction of *immature food-fishes* by the beam-trawl. Within the area from which beam-trawling is prohibited, investigations carried on in 1890 by the steamship Garland, sent out for the purpose, show that plaice have increased in numbers, both in the closed area and in the adjacent area where trawling goes on. Such are a few facts gathered at random from various authorities.

With regard to my inquiry as to whether he had ever seen any fish-spawn brought up in the trawl-

net, Captain Ballard, who, it may be stated, is a sailor and trawl fisherman of great experience and accurate observation, declared he had never seen anything he could say was spawn. "But," he added, "scientific men tell us the spawn of most white fish floats, and if that is so, we could not truthfully be charged with disturbing it at the bottom of the sea." On this subject men of science have made careful investigations, the results of which have gone to prove that the eggs of all the valuable food-fishes float, such as those of turbot, sole, plaice, flounders, cod, haddock, &c.; Mr Thomas Scott, F.L.S., of the Scottish Fishery Board, has confirmed most of these observations, and has found shoals of plaice, cod, haddocks, &c., the water over which was charged with myriads of their floating eggs.

The old idea, too, that the majority of food-fishes come into bays and estuaries to spawn, appears to be incorrect. The majority of the food-fishes, it is said, congregate at the spawning-time in immense shoals on the east coast, at grounds lying from about eight to about twenty miles from shore, in what may be termed the extra-territorial spawning zone. This is the case with plaice, cod, haddock, whiting, &c., which do not spawn at all in the territorial waters on the east coast. The Garland has obtained large numbers of these eggs and of the larval fishes in the tow-nets.

With regard to his own personal experiences, Captain Ballard assured me that he was catching more fish at that moment than he did when he first began, some six or eight years ago, although he had then a smaller boat, and there were only a few trawlers in the field. Several kinds of flat fish, he further informed me, are caught



only by the trawl—viz., the craig-fluke (*Pleuronectes cynoglossus*), commonly known as the “witch-sole”; the whiff (*Arnoglossus megastoma*), or “magrim”; the lemon dab (*Pleuronectes microcephalus*), the brill (*Rhombus lævis*), and the sole (*Solea vulgaris*). These were seldom if ever caught by the line men, and were altogether unknown by them. As Captain Ballard truly said, but for trawling, these valuable fish, sent by the Creator as a food-supply for man, would have been left to die of old age, or be devoured by anglers and other voracious monsters at the bottom of the sea.

The skipper gave me some interesting accounts of the bad feeling entertained by the line fishermen against the trawl fishermen, which in former days raged with all the fury and virulence of a Highland feud, but which, with increasing knowledge of the industry, is slowly but surely wearing out. In those days, it appears, the line fishers pelted the trawl fishers with stones, took their fish from them, and threw them into the harbour when they attempted to land for the purpose of getting them sold.

It seems that it is not only where trawling is carried on that line fishermen have difficulty in making ends meet. A paragraph appeared sometime ago in the newspapers to the effect that at Stornoway, where trawlers have never been seen, the crofter fishermen lately found it so hard to make ends meet, that they could not replace their gear when it got worn out, so that in one district alone the Fishery Board had thirteen boats on their hands for sale. The fact of the matter simply is, that line-fishing is far behind the age, and is quite insufficient to supply the demand, which in London alone is something like 1300 to 1400 tons per month. As an able writer on

the subject says, “Trawling is an accomplished fact, and is unquestionably the mode of fishing of the future; and if fishermen do not go in for it, they are bound to drop into oblivion, there to keep company with the handloom weaver.”

Towards evening the breeze freshened, and the sky cleared. The surface of the sea was soon covered with white-crested wavelets, which rushed and sparkled round

“Our lonely dwelling on the dusky main.”

Towards midnight my companion and I retired to our cabin, but were suddenly awakened by a commotion on deck—the tramping backwards and forwards of hurried footsteps, the shouting of orders by the skipper, and the rattling of the winch. This, though at the first blush a little alarming to amateur sailors like us, turned out in due course to be caused, not by shipwreck, fire, or collision, but by the gear, which had only been down about an hour, getting fixed on the bottom of the sea. Of course it had at once to be hauled up and repaired, and again “shot away.” All this entailed the use of the winch and other sounds adverse to repose—so, as we had been put off our sleep at the outset, we had rather a restless night of it. I had extracted a promise from the skipper that he would see I was knocked up in time to see the last “shot” brought up; however, as we were both feeling restless and hot in our cabin, and my companion was suffering from *mal de mer*, we came on deck of our own accord at a very early hour. The scene was most impressive. The clouds had cleared away, and the silent stars looked down on the rushing heaving sea. High on our mast were our signal-lamps;



very far away might be seen the beacon-light at Girdleness. On deck all was still except the throbbing of the engines. Save for that nineteenth-century blessing—steam—which was so much *en evidence* around us, we might have fancied we were sailing with the Ancient Mariner, or steering across unknown seas in search of the Isles of the Blest, so far away seemed things “of the earth earthy” in that calm mysterious hour before the dawn. But by-and-by the daylight got the ascendancy, and we were delighted by the sight of a brilliant sunrise at sea. Soon the whole crew were busily engaged in getting the last haul on board. A good shot rewarded their exertions, and as soon as it was secured the vessel’s bow was turned northwards, and we were soon steaming merrily towards Bon Accord.

After the fish were disposed of, the cook brought a cup of warm tea and buttered toast, which, as may be supposed, was very acceptable to my companion and myself after our morning watch on deck. We started for home at 4 A.M. with a splendid shot of fish, the last catch being kept on deck, in numerous baskets, ready for the market. The run home was most enjoyable. From Stonehaven northwards we steered pretty close to the shore, so that in the clear state of the atmosphere a charming bird’s-eye view was obtained of the fishing towns and villages along the coast, as well as of the surrounding country.

As I sat on the bridge beside Captain Ballard, I discussed with him the prospects of this rapidly growing industry, and listened with interest to his graphic description of the hardships trawl fishermen have to undergo, especially in winter. The accident the previous night—viz., the

sticking of the gear—is no unusual event in trawling life, and is the cause of much extra labour and annoyance to the fishermen, not to speak of the consequent wear and tear of the nets, and occasionally the total loss of the gear. The usual time for allowing the gear to remain down is, as I have already stated, four hours. Should rocks, bits of wreck, &c., be encountered, however, it may get fast almost as soon as it is “shot away.” Under these circumstances the engines have to be stopped, the winch set to work, and the whole gear hauled up. It generally happens that the net when got on deck is found to be torn. When that is the case, it has to be at once repaired, a task performed with a hugh meshing-needle and tarred Manilla twine, and requiring a certain amount of skill and experience to do it properly. Of course, if any fish are in the net, they have to be attended to as usual. In fine summer weather this greatest trial of trawling life is so far bearable, although at no season is the trawl fisherman’s lot an easy one. But on bitter winter nights, or in the wild month of March, when fierce northerly gales sweep across the storm-tossed Moray Firth, where the best fishing-grounds are to be found, these brave toilers of the sea have to undergo exposure, toil, and danger such as we, in our comfortable homes, could scarcely imagine. With only seven or eight men in a boat, and so much work to be done, there is little time for ease and rest, even when all goes well. All must work, skipper and men alike; for, to use a favourite expression of the trawl fishermen, “There’s no cats here but what catch mice.” Every four hours at longest the gear must be “hove up,” and when it sticks, as

more frequently does in winter than in summer, especially when trawling over rough ground, where some of the most valuable kinds of fish are found, the work is never done. Scarcely have the men "turned in" for a few hours' rest than the cry "Up trawl!" from the watch on deck obliges them to start up, don their sea-boots, and again go through the wearisome routine of heaving up the gear, sorting the fish, if any, and mending the nets. This may be repeated during the whole night, till at last the men, weary and worn with the unremitting toil, and very often wet through with the pelting, pitiless rain or snow, or the sea-spray, which dashes on such nights unceasingly over the little craft, as it is tossed hither and thither on the raging billows till the men can hardly keep their footing, drop off to sleep, just as they are, on the cabin floor, or even seated at the table, with the coffee they have been unable to drink before them. This may go on for several nights in succession; then when a sufficient quantity of fish have been got, there is a run to port to catch the market, perhaps one night at home, and then, if the weather is at all favourable, off to sea again. Truly, as Captain Ballard remarked, trawl fishermen require to be men of robust *physique* and inured to fatigue and exposure. In fact, if they were not, the work would soon kill them. Yet to those who can stand it, the life is a very healthy one. Captain Ballard assured me, that although he never in any case had off his clothes from the time he left Aberdeen till the time he returned with his fish to market, and very often not even his sea-boots, he never had had a day's

illness in his life, unless when he was washed off the bridge on to the deck, and got some ribs broken. In answer to my inquiry, if he really required to work so hard and rest so little, he said, "Certainly; every skipper and crew must do that, if they wish their boat to be a success," adding, that if the skipper did not work, neither would the men. It takes a good deal of money to keep up these steam-vessels, and as both skipper and crew are paid by results, they naturally wish to get as many fish as possible. Another misfortune which dogs the footsteps of the trawl fishermen in stormy weather is the loss of their gear, consequent on the snapping of the warp. Occasionally, too, the beam gets broken. Both of these accidents involve heavy expenditure, and consequent loss of profit.

We reached Aberdeen harbour after a most delightful and interesting three hours' sail, steering through a wilderness of herring-boats to the Fish-Market Wharf, where the fish were taken from the ponds, swung ashore in baskets, and arranged on the concrete floor of the market to await the morning sales, which commence at eight o'clock. Many cwts. of fish are disposed of by auction within a very short time, packed in ice, and despatched per rail to the metropolis and other southern markets.

I left the Bosphorus, feeling very grateful to Captain Ballard and the crew for the unvarying kindness and courtesy which made my trip such an enjoyable one, and firmly convinced that beam-trawling has a great future in store. By no other method can the supply be made to meet the increasing demand for a nutritious and palatable article of food.

JEANIE M. LAING.



## SKETCHES FROM EASTERN TRAVEL.

## XIII.—THE SYRIAN DESERT, FROM DAMASCUS TO KARYATÊN.

It is the 1st of May. Behold our travellers bidding a last farewell to Damascus, with its shady gardens and cool clear streams of water, its crowded bazaars (resplendent with rich silken stuffs of all the colours of the rainbow, and more especially stocked to overflowing with an endless variety of delectable sweetmeats), and lastly its pale-faced inhabitants, richly robed, but sad of countenance through this moon of Ramadan, fasting from dawn to sunset, and feasting by night. Behold the familiar cavalcade threading its way through those same bazaars, —narrow streets which scarcely allow room for the riders to pass between the "shops" on each side, so that the horses have to pick their way among the goods set out for sale.

At last the city is left behind, and through its belt of shady gardens the procession winds on to the open plain beyond. The travellers present a more picturesque appearance than hitherto, for (rightly judging that no amount of muslin puggarees will avail against the power of desert suns) they have provided themselves with huge *kefeyehs* of gorgeous Damascus silks, which, bound round their hats, shade the eyes, and fall over the shoulders in protecting folds. The cavalcade is now headed by the stately figure of Sheikh Nasr ibn Abdullah, his dark eyes sparkling as he feels his steed bound beneath him, and scents afar off the air of the desert. Truly it is a goodly sight to see the dark-robed sheikh galloping across the plain, sometimes (with one hand on his horse's

mane) bending to the ground, and, without drawing rein, picking some flower which he gravely presents to one or other of the ladies. And whithersoever goes the son of Abdullah thither follows him Sheikh 'Ali, his cousin and attendant. Pronounce not his name, good reader, without due attention to the apostrophe. It symbolises an Arabic consonant which the Sister explains to represent the sound heard between two consecutive bleats of a camel. "So now you know how to pronounce his name," says she; "but for my part I shall call him the Man with the Eyes. His face is so muffled up that nothing but his eyes is visible, and such quick, penetrating, observant eyes I never beheld in my life. He notices every blade of grass, every stone, every lizard, every everything!"

"He is a very uncanny personage!" exclaims Philippa,—"never speaking a word, but every now and then suddenly breaking into a hoarse, quiet, cackling laugh, for no reason whatever."

"He is evidently not used to Europeans," says the Sister. "I suppose he is greatly amused at our outlandish ways."

Quietly and swiftly the bright hours slip away. The chief event of the day is that, at different points on the line of march, the cavalcade encounters three huge droves of camels, the smallest of which contains sixty at least. They are in the charge of a few Bedouin folk who have brought them across the desert from Bagdad, intending to sell them in Damascus. Many of the



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are quite young, and most of them seem very wild—at least so thinks the trembling Sebaste when they crowd up to her, showing their teeth, and craning forward their ostrich-like necks as though debating whether to peck first herself or her beloved steed.

The plain is crossed in a north-easterly direction, the travellers ascend the slopes of its bounding chain of hills, and, in the afternoon, descend the other side to the plain beyond, where they camp outside the village of Muadameyeh. Gathered round the supper-table in the sitting-tent after dark, the wanderers indulge in wild conjectures about the unknown regions on which they are entering.

"What is the name of our next camping-place, Cesar?" asks the father, as the young dragoman appears with a dish of dried dates.

"To-morrow, sir," is the answer, "we shall not gamb at no place. We shall be in the wilderness."

Accordingly, in the course of next day's march our travellers find themselves at last in the Syrian desert. It is a perfectly level plain, bounded to north and south by two ranges of bare hills. At first the breadth of the plain from range to range is only a very few miles, but day by day, as the travellers advance eastward, the plain grows broader and broader, an ocean of bluish green. Yes, really green, for (though at a later season the sandy ground is parched and bare) at this time of year it is more or less covered with tufts of outlandish desert weeds with strange aromatic scents, and sometimes the plain is gay with wild flowers. Otherwise there is no vegetation whatever—not so much as the ghost of a tree or shrub over all the level plain, which stretches away and left

toward the rocky hills, and eastward is unbroken to the utmost horizon. Oh the delight of a gallop over those level tracts of desert! Ladylike canterings do very well for the confined plains of inhabited countries, but when you have hundreds of miles of desert before you, then is the time to let your horse start off with a bound and rush like the wind over the vanishing plain, away and away toward the changeless horizon. Only Abu Hassan (wretch that he is!) has a notion that horses with eight hours' work before them ought not to gallop much in the broiling sunshine—and Cæsar countenances him!

The morning start from the desert camp is generally an early one. Sometimes breakfast is over, the tents and their furniture have been packed up, and the cavalcade is on the move before six o'clock. This ensures three hours of reasonably cool riding. Wonderful are the tender colours of the shadowy distance, gleaming in the first rays of the sun. All around the desert creatures are stirring: bright-eyed jerboas, furry and soft and brown, dart out of their holes to look at you; terrified lizards with upturned tails scurry hither and thither between your horse's hoofs; huge yellow locusts flit and swim through the clear fresh air; a lark is singing overhead; even that venomous old snake (the which approach at your peril!) is enjoying his morning exercise of twisting and coiling and gliding about the tufts of desert weed.

On ride the travellers, gaily conversing through the early hours of coolness. But about nine o'clock the heat comes upon them suddenly, irresistibly. The morning breeze drops to a perfect stillness, there is no sound but that of the horses' hoofs on the hot ground,



conversation dies away, and the riders go on and on in silence, their heads muffled in their silk *kefiyehs*,—not oppressed by the heat, but quietly enjoying the glowing atmosphere.

Then do the desert fairies begin their freaks; and, as you ride on over the endless plain, suddenly you see before you a cool still lake of shining water, dotted with islands, and reflecting its rocky shores and headlands. It is all so perfectly clear and natural that your eyes, dazzled by the hot sunshine, rest with delight on the cool clear water. But presently, alas! the lake begins to dry up, contracting at every forward step, till all before you is once more desert—unending desert.

"Sophia," says Sebaste, confidentially, as she brings her horse alongside of her sister's, "when we get home, I think I shall publish a pamphlet entitled 'The World, a Mirage,' proving that what we call the Universe—that is, the subjective side of material nature—is as different from the objective reality as is that lake we saw just now from the quivering particles of heated air which caused the delusion!"

"Eh?" says Sophia, absently; "did you speak?"

"Sophia!" exclaims Sebaste, reproachfully, "have you no sympathy for the exalted imaginings of philosophic minds? Philippa, dear, *you* will listen to me?"

"Not if it's about Subjective and Objective, as it always is, Sebaste!" says Philippa, severely. "I have told you before that I consider that division to be merely a conventional way of speaking, conveying, to my mind, very little meaning indeed!"

Sebaste subsides.

When mid-day comes the travellers no longer look about for shade,

knowing that that commodity does not grow in the desert, but alight in the midst of the endless plain, holding fast their horses while the Syrian folk are busy pitching the now indispensable luncheon-tent. Then, when the Syrians are at liberty, the travellers creep under its delicious shade, and contentedly watch the preparations for the mid-day meal. Cæsar delicately carves the fowl in true Arab fashion (be not over-shocked, fastidious reader!) with "the knife and fork that heaven gave him"; and from out the magic saddle-bags of Abu Hassan appear lemons, oranges, dates, dried figs, raisins, and so forth—a sumptuous feast in the midst of the desert.

Luncheon over, while the baggage passes out of sight on its way to the camping-place, there ensues a delicious hour or more of quiescence. Space is limited in the tent, wherefore Irene and the father generally retire to their respective palanquins, where Irene studies the guide-book with indefatigable diligence (though scanty, indeed, is the intelligence to be extracted therefrom concerning these outlandish regions); while the father instructs Hassan, who reclines on the ground on the shady side of his palanquin, in the English cardinal numerals. The father is never weary of extolling the marvellous quickness of his young Arab pupil, who at the beginning of the journey knew not one word of English, but who now, starting at one, goes on almost unprompted all the way up to a hundred, which, when he has reached, he bounds into the air in irrepressible triumph, exclaiming, "Hassan no Arab! Hassan English!!"

The Sister is exhausted with the heat, and Sophia hovers about her arranging a couch of rugs for her



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to rest on; Sebaste, reclining at ease with her head on Elizabeth's lap, observes, meditatively, "What a place is the desert for metaphysical research—for pursuing the study of scientific ontology!" and falls asleep on the spot. But Philippa—strong-minded, uncompromising Philippa—is rummaging in her Arab saddle-bags for an ink-bottle, and, sitting upright on her rug, she heroically labours at the Family Journal. Here is an extract from the productions of her indefatigable pen:—

"We are now really in the desert, and are much surprised to find how beautiful the Syrian desert is—at any rate at this time of year, when the rains have only just ceased. On our first day of desert-travelling we were much impressed by the loneliness of the endless plain, over which we travelled on hour after hour without seeing a single human being except our own people. There was no water to be had all the day, though there are many dry water-courses, which we suppose to have been made by the winter rains. The men were always on the look-out in case some pool might still be left; but all water had been sucked up by the sun long since. The mountains on either side of the plain are beautiful, though not very high; the plain here is from four to five miles wide, and we have been coming through the midst of it, about equally distant from the mountains on either side. The view ahead of us is perhaps the most beautiful, being perfectly flat, and stretching away, as it seems, to such an infinite distance, that even the most prosaic and unimaginative person is roused up, and begins to wonder what there can be, or what there may not be, in that mysterious coun-

try, so full of beautiful tints and shadows. About mid-day we pitched our lunch-tent on the greenest spot we saw near us, and very glad were we of its shelter from the broiling sun. We had brought water sufficient for ourselves; but the poor horses and mules had to do without, and stood about rather disconsolately, trying to get into each other's shadow. In the afternoon we espied, at some distance on our left, one or two Bedouin tents, and nearer to us was the flock of black sheep and goats belonging to them. Led by the sheikh, we cantered up to them; and Cæsar, producing a little silver bowl of Damascus workmanship, we had a drink all round of sheep's and goat's milk, which was most refreshing. It was comical to see our quiet dignified Sheikh Nasr running after and capturing a goat with much agility. The poor Bedouin goat-herd was very obliging, and willing to give us travellers as much milk as we liked. The father gave him a Turkish *bischlik*, which is equal to about half a franc. He was overjoyed at this, and said to the sheikh in Arabic that he should go and tell his people how much the 'English governor' had been kind enough to give him."

"Wake up, Sebby!" exclaims Philippa, shutting her ink-bottle; "Abu Hassan says it is time to start."

"My name is Sebaste, and has three syllables, if you please," says that young lady, with dignity. "You know, Philippa, that I object on principle to the hashing up of Christian names in that way! And I wasn't asleep, either."

"Why don't you ever help with the Family Journal, then?" retorts Philippa.





Meanwhile every one has, as Sophia elegantly expresses it, "woken up," the horses are saddled, the palanquins are hoisted up between the much enduring mules, the tent is packed up, and onward once more fare the travellers. Followed closely by 'Ali, Sheikh Nasr leads the way, as usual in silence, except that sometimes the wild plaintive note of a Bedouin chant breaks sweetly on the stillness of the hot air. After perhaps an hour's riding, the Man with the Eyes points forward across the boundless plain. The sheikh, with those eagle eyes of his which well befit his name of Nasr, follows the direction of 'Ali's hand, and sees also what to the rest of the travellers is invisible. But presently, as they ride on, there appears, miles and miles away on the eastern horizon,

a tiny white speck scarcely discernible on the wide, wide ocean of green. Then onward and onward fare the travellers, while that white point seems to recede before them till they begin to think that the fairies are at their tricks again. Sometimes (when the white speck is on slightly rising ground) it is full two hours before it is reached, but slowly, slowly it grows and grows, until at last it develops into the tents, the welcome tents.

Such are the days of desert travel. Our wanderers, having started from Damascus on Thursday morning, reach, at the end of Saturday's march, the village of Karyatên,—a strange little town islanded far away in the vast plains of the desert. But the description thereof shall be left for another chapter.

#### XIV.—KARYATÊN AND THE KASR EL HÉR.

We left our travellers still advancing over the waveless desert-ocean toward the island-town of Karyatên, where live, surrounded on all sides by the desert, 1500 souls, of whom 500 are Christians. As the cavalcade reaches the outskirts of the village, there comes forth to meet it the venerable figure of a Christian priest—long-bearded and black-robed, his head surmounted by a tall black head-dress. His face beams with a kindly smile of welcome, and, having greeted the travellers with the usual sign, he silently walks before, showing the way to their tents, which have been pitched on the flat open space constituting the village threshing-floor.

Next day is Sunday, and, as usual when there is no English service to be attended, the father reads morning prayer and litany

in the sitting-tent, the interior of which attains this day a temperature of 96° Fahrenheit. In the course of the morning the priest reappears. Leaving his shoes outside the tent (a pretty instance of Eastern politeness), he enters barefoot and kindly greets each of the travellers. He knows no European language, not even Greek, but a conversation is carried on through Cæsar and the Sister, the only members of the party acquainted with both Arabic and English. It seems that he is called Hur Ibrahim, that he is very poor, and that he is a priest of the people known as the "Greek Catholic" Church—not that there is, in fact, anything more catholic about them than about any other orthodox Churchmen, Greek, English, or otherwise, but that they acknowledge the supremacy of the



Pope and conform to some distinctively Roman uses. Presently Hur Ibrahim asks permission to depart, and, as the travellers rise to take leave of him, he removes his tall head-dress, and looking upward, whispers a prayer over them and gives them his blessing. Finally he leaves the tent, promising to return in the afternoon and show them the way to the renowned tomb of Mar Elyân. Who this saint was I know not, but it is said that miraculous cures are still constantly wrought at his tomb, especially on mad persons. The sufferer is chained up at night in the little church which contains the tomb, and in the morning is found perfectly well. Hur Ibrahim assures the travellers that he has himself witnessed many of these miraculous healings, and no one who watches his face can doubt his perfect sincerity.<sup>1</sup>

On their return from the tomb he takes the travellers to see his church, and then brings them into his own house. They enter a room furnished with carpets, and cushions laid round by the walls, and are most kindly received by the ladies of the priest's household—*i.e.*, his wife and the wives of his sons, who salute their guests by kissing their hands and pressing them to their own foreheads. The Sister, who is experienced in oriental customs, says that it is "manners" to snatch away one's hand at once without allowing this ceremony to be completed. The guests (including various friends of the priest) then sit round the room on the carpets, and are sprinkled with rose-leaves by way of further welcome, after

which coffee is served in oriental fashion by the priest's eldest son.

In the evening the sheikh of the town (who is a Moslem) sends the ladies of his household to call on the travellers. The father is, of course, excluded; and the Arab ladies, with their dark-faced, white-robed attendant and protector, are received in Irene's tent, where conversation is carried on through the Sister, while the visitors contentedly smoke two *nargilehs*, which they pass from one to the other. It is amusing to see the puzzled looks of the good ladies, who have never before set eyes on such a number of single womankind, and their intense curiosity to discover what in the world has been done with all the husbands. Meanwhile their hostesses are lost in admiration of the sheikh's beautiful little daughter, who is about thirteen years old and has a charming face, full of sweet and refined intelligence. At last, with many pretty speeches, the visitors take their leave.

"What a satisfactory baby that was which one of the ladies brought!" exclaims Philippa, when they are gone. "I wish all infants could be swaddled up to that absolutely stiff condition, so that one could hold them without any fear of their breaking!"

Next morning, at about six o'clock, our friends again set out on their travels, ride through the narrow fringe of standing corn on the outskirts of the village, and once more launch forth into the desert. "Did you see those patches of corn?" says the father; "they show that the Syrian desert is really cultivable land wherever

<sup>1</sup> At the same time it may be right to add that the Eastern mind (so far as one can judge without a knowledge of the language) seems to be immeasurably less accurate than the Western, so that an Oriental will, without intending to deceive, say many things which are not strictly and literally true.



there is water. Why should not a canal be cut from the Barada at Damascus and the plain irrigated?"

Philippa, before whose horrified eyes there arises a vision of the desert neatly laid out in market-gardens, hastens to demonstrate that there is a range of hills between, and that, further, the whole of their progress through the desert has been a gradual ascent, and the subject is happily dropped. Presently the riders overtake their six camels, on whose twenty-two water-skins they and their horses will be entirely dependent at the next camping-place. As at this time of year there is water at various places between Damascus and Karyatên, it was thought unnecessary to bring them all the way from Damascus, so that this is their first appearance. They are certainly an acquisition from an artistic point of view, and give to the cavalcade a picturesque and distinguished character.

Fully three hours of the day's march remain to be accomplished when the Man with the Eyes points out the Kasr el Hêr, an ancient and ruined tower near which the tents are to be pitched. It stands on a slightly rising ground, and is distinctly visible against the sky. The wanderers will long remember this place as the most beautiful of all their desert camping-grounds. Yet there is no water, and indeed nothing at all on the spot save the solitary ruin, the only remaining fragment of what must once have been a building of some grandeur, for there remains a gateway, nearly buried in the sand, whereon is some beautiful carving. No one seems to know what the building originally was — except perhaps those large and outlandish, but sage and meditative, birds, who

make their nests among the shattered blocks of stone.

To the south the view is bounded by a low chain of mountains, bare and desolate, but beautified by the tender shades of blue and purple which rest on them, always still, yet always changing and melting into one another. "They are as beautiful," exclaims Sebaste, "as the tints on the surface of Plato's ideal world!" But northward the hills have receded, and the desert rolls away in boundless plains of shadowy blue, looking like the sea, but vaster still and more mysteriously beautiful.

After supper the travellers come out to watch the sunset, a glorious pageant of gold and crimson clouds; and then Sophia and Sebaste wander away and away in the glowing rosy light toward the unattainable horizon. Suddenly, before they are aware, the darkness comes down upon them, the vast dome of the sky is filled with the sparkling stars, and far away a faint, silvery, dawning light shows where the moon will rise, and entices them eastward on and on, and yet a little farther. Fearing to disturb the absolute silence of that venerable solitude, they are talking scarcely above a whisper in that half-metaphoric, wholly inexplicit strain which is little more than thinking in words.

"I wish," exclaims Sebaste, suddenly, "that we could fall in with some of the desert fairies, and persuade two of them to go back and take our places in the tents, so that you and I could plunge farther and farther into the desert, and wander away and away, and never be missed! Is it not oppressive sometimes to feel one's self so tightly tethered to one's friends? How is one to become acquainted with Nature if one may never be alone with her?"



And how are we ever to find the clue of that symbolic interpretation of the material world (not fanciful and metaphoric, but intrinsic and essential) which has been lost and forgotten for ages, but none the less must assuredly somewhere exist? But the *mind* is free—free as the wind to rove through worlds of nameless fancies, through deserts of wild thought——

“*Snakes!*” suggests Sophia, with sudden and startling emphasis.

“Well, I don’t mean that I would go quite alone!” says Sebaste, impatiently; “but I don’t think it can be right to keep timidly to the beaten paths for ever!”

So saying, she turns away, and half sings, half murmurs, in the silent air, the vague words of an impromptu song:—

“The mind, the soul, the spirit, is  
free  
Far over the earth’s sweet meadows to  
flee,  
Far over the plains of the billowy sea,  
To wander at will with steps untaught  
Through wilds and deserts of measure-  
less thought;  
Free, free to soar upward afar out of  
view,  
And to plunge in yon ocean of fathom-  
less blue.  
I dare not, I dare not adventure alone,  
But venture I will, when my wings are  
grown!”

“Hush, hush!” whispers Sophia, standing still. “Where are the tents?”

The sisters look round. The vast dome above, the boundless plains around, are faintly visible by the light of the stars, and one struggling doubtful ray from the rising moon. But the tents have vanished in the distance long ago.

“I noticed the stars; I know the direction, I am sure!” says Sophia.

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“There, there is the ruin!” exclaims Sebaste, pointing westward.

Far away against the darkened sky is indistinctly visible one darker point—the Kasr el Hêr!

“Who could have dreamed we had wandered so far?” says Sophia.

“I have noticed before,” answers Sebaste, “that Time moves faster in the desert, where there is nothing to interrupt his flight.”

So they make all speed to get back to the tents, watching with some compunction, as they draw nearer, the meandering course of a light which, sent out apparently in search of them, is making away northward, in which direction they had themselves set out. On their arrival they find the whole camp in alarm at their absence, and every one talking of the dangers of the desert—wild beasts and so forth. Cæsar has been exceedingly anxious, but fussiness is not one of his characteristics, and seeing that the two have returned, he merely announces the fact in an Arabic shout to the searchers, and then, coming up to Sophia, says quietly, “You see, lady, this is not like your country,” proceeding in a few forcible words of his outlandishly pretty English to explain the line of conduct usually adopted by a hyena when he meets any one at night.

Weeks afterwards the fact is casually divulged that the Kasr el Hêr is a notorious place for the descents on travellers of Bedouin plunderers, that no Syrians would dare to camp there unless protected by the presence of Europeans, and that Cæsar was up all that night with the sheikh keeping guard.

The next morning three of the sisters announce their intention of mounting three of the camels, which are forthwith relieved of



their empty water-skins, while Cæsar brings out quilts and rugs for the riders to sit on, making them very comfortable before allowing the creatures to rise to their feet. This latter operation is a somewhat critical one. First the camel, with an indescribable flounder, gets up on his front knees, and you are thrown backward with nothing in the world to hold on to. Suddenly the whole mountain of a creature heaves up behind, throwing you violently forward; and finally he once more heaves himself up in front with a most appalling roll, nicely calculated to pitch you off altogether.

However, when the beast is once on his feet, the motion (though apt to induce feelings of sea-sickness) is not at all unpleasant, the exalted seat enables one to enjoy an entirely new aspect of things in general, and the position (sitting with your feet crossed on the camel's neck, and looking straight forward) is certainly preferable to the somewhat unnatural position of feminine horse-riding.

The Sisters are speedily initiated into the mysteries of camel management, and are soon ambitious of exchanging the slow swaying walk for a brisker trot. This desirable end is attained by the amiable zeal of Sheikh Nasr, who rides behind and whips on the camels till they mend their pace considerably. Sebaste's camel is the most docile of the three, and will break into a trot whensoever she touches him up with the end of the guiding-rope. So she careers along in a very independent manner, and only once feels a little disconcerted—viz., when she stops her camel for a moment to wait for the others, whereupon the polite beast, naturally thinking that she wishes to alight, suddenly lies down on the spot. Altogether, the new steeds

prove themselves most exemplary, except, indeed, when there appears at some distance to the north a herd of Bedouin camels. This is quite too much for their equanimity, and they suddenly begin to edge away very decidedly toward their compeers, and only by much tugging at the rein on the part of their riders can be induced to return to the right track.

At the end of four hours' riding it is discovered that the cavalcade is being somewhat delayed by having to wait for the camels, which cannot travel so fast as the horses; whereupon the camel-riders think with compassion on the thirsty horses and mules who, forasmuch as the twenty-two skins had leaked, and arrived at the Kasr el Hér half empty, were put on short allowance of water last night, and no allowance at all this morning, and must be eagerly desiring to arrive at the well in prospect: so they signify their desire to return to horseback, and unwillingly allow their beloved camels to kneel down for them to alight.

Two hours more of very hot riding brings them at last to the much-desired well of the "White Khan." When they arrive they have to hold their horses fast for fear they should throw themselves down the deep well in their eagerness for the water. Having obtained water for themselves and their dear horses (and the ladies care as little as their steeds for its strong taste, and even for the lively polliwogs disporting themselves therein), they creep into the delicious shade of their pretty little tent; and while lunch is in progress, the rest of the camp springs up round them as if by magic, and their short day's journey is at an end.

"To-morrow, sir," says Cæsar, "we shall be at Balmyria!"

## XV.—PALMYRA.

Brightly rises the sun which is to light our travellers to their long-expected goal; and before he has been long above the horizon the cavalcade sets forth on the six hours' march to "Tadmor in the Wilderness."<sup>1</sup> Cæsar, exhilarated by the prospect of reaching the journey's end, starts this morning in a frolicsome mood, and greatly amuses the travellers by his earnest endeavours to get a rise out of dear old Abu Elias, riding at him full tilt, wheeling round him, and flourishing over his defenceless head that curved sword which, with its beautifully embossed scabbard, is an heirloom in the Cæsar's family. As for Abu Elias, he is quite content to be made a butt of for the occasion; and while Cæsar prances round him on his beautiful steed, he sits on his jogging old horse benignly smiling.

But soon all eyes are fixed on the eastern horizon, where the broad valley is at last bounded by the converging hills, which run in a low chain across its mouth, leaving a narrow opening through which the travellers will have to go. And now, beside this pass, become faintly visible some of those tall mysterious towers built by the Palmyrenes in ancient days, before the Roman conquest. In the general abstraction one member of the party surreptitiously vanishes. Irene's little grey donkey (who is so handsome and valuable that he has to wear a conspicuous necklace to divert from his own personality the power of the Evil Eye) seizes the opportunity, when his mistress is safe in her palanquin, and makes off on his own account, and, to the in-

tense mortification of the rest of the party, reaches Palmyra first of all, where he is subsequently found with a sturdy Bedouin on his back, and barely rescued from an obscure and inglorious fate.

It is nearly mid-day when the pass is reached at last, and there, tired out by the overpowering heat, our friends settle down for rest and luncheon in the shade of one of those strange tower-tombs of which more than a hundred stand—some in ruins, some almost perfect—on the slopes and at the foot of the hills which bound the plain of Tadmor to the south and south-west. Some of them are 80 feet high, with six storeys—square rooms with panelled ceilings ornamented with mouldings, and still retaining traces of colour; while tier above tier, from floor to ceiling (hundreds in a single tower), are the narrow *loculi* filled with human bones, and here and there a ghastly skeleton, with fragments of tattered mummy-cloth scattered around. In one corner of the tower is always to be found a winding staircase, often with wide gaps left by fallen stones, making the ascent thereof a delight to the enterprising, and a terror to the weak of nerve. On the outside of the tower, over the fine doorway, is sometimes a projecting slab supporting a large recumbent figure carved in stone, near which is a tablet with an inscription in Greek and Aramaic.

The wanderers are too eager to rest long, and are soon again on their way through the pass. Suddenly the plain of Tadmor comes into view, and there at last are the world-renowned ruins of ancient

<sup>1</sup> 1 Kings ix. 18; 2 Chron. viii. 4.



Palmyra. Long lines of graceful Corinthian columns, the entablature in many places still perfect, beautiful ruins of classic temples, a chaos of fallen pillars and blocks of stone; and beyond, the vast pile of the temple of Baal. Strange ruins are these, strangest perhaps in that here is no shadow of that melancholy which, in all inhabited countries, hangs so sadly over the remains of ancient grandeur. Here in the perpetual sunshine, under the cloudless blue of the Syrian sky, and in the peaceful loneliness of the Eastern deserts, all is bright and fresh and silently beautiful. There is nothing time-worn about those graceful ruins of temples, those ethereal groves of columns. They seem like the remains of some fairy city built in a night from the moonlit dews, and vanishing before the first sunbeams into wreaths of morning mist.

The travellers have heard of an Arab village at Tadmor of some fifty mud-huts, but no sign of it is visible. As they approach the far-reaching ruins all is silent, no living thing is stirring. Presently, in the midst of the chaos of fragments, they catch sight of their tents, pitched almost in the shadow of the Grand Colonnade (some of the tent-ropes made fast to fragments of fallen columns), and within view of the great Temple of Baal. This is perhaps the most beautiful part of the ruins; at a little distance to the north-west is an exquisite small temple in almost perfect preservation, and a few steps from the tent-doors, in the opposite direction, rises a graceful arch enriched with beautifully elaborated sculpture.

As soon as they are rested our friends set forth to explore the great Temple of Baal, the sun-god. There rises before them a huge wall 70 feet high, enclosing a

square court of which the side is 740 feet long. Part of the wall, having fallen into ruins, has been rebuilt from the ancient materials; but the whole of the north side, with its beautiful pilasters, remains perfect. As the visitors enter the court they stand still in astonishment at the extraordinary sight which meets their eyes; for here, crowded within those four high walls, is the native village of Tadmor. It was natural enough for the Arabs to build their mud-huts within these ready-made fortifications, but the impression produced by such a village in such a place is indescribably strange. The temple, so to speak, is eaten out at the core, and little but the shell remains. But here and there a fluted Corinthian column or group of columns, with entablature still perfect, rises in stately grace far over the wretched huts, the rich, creamy colour of the limestone and the beautiful mouldings of the capitals contrasting with the clear blue of the cloudless sky. The best view of the whole is to be obtained from the roof of the *naos*, which, once beautiful and adorned with sculpture, is now all battered and defaced, and has been metamorphosed into a squalid little mosque. To describe the view from that roof were indeed a hopeless task. High into the clear blue air and the golden sunshine rise the stately columns; crowded and jumbled and heaped together below, untouched by the gladdening sunbeams, unfreshened by the pure free air, lies all the squalor and wretchedness of an Arab mud-hut village.

Four more delightful days are spent at Palmyra, in wandering about among the graceful ruins, and in growing familiar with what were once the stateliest buildings of that lordly city. After much searching among the widely scat-



tered chaos, they at length discover what is thought to be the doorway of an ancient Jewish synagogue, and there on the lintel and doorpost, according to that ancient command, are inscribed in Hebrew some words from the Law. The Sister and Sophia are appealed to for an interpretation thereof, but two words are all that they can decipher.

The ruins of Palmyra swarm with ancient inscriptions, both in Palmyrene (*i.e.*, Aramaic) and in Greek uncials. The Greek inscriptions are the terror of Sophia and Sebaste, who are expected by the rest to decipher them for the general benefit. It is a pathetic sight to see the miserable Sebaste held in position, by moral coercion, before one of them, and given to understand by her inexorable elders that there is no escape for her till she has read it.

The only water to be obtained at Palmyra smells and tastes strongly of sulphur, but one gets used to little details of this kind; and one of the most delectable things in the place is a copious subterranean spring of clear water which is really warm, but which, when the thermometer announces over 90° Fahr. in the shade, seems by contrast deliciously cool. The entrance to the cave has been anciently closed with a roughly built dome, only a narrow space being left as an entrance. The first time the travellers visit this cave, they arrive almost simultaneously with a little procession of Arabesses from the village. A little girl dances in front with very graceful movements, and next comes a tall negress who beats a tambourine with great vigour, and from time to time utters the quavering shriek which, among Arab folk, is an expression of joy. She is the nurse of the two

girls who follow, escorted by several others. These two are native brides, and the object of the procession is to bring them on this their wedding-day to bathe at the spring. The English ladies beg to be admitted to see this ceremony, and the favour is granted, but not before they have, by request, removed their hats and *kefiyehs*, that the Arabesses may behold their long hair, and be thereby assured of their femininity.

It is indeed a delightful place for bathing. At a little distance from the entrance the bottom suddenly shelves down, and you find yourself quite out of your depth, and can strike out into the deepening twilight, and swim on and on into the darkness till nothing remains of the glaring sunshine without but a doubtful gleam of daylight far away; and still you may swim on and on, and still the deep stream lengthens out into the gloom and seems to have no end, even as doth this present paper. Ah, good reader, would that thy patience were inexhaustible! Then would I further tell of break-neck descents into subterranean tombs, and the discovery therein of many ancient sculptures on huge slabs of stone, and many ancient skeletons crumbling into dust at the lightest touch; of the ascent to the medieval castle which (built, saith tradition, by a Druse prince and refugee) stands on the summit of the highest and boldest of the neighbouring hills; of the going down into the deep moat thereof; of the final clambering progress up the face of the rock from which the castle towers aloft, and of the marvellous view from the topmost turret. But, alas! even that memorable gallop over the desert to the eastward salt lakes must go uncelebrated and undescribed.

The last evening at Tadmor in the wilderness sinks down into





night. The brilliant moonlight illumines the ruins of the ancient city as once its stately and populous youth, and rests calm and peaceful over the long line of the Grand Colonnade, more ethereally beautiful now, maybe, than when fresh and new in Hadrian's days. They are haunted, those forest-like columns, graceful arches, and scattered heaps of fragments: the semblance of a royal lady glides among them with sad but stately

step. Weeping over her city's downfall, so like her own, sharing its desolate sorrow as once its pride and glory, flits here and there the mournful ghost of Zenobia, the Queen of the East. It is her story which gives so pathetic an interest to these ancient ruins, far away in the lonely eastern deserts, and that haunting shadow which makes it so hard to say, as say we must—Farewell to Palmyra.

#### XVI.—RETURN FROM PALMYRA.

During the stay of our friends at Tadmor, many are the suggestive remarks made by the younger members of the party relative to the attractions of Bagdad and the Euphrates, which latter is only four days' journey from their present abode. Unfortunately the elders, being swayed by certain prosaic considerations of no interest to any one, do not respond to these wistful hints; and so it comes to pass that on Monday, May 12th, our wanderers set forth on the return journey to Baalbek. They rise at about four o'clock, and when the sun is up, reluctantly turn their faces westward, feeling convinced that they will never see Palmyra again. It is sad to turn back and retrace one's steps; it is hard to discover that the path one has been eagerly pursuing is, after all, only a by-way leading off the main road! Wherefore our friends do not start on the day's march in their usual gleeful mood, but ride soberly and silently through the desert plain. Even Hassan has so far forgotten himself as to behave for once like a reasonable being.

On this morning the travellers are accompanied by a charming little sheep (or large lamb) purchased from an Arab at Tadmor.

It trots along after them in the most confiding manner, though quite at liberty to bolt into the desert and attempt an escape. In the evening there is a sharp shower of rain (an extraordinary occurrence in these regions), whereupon this small sheep walks into Irene's tent and there reposes on the carpet till the shower is over. Later on it even trots into the sitting-tent during supper; but the father, mindful of certain future repasts, sternly forbids his daughters to make a pet of it. So "Irene's little lamb" is led off by the ear to the tent of that villanous old Abu Elias, the cook, and is seen no more; or, as Sebaste more accurately expresses it, he appears not again *quâd* sheep.

The most exciting event of this first day's march is the discovery of three large greenish-grey eggs left on the ground at some little distance from one another, and with not the slightest pretence of a nest anywhere near. Cæsar pronounces them to be the eggs of a vulture, and great is the elation of the travellers at the discovery of such a treasure; which elation is much increased when forth from one of the eggs there begins to make itself heard a plaintive chirp, and in its shell is descried a small

hole, which is gradually enlarged by a small beak pecking thereat from the inside. Very tenderly does the father carry these treasures to the tents at the White Khan, and there bestow them in a biscuit-tin filled with cotton-wool. Next morning at breakfast the supposed vultureling is found to be subdued and silent, whereupon great anxiety prevails as to his health, and an appeal is made to the Sister, who, being a trained nurse, is able to doctor anything, from a camel to an Arab baby. She forthwith gives the patient a warm bath in her teacup, and her efforts are rewarded by a grateful little speech (all on one note, and that a squeaky one) through the window of his abode. Moreover, a second egg now begins to show signs of vital activity. It, too, has a voice of its own, and on its surface also a chink can presently be discerned. This state of things continues till the mid-day halt, when, after much controversy as to whether the eldest chick should not be given a start in life and helped out, the Sister carefully peels off the shell and releases what proves to be a hopeful young bustard. But, alas! he proves also to be in an unfinished condition, and the following night he dies, as does also his unhatched brother! This is the second tragedy of the return journey.

On the Wednesday evening our friends find themselves once more at Karyatén, where Hur Ibrahim kindly welcomes them. The ladies seize this opportunity of returning the call of the sheikh's family, and seeing their friends at home. The sheikh's house is a very extensive one, and the visitors are entertained in a large room furnished with divans, carpets, &c. Mrs Sheikh herself carries round the rose-sherbet, followed by the

pretty daughter before mentioned, who holds a large napkin of very delicate material, on which the visitors are expected to dry their lips. The Sister carries on an Arabic conversation with the sheikh, and many polite things are said, which unfortunately are rather lost on the rest of the English visitors.

For the next three days, diverging from the scarcely perceptible track which leads toward Damascus, our friends travel over ground never (says Cæsar) traversed by Europeans, and through places quite unrecognised by guide-books. Even the Cæsar has never been here before, and Sheikh Nasr only once. The last days of desert-travel have now arrived. The Palmyrene excursion has been eminently successful, the only disappointment being that the travellers have not fallen in with any large number of Bedouin folk. Once, indeed, they find themselves not very far from a Bedouin camp, which they might visit by making a detour of two hours or thereabout. Unfortunately this would involve the loss of a day; for whenever the Bedouin see visitors approaching, they instantly kill a sheep, and by no possibility can you bring your call to an end until you have feasted thereupon, which rule of good manners necessitates a certain expenditure of time. Wherefore, to the inconsolable disappointment of some of the party, the Bedouin project is given up.

An account of the desert-marches would be incomplete without some description of the devices to which our friends resort in order to enliven the monotony of the long rides. When feeling particularly puerile they propound impromptu riddles, which aim at being as idiotic as possible, and eminently succeed.

At other times the Sister charmingly recites ballads for the benefit of the other riders; but perhaps the most acceptable entertainment is that supplied by Cæsar and Sheikh Nasr, when they get up a tournament for the amusement of their English friends, charging one another at full gallop, chasing one another like the wind, wheeling about with astonishing swiftness, and generally displaying very fine horsemanship, — sometimes, moreover, making quite intelligible speeches in the language of gesticulation.

"Cæsar would make his fortune on the stage!" exclaims Philippa. "Look at him now, bearing down upon Sheikh Nasr with eyes flashing wrath, and his sword held like a spear above his head!"

Cæsar dashes to the side of the sheikh, and glaring into his face, makes the following speech without uttering a word:—

"Thou and I, O sheikh, are deadly foes. When I meet thee alone, I will seize thee by the throat. I will wring thy neck with my hands, and leave thee dead on the ground!"

As for Sheikh Nasr, he can tell quite a long story in sign-language. Some years ago he made a journey to Odessa to visit by invitation a certain Russian Prince, and very interesting is his account of his experiences on shipboard.

"Why, it is the very words of the Psalm!" exclaims Philippa; and in fact the sheikh, though perfectly silent, is clearly speaking on this wise:—

"We mounted up to heaven," says he; "we went down again to the depths. The ship reeled to and fro, and staggered like a drunken man; and as for me——" Here he lays his head down on his horse's neck, and looks as though his soul were indeed melting because of trouble.

Sometimes the Sister converses with Sheikh Nasr in Arabic, and in the course of these conversations it is discovered that he is the nephew of that Sheikh Miguel who was married to an English lady of rank. It is also discovered that, for all his gentleness, he thinks very little of making a descent on a hostile camp, taking with him 500 or 600 horsemen, and making a clean sweep of all their possessions; and you would believe him, too, if you were to see his fine face lighting up with the "joy of battle," and his dark eyes sparkling and flashing as he remembers these exploits. But he cannot be persuaded to describe them in detail. It is strange, after such an admission, to see the kindliness and courtesy wherewith, when the cavalcade arrives at the camping-ground, he advances to the father's palanquin, takes him in his arms, and lifts him to the ground, carrying him with the utmost gentleness, and apparently with no effort at all. Then, with stately grace, he will move toward whichever of the ladies is still on horseback, and, silently laying one hand on her rein, will point with the other to his own shoulder, meaning that she is to lean thereon as she dismounts.

The travellers now find themselves once more in a region of villages, which are interesting in their way, though most of our friends look back with regret to the time when they sometimes travelled all day without seeing a human being except their own people, and camped at night under an unbroken expanse of sky, surrounded on all sides by the vast tracts of the lonely desert. It is exceedingly amusing to arrive at a village where Europeans are an altogether new curiosity. Nearly the w

lation come forth to witness the arrival, and follow the outlandish creatures to their tent-doors, where they stand in mute astonishment watching with wide-open serious eyes the progress of afternoon tea. By this line of conduct they give to the strangers the best possible opportunity of gazing at *them*, and the English folk are never weary of admiring their graceful attitudes, picturesque dresses, and (sometimes) very beautiful faces. Children almost always predominate, and very charming children they are, especially the little girls, some of whom are wonderfully handsome. If you leave your tent-door open you are sure to have a whole ring of these little Arabesses gathered round it, and watching your movements with the profoundest admiration. Their mothers and grown-up sisters also take a very deep interest in the English ladies and their strange attire, and are never tired of stroking their silk *kefiye*s, marvelling at the astonishingly fair hair of some of them, and pitying their sunburnt faces. They are always most anxious to know what relations they are to one another, and it becomes imperatively necessary to learn sufficient Arabic wherewith to explain, with the help of signs, that they are four sisters with their father, and a friend. When asked after their mother, they point to the ground, and are answered by sad faces of intelligent sympathy.

The journey from Palmyra to Baalbek has now been more or less described; but the present paper having been submitted to the searching criticism of the practical-minded Philippa, she pronounces that "there is no backbone in it." By way of supplying this lamentable defect, we will now

tions, extracted from the pages of the Family Journal:—

"On Ascension Day (May 15th), leaving Karyatên, we rode across the desert westwards, and in about two hours began to ascend the lower slopes of the mountains bounding it in that direction. A picturesque little couple on a donkey, a mother and her son (a boy of about thirteen), came with us from Karyatên as far as the first village we reached, in order that they might have the benefit of our protection on the road. Besides themselves, the unfortunate little donkey seemed to be carrying a stock of things for sale, and some household goods into the bargain. El Breij, where we camped that night, looked very picturesque as we approached it, lying as it does near the eastern slope of the Anti-Lebanon. The village seems miserable enough when one gets near, but the people who crowded to see us seemed healthy, and most of them very good-looking. El Breij is on the way from Damascus to Homs, and a carriage-road is actually in process of being made between the two cities.

"The next day we had a beautiful ride through mountainous country. Our route lay along a 'wady' which traverses this part of Anti-Lebanon; further on it develops into a splendid gorge, whose rocky, mountainous sides are very grand. About seven hours' ride brought us to Ras Baalbek, a village on the western slopes of the Anti-Lebanon, from whence one looks across the valley to the snowy ridges of Lebanon.

"Next morning we started for Baalbek, and rode all day along the valley, which takes a south-westerly direction. The mountain-ranges on either side are very beautiful; there is a good deal of the lower ridges of it has not yet



disappeared from the Anti-Lebanon range. We had beautiful views of the Mount Sunin (over 8500 feet high), and far away in the distance we at last saw Mount Hermon again. A good part of our path lay by the side of a stream which comes from one of the sources of the Orontes, and flows in a northerly direction till, joined by other streams, it forms that river. In this stream we saw a snake of a tawny-brown colour swimming at full speed, till, perceiving us, he went to the bottom

and lay there, refusing to stir for any amount of stones thrown at him. A handsome tortoise was picked up this morning, and Irene has decided to appropriate him; so we have another travelling companion, whose constitution, it is hoped, will prove tougher than that of the infant bustard.

"At last, as we came round the shoulder of a hill, we had a beautiful view of our destination, the ruins of Baalbek."

But they must be relegated to the next chapter.

#### XVII.—BAALBEK AND THE LEBANON.

Not more than one clear day can be devoted to Baalbek. Our friends visit first the enormous hewn stone (shaped, but not entirely detached) left in the quarry by the ancient Phœnician builders, and intended, apparently, for the unfinished north wall of the platform on which stands the great Temple of Baal. It is 68 feet long, 14 feet 2 inches high, and 13 feet 11 inches broad, containing over 13,000 cubic feet.

As for the ruins of the great temples, although far less extensive than those of Palmyra, they are immeasurably grander, and are the most beautiful ruins ever beheld by our travellers, though not fascinatingly weird and strange, like the more ancient Egyptian temples. The visitors first explore the vaults in some of the massive substructures, which contain Phœnician masonry of unknown antiquity, dating from a period far more remote than that of the classic temples above, built in the days of Antoninus Pius. Emerging from these vaults, they turn to the Temple of the Sun, with its stately colonnade of Corinthian columns 65 feet high supporting a sculptured roof of wonderful rich-

ness. Then, passing through the beautiful entrance in the eastern face, they stand in bewildered admiration of the profusion of interior sculptures, fragments of which are beautifully preserved.

Next they make their way to the great Temple of Baal, and marvel most of all at the remaining six columns of its immense colonnade. Each column has a circumference of 22 feet, and their height (including base and Corinthian capital) is 75 feet. They are furthermore crowned by an entablature 14 feet high, which, with its deep mouldings and profusion of sculptured ornament, is said to be hardly surpassed in the world. The capitals and bases are each but a single block of stone, the mighty shafts are each composed of three blocks, and the entablature, reaching from column to column, of one block. There were originally fifty-four such columns.

To any one standing at the lower level of the Temple of the Sun, it is indescribably impressive to look upward at the stately giants that remain, conspicuous against the clear blue sky, <sup>41</sup> rich tints of the stone made



resplendent by the golden Syrian sunshine.

After long wandering about the great Temple of Baal, ever discovering fresh fragments of deep mouldings and exquisite sculpture, the travellers walk round on the outside of the exterior walls of the platform on which the temple stands, till they reach the western side. Here the wall rises about 50 feet above the surface of the ground, and contains the three huge stones of world-wide renown. They are each from 63 to 64 feet long, and in height and thickness 13 feet. They are raised to a height of 20 feet above the ground. Immediately beneath them is a course of masonry wherein each stone is about 30 feet long and 13 feet high. The whole of this platform is of unknown antiquity, built probably by the ancient Phœnicians.

Thence they go to visit the beautiful little temple of Venus, which stands at some distance from the others, but is of the same age and style. Very beautiful it looks, with its rich mouldings lit up by the evening sunshine, and contrasting with the vivid green of the surrounding trees.

Thus ends our travellers' one view of some of the most marvellous ruins in the world. To see them thoroughly in so short a time is a manifest impossibility, but even so superficial an examination leaves a profound impression not to be easily obliterated.

A very sad thing has to be done in the course of this day—viz., saying good-bye to Sheikh Nasr, who is departing for Beyrout. He comes into the sitting-tent, and silently taking the hand of each one of the travellers, kisses his or her right shoulder, and so departs. This leave-taking throws somewhat of a shadow over—  
which should !

cially merry one, seeing that it is Cæsar's birthday. Returning from the ruins a little before sunset, the travellers find him entertaining quite a crowd of congratulating friends and cousins, who sit round in a ring in front of the sitting-tent, with Cæsar in the middle.

"This lady speaks Greek, Miss Sebaste," says he, and the ill-fated Sebaste finds herself confronted without escape by a very charming lady in an oriental silk mantle, who looks at her expectantly.

"Ἑλληνιστὶ λέγεις?" falters Sebaste, sure that she is talking neither modern Greek nor ancient.

"Μάλιστα," exclaims the lady, in a sprightly manner; whereupon Sebaste, greatly encouraged, plunges into an elaborate sentence of her best Attic, at the end of which it appears that the Greek lady has understood never a word, so that the humiliated Atticist is fain to beat a retreat to her tent, and stay there.

The travellers are very curious, it being Cæsar's birthday, to find out the age of that anomalous compound of boyish enterprise and mature experience; so the father casually remarks during supper, "I suppose, Cæsar, you are about fifty to-day?" Whereupon Cæsar laughs, and says he is twenty, sir; and to no more than twenty can he be brought to confess. The English are amused to discover the juvenility of their travelled dragoman, who has been everywhere, and knows everything, and whom they treat with so much deference. In the evening there is a grand illumination of the camp, and fireworks withal (of Damascus production), not unworthy of the festal occasion.

The next day our friends ride across the Buka'a valley, the beautiful which separates Anti-  
in chain.



Not far from Baalbek they make a little detour to inspect a monumental column standing alone in the plain. The inscription thereupon being no longer legible, its date and significance seem to have been forgotten.

At last they leave the plain and ascend the rocky slopes at the foot of Lebanon as far as the village of Ainêta, where they camp. From the tent-doors they have one of the loveliest views on which their eyes have hitherto feasted themselves. Above them rise the gigantic slopes of Lebanon, culminating in sheets of dazzling snow, while far away across the plain the range of Anti-Lebanon draws up to the snowy peaks of Hermon, emerging from a flood of soft blue shadow.

The following day is devoted to an expedition to the cedars of Lebanon—some old trees still preserved as a specimen of the ancient glories of the cedar-forest in the days of David and Solomon. To-day the Syrian steeds excel themselves in the mountaineering line, bravely mounting up the steep zigzag path, climbing over opposing rocks, and so forth, till the tents, lying far below, appear like five tiny specks of white, and the travellers can look away over the broad green plains eastward to the towering heights of Anti-Lebanon (which, as our friends rise higher and higher, rear themselves upward to an astonishing altitude), and southward to the snow-fields of Hermon shining in the morning sunlight. Soon the air grows keener, and at length they come to the snow, of which they have

to cross several broad patches, much to the astonishment of their steeds, who nibble at it to begin with, but finding it unsatisfactory, plod along in a resigned and disconsolate fashion; whereas the Arabs are wild with the delight of a snowball match, passing up handfuls of snow to the riders, that they, too, may play with the marvellous stuff.

Then they suddenly arrive at the topmost ridge of the pass of the Jebel-el-Arz,<sup>1</sup> 7700 feet above the sea-level; and there before them, with the grand mountain-gorge of the Kadisha leading down towards it, lies the Mediterranean, stretching away westward in boundless plains of soft, bright blue, or rather, as it seems,<sup>2</sup> rising up in a mighty towering cliff; while far out to sea, half-way up the face of that radiant wall of blue, float whole trains and processions of fleecy white clouds shining in the dazzling sunlight.

They descend on the other side by a path steeper if possible than that by which they mounted, and in due time they behold on the vast sweep of the mountain-side a single patch of green—the Cedars at last! While still at a distance you can hear the notes of the birds which make their nests there, and “sing among the branches”; and when you enter the broad-spreading shade (though not more than about 400 cedars remain), you find yourself in a genuine fragment of ancient forest, the grand old trees as stately now, the cone-covered ground beneath them as deeply shaded, and the sweet air around as redolent of the fragrant cedar-

<sup>1</sup> That is, “the Cedar Mountain.”

<sup>2</sup> The horizon being apparently on a level with the eye, the mind (unable to grasp the idea of so vast an expanse) refuses to believe that it is in reality a flat surface. This curious delusion is no doubt familiar to all who have looked over the sea from a great height, but is none the less impressive when experienced for the first time.



wood as when all the mountain-side was covered by their kith and kin.

In the midst of the cedars there is a little Maronite church, used for service only once a-year (on the Feast of the Transfiguration), and left in a dreadful state of neglect. Not far from this our friends take luncheon, and then they wander about among the old superannuated giants of the forest—"the cedars of Lebanon which Thou hast planted."

After a time the mountain-mists gathering on the heights overhead give warning that they must start on their return journey if they desire not to be beclouded. So they once more mount their steeds, and, again ascending the pass, pick their steep way down the other side. In crossing one of the snow-drifts near the summit, Abu Hassan, who is on foot, creates great amusement by suddenly toppling over on the incline of hardened snow, making an extraordinary picture as, in his baggy Eastern costume, he rolls over and over down the steep descent. He quite appreciates the joke himself, and rather enjoys it than otherwise.

The next day they once more set forth on their travels, and for some distance retrace the way by which they came from Baalbek the day before yesterday, descending the rocky slopes till they reach the broad plain of the Buka'a, across which may be seen the dark-green patch of vegetation where stand the ruins of Baalbek, embowered in clustering trees. They then diverge from the Baalbek track, turning to the right and skirting the foot of the Lebanon. During the morning they are much delighted by a lovely mirage to the southward, quite as beautiful as any they saw in the desert. A broad lake, dotted with numbers

of rocky islets, fills up the end of the broad valley, its clear waters shining in the sunlight; but not long have they admired it when it slowly dries up before their eyes, and finally vanishes. About mid-day a further diversion is caused by the sight of a large number of storks wading about in the standing corn, which covers the rich soil of the plain, and is already more or less in ear.

Shortly before arriving at the camping-ground, they pass, near one of the innumerable villages with unpronounceable names, the "Tomb of the Prophet Joseph," where, say the Moslems, the patriarch Joseph lies buried—a story quite as unfounded as all other Mohammedan traditions of the kind.

The tents are pitched at Neby Reshedi, a Moslem village, near which is another village entirely Christian. Ramadan being just over, to-day is a Mohammedan festival, wherefore all the folk of Neby Reshedi are out holiday-making, and come crowding round the strangers, staring to their hearts' content. Not far from the tents a party of men in their dignified Eastern robes are solemnly going through a kind of dance in a ring, which appears very comic to Western eyes.

The following day is spent in travelling along that same plain at the foot of those same mountains. Baalbek, opposite which they seemed to stay (so broad is the expanse of plain) during the greater part of yesterday's march, is now finally left behind, and they are journeying onward towards the snowy peaks of Hermon, which rise up far to the southward, and recede and recede as though they would lure them on for ever. A melancholy event takes place to-day, for they enter upon what is undeniably neither more nor less





than a good, smooth, hard carriage-road.

"Good-bye to the mountains and the valleys!" said Cæsar, and all the travellers join in a chorus of lamentation, heaping all the opprobrious epithets they can think

of on carriage-roads in general and this one in particular, together with telegraph wires, stone houses, and all other marks of civilisation whatsoever. Alas! the end of their pilgrimage is fast approaching now.

XVIII.—CONCLUSION. FROM ZAHLEH TO BEYROUT.

We left our travellers in the Buka'a valley, not far from the town of Zahleh. Their sad thoughts about the approaching end of their journey are a little distracted by the glories of the lovely scenery through which they are passing. At the end of the day they leave the plain, and enter a deep mountain-glen, which, when they have ascended for some distance, they finally arrive at Zahleh, the largest (and assuredly the most beautiful) village in the Lebanon. The town was captured in 1860 by the Druses, and there was a terrible massacre of the Christians. Its population now is 10,000, almost all of whom are Christians. The houses are clustered in terraces up the side of the glen; and a very charming picture they make, rising steeply on each side of the stream which flows below, bordered by tall trees, while the rocky sides of the glen tower above in protecting grandeur.

The tents are pitched on a high knoll of grassy downland overlooking the town, a situation very like that which they occupied at Shechem; and the view from the tent-doors is wonderfully grand and beautiful. The people crowd round the visitors, all in bright holiday attire—the womankind wearing light-coloured cotton dresses, and the pretty white muslin veils which, when wound about the head and thrown over

the shoulder, are so charmingly becoming. Some of the children can talk a little English.

"Where did you learn English?" asks Sebaste of a small boy.

"In the school,"<sup>1</sup> says he.

"Why are you not in school now?"

"It is a holy-day. The Lord went to heaven."

"That means," says Sophia, "that this is the Feast of Ascension in the Greek Church—the octave of our own."

The next morning our friends regain the valley, and for several hours journey on as aforetime at the foot of the Lebanon chain, which towers above them on their right; while on their left stretches the broad, smooth, green plain, bounded by the purple heights of Anti-Lebanon, which trend away towards the south till they rise up before them in the shining peaks of Hermon. It is a view not soon to be forgotten, and the colours thereof are marvellous,—first the soft rich green of the plain, then the purple mountain-slopes, transfigured by a dazzling haze of all tender hues, and above all, the cloudless blue of the Syrian sky.

Toward mid-day they begin to mount the rocky slopes of Lebanon to their right; the plain sinks rapidly beneath them, the distant Hermon alone remaining almost unchanged: and so they rise

<sup>1</sup> The British-Syrian Mission has a school at Zahleh.



higher and higher till they gain the summit of the Lebanon Pass, 5060 feet above the sea-level, whence they obtain wonderful glimpses of the broad, bright, blue sea, and, alas! of unwelcome, unwished-for, uncalled-for, wholly superfluous Beyrout at last.

Shortly after leaving the plain the travellers are called upon to behold and admire the Tomb of Noah, wherein, say the Moslems, Noah lies buried. The tomb is about 120 feet long, by two or at most three feet broad. Poor Noah seems to have been very thin for his height!

Not long after this some of the riders begin to look wistfully at a certain ruin lying at some distance to the left of the road. Cæsar happens to be behind—so, telling the others whither they are going, they make bold to leave the road and pick their way along the rocky paths, meaning, after this little detour, to rejoin the rest farther on. What that wicked ruin has got into its head I know not; but certain it is that it plays at hide-and-seek round the rocky hillsides, gets farther away instead of nearer, and finally vanishes altogether, so that the riders begin to grow bewildered, and also to feel some twinges of compunction at having brought their horses over such rocky ground on what seems likely to prove but a wild-goose chase after all. Just at this moment, tearing over the break-neck rocks, up gallops the Cæsar, and with eyes flashing wrath, though with his usual gentle politeness, asks whither they are going, tells them that the ruin is two hours distant (a statement not to be taken too literally), and placing himself at their head, leads them back to the road like so many sheep. They find it rather difficult to answer all the sympathetic inquiries of the others as to the

interior wonders of that unconscionable ruin.

Farther on Cæsar points out a building used for storing the Lebanon snow, which, says he, is bought up from year to year for £200 or £300 and taken to Beyrout, where it is sold and used for cooling sherbet, &c. They also see at some distance a group of buildings devoted to the manufacture of silk. The slopes of Lebanon are to a great extent covered with young mulberry-trees hereabout, grown for the support of silkworms.

Luncheon is eaten high up in the mountains, near the Khan Sofar, and the tents are pitched lower down in a vineyard (some of the tent-cords being fastened to the vine-stems), whence there is a wonderful view of Beyrout lying far below, and beyond, the high wall of the brightly gleaming sea.

A thick cloud hides the western sun, but just leaves the horizon clear, so that, as the invisible sun sinks lower and lower, our friends can see his bright reflection lying across the steep waters toward them, like a pillar of dazzling light. Just as the pale ball of the rayless sun appears in the fringe of the cloud, the inexorable Abu Said suddenly ejaculates, in a sepulchral voice, "Dinner ready!" and though they allow the "soop of the evening" to grow nearly cold, they behold not the actual sun-setting. This is the last supper in camp, and a somewhat melancholy repast,—though the father tries to make it more cheerful by beautifully decorating the table with ferns gathered near the tents, and some lovely garden roses which suddenly make their appearance, having been brought in by some of the Arabs, whence I know not—elfland, perhaps.



When the travellers again emerge into the open air the night has come, the soft sunset glow lingers faintly along the horizon over the sea, the stars hang sparkling in the now perfectly clear sky; only one fleecy cloud steals along in feathery folds just below the brow of the height whereon stands their house and home—their last, last camp!”

“To-morrow, sir,” says Cæsar, “we will put the two flags from the tops of the tents on to the palanquins.”

“No, no, Cæsar—that’s childish. People would take us for Americans!”

“Indeed, sir,” protests the Cæsar, much hurt in his feelings, “that is always done when parties arrive in Beyrout, and not only by the Americans!”

So the point is conceded, and next morning our friends start at about seven o’clock with flying colours, one palanquin adorned with the red ensign, the other with the union-jack, and both of them further decorated with beautiful bunches of roses. The Cæsar has earned his triumphal procession, for it is no small feat to have completed so successfully such a long journey (the longest he has ever made in tents),—this being, furthermore, the first expedition through the country which he has organised independently, and on his own account. So he rides into Beyrout in triumph, as before stated, “Leading us like captives at his chariot-wheels!” exclaims Sebaste; but Philippa says, “We are the victorious troops.”

Before starting this morning it is a pathetic sight to watch Abdul (who, having several times travelled to Mecca, is an important personage, and ought to have been described long ago) tenderly decorating, with a graceful nosegay of crimson roses, the huge head of

El Adham, Philippa’s great black steed. El Adham (whose name signifieth “the Black One”) belongs to Abdul, and is his chief (if not his only) piece of property; and his master’s affectionate pride in him is unbounded, so that when the other Syrians wish to tease poor Abdul they are accustomed to announce that El Adham is lost, stolen, or strayed. Unfortunately, that strong-minded steed does not seem to return his master’s affection; and indeed, soon after the start from Jerusalem, he one day jumped clean over poor Abdul, who was meekly offering him some water, and hurt him considerably. On the present occasion it is touching to see the devoted Abdul tenderly arranging the roses, while El Adham, with his hard old face, does his best to look indifferent, and not at all flattered.

It takes about four hours to ride from the camping-ground to the journey’s end—a pretty steep descent nearly all the way, during which our friends gaze with delight at many wonderful views of those mighty western slopes of Lebanon, where the vast sweep of the rocky mountain-sides is variegated with rich harmonious tints—as of lichens gold and brown on ancient ruins—contrasting strangely with the vivid green of the young mulberry-plantations; while sprinkled all around are innumerable tiny villages, perched aloft on rugged heights, or nestled here and there in rocky nooks and corners.

“Can one not see,” exclaims Philippa, “by the flourishing and populous look of all those villages, that the Lebanon is under a Christian governor? He is almost independent, you know, for though Turkey appoints him to begin with, his authority is guaranteed by the Christian Powers of Europe.”



and he cannot be dismissed without their consent."

"Ah," sighs Sebaste, admiringly, "what a splendid thing it is to have one's guide-book all by heart!"

As they ride through the outskirts of Beyrout, Cæsar suddenly catches sight of a figure some distance ahead emerging from a house on the road. Off goes Cæsar at full gallop, and when the other riders come up with him, he is bending down to kiss Sheikh Nasr! The sheikh has discarded his desert-dress, and is now attired as befits his high position. Over a beautiful silk robe of rich orange and gold he wears a long mantle of fine white alpaca, while a silk *kefiyeh* of white and purple hangs gracefully over his shoulders, bound round his head with the Bedouin coil of camel-hair, which, with his huge boots of scarlet leather, is alone retained of his desert costume. He greets the travellers most kindly, his fine face beaming with welcome, though, as usual, he speaks not. Then, mounting his horse, he rides with them through the town, a distinguished addition to the cavalcade. Finally, our friends arrive at the Oriental Hotel, and there establish themselves.

In the evening they have to perform the melancholy duty of saying good-bye to all their good Syrian folk, whom the father has asked Cæsar to bring to the hotel for that purpose. Standing a little above them on the stone stairs, the father makes them a speech of hearty thanks for all their attention and good behaviour during the journey. This is translated bit by bit into Arabic by Cæsar, and received with looks of gratitude and affection.

Then forth stands Abu Hassan, and, as spokesman on the other side, makes an elaborate Arabic

speech, with many gestures of respect and politeness. His thanks and compliments are in their turn duly translated by Cæsar, and then the father distributes the long-expected *baksheesh*, while the ladies shake hands all round and say Farewell in their best Arabic. And so they go their ways.

That night none of the travellers can sleep, so oppressive do they find it to have a roof over their heads, and to be hemmed in by solid walls after their seven weeks of camping in the open.

The days which follow seem unaccountably flat, though enlivened by one long gallop to the Dog River (*Nahr el Kelb*), where they contemplate the ancient inscriptions left on the rocks by Assyrians, Egyptians, and Romans, and are especially impressed by the dignified mien of certain Assyrian potentates with long curly beards, carved in bas-relief on the natural rock, and now in various stages of defacement.

At last the day of departure arrives, and our friends embark on the Austrian Lloyd's steamer, on the deck of which we must finally take leave of them. The screw begins its revolutions, and Beyrout slowly recedes, looking very pretty in the rich glow of the nearly setting sun. It is late in the season, and there are but few passengers. The sea is smooth and the sky cloudless, so that there is good hope of a prosperous voyage. The sun is really sinking now in a glory of rosy light. Already the dark-blue sea and the white houses of the distant town lie in the shadow, which is creeping up the steep slopes of the mountains. Only their summits, rising clear above a long line of soft fleecy cloud, glow red and beautiful against the cloudless Eastern sky. *Vale!*

AUGUSTA KLEIN.



## AN OLD SOLDIER.

WHEN he first came among us there was something of the gay bachelor about him, though he was past middle age then. But it was a very quiet neighbourhood, one from which all the young men migrated as soon as they reached the years at which men begin seriously to pursue business or pleasure. So, despite his years and the fact that a few old Indian cronies who were settled near knew him for a widower, the Major, as we called him, passed as a tolerably eligible *parti*, and may have raised faint and unacknowledged hopes in the heart of more than one fading spinster. For it was a corner of the earth in which many a spinster was born to live and die practically unseen—unseen, that is, of any who was at all likely to change her condition of spinsterhood.

He had a stern hard face, and his old comrades whispered that he had been an uncompromising martinet in the service—shirking no hardship that lay in the way of his own duty, and permitting no shirking on the part of a subordinate. Very just withal, and very generally respected, if standing somewhat too aloof, in his uncompromising attitude, for love. And an intensely religious man—one who made his religion govern his life in soldierly fashion, as under hard martial law, but did not allow it to soften his life or brighten it. In days long gone by he might have stood as a type of Cromwell's Ironsides—yielding to no foe and to no temptation, nor yielding a mite of quarter to an enemy, or of charity to a sinner. To-day, he could but stand as a type of

a certain class of soldier—commoner perhaps in the Indian service than in ours—but daily becoming more rare until one may say that it is virtually extinct.

When he first came home he was a constant diner-out. He lived comfortably; for though he had not shaken the pagoda tree to any great profit, his retiring pension had been a comfortable one, and he was all alone. So he fell much into the habit of dining with his old Indian cronies or with a few of like stamp in the neighbourhood. They used to talk, at dinner, of old days in the service, occasionally making gallant speeches, in the old-fashioned way, to the ladies. The Major was very moderate in all things; but after dinner he enjoyed a good glass of port. Then the real delight of the evening would begin for him in whist at threepenny points. In the daytime, if it were fine, he went one of three fixed walks, each of an equal length. At certain points—always the same points in each walk—he would take out his watch and say, "Dear me, dear me, it is time I was going back to luncheon." But if it were a saint's day, his usual walk did not see him, for he never failed to avail himself of an opportunity of worship in church, and attended every week-day service, as well as the two Sunday services (at which he carried round the bag), with military regularity. In the afternoons he walked into the little club, a mile from his house, to play billiards.

He was a player of the old-fashioned style. "Side" was a mystery to him, and "screw" he

regarded as something certainly unfair, and in some way due to perversion by the Evil One.

"I see you, sir," he would say to an opponent, of more modern methods, whom he saw preparing to execute a twist stroke—"I see you chalking your cue to put on that tremendous screw of yours." This he would say with playful archness.

Then, if his adversary missed it, and left his ball in the jaws of the pocket, as, thus put upon his mettle, he was very apt to do, a gleam of almost wicked joy would light up the leathern, hatchet features, and he would say, "Ah, now I have you, sir—now I have you. That is what comes of attempting those hazardous strokes."

But if, on the other hand, the stroke were accomplished, a resigned melancholy would overspread his face, and he would say, "Marvellous! marvellous! and done with such consummate ease! I have not an idea how it is done—not an idea."

If some of these feats were denied him, however, he had certain peculiar gifts which in some measure compensated him for his deficiencies. He would shut one eye and aim steadily along the line of his cue, and so hit the object-ball with the most deadly precision in regard to degrees of fineness, and he would execute cannons all round the table without an atom of side on the ball, and with a quite wonderful judgment of angles. He was full, too, of wise saws—"Safety, sir! safety! Safety is the soul of billiards," he would say, as with steady aim he "potted" the adversary and made a double baulk—"safety is the soul of billiards. Pot and baulk, sir—that's the game."

"Slow on the red—fatal game,"

was another frequent comment with him, as he found himself left with a cannon by an adversary who had adopted these tactics.

Then he was fond of little Latin quotations. "*Non potui*, sir," he would always say after failing at a stroke—"non potui—I was not able;" he translated it for the benefit of those who had had fewer educational advantages than himself—not without a faint appreciation of a lurking humorous connection between the first syllable of the Latin verb and his favourite stroke.

When his stroke was played gently enough for him to overtake the ball he used to walk after it, with great strides, beside the table, bending over and watching carefully to see that the ball behaved itself upon the way. After a forcing stroke he brandished his cue in a manner quite dangerous to the spectators, and bent himself in tortuous attitudes to indicate to the ball which course it should pursue.

When things were going well he would roll down the ball to the opponent from the top pocket as gently as could be; but if he were points behind he sent it thundering down the table like a battering-ram.

And after his games were over he walked home, alone for choice, thinking over each stroke, with joy if the balance of games had been in his favour, with sorrow if victory had been with the opponent.

So his quiet days passed; but after a while, having no conceivable use for more money than he had, he began to raise capital upon the security of his pension and to invest in the companies of which notices come to us, through the post, at breakfast-time. Then



things began to go badly for him, and after a time he had to move from his comfortable house and into lodgings. But still he dined out often with his friends.

One night they played sixpenny points. It was unusual, and there were others there besides the Major who were uncomfortable about it. But a gentleman from London was of the party and he pooh-poohed the threepenny. He was the Major's partner and they were unfortunate, and soon he began at the close of each hand to criticise the Major's play. For a while the Major said little more in reply than, "Doubtless you are right, sir."

At length, at the end of the play of one hand, the gentleman from London was found with five trumps which he had had no opportunity of playing. "But did you see my call, Major? Did you not see my Blue Peter?"

"No, sir," the Major replied, rising from the table, "I *did* not see your call, and if I had seen your call I should have taken no notice of it. We play no Blue Peter here, sir, or Red Peter or Green Peter either. We play the game of whist as it should be played, sir, without any calls or conjuror's tricks, sir." And he rose and left the table and took his leave immediately.

Perhaps it does not explain the case to say that on cooler reflection the Major was sorry for the way in which he had spoken, for he expressed no sorrow either to his host or to the gentleman to whom his words had been addressed. But from that day to his death he never touched a card, nor could his friends ever again induce him to dine at their houses. He made no excuse, he only said that he regretted that he

could not come. In addition he gave himself this further penance—a very heavy one—that during all the following Lent he did not once come to the club nor play a game of billiards. Only, a year later, when his last host pressed him to come back into their small circle of whist-players did he say a word to give a clue to the reason of his withdrawal.

"No, sir," he said, "when a man cannot keep his temper at a game, it is time that he should give it up."

So they made no further efforts to draw him from his seclusion, and saving for his remarks upon his games of billiards, he scarcely spoke a word to a soul for weeks together.

Meanwhile he continued to invest capital in the companies whose notices appear at the breakfast-table, until but a very small margin of his pension was left available. So he moved into cheaper lodgings, bearing very little with him in the shape of household goods except a large-printed Bible. After a time, he began to restrict himself in his games of billiards, because of the shillings that he had to pay for them when he lost, and he grew to spend more and more of his time in his barely furnished lodging, poring over the big Bible that lay upon the plain deal table.

One evening he was so reading by the light of a single lamp when there came a gentle tapping at the door of his room. He said, "Come in," and there appeared in answer a figure that was so unfamiliar in that bare room that it seemed to him almost as if it must be an apparition. It was a little golden-haired girl of seven or eight years old.

The child came to him without

fear, and said, "Please, sir, mother said I was to give you these."

She held up her little hand full of a packet of letters tied up with a piece of plain white tape.

"Me, my child? There must be some mistake."

"No; mother said I was to give them to you."

He looked at the letters curiously. Most were old and yellow. One was freshly written, though dirty and on cheap common paper. A change came over his face as he looked at the handwriting—his leathern jaws closed even more rigidly.

"Where is your mother?" he asked.

"She's at Mr Knowles's in the village," the child answered, shrinking back from the expression on his face.

The Major still held the packet of letters unopened, looking at them in grim silent thought.

"She's dead," the child added, simply.

"What!" said the Major, turning round upon her so sharply that the child shrank back again frightened.

"She's dead," she repeated.

The Major buried his head in his two hands, and groaned as he leaned forward on the table. So he remained a while, and the child looked at him curiously. Then he lifted his head and slowly undid the packet of letters. He laid the old ones aside after a glance and addressed himself to the lately written one.

"Father," it began, "I dare to call you so now, for when you read this I shall be dead. If I had dared I would have come to you while I was alive to beg of you what I now have to beg of you by letter—your forgiveness—not for my own sake, for I shall be buried with my mammy!"

that, but for the sake of my child—your granddaughter. It was to beg this that I came here, for I knew I was dying, but when I saw your face (I have watched you and been very near you more than once lately though you did not know it) I did not dare to come to you. I felt that you never would forgive me. But now that I am dead, I send you this by the hand of my child—with all the old letters which passed between us, lest you should think perhaps that it is an imposture—to beg you, for her sake, to remember that you had a daughter; to forget, if possible, that your daughter disobeyed you. For, if you will not care for my child, there is no one in the wide world to care for her. My husband, of whom you so disapproved, is gone where I hope I may have joined him by the time you read this; and his relatives would have nothing to say to him when they knew that I had married him with your disapproval. My child comes to you almost penniless. Such money as I can leave her you will find the securities for in these papers. The interest amounts to £55 a-year. I can write no more. God bless you, father! In another world I know I shall meet you and have your forgiveness. I will not ask you to give it me in this. If you have forgiveness for me in your heart, give it all to my child."

So the letter ended. There was no signature.

Then the Major laid the letter on the table and sat over it silently, and the great big drops fell from his eyes upon the paper. He felt a gentle touch. The child had stolen to him and laid a tiny hand upon his knee, looking wonderingly up into his face.

"Are you crying? crying for





"Yes," he said, uncouthly, and laid one great bony hand over the child's tiny one. With the other he stroked her golden hair; and so the bond of forgiveness was sealed.

"Come," he said, "let us go and see your mammy."

They went out into the starlit night together and down the hundred yards or so of village street. The lights in the windows were few, for they were an early-to-bed folk; but when they came to Mr Knowles's cottage, a light was at an upper window.

Presently the door was opened in answer to their knock.

"Have you come to see her, Major? She told us she had written to you."

"Yes," he answered, simply. "She was my relative."

Then they went up-stairs. The sheet was drawn down from the dead thing lying upon the bed. The poor face was thin and wasted; but the hair was golden bright, like the hair of the child.

The Major looked long and silently at the face, saying nothing. At length he bent over and kissed the cold forehead. "Forgive me, forgive me," he whispered. "I forgive."

Then he took the child's hand again and said, "Come, let us go home."

After that it was spoken of in the neighbourhood that the Major had attended the funeral of a young stranger-woman who had died at a cottage in the village. He began to develop new tastes too—going down upon the sands, and picking shells and building wonderful forts for the sea to come up and wash away when the tide rose—always with the child for his companion. He went his walks in her company, and took her to

church with him. Much of his time was spent in giving her lessons in spelling and geography and the kings of England; and in the curriculum of education as it had been in his own boyhood. He did not come to the club often now, and when he read the Bible aloud to the child, and the child went to sleep over the reading, he did not awake her, but let her sleep on, reading in a more monotonous way than was usual with him, even, so as not to startle her into wakefulness.

And the child was quite satisfied with all this, and did not seem altogether like other children, or to care very much to play with them. The passiveness seemed to grow upon her during all the winter that the Major had her with him, and became even more marked as the spring drew on. Then the Major called the doctor in (he had not had a doctor for himself since his boyhood). The doctor said that there was nothing in particular wrong with the child, but spoke vague words of consumption and decline. Gradually she grew weaker. The Major wished to take her away for change, but the doctor discouraged the idea.

Finally, the Major grew tired of the opinion of a local doctor, and sent for a great physician from London. This cost the Major about one year's income. The great man shook his head and said very little; but as he was leaving he said, "It is no good to take her away. She cannot live long. It is as well for her at home here with you as anywhere."

So the child was more and more kept to her room and to her bed; and the Major sat beside her for hours and hours together and read

the Bible to her, or brought her shells and flowers and everything that he thought might help her to pass the time. But she never said a word of complaint—of its hanging heavy on her hands—nor ever spoke of pain.

And when the autumn leaves began to fade and fall, the child faded away too, and before the first snow of the winter they had laid her in a tiny grave beside her mother in the churchyard.

From that time the Major began to fade too—of no specific ailment, but much as the child had faded. But with him it was less that he was being taken away from anything, than that he did not wish to stay. He shut himself more than ever in his little bare room, reading his Bible and coiling round and round upon his finger a long curl of the child's golden hair. Sometimes he would go down upon the beach, and they

would see him building the sand forts and picking the shells, just as if the child were with him. Often he would bring shells and flowers home and arrange them as he had used to do for the child's pleasure.

After a while his landlady found it hard to get him to take his meagre meals, or arouse him to take any notice when she brought them in.

One day in the autumn following that in which the child had died, the landlady coming in, found him sitting in his usual chair, with his head upon his hand bending over his Bible in his favourite attitude. He was dead; and round his clasped finger was wound so closely the curl of the child's hair that they could not free it!

The Major had gone to tell his daughter that he had forgiven her.

## GREEK SONNETS.

## THE PARTHENON.

A RUIN ! But no Gothic pile divine  
 May match the Athenian's master-work of might ;  
 Beauty supreme, and Glory infinite,  
 Smile undismayed in Pallas' peerless shrine ;  
 Fair Fane, that loftiest memories entwine,  
 Though Time hath o'er thee swept with scathing flight,  
 And War's rude touch hath marred thy marble white,  
 Unconquered Thought's Eternity is thine !

Yes ! Thou hast seen Athene yield to Christ,  
 The Moslem's merciless sway—till Freedom, won  
 At Navarino, chased away the mist  
 That blackening brooded o'er thee, and outshone  
 The dawn of Greece re-risen—and Hope, that kissed  
 To life—from death-like sleep—the Parthenon.

## PHYLE.

Hence Thrasybulus' eagle-swoop struck down  
 The traitorous Thirty. Let me muse awhile,  
 Where yon lone Castle guards the dark defile,  
 From age to age, with dread majestic frown :  
 Yon crags are clasped with more than Nature's crown :  
 Stern Fate hath doomed that immemorial pile ;  
 But, for the Patriot Hero, History's smile  
 Shall spurn the assailant years, that wreck renown.

O lovely land he fought for ! Far away  
 Before me sleep the olive-sprinkled plain,  
 Purple Hymettus, and Piræus Bay,  
 And that proud Rock, where still Athene's Fane  
 Recalls the rapture of her vanished sway  
 O'er storied Mount, and Delos-hallowed main.



## THE OLYMPEIUM.

Of star-lit stormy years the ceaseless flow  
Is mightier than man's mightiest work sublime:  
This shattered splendour, spared awhile by Time,  
Attests his dread victorious overthrow:  
Where now thy sway triumphant, and where now,  
Born in Athenæ's spring-tide, ere her prime  
Flashed conquering rays o'er Hellas' storied clime,  
Thy Temple, Zeus the Thunderer? Where art thou?

Ye who would grasp Fame's crown, who scorn the peace  
Of lowly hearts secure, the heaven of home,  
Lured by vain glitter of some golden Fleece,  
That mocks the winner—watch Callirhœe's foam,  
Near yon wrecked shrine, achieved when woe-worn Greece  
Bowed to the sword-sweep of imperial Rome.

## THE TEMPLE AT ÆGINA.

Here would the beauty-loving Greek beguile  
The thoughts of Death that froze him. Still and lone  
The sacred summit, where through years long gone,  
Illumed, with Art's supreme victorious smile,  
His haunted heart yon solitary pile;  
Where, hymned by chants from white-sailed galleys blown,  
O'er those blue waves' melodious monotone,  
Pallas Athene crowned Ægina's isle.

Hence would I seek, when sweetly dies the day,  
With yearning eyes her yet more glorious shrine,  
Beyond the billowy mountains' barrier grey,  
Till my charmed spirit feel her flash divine:  
So shall Athene reassert her sway,  
So shall her perfect loveliness be mine.

C. A. KELLY.



## THE EIGHT HOURS QUESTION AND THE DOUBLE-SHIFT SYSTEM.

It cannot be said the "new unionism," as it is called, is by any means new. Long ago Mr Herbert Spencer pointed out, in one of his early essays, that the various strikes showed a decided leaning on the part of artisans towards a despotic regulation of trade prices, hours, and arrangements—towards an abolition of free trade between employers and employed—when the cost of production would be raised. Of the things which were thus foreseen, the time question has come most prominently forward; but before one may sympathise with the demands of its supporters, it is necessary to consider the economic possibility of the reduction of the hours of work. If this can be accomplished satisfactorily, and is accepted by workers, all will be well. To meet these two points, however, the change must be effected without fettering the labourer's freedom, without any diminution in the rate of wages or of the number of the employed. In fact, unless the number is increased at the same level of wages, it will only benefit those who have already work; while, if the cost of production is raised to cover the loss of time, the general welfare of the nation must suffer, should the extra cost not be maintained. Whether our capitalists are able or unable to advance prices, depends upon many circumstances over which, unfortunately, they have little control; but as a rise is a thing that would take place at any feasible opportunity, for other reasons than the causes bearing on the intrusion of the wages question, we may practically set it aside at present.

To all labouring men the problem connected with the length of the hours of work is a vital one, and it is a matter of considerable satisfaction the older unionists understand the economic difficulties underlying it. It is evident, nevertheless, from the speeches delivered at the late Trades-Union Congress, and from the resolution which was subsequently carried, approving of an enforced eight hours day except where a majority of a trade protest against it, that the delegates who were in favour of reducing hours by compulsion had little or no notion of what they were about; as it is beyond a doubt, if the crude ideas so prevalent among so large a section were capable of being realised, their own end would be not only sudden but unpleasant, and the general state of all workers materially reduced. Still, the matter is such an absorbing one, affecting as it does such large numbers, that if its solution is not made clear, we may find the United Kingdom on the morrow of some general election committed to a disastrous line of policy.

It is highly improbable the anarchic theories of the Continent have any support from the responsible British artisan—he is too well-informed, as the last miners' conference at Paris demonstrated; but the apparent hostile attitude of the "new unionists" towards capital, shows that they at least are more or less falling under the influence of foreign notions, which treat the capitalist as a plunderer. It would seem it had yet to be learnt by these men, capital is not a tangible substance, to be taken hold of and divided up after the manner of

carving a chicken. It lives by its growth and its usefulness, passing freely from one country to another in proportion as it is required and is secure. It is created by intelligence, by labour, by thrift; and when disorder prevails, or in times of depression, it silently withdraws, it vanishes away like a Will-o'-the-wisp. Were the attempt ever made to confiscate capital, that part of it called "fixed," or the buildings, machinery, &c., necessary to production, could alone be affected, when wealth would immediately lose a great part of its exchangeable value through the insecurity evoked, and the nation become the poorer in accordance with the greatness of the confiscation. "Circulating" capital could not be touched. As cash, it would have felt the danger, so to say, in the air, and taken care of itself; or, as credit, be completely non-existent on the promulgation of the confiscatory law. The money aspect of capital being the alluring one to the toiler, he ought to well understand the impossibility of division by compulsion. When, then, all had been done that could be done in the way of applying a socialistic principle to capital, the state of the wage-earner would be sadder, and the task in front of him harder than ever, for he would occupy the position of endeavouring to nationalise confidence—a situation palpably absurd. Capital being the result of labour in the first instance, its creation takes place concurrently with labour; and as its growth depends upon its reward to the individual in the interest, monetary or otherwise, he obtains, the stimulant to its production, were the world agreed to try social means, would no longer be present. As Professor Marshall remarks, in his 'Principles of Economics,' the service ren-

dered by capital is not a free one, requiring no sacrifice to continue it. Interest, therefore, is not a robbery of but a stimulus to labour, as the value of a thing—for example, a piano—does not solely consist of the work employed in making it. The socialistic idea of capital has been tried before now—has been tried and found wanting—under auspices of good, which are never again likely to be seen. Bancroft tells us, in his 'History of the United States,' that the system of common property which the pilgrims to New England at first adopted occasioned grievous discontent. Law could not compel regular labour like personal interest; and even the threat of keeping back their bread, when the colony was nearly starving, could not change the idle. Would State coercion of the slothful worker be more successful? If the capitalist forgets at times his obligation to the labourer, the remedy must be sought in some other manner than nationalisation, or the desire to rise in the world has no abiding force.

Could the State nationalise capital it would also have to regulate wages, but national workshops have been established and have failed. It is curious, the testimony of history giving the experience of the past, should be neglected by modern advocates of the people's welfare. To the lazy and the unfortunate, an assured minimum rate of 5s. a-day, the amount mentioned some time ago by one spokesman as necessary, would without doubt at first be the realisation of an "earthly Paradise." No limitation of wages nevertheless, it may be safely said, outside of the merest mechanical work, will ever be satisfactory to the possessor of ability, owing to the very same reasons we have just applied to the national-



isation of capital. Socialism here means a levelling down, and is contrary to the instinct, natural at least to the Anglo-Saxon, of aspiration. It ignores the important point, there is no great fund ready to the hand from which wages could be continually paid, unless the general community were willing and *able* to be continually taxed. Wages, while subject to local circumstances and conditions of trade, depend primarily on population and capital; so that, as Mill has shown, to legalise the rate would also mean "legal measures for repression of population." Here then is a vast problem to be solved, before State compulsion of capitalists can even be argumentatively entertained, and we commend it to the study of the officials of the Dock Labourers' Union. Professor Huxley however, in his criticism of General Booth's scheme, has strongly dwelt on the subject of population, attributing to its rapid increase most if not all of our modern evils. As he has sarcastically remarked, the primitive command to "go forth and multiply" has been the only commandment spontaneously obeyed; yet we are very far from feeling sure the sarcasm is true, or that Mill's chapter dwelling on the necessity of restraining population even under free trade in food, is applicable to the present state of economic affairs. For first of all, it is the most elementary truth that population is wealth. The commerce of the world consists entirely of what one eats, drinks, wears, and does; consequently the country possessing the largest number of intelligent beings ought to be the wealthiest: while Mill's reasonings seem vitiated by the fact he did not foresee the great revolution occasioned by the development of transport. In the

second place, free trade has not been turned into free exchange; thus the intellect has not had a full, natural play, whereby the law of diminishing return from land could be properly tested. We consider, therefore, it is premature to lay the blame for social congestion on the excessive growth of population, before population has had the means of freely extending and of availing itself of modern facilities for travel. It may be partially true at the moment, owing to an artificial existence created by prohibitive tariffs, but it is not absolute truth the effect of a perfect cause. The evolution of the law of population may be working on to a real line of advance all the time through trouble and disaster of man's own making, which when dissipated by the operation of misery, would reveal the solid foundation necessary to progress. Professor Huxley's analogy against this between the animal world and the human past is of very little consequence, owing to the limits of the former and the totally new position of man. The remedy may be found, outside of modern tentative efforts, in a general reaction amid foreign countries, which will destroy national attempts at "exclusive dealing." In that event, intellectual expansion must receive so great a stimulus, the law of diminishing return might not be called into operation for many generations; and when it did appear, knowledge might have so increased that fresh inventions would overcome it again. No doubt the foregoing sentence is open to the charge of being stated in hypothetical language; still, political economy is not a fixed science, and deductions that were true fifty years ago are certainly not so to-day. The economic law even before long may be deprived of all significance;

for the "resources of chemistry," as Sir J. W. Dawson, the well-known geologist, has asserted in his 'Modern Ideas of Evolution,' are "now being taxed to the utmost to discover methods by which the materials of human food may be produced synthetically." If "albumen and starch" are ever cheaply made "from their elements by artificial processes," agriculture in some respects "might become an unnecessary and unprofitable art," and the world a factory supporting unimagined millions. We prefer a little optimism, we must confess, with regard to an inevitable thing like population. A submerged fraction, whatever it may be, will always exist and must be controlled; notwithstanding, beneath the free swing of progress it is conceivable the additions to its ranks would never pass a low average and might be successfully redeemed.

When free trade was granted, it was confidently predicted agriculture would readjust itself to modern conditions and become more flourishing than ever. This positive statement did a great deal towards reconciling the landed interest to the change, and as a matter of fact, the price of butchers' meat has steadily risen. By degrees, owing to the stimulation cheap food imparted, the declarations of free traders were gradually accepted, though the extent of the situation does not seem to have been fully comprehended. Now, however, it is seen, improved communications have lowered the rents of English agricultural land, and it is beginning to be felt those declarations were too positively made. As long as freight rates were high, as America could open the West at an excessive cost of production, so long could the British tenant maintain his position to the benefit of the nation; but, when profits every-

where began to decline, when other well-known causes came into play, there was no longer any possibility of the British farmer, working on a basis of free trade that *was not free exchange*, being able to compete on the old lines, and a wave of ruin rapidly rolled over the land still heavily handicapped by the large share it bears of the burdens of the country, so well explained by Sir George Trevelyan in a speech delivered at the Manchester Reform Club in 1885. Two fatal causes were also brought immediately to the front, which accelerated the growth of depression. The country demand at home fell away from the artisan, while the town supply of labour was increased. A downward impetus was thus given to depression at a critical moment of its existence, that would not have happened had we been living in the enjoyment of free exchange, and had local taxation been rearranged to meet the competition of virgin soil almost untaxed; so that, the refusal of free exchange by the world, though especially by America, preventing the rise in the prices of British agriculture generally which ought to have occurred, as well as an adjustment all round at home and abroad, not only of agriculture, but of goods, as argued by Mill would occur on the adoption of free trade, not to confuse our argument with other reasons irrelevant here, seems to be mainly responsible for the congested state of the world's population. If protection did not exist everywhere outside of the United Kingdom, among the great industrial nations, the population of the world would flow over its surface by the law of demand, to the points where and in proportion as its presence was needed, and no over-supply such as we are accustomed to see could





arise. A natural protection would be quickly created, which must discourage or hinder the growth or manufacture of commodities that were not required, the localities best adapted for production, and the intelligences best educated to make use of opportunities, being the places and the people that would produce. The law of exchange would thus become a reality which it is not at present, and a demand for exports from any nation would immediately give rise to a demand for imports. It would be time enough after this was in operation to think of the law of diminishing return, as in the free intercourse that would then appear, there would be work and remuneration for work at living figures for willing labourers. The primitive command to which we have already referred, to "go forth and multiply," could no longer be regarded as lying at the root of modern misery, as the increase of population on a genuine basis would be the increase of wealth, as it is in America to-day, with internal free exchange over half a continent.

Were free trade universally adopted, there would be an action and a reaction, a demand and supply in perfect operation. A transaction taking place in any one country, would produce a constantly increasing and ever-varying number of transactions all over the world, only limited by the wants of its population. Trade would thus rest on a real foundation, because at the great centres of labour nothing could be artificially made, and its absolute adjustment must readjust population. We should hear no more of the desire to obtain State limitation of work or regularisation of wages, as the increase of material comfort and of wealth would be in proportion to the intelligence and the enter-

prise brought to bear upon local advantages. If, accordingly, free trade is true, the crude propositions of an unscientific socialism, leading to attempts at restriction of population for selfish benefits veiled by specious pleas for communistic good, would disappear beneath conditions of free exchange, as socialistic principles are founded on the negation of the usefulness of individualism; and as this is contrary to the experience of humanity, being not only an unproved supposition, but having been long ago tried, as already remarked, under the most favourable circumstances in the United States by the Pilgrim Fathers, while almost in our own generation by Owen at New Harmony, to say nothing of what took place at Tytherly or New Lanark, it rests with the socialist to prove before urging his hypothesis. The remedy then, in the first instance, to ameliorate the standing of the working men of the world, is free exchange, or the development to the full of the laws of political economy.

It may well be asked, How is this development to be gained? Let it be taken for granted the artisan is earnest in demanding an eight-hour day, a matter not so clear as many of his self-made friends would have us believe, though at any rate greatly agitated at the moment. Let us suppose the majority at the Trades-Union Congress understood the economic system under which they have lived and prospered. What might then be the means employed to shorten hours? We cannot, we are told, rearrange our fiscal system, because of the immortal principle of free trade. We cannot, for the same reason, encourage a commercial union with the colonies, or use deflationary

asures against foreign bounties. Yet decade by decade, while our population is growing, protection advances, till its apotheosis is accomplished in M'Kinley Bills. It would seem, among the nations, to be an affair of the "survival of the fittest," when no doubt the British workman will show his superiority and come out triumphantly, owing to the greater share he possesses of economic freedom. In the meantime, however, he must suffer severely, and his modern ideals are no nearer gratification. How, then, are these to be met? Can he reduce the hours of toil, maintain his position, and increase work? It is just possible an escape may be found in a general readjustment, in the gradual introduction of the double-shift system wherever practicable. By this plan no economic law would be violated, and liberty to work on outside lines secured. The difficulties, of course, are many, but it is a significant and happy omen amid the labour troubles of to-day, as showing the truths of political economy have not been altogether neglected by the "new unionists," that Mr Burns, in addressing a meeting of the men of the London General Omnibus Company lately on strike, declared emphatically for this solution of the question, thereby raising the object he has in view out of a mesh of sophistries and placing it upon a rational base. There are, doubtless, trades where double work could not quickly be carried on; still, the scheme has the merit of combining **satisfactorily divers principles**, though we fancy "the tyranny of custom" will be one of the greatest hindrances to its perfect development, should it ever achieve any measure of acceptance. The incalculable good, nevertheless, of getting the discussion

on a proper level, even if nothing more comes of it, will not be denied. Professor Marshall has remarked, in a note to his recent volume, that a sixteen-hour day might be counted from an early hour in the morning, so as to avoid the night-work already in vogue on the Continent wherever the relay system exists. One set of workers would thus have an afternoon free, and another set the morning. If, then, any body of intelligent working men is serious in demanding shorter time, if the delegates who passed the resolution at the Congress are actuated by a worthy motive, there is a mode of considering the subject which has, at all events, some advantages. Firstly, the controversy would be taken out of the realm of party politics, into which it seems rapidly drifting. Secondly, should the method be adopted, there would be an immediate demand for labourers, which would relieve the trade-unions, and give employment to those capable, active, middle-aged men, who are perhaps just under the line of capacity drawn by a fierce competition. Thirdly, the cost of production would be lowered, as the running of machinery for sixteen consecutive hours would cheapen the price at which the goods could be sold, without a reduction in wages or any loss of profit to the capitalist. Fourthly, the increase of machine output would increase the demand for raw material, so that agriculture to supply this would be stimulated not only at home but in various parts of the world, creating a demand in return, while mines and other such things would also be working double time. Fifthly, the lowering of the cost of production would enable us to undersell the protectionist in his own market, ther



securing that and forcing him to capitulate or further augment his tariffs, a measure which must augment his distress and quicken a legitimate discontent already visible. Sixthly, the protectionist could not so easily compete, as he is now working more hours than the Englishman or Scotsman, and if he attempted it, intellect and sinew would still win the race, when the glut from over-production might be trusted to finish him. If protection can be once broken down, free exchange is won, and a stimulus will be given to that Tennysonian dream of a federation of the nations, which is so slowly, so surely undergoing a process of realisation. Steam and electricity are bringing the inhabitants of the earth together, in a way that fifty years ago could never have been surmised; and it is not venturesome to predict, that the changes in the future must be infinitely greater than those which the present generation is witnessing. When barriers to intercourse no longer exist, free exchange will weld away, its action will weld into an harmonious whole the interests of all people. The British working man is the pioneer of progress in his own trades. His position is due to the liberty he has long enjoyed. He must continue to work out his salvation on economic lines, if he wishes to preserve the sympathy of a public which is never lacking in its encouragement of a rightly directed effort, and a double-shift system seems to have the merit of being this. Its practical application, however, is not here under consideration.

The debate in the House of Commons on the "Miners' Eight Hours Bill," as reported by 'The Times' of 24th March last, brought

up two absurd ideas—viz., a demand for compulsion to reduce hours of work, and a belief that restriction of output would enable wages to be maintained. "Compulsion," with all due deference to its advocates, is a barbarous method, to be only employed after "persuasion" has failed. No doubt, when Lord Shaftesbury began his career, drastic measures on that subject were necessary, because education had not penetrated the people to the extent it has since done; and of course compulsion may be a necessity whenever ignorance has to be quickly overcome for the immediate good of the whole community. In these days economic questions are thoroughly ventilated: they are problems to be discussed between capital and labour, as both have an equal interest in reaching a satisfactory explanation. Parliament, consequently, should not be hastily invoked to the detriment of the consumer, or to pass cast-iron laws on industries whose ramifications are ultimately all of an international kind, growing ever away from purely British control. In this case, too, had the House not rejected the measure it would have confirmed an economic fallacy resting on selfishness, that restriction of output can keep up wages. Surely it ought to be needless to remark how curtailment of output, the first sign of depression, lowers wages. The British capitalist also is working in the face of hostile tariffs, which, by contracting exchange, tend always to narrow the margin of profit. It is a point the artisan cannot forget. Instead, then, of listening sometimes to ill-instructed agitators who abuse unjustly the capitalist, he should, for his own sake, aid the fight against foreign



protection. The protective principle operates to depress wages at home and abroad, by preventing the establishment of the living ratio that would at once arise with the free interchange of goods. A double-relay plan, therefore, seems the economic solution of many British troubles. To recapitulate, it will enable labour to be more widely employed, and will reduce the working hours of the individual. It will increase the output, lower the cost of production, thereby supplying the means for preserving wages, and assisting the capitalist to meet protection. The Northumberland and Durham miners, although in the minority, have evidently already seen this, as Mr Burt informed the House they were working on the double-shift system. They have thus learned a good lesson themselves, and given one to the country at large, which we hope other workers, as well as enthusiastic believers in the infallibility of majorities, will speedily recognise.

We have not attacked protection because we are afraid of it. Such is not the case. Most of the nations of the world, including the United States, are in debt to the United Kingdom. English capital is developing every one of them, and protection, notwithstanding its vitality, must eventually die like any other heresy. The general welfare of all workers, capitalists included, is of far more consequence than the maintenance of foreign nationalities or American millionaire kings, though the length to which a nation is justified in following abstract truth is a matter of serious importance when all nations are bent upon denying it, and even fighting against it. Even after free exchange is gained, there will still be underlying the labour problem, unless previously solved,

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the question of individual progress. It is this to-day, as a result not only of protection but of the vague desire the worker has to better himself, which throughout Great Britain is bringing up in spite of the possession of economic truth, uneconomical demands. There is a natural tendency in all laws, to permit what is governed to unfold to its utmost extent. In the physical world these laws are counterbalanced by others, till stability is attained by a wide interplay. When, then, competition, which is the life of trade and the stimulus promoting the development of the capable individual, is allowed an uncontrolled career, it works along to the bitter end of its existence, producing what we all see and all bewail, the ultimate degradation of the helpless individual through scenes of disaster culminating in the hopelessness of the sweating-room. It is thus the regulation of competition, not the curtailment by protection, to allow of advancement according to ability and a just appreciation of life, that is required to counteract the evolution of the competitive law. The problem, like the other, is not a British one but a universal one, and will become intensified as education awakens still more the ambition. Its solution means the opening to intellect and perseverance of the working man's supposed ideal, "a fair field without favour," and will doubtless be met, by the Anglo-Saxon at all events, in the same spirit with which he has liberated the slave and established the political rights of man.

We cannot now touch this question. It has also been already handled in the December number of the Magazine for 1891, under an article entitled "The Rights of Capital and Labour," where the benefits of co-operative production

are demonstrated. What is more important to urge is the point, that if the socialist bent his energies toward obtaining an adjustment of the competitive law based on individualism, a position possibly within his grasp, the free trader might go cordially with him, as well as every one interested in the perfecting of humanity. As it is, he has arrayed against him through his disregard of economic truth, not the classes as we are sometimes told, but the combined intelligence of the classes and the masses, to use a modern classic phrase, of all those acknowledging the laws of political economy which we believe the great majority of workmen do. The fact is, after all, placing economic reasons apart, the socialist has not only to prove his theories, but that he is standing on scientific ground. His assumption is, as noticed in our remarks on capital, "that the natural value of things consists

solely of the labour spent on them ;" and this, as Professor Marshall says, is to assume "other things are equal." Here, however, Mr Herbert Spencer steps up with his physical formula, and tells us that owing to the instability of the homogeneous—i.e., of things of like nature—*supremacy and subordination* in world-growth must establish themselves as a corollary from the persistence of force. Consequently, to make a bold generalisation, if all things were equal, equally skilled workmen equally paid, equally backed by capital and receiving equal returns, were socialistic equality capable of being realised, individual energy on its uncontrollable career would still cause a separation, would still create inequality, and, unless subjected to tyrannical *force majeure*, to a process of annihilation, reassert distinctive gradations in life.

WARNEFORD MOFFATT.



# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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VOL. CLI.

## OLD ELECTIONS.

### I.

I HAVE in my library the records of considerably more than two hundred contested elections, and I continually add to my store some poll-book or other which turns up, and which I do not happen to possess. The contests which are chronicled are of varied interest, some of them standing out as landmarks indicating the tone of public opinion at particular epochs, others illustrating the career of prominent statesmen and remarkable men, as well as the vicissitudes of families, and the varying influences which have determined at one time or another the political aspect of constituencies.

I am unable to discover the earliest date at which poll-books were printed and published as separate documents. I have not met with any but one of an earlier date than 1702, in which year Lord Spencer and Sir Andrew St John contested the county of Northampton with Mr Cartwright and Sir Justinian Isham, and

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were defeated, the victorious Tory candidates holding their own against another attack in 1705. To those who are now agitating the question of having all polls throughout the United Kingdom taken on one and the same day, it will appear a grievous thing that the Hants poll in 1705 was taken "at the Castle of Winchester" on Wednesday, May the 16th, and from thence adjourned to Newport, in the Isle of Wight, to Thursday, May the 24th. The candidates were Thomas Jervoise, Esq., and Richard Chaundler, Esq., on the one side, and Thomas Lewis, Esq., on the other. The two former were returned, polling respectively 2135 and 1981, against 1571 votes recorded for Mr Lewis. There are no speeches or accounts of proceedings given with this poll-book, so that we are unable to discover from it the views of the candidates upon the great question of the moment—namely, "Whether the Church of England was in danger

under the Whig Administration?" a proposition which was eagerly advanced by the Tories, and which was determined in the negative by the new Parliament, in which the Whigs obtained a majority. Matters were reversed in 1710, when a Tory Parliament was elected while the country was still full of the excitement which had prevailed at the trial of Dr Sacheverell. I have the poll-book for Suffolk of this date, where the Tory candidates, Sir Thomas Hanmer (Speaker of the House of Commons in 1714) and Sir Robert Davers, defeated Sir Philip Parker by large majorities. This was the Sir Thomas Hanmer who in 1712 was Chairman of the Committee appointed to consider the state of the nation, and who drew up the famous "representation" which was presented to Queen Anne, justifying the conduct of the Tories towards the Duke of Marlborough and the Allies. Sir Thomas represented Suffolk from 1708 until his retirement in 1727. The next on my list is the book which chronicles the famous contest for Leicestershire in 1719, which arose from the vacancy caused by the death of Sir Thomas Cave. On this occasion Mr Francis Mundy defied the house of Rutland, but was beaten by Lord William Manners by 2727 to 2705—a good fight, and one which must have been very keenly contested, for the preface to the poll-book hints at the employment of "halberd-men (though appointed on pretence of other ends) to refuse admittance to freeholders coming up to give their votes, unless they would purchase their passage with money;" and not only mentions "temptations offered to the necessities of others, in the way of bribery," but speaks of "persons invested with the power of administering justice,"

who used it "to such a purpose, by taking away licences, putting a stop to prosecutions for criminal matters, remitting fines to persons obnoxious to the penalties of some laws, and ordering all this so as might more effectually overrule the judgments of men, and destroy the freedom of their votes." No hint is given us as to which party is thus accused, but the language used shows that the contest must certainly have been one of no little interest. Next I come to a Suffolk poll-book of 1727, in which year Parliament was dissolved upon the accession of George II. Sir R. Walpole was at the head of affairs, and maintained his majority at the elections. There are no "proceedings" given in this poll-book, but there is a curious entry to the following effect:—

"This poll-book is the first printed book issued by John Bagnell, who revived printing in Ipswich, no printing having been done in the town during the seventeenth century. This book was quite unknown to all our local collectors. It occurs in no catalogue, and may be deemed unique. Having been in the bookselling business in the town now forty-three years, I have never heard of another copy.

JAMES READ.

"31 CORNHILL."

The above autograph note is in the copy in the British Museum. The book itself is a small octavo volume, half-bound, which was lot 2879 in the sale of Lord Gosford's library in 1884, and, with the Suffolk poll-book of 1710, similarly bound, fetched £1, 2s. The result of this poll was the return of Sir Jermyn Davers and Sir William Barker, by majorities of respectively 700 and 600 over their opponent Mr Holt, whose "plumbers" (over 1900) were insufficient to carry him against the two

I have no more poll-books in connection with this Parliament, and must pass on to the dissolution of 1734. This general election was preceded by a violent attack upon the Septennial Act by Mr Bromley, who was warmly supported by Sir William Wyndham. The attack was defeated, and at the general election Sir R. Walpole still held his own, although the contests were numerous and warmly fought. I have the poll-books for Kent, Essex, Norfolk, and Norwich, in all of which there were desperate fights, the closest being in Norfolk, where the Tory candidates were successful, the poll being—

|                     |      |
|---------------------|------|
| Sir Edmund Bacon .  | 3224 |
| William Wodehouse . | 3153 |
| William Morden .    | 3147 |
| Hon. Robert Coke .  | 3081 |

In Kent the two candidates who were most zealous for "the Protestant interest" were successful, Sir Edward Dering heading the poll with 4441 votes, Lord Vane (an Irish peer) polling 4252, whilst the Earl of Middlesex (son of the Duke of Dorset) and Sir George Oxenden had respectively 3569 and 3450 votes. Lord Vane died suddenly, only four days after his election; and Sir Christopher Powell, Bart. of Wierton Place, was returned in his stead.

Passing over the general elections of 1741 and 1747, we come to that of 1754 which occurred immediately after the death of Mr Pelham, at a moment when the Opposition had not recovered from the blow inflicted upon them by the death of the Prince of Wales in 1751, so that the Whigs had it pretty much their own way. I have poll-books of 1754 for Kent, Herts, Bristol, Oxfordshire, and Leicester. In Kent Sir Edward Dering, the victor in 1734, was

beaten hollow by Fairfax Watson. The Bristol and Oxfordshire contests were of a notable character. The Bristol poll-book is a neat octavo volume bound in leather for which I gave 30s. at the time of the Stourhead Library in 1881. The candidates were Sir Philip Philips and Mr Richard Beckford on the Whig side, and the Hon. Robert Nugent—known as the Baron of Goldsmith, and afterwards as Lord Clare—on the side of Opposition. The two former were recommended to the electors as "real friends to King George," whilst the latter was declared in one of the handbills published at the time, to have been "a favourite of his late Royal Highness the Prince of Wales," "a sincere convert from Popery to the Church of England." His sincerity, however, seems to have been doubted, since in another handbill Mr Nugent is termed "a whitewashed Protestant." The poll-book, which contains the voting of the clergy as well as the corporation, shows that a majority of the clergy of the Established Church supported Philip and Beckford, whilst the Nonconformist ministers were almost all for Nugent. The latter, moreover, had the support of almost the whole of the corporation. Some of the squibs are amusing: it is urged against Sir J. Philips that his estate was contiguous to the Corporation, and must be greatly improved by any addition to the trade of that town and of Gloucester, where were the rivals of Bristol. "Then," it was asked, "can Sir J. Philips be a friend to your trade?" Against Mr Beckford it was declared that he belonged to an overgrown arbitrary family, who had oppressed other merchants in the Jamaica trade; and Mr William Beckford was





to be chosen for London, one of the family in Parliament was enough. Mr Nugent also came in for a good share of abuse, but was too strong for his opponents, for he polled 2454 plumpers, whilst the split votes between the two Whigs were only 2137. But the curious part of the election (which lasted twelve days) is, that throughout the first ten days Philips was ahead of Beckford, and that it was only on the last two days that his majority of 10 was converted into a minority of 85, the final numbers being—Nugent, 2592; Beckford, 2245; Philips, 2160. Whether this result was caused by judicious money expenditure on the part of Mr Beckford's friends during the last two days, or by the preference of Nugent's friends for Beckford over Philips when their own man was safe, is impossible to say at this distance of time; but anyhow the fight was a good one, and the volume is an interesting one of the kind, and embellished with several caricatures of a more or less ridiculous character.

The Oxfordshire election in the same year is celebrated among county contests. A full account of this affair, with numerous hand-bills and squibs which were issued on either side, is contained in a little octavo volume, half calf, which I was fortunate in being able to buy for only 4s. at Lord Hill's sale at Sotheby's in July 1886. It contains first the poll, and then a pamphlet originally published for 1s. by "W. Owen, near Temple Bar," entitled, 'The Old and New Interest, or a Sequel to the Oxfordshire Contest. Being a complete Collection of all the Pieces in Prose and Verse on either side of the Question, &c., &c.' The "old interest" was represented by Lord Wenman and

Sir James Dashwood. The "new interest" put forward Lord Parker and Sir Edward Turner, who were adopted at a meeting at Oxford in February 1753, at which were present the Duke of Marlborough, lord lieutenant of the county, the Earls of Coventry, Jersey, Macclesfield, Guildford, and several others of the aristocracy, whose presence at a meeting of the same kind would in the present day be likely to militate rather against than in favour of the candidates. Even in 1753 the complaint was made of the "carrying elections agreeably to the peaceable nomination of half-a-dozen gentlemen, and a lord or two," but the complaint probably had no effect upon the election. Lord Parker and Sir E. Turner issued a joint address, in which they declared that they should on every occasion be "ready to show our steady attachment to his Majesty King George," and "our present happy constitution." Some of the bills issued in their favour called attention to the conduct of these two candidates nine years before—namely, in the last rising on behalf of the Stuarts in 1745—and broadly hinted that the candidates in the "old interest" had been lukewarm in support of the Hanoverian cause. Altogether, the volume is full of interest to those who care to mark the way in which our ancestors carried on their political conflicts. The declared poll was—

|          |   |   |      |
|----------|---|---|------|
| Wenman   | . | . | 2035 |
| Dashwood | . | . | 2016 |
| Parker   | . | . | 1933 |
| Turner   | . | . | 1907 |

The absolute strength of each party may be seen by the split votes between Wenman and Dashwood on one side and Parker and Turner on the other, 1985 having been the former and 1875 the

latter number. But the interest of this election by no means terminated with the close of the poll. The sheriff, being in the "new interest," made a return of all four candidates, and thereupon began petitions, objections to votes, and other protracted proceedings, which did not terminate until April 1755, when the Government or "new interest" party, having a majority, obtained the seating of their candidates, Parker and Turner, and the erasure of the names of Wenman and Dashwood. For many years afterwards the Marlborough interest continued paramount in Oxfordshire.

The dissolution of 1761, upon the accession of George III. to the throne, supplies me with the polls for Durham county and city, and for the county of Rutland. The candidates for the latter were the Hon. Thos. Cecil and Thomas Noel against Mr Tryon, whom they defeated by 366 (Noel) and 324 (Cecil) to 234. The poll was only kept open two days. The Durham contests are chronicled in a large quarto volume, which I have had bound in half calf, having collected a number of Durham polls of different dates. In the county election of 1761 Mr Shafto polled 1589 votes, the Hon. F. Vane 1552, and Sir Thomas Clavering 1382, the poll being kept open nine days. The city election is rather famous, as from it sprang the "occasional freemen" controversy, which arose in this manner. Early in 1761, at the general election Messrs Tempest and Lambton were returned, the latter beating Ralph Gowland, Esq., by 546 to 526 votes. But Gowland was the corporation candidate, and when a vacancy was caused by Mr Lambton's death, and General Lambton offered himself as his successor, Gowland again came forward, and

the poll occupied six days in December of the same year. General Lambton polled 752 and Major Gowland 560 votes, but 215 "occasional voters"—i.e., persons created freemen by the corporation for the purpose of this election, and many of them having nothing to do with Durham, were admitted to poll for Major Gowland, thus swelling his numbers to 773, and he was accordingly returned. The "Durham Act" was consequently passed in 1762, restraining corporations from swamping the legal electors by the creation of honorary freemen. This is one among many instances of the strange anomalies and questionable proceedings in our pre-Reform representative system.

Then we come to the election of 1768, concerning which the most interesting of my poll-books is that of the City of London, for which constituency the notorious Wilkes presented himself as a candidate at this election. He met with less favour here, however, than subsequently in the county of Middlesex, for he was left at the bottom of the poll, with only 1247 votes. The successful candidates were Harley (the Lord Mayor), Sir R. Ladbroke, William Beckford, and Trecothwick, the latter only defeating Sir Richard Glynn by 2957 to 2823. Sir Richard was unfortunate, for he had tried his luck before in 1754, and lost by less than 300 votes. The Norfolk election was very closely contested, Sir Armine Wodehouse and Thomas de Grey, Esq., being the Tory candidates, whilst the Whig champions were Sir Edward Astley and Wenman Coke, Esq. The coalition on either side was well carried out, for 2403 votes were split between Astley and Coke, and 2328 between Wodehouse and De Grey. Sir E. Astley headed

the poll with 2977, then came De Grey with 2754, Wodehouse only 74 behind him with 2680, and Coke at the bottom with 2610, beaten by De Grey by 144 votes. I gave 15s. for this poll-book, neatly bound in calf, in July 1887, at a sale at Sotheby's. It has the name of "William Grigson" in it, and on the last page is a triumphant chronicle of the number of votes (13) which the Grigson family gave to Wodehouse and De Grey, as well as of three recalcitrant members of the same family who voted for De Grey and one of the Whigs. Unlike several of the Norfolk poll-books, there are no proceedings or speeches given in this book. The Leicester election caused such interest in the place that each party published a separate poll-book, the second being dedicated to "the minority of the corporation." The candidates were the Hon. Booth Grey (Lord Stamford's son), and Mr Eyre Coote on the one side, and Messrs Damper and Palmer on the other. We are told that "Mr Grey, in particular, had by his most affable and generous behaviour gained almost the universal esteem and applause of the town. *This added such weight to the power of the magistracy, that there was not the least riot or disturbance during the whole of this long-contested election.*" The esteem and applause gained by Mr Grey did not prevent his being run pretty hard in the matter of votes, for although he headed the poll with 1366 and his colleague obtained 1334, Mr Damper was only 50 behind, with 1284, and Mr Palmer 24 below him, polling 1260. I have these poll-books, small octavo, in calf, but they contain none of the speeches or handbills of the election.

I have six poll-books of the

general election of 1774, of which three are of some interest. In Northumberland the whole influence of the Duke of that name was exerted in favour of Lord Algernon Percy and Sir John Hussey Delaval. Nevertheless, after a contest which lasted nine days, Sir William Middleton succeeded in beating Delaval by 16 votes—1099 to 1083—Lord Algernon being 136 votes ahead of Middleton, and the second "Independent" candidate, Mr Fenwick, some 300 votes behind Delaval. The account of this election, and of one or two other more or less famous Northumberland contests, are bound together (half calf) in a neat octavo volume, and contain many of the squibs and speeches of the time. The Sussex and Warwickshire books have only the polls in each county, without the contemporary literature. In both cases the contests were severe, Lord George Lennox being 1500 or 1600 votes ahead of the two baronets who fought for the second Sussex seat. The election lasted for no less than twenty-four days, when Sir Thomas Spencer Wilson, a soldier of distinction, beat Sir James Peachey, the Tory candidate, by 1968 to 1856 votes, a majority of 112. In Warwickshire the fight was even more close. Mr Skipwith's seat was never in danger, and with a poll of 2954 he distanced Sir Charles Holte and Mr Mordaunt by many votes. For seven days out of the ten during which the contest lasted, Mordaunt succeeded in obtaining a majority, but the baronet headed him by 13 votes on the eighth day, and was returned by a majority of 58 at the close—1845 to 1787. The town of Birmingham was responsible for the result, the poll therein being Holte, 366; Skipwith, 267; Mordaunt, 39. This is a good

instance of the manner in which open voting discloses, and the ballot as now taken conceals, the localities from which any given majority proceeds. Mordaunt seems to have had a large majority in the country districts; but the Birmingham district (I have only given the voting in the town itself) turned the election against him, and seated his opponent. I have an interesting by-election for Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in 1777, in the room of Sir Walter Blackett, which lasted fourteen days, the candidates being Sir John Trevelyan and Mr Andrew Robinson Bowes. On the twelfth day each candidate had polled 1020 votes, but on the thirteenth day Sir John polled 132 to 34 votes, and the next day only diminished his majority by 3, so that the contest terminated in his favour. Three years after, however, the general election of 1780 proved more favourable to Mr Bowes, who stood against Sir Matthew White Ridley and Mr Delaval. Sir Matthew, indeed, headed the poll with 1408 votes, of which 762 were split with Delaval; but Mr Bowes had 415 votes split with him, and 206 with Delaval, which with 514 plumpers brought his total up to 1135, leaving Mr Delaval 50 votes behind. This was the general election at which Burke lost his seat for Bristol, and after which the late Speaker, Sir Fletcher Norton, was defeated, and Mr Cornwall elected to that office.

The next general election, that of 1784, was signalised by the triumph of Pitt, and the rout of Fox and his friends. My most interesting volumes are not poll-

books, but collections of squibs, speeches, and songs connected with the Westminster, Norfolk, and Norwich contests. 'The History of the Westminster Election' is a thick quarto volume, tracing from first to last the celebrated struggle between Fox and his opponents. The poll was kept open forty days, after the two first of which Lord Hood headed the poll until the close, and up to the twenty-third day Sir Cecil Wray had a majority over Fox. Then the tide turned, and at the close the numbers were—Hood, 6694; Fox, 6234; Wray, 5998. The book contains a number of caricatures by Gilray, and an immense quantity of election literature. Very interesting also is the 'Narrative of the Proceedings at the Contested Election for the City and County of Norwich,' at which, Sir Harbord Harbord's seat being safe, Mr Windham carried the second seat against Mr Hobart by 1297 to 1233.<sup>1</sup> With this volume is bound the 'Journal of the Proceedings' at the county election, at which Mr Coke had to retire before Sir Edward Astley and Sir John Wodehouse of Kimberley. Those were the days when the Kimberley family championed the Tory cause, and fought under the banner of Mr Pitt. I am not quite sure, however, that politics were the only factors in the forced retirement of Mr Coke. Small local occurrences very often affect the issues of elections, and among numerous squibs and ballads, I find some in which Mr Coke is denounced as having tyrannically prosecuted some poor neighbour whose cow had trespassed in his

<sup>1</sup> In 1786, Harbord having been created Lord Suffield, Mr Hobart won the seat by 1450 to 1383 votes recorded for Sir Thomas Beevor. This election was, however, declared void, and in 1787 the same candidates stood, and Hobart won by 1393 to 1313, and sat till his death in 1799.

plantations. So in one spirited ditty the freeholders are exhorted to support Wodehouse, in stanzas of which the last two are worth recording:—

"In Wodehouse behold every virtue  
enshrined,  
The good Man of Ross in his temper  
and mind;  
The poor man's petition he will not  
reject,  
Nor treat virtue in rags with contempt,  
but respect.

Then rouse, brother freemen, in honour's  
bright cause,  
If a wonder, yet doubt not, 'twill meet  
just applause:  
Give to Wodehouse your votes, to *Coke*  
*never bow,*  
*Lest he pound all your rights, as he did*  
*the old cow."*

The dissolution of 1790, occurring at a time when men's minds were greatly affected by the French Revolution, increased Pitt's majority, and added to the discomfiture of his opponents. I have several poll-books of this time—namely, Kent, Durham, Hampshire, Liverpool, Lincoln, Beverley, and Suffolk. The election for Kent had some curious features about it. The Hon. Charles Marsham had sat for sixteen years, was acknowledged to be an excellent member, and no one wanted to turn him out. But this is exactly the result which was arrived at, owing to the anxiety for their own man which was felt by the partisans of Sir Edward Knatchbull, the "Pittite," and Mr Filmer Honywood, the "Foxite" candidate. Knatchbull had 1511 plumpers, and Honywood 2273; and although in "West Kent" Marsham was nearly 500 votes ahead of Honywood, and had altogether 2302 splits with Knatchbull, he was utterly beaten in "East Kent," where Honywood was nearly 800 ahead of him, and the total poll was—

|            |   |   |      |
|------------|---|---|------|
| Knatchbull | . | . | 4285 |
| Honywood   | . | . | 3101 |
| Marsham    | . | . | 2724 |

A curious case of mismanagement, which shows how much our ancestors had to learn in the way of organisation. Perhaps the Liverpool poll-book of 1790 is the most interesting of the remainder. It contains "an authentic narrative" of the whole proceedings. Mr Gascoyne and Lord Penrhyn were the sitting members, and apparently quite ready to coalesce. But Colonel Tarleton, who is described as having been "the favourite, nay, even the idol of the people," soon made it apparent that one of the seats must go to him, and the consequence was that Lord Penrhyn was elbowed out by his colleague, who was the special candidate of "the corporation." Like the Kent election, this one has a sequel which shall be told in its proper place. Pitt's majority was increased at the general election of 1796, the landed interest strongly supporting him, and the widespread fear of the French Revolution and of French principles being still a potent factor in determining the votes of the British electors. In Kent took place another contest, which was in some respects one of a curious character. Knatchbull and Honywood were again the "Pittite" and "Foxite" candidates, each fully bent on turning out the other, if possible, by throwing their second votes to Sir William Geary, who started as the "Independent" advocate. Honywood, however, was not strong enough to do this to any extent, and only 137 votes were split between the two, whilst 4054 "Pittites" split between Knatchbull and Geary, thus securing the election of the latter at Honywood's expense, that gentleman having 3346 plumpers out of his

total poll of 4285, Geary heading him with 4418, and Knatchbull with 5218 votes. Curiously enough, at the two next general elections the same men stood, with a different result each time. In 1802, Honywood, who was exceedingly popular, turned the tables upon Knatchbull by throwing enough second votes to Geary to return him second to himself upon the poll; whilst in 1806 both Knatchbull and Honywood were afraid to give away their second votes at all, in consequence of which Geary, who had won the first two elections entirely by "splits" from the other two, was left out in the cold, and retired early in the contest. I mention these three contests together, because they formed the subject of some verses which appeared in 1806, and which thus chronicled the different results of the elections:—

"Some ten years ago three men of great fame,  
Filmer Honywood, Knatchbull, and Geary by name,  
To the county of Kent did their service propose  
As Parliament men, with a view to be chose.  
The freeholders then did most wisely decree  
That Knatchbull and Geary were the best of the three.  
Six years rolled away, and the very same men  
To the county did offer their service again.  
The freeholders then did as wisely decide  
To take t'other two, and set Knatchbull aside.  
Four years after this came another election,  
When Geary in turn underwent his rejection.  
Let no one from hence too rashly insist on't  
That the county of Kent is not truly consistent.  
Most consistent indeed she appears beyond doubt,  
By *putting all in*, and by *turning all out!*"

There was a three-cornered contest for Liverpool in 1796 which deserves notice. General Tarleton again stood, and Colonel Gascoyne, whilst an opposition candidate appeared in the person of John Tarleton, brother of the General, whose friends put him forward as a supporter of Mr Pitt, and as a merchant, more suited to Liverpool than "the two military candidates." The squibs published upon the occasion of this election are voluminous and amusing. In the contest of 1796, the chief anxiety of each candidate seems to have been to disclaim any approach to a coalition with either of the other two. The anger of General Tarleton's friends at his brother's candidature may be gathered from their contributions to the election literature, one of which was as follows:—

"LIVERPOOL, May 28, 1796.

"LOST

This morning, about 9 o'clock, that very small portion of popularity which I have lately acquired by abusing and misrepresenting my Brother, his family and Friends. Whoever will bring any part of it to my Committee-room in Brunswick Street, shall receive a handsome reward from my arch-Treasurer, J—n B—lt-n, Esq., who, knowing my very extraordinary manœuvring abilities, has wisely accepted a sufficient security from me to indemnify himself and other friends.  
J. T."

Another squib contains the announcement that, "at the Public Theatre, Liverpool, will be performed, on Wednesday evening next, the Tragedy of the Unnatural Brother Conquered," &c.

General Tarleton's opponents were not backward in their replies to these and similar squibs, and Colonel Gascoyne's supporters were also quite equal to the occa-

sion. Here is a good specimen of one of their productions, in reply to a squib which seems to have roused them to much wrath:

"A FORGERY DETECTED.

WHEREAS a malicious, false, forged, and profane paper has been published and circulated by an apish attorney, the creature of a lame candidate, with a view to injure the cause of the brave Colonel Gascoyne," &c. &c.

The poll opened on Saturday, May 28, and on the following Wednesday John Tarleton retired, having only polled 317 votes to his brother's 496, Colonel Gascoyne heading the poll with 659. These two gentlemen kept their seats at the dissolution of 1802, and the occurrences of 1806 must be told in their own place.

I have the poll-book of Leicester in 1800, when Lord Ranelagh's death had caused a vacancy. The candidates were Mr Babington of Rothley-Temple and Mr Manners of Burkmminster,—the former being the Ministerial or "Pittite" candidate, and the latter the candidate of the Opposition. The battle raged for fifteen days—the utmost period allowed by law at that time. The preface of my poll-book is written by an ardent Babingtonite, and declares that the supporters of his man "comprised, with a few exceptions, all the electors of property in the place." It quotes, moreover, in triumphant vindication of his principles, a paragraph from Mr Babington's concluding address, in which he asserts that he and his friends had "been contending in the *cause of public virtue and loyalty* of the rights of Englishmen, and of civil society, against a spirit and a course of proceeding alike hostile to them all." The preface further tells us that "Mr Manners, with support-

ers of a very different description, characterised the contest, in a public advertisement under his signature, as "a contest between the rich and the poor, the oppressors and the oppressed." Mr Babington was returned by 1572 to 1418, and our faithful preface thus describes the victory:—

"The *respectable and loyal* part of the community, full of gratitude for the unparalleled blessings enjoyed under our excellent constitution,—deeply sensible how much the continuance of those blessings depends upon harmony and union between the higher and lower classes of society; and viewing with horror the Jacobin principles and bloody anarchy which have been the curse of France, has passed a decisive judgement between the contending parties; and succeeding generations will confirm this judgement, as long as the circumstances of the contest are known, and British hearts fill British bosoms."

The publisher ends with a paragraph somewhat suspicious when taken in conjunction with the boast that most of the "men of property" in Leicester had supported Mr Babington. It calls attention to Mr Manners's advertisement, quoted above, and says, that it is "necessary to add, *for the information of posterity*, that the year 1800 was a season of scarcity; and that during the *winter, spring, and summer preceding* the election (which took place in the first week of December), the *wants of the poor* in Leicester had been relieved by the wealthy inhabitants with persevering and unexampled liberality;" and "there was every prospect of the dwellings of the poor being cheered during the dreary season, *which was approaching at the commencement of the election*, by no less laudable and signal exertions of bounty."



How much these laudable and signal exertions had to do with Mr Babington's majority is a question upon which everybody may form his own opinion, but that there was some connection between the two will scarcely be doubted. Those were the days of what we call "unblushing corruption"; but it is possible that corruption, though it may blush, is still to some extent a factor in the parliamentary elections of to-day. The "wealthy inhabitants" and the wealthy candidates find that the influence of money has not departed with the various Reform Bills which have been passed, or with the introduction of the ballot, which was to remove every evil from our electoral system. Bribery, under the stringent laws aimed at its prevention, is possibly not practised in the same manner as in 1796. But what is it but bribery of a constituency when a rich man subscribes right and left to every

charity, every church, every club in the place, and by so doing places himself in a position practically unassailable by any one whose purse cannot bear the same strain? We may have done a great deal to obtain "purity of election," but we have not succeeded, and we never shall succeed, in changing human nature; and whether elections be gained by judicious money expenditure, through well-managed organisations, or by promises of legislation for their benefit given to certain classes of the community, it is more than doubtful whether we are much better than our grandfathers, or whether principle rather than self-interest decides election contests in 1892 in any greater degree than was the case in 1800. We may conceal our corruption behind our blushes, but some may think that the "unblushing corruption," however immoral, was perhaps the most honest after all.

## II.

The general election in 1802 was that which found Mr Addington installed in office as Pitt's successor, and which gave him a continuance of Pitt's majority. A great many contests took place at this general election, and few were more interesting than that for Kent. In Nichol's 'Literary History,' vol. vi. p. 674, will be found a curious letter from the celebrated antiquary, the Rev. Samuel Denne, upon this election. He tells his correspondent Mr Gough that, "in Kent it was till 1790 a laudable and convenient usage to elect a member from each grand division of our county. At the last election I was zealous for Mr Marsham, who had been the western representative for three Parliaments; but, to the disgrace of the freeholders,

he was despatched to Coventry." "It was my wish this time to have looked to the west, and to have left the two eastern candidates (Knatchbull and Honywood) to themselves and their partisans; but there was in my opinion an insuperable objection to the candidate of the west (Sir W. Geary), and I therefore resolved not to stir from home." He goes on to ask—

"What shall we say of a gentleman, turned of thirty, who shall sell his paternal estate, some say for £18,000, avowedly for the purpose of squandering the greater part of the purchase-money in a county contest, though not six years before the two winning candidates had paid above £30,000, for the honour of being humble servants to the men of Kent? Mr Honywood acknowledges that the last struggle cost him £18,000. The



amount of Sir E. Knatchbull's expenses cannot be ascertained, because it now appears that there are long bills in arrear in divers parts of the country. Had the late Sir Francis Geary left his estate at Polesden in Surrey in the hands of trustees, it would have been a fortunate circumstance for his son. As I am told, the three candidates have appeared in caricature at the west end of the town; one of the Baronets being exhibited in a poorhouse, the other in a madhouse, and the squire in his coffin; but whether the portraits bear any resemblance to the originals my informant was not apprised. So prevailing is Ministerial influence in Kent, that if the two candidates named in it really join, votes are thrown away upon a third man."

For some reason or other, "Ministerial influence" was not exerted in favour of Sir E. Knatchbull; and we are informed by a little book published after that general election, entitled 'The Picture of Parliament; or, a History of the General Election of 1802,' that "the avowed friends of Government deserted Sir E. Knatchbull," and "many exalted characters who had promised their support to the two baronets, latterly transferred their interest to Sir William Geary." The real secret of Knatchbull's defeat is to be found in the split votes: 1962 votes were cast Knatchbull and Geary — 1490 Honywood and Geary; but this does not tell the whole story. Knatchbull's friends believed him so secure that they exerted themselves greatly to persuade his supporters to split their votes with Geary during the first days of the election. There was one old yeoman of the name of Cole, who carried two or three hundred votes, and was "Knatchbull to the backbone," and I have heard my father tell how *his* father (the candidate) rode up and down the line as these men were marching to the poll at

Penenden Heath, persuading Cole and his party not to give him plumpers, but to split (as most of them did) for Geary.

But at the close of the poll on the fourth day, Honywood, being ahead of the poll by 3652 to 3091 for Knatchbull, and 3082 for Geary, found himself safe enough to revenge his disaster in 1796, and threw his second votes to Geary with such effect that Sir Edward Knatchbull retired on the ninth day, the numbers being—

|                  |      |
|------------------|------|
| Honywood . . .   | 4763 |
| Geary . . .      | 4085 |
| Knatchbull . . . | 3933 |

'The Picture of Parliament' concludes its account of this contest by the remark that "the expenses of this contest amount, it is said, to not less than £35,000," which gives some idea of the way in which country gentlemen ruined themselves in the "good old times" of electioneering.

In Norfolk there was a stern contest, the sitting members, Mr Coke and Sir Jacob Astley on the Whig side, and the Tory candidate, Colonel Wodehouse. I have an interesting account of this election, bound up with the poll-book. Mr Coke had represented the country in four Parliaments, and Sir Jacob Astley had been elected on Sir J. Wodehouse's acceptance of a peerage in 1797. Colonel Wodehouse was his eldest son, and colonel of the East Norfolk Militia. On the 5th July the Norwich election had resulted in the defeat of Mr Windham and his colleague Mr Frere. As soon as this was known, there was a strong wish to nominate Mr Windham for the county, and Colonel Wodehouse readily withdrew his claims in favour of so eminent a statesman. But Mr Windham, having found a safe seat at St Mawes, declined the



county, and Colonel Wodehouse consequently persevered with his candidature. The nomination took place on July 12, and the most amusing feature of the whole affair is, not only that it was vehemently urged against Colonel Wodehouse that he was the son of a peer, but that Mr Coke indorsed the charge, and boasted that he was "born a commoner—he had lived a commoner—and his greatest pride would be to remain a commoner;" and that he "should ever think it his duty to resist an aristocratical representation of the county." I call this amusing, because not only was Mr Coke's father the nephew of a peer (the title having become extinct only in 1759, in default of his having male issue), but, five-and-thirty years after, Mr Coke himself retracted his former refusals of a peerage, and was created Earl of Leicester. However, the electioneering cry was employed with good effect. On the first day's poll Wodehouse was 361 votes ahead of Astley, and only 38 behind Coke; and on the second day he was 50 behind Coke and 580 above Astley. On the third day, however, his majority fell to 305, and on the fourth day the poll stood—

|                 |      |
|-----------------|------|
| Coke . . .      | 3754 |
| Wodehouse . . . | 3157 |
| Astley . . .    | 3050 |

Every exertion was used by both parties; but the Coke interest was too much for the Colonel, and on the eighth day the poll closed with the following result, announced by the under-sheriff next morning:—

|                 |      |
|-----------------|------|
| Coke . . .      | 4317 |
| Astley . . .    | 3612 |
| Wodehouse . . . | 3516 |

The battle, however, did not end with the poll, for a scrutiny was demanded by Colonel Wodehouse, for the expenses of which we are

told that his friends subscribed £8500; whilst in support of a counter-scrutiny the friends of Coke and Astley subscribed £9691, 17s. The scrutiny commenced on the 4th August, and above 500 votes were struck off the poll on one side or the other by the 28th, on which day Colonel Wodehouse's friends, finding that they had no chance of putting him in a majority, consented to the termination of the scrutiny, and Coke and Astley were declared duly elected. Among the squibs are some which are amusing, although the author of the account from which I quote says of them that he "cannot say that in general they were exempt from the dullness and scurrility which are their usual characteristics." Here is an exception:—

"MURMURS FROM THE LAND'S END.

"Upon the breezes of the west  
Loud in a faction's cause,  
We hear these words (in wrath exprest)  
Oft wafted from *St Marcs* :

'Curse on old Norfolk's wayward race,  
Whom prayers nor threats can win,  
Who, to a noble Peer's disgrace,  
Will have a *Jacob in*.'"

There is a full account of the scrutiny in my volume, and sundry decisions upon legal points which in these days of extended franchise have of course lost all their interest, and are only curious as relics of a past age.

One of the most extraordinary contests in 1802 was that for the county of Middlesex, when Sir Francis Burdett opposed Mr Mainwaring, the Ministerial candidate. I came across a book called 'The Parochial List of the Poll: Middlesex Election, 1802,' which contains the poll, but no account of the proceedings, which, however, are briefly given in my 'Picture of Parliament.' The first day's

poll placed Mr Byng at the head of the poll with 1303 votes, whilst Mr Mainwaring with 1097 had a majority of 398 over Sir Francis, who polled 699 votes. This majority was maintained and increased until the tenth day, when the poll stood :—

|                |      |
|----------------|------|
| Byng . . .     | 2925 |
| Mainwaring . . | 2534 |
| Burdett . . .  | 2032 |

In addressing the electors after the close of this day's poll, Sir Francis Burdett called attention to the case of "a girl of thirteen years of age, who had accidentally kicked some mortar off the roof of a house, which had fallen upon Mr Mainwaring's carriage. A party of Bow Street officers immediately rushed into the house, dragged the poor child out, and took her to Bow Street, where, after an examination, she was ordered to be committed, and, but for the humanity of some gentlemen who bailed her, would have been sent to gaol." "In this strain," says my book, "Sir Francis proceeded at some length," and either by this appeal or by some other means certainly succeeded in turning the tide, which seemed to have set in against him. For on the fifteenth day the poll was closed, and the result declared to be—

|                |      |
|----------------|------|
| Byng . . .     | 3848 |
| Burdett . . .  | 3207 |
| Mainwaring . . | 2936 |

—a majority of 271 for Sir Francis Burdett. Mr Mainwaring had 1354 and Sir Francis 1023 plumpers; but perhaps the most curious thing disclosed by the poll-book is that Sir Francis obtained his majority not in Westminster or the districts of London proper, but entirely in the Isleworth Hundred, where he polled 114 plumpers, and a total of 423 to Mr

Mainwaring's 98 votes. The election of Sir Francis was hailed as a great political triumph; but, like other victories of the same kind, it will be seen that its effects were not permanent.

This Parliament was the first elected after the passing of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland, and it was dissolved in 1806. I have the 'History of the Westminster and Middlesex Elections,' a thick octavo volume, with a coloured caricature by way of frontispiece, being a "view of the Hustings in Covent Garden." This book gives "the addresses of the respective candidates, as well as the speeches of their friends, both on the hustings and at public meetings, and also of the numerous advertisements, letters, hand-bills, songs, &c. &c., which made their appearance during the said elections." Some of these are very funny, but they are too long for quotation. Sir S. Hood, Mr Sheridan, and Mr Paull were the Westminster candidates, the contest being between the two latter. Sir Francis Burdett proposed Paull on the hustings, and Mr Sheridan's acceptance of office was made the ground of a furious opposition to him. Here is one placard, for example :—

"TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION,  
ON TUESDAY, THE 11TH NOV. 1806,  
At the Hustings in Covent Garden,  
*The UNREDEEMED PLEDGES of*  
The Rt. Hon. R. Brinsley Sheridan,  
Treasury of the Navy, &c.  
Pawned previous to his coming into  
Power;" &c. &c.

On the first day's poll Mr Paull was ahead of both the other candidates; and although Sir Samuel Hood passed him on the fifth day, he continued to be second on the poll until the eleventh day, when Mr Sheridan passed him, and at

the close of the poll on the fifteenth day the numbers were—

|                |      |
|----------------|------|
| Hood . . .     | 5478 |
| Sheridan . . . | 4758 |
| Paull . . .    | 4481 |

—giving Mr Sheridan a majority of 277 over Mr Paull, the latter consoling himself with the fact of having had 3077 “plumpers.” The book gives an account of the chairing of the two members, and also chronicles the fact that the unsuccessful candidate was “drawn home in triumph by the populace.” The members dined with their friends at the “Thatched House Tavern,” whilst Mr Paull had a similar entertainment at the “Crown and Anchor Tavern,” a full report of both which meetings is given. There is only one epigram which may perhaps deserve quoting, which runs as follows:—

“Sir Samuel, some men say, is mighty good:

But we can wear our cloaks without a Hood.”

The history of the Middlesex election is no less interesting than that of Westminster. Sir Francis Burdett had not long enjoyed his triumph over Mr Mainwaring in 1802. He was unseated on petition, and beaten at a new election by Mr Mainwaring’s son. He again came forward in 1806, and at a meeting held at the Freemasons’ Tavern on the 31st October, Mr Mellish was brought out to oppose him. One of the speeches delivered at this meeting gives a clue to the Isleworth majority in 1802. “The next means that the faction took,” said the speaker, “to secure their object, was by bribery and corruption; to procure a number of persons who were not freeholders to come up and vote as freeholders. Besides the great manufacture at Isleworth for colourable freeholders, the whole

county was turned into a great workshop, where every journeyman shoemaker or mechanic that was ready to take his bribe was manufactured into a voter.” Sir Francis, however, had his worst enemy in the extreme nature of the principles which he avowed. Mr Byng refused to coalesce with him; Mr Whitbread wrote to withdraw his support, and to object to some of the views which he had expressed; and it soon appeared that he had lost the confidence of all but the most extreme of Radical politicians. The proceedings at the nomination were lively, and “the show of hands was decidedly in favour of Sir Francis Burdett;” but there ended his success. After sixteen days’ polling the numbers were—

|               |      |
|---------------|------|
| Mellish . . . | 3213 |
| Byng . . .    | 2304 |
| Burdett . . . | 1197 |

Major Cartwright took Mr Whitbread to task for his damaging letter, and the correspondence between these two gentlemen concludes the interesting volume which records the incidents of those two contests. It is curious to call to mind the fact that Sir Francis Burdett, the ultra-Radical of 1806, entirely altered his opinions in later life, and sat first for Westminster and then for Wiltshire from 1837 until 1844 as a staunch Conservative, in which political faith he died in the latter year.

My next noticeable book connected with the dissolution of 1806 is the Norfolk poll-book for that year. Sir Jacob Astley announced his retirement, and Colonel Wodehouse again entered the field. Mr Coke again stood, and Mr Windham came forward, strongly supported by the influence of the Government. These two candidates coalesced, and were again too strong

for their opponent. The latter indeed polled 2529 plumpers, but the splits between Coke and Windham were 3434, and the total numbers on the gross poll were—

|                 |      |
|-----------------|------|
| Coke . . .      | 4118 |
| Windham . . .   | 3722 |
| Wodehouse . . . | 3365 |

This was a victory for the "United Administration" (which had been remodelled under Lord Grenville, after Mr Fox's death in September 1806), and a personal triumph to Mr Windham, which may have reconciled him to his defeat at Norwich in 1802. Moreover, he had the satisfaction of seeing the defeat of his former opponents in that city; for Mr Alderman Patteson, of Norwich, taking advantage of the wish expressed by some of the electors to be represented by one of their own citizens, started against Fellowes and Smith, and came in by a majority of 360 over Fellowes, who polled 1370, and Smith (who withdrew in his favour on the last day) 1333 votes. The only other poll-book of much interest which I have of this election is that of Liverpool, where a severe contest took place. The popular favourite at the previous elections, General Banastre Tarleton, had contrived to damage his popularity to a great extent. He was accused of having deserted Mr Fox for Mr Pitt, and even of having solicited a place from the latter. Accordingly, Mr William Roscoe was brought forward as an independent candidate, and the "History of the Election," together with the poll, is told in two pamphlets which I have, bound together with the accounts of some of the previous Liverpool elections. Lord Sefton and Lord Stanley seem to have taken a great interest in this election, and to have actively exerted themselves for Roscoe. Both

were freemen of Liverpool, and the latter voted for Roscoe and Gascoyne, whilst the former gave his undivided support to Roscoe, who announced and boasted of this support in one of his hustings speeches. Here is one of the advertisements which appeared:—

"WANTED immediately, 6 or 700 Independent Freemen for the approaching General election, who will be liberally rewarded with fair promises, great professions, and a suitable quantity of fine new frothy Nottingham ale."

This is apparently aimed at those who, for reasons of their own, were determined to have a contest; and somebody must certainly have benefited by it, if it be true, as we are told, that during its progress Gen. Gascoyne's friends expended about £3000, Gen. Tarleton's about £4000, and Mr Roscoe's between £11,000 and £12,000. The result may be easily imagined. Up to the close of the poll on the fifth day, General Tarleton held his own, the numbers being—

|                |      |
|----------------|------|
| Gascoyne . . . | 1037 |
| Tarleton . . . | 890  |
| Roscoe . . .   | 837  |

But the peers, the mob, and the money were too much for him, and on the seventh day Gascoyne and Roscoe were declared duly elected, the poll being—

|                |      |
|----------------|------|
| Roscoe . . .   | 1151 |
| Gascoyne . . . | 1138 |
| Tarleton . . . | 986  |

The two accounts of this election are written, one on each side, and are amusing enough, the squibs being rather above the average, although, of course, many of their points were founded upon local circumstances which have now passed out of memory. The most amusing part of the whole affair, however, is to be found in the sequel of the election. Mr Roscoe,

says the account written on his side, obtained great popularity, and was exalted as a triumphant hero; but although the Parliament lasted less than six months, the Liverpool people entirely changed their opinion of his merits in that brief space of time, and at the election in May 1807, General Tarleton regained his seat, being at the head of the poll with 1461 votes, General Gascoyne polling 1277, and Mr Roscoe only 379, a melancholy "come-down" from his position in the previous year.

There is no 1806 poll-book for Kent, but it may be noted that the same candidates again stood; but as Knatchbull and Honywood were too much afraid of each other to venture to help Geary, the latter, after a short poll, found himself with only 826 votes against 1854 and 1852 for the two others, and consequently gave up the struggle. The king having dismissed his Ministers upon differences arising from "the Catholic question" at the end of March 1807, the new Government, with the Duke of Portland at its head, sought to strengthen itself by another dissolution. This general election is that which witnessed the famous struggle in Yorkshire between Wilberforce, Milton, and Lascelles, at which the two former were returned, and which is said to have cost a fabulous sum to the houses of Fitzwilliam and Lascelles. One would have expected a large quantity of election literature in such a contest, but I have only the bare poll-book and brief account of the nomination. Wilberforce, who headed the poll with 11,806 votes, had 8880 split with Lascelles, and 1753 with Milton. Lord Lascelles had 1808 plumpers, and Lord Milton no less than 9049. His victory was gained in the

West Riding, where he had over 1500 majority—more than enough to counteract Lord Lascelles's majority in the other two Ridings. I have the 1807 poll-books of Lincolnshire and Beverley, in both of which there were contests, but Lincolnshire is the only one which gives any account of proceedings. Mr Chaplin, the former member, the Hon. C. A. Pelham, and Colonel Ellison were the candidates, and most of the leading men of the county appear to have attended the nomination and addressed the freeholders. Chaplin and Ellison obtained the show of hands; but at the close of the third day's poll the latter was beaten, and retired, the poll being—

|               |      |
|---------------|------|
| Chaplin . . . | 1589 |
| Pelham . . .  | 1162 |
| Ellison . . . | 944  |

It is difficult to discover any great difference of opinion between the three candidates, and the principal theme of discourse among themselves and their supporters seems to have been the Coronation Oath, and the resolute determination of everybody to uphold and maintain "the King, the Protestant religion, and the Constitution." I have not the poll-book but the history of the Westminster election of May 1807, at which Sir Francis Burdett, who had proposed Mr Paull in the previous November, now pushed that gentleman aside, and consented to stand himself. Lord Cochrane also came forward, and Mr Elliott, a brewer, and Mr Sheridan was also nominated. On the third day's poll, Elliott was ahead with 270 votes, Cochrane second with 226, Burdett third with 213, and Sheridan fourth with only 58. Mr Sheridan daily attended the hustings and addressed the people, but had no longer the influences at work on his behalf

which had served him so well in 1806. Sir Francis Burdett soon passed Lord Cochrane on the poll; and on the fifth day, Mr Elliott, being nearly 900 behind Lord Cochrane, retired from the contest. Mr Sheridan, however, fought on, and in the last three days, polled 1549 votes against 758 recorded for Lord Cochrane, or more than two to one. But the effort was made too late, and the final state of the poll was declared to be—

|          |   |   |      |
|----------|---|---|------|
| Burdett  | . | . | 5134 |
| Cochrane | . | . | 3708 |
| Sheridan | . | . | 2645 |
| Elliott  | . | . | 2137 |

Mr Sheridan received 592 plumpers. The friends of Sir F. Burdett published a balance-sheet after the election, showing £1215, 14s. 3d. had been subscribed for his election, and that the whole expenditure had been £1296, 2s. 6d., including £365, 18s. classed under the heading, "Expenses of chairing Sir Francis Burdett and celebrating the triumph of Westminster, 29th June."

The next general election was in 1812, on Lord Liverpool's accession to office. The most interesting book regarding this dissolution which I possess is a small

volume, entitled 'An Impartial Collection of Addresses, Songs, Squibs, &c., published during the Election for the Borough of Liverpool, 1812.' Our old friends General Tarleton and Gascoyne appeared again as candidates, but the popularity of the former had gone the same way as that of Mr Roscoe. He complained bitterly that he was slandered and misrepresented; but the tide had set in against him, and he was probably not assisted by a report that certain bills of the last election had been left unpaid. However this may be, General Tarleton seems very soon to have perceived that his cause was lost, and issued an address in which he practically withdrew. But that which gave the principal interest to this contest was the candidature of George Canning and Henry Brougham. The former and Gascoyne were the Conservative candidates, Mr Brougham and Mr Creery the Radical nominees, strongly supported by Mr Roscoe and his friends. The 'Impartial Collection' has a vast amount of election literature, not always of the most refined character, but sometimes amusing. Here is one with reference to the grounds of attack upon Mr Canning:—

#### "TWO PAUPERS.

"George Dykes is a Pauper. Why?—Because he has been pensioned by his Parish. George Dykes has lost his vote. Why?—Because he is a Parish Pauper. George Canning is also a Pauper. Why?—Because he is pensioned by his Country. George Canning shall lose his election. Why?—Because he is a State Pauper.

Amen!"

The squibs issued on the Government side were in no degree inferior to those of the Opposition: one which followed the close of the poll will serve as a sample:—

"**Y**ESTERDAY died suddenly of a violent attack of the Scarlet Fever and Blue Devils, a young lady, of little constitutional strength, named Miss Republican Contest: she

was conceived in Utopia, or as some say, like Minerva, in the brain of Mr Roscoe. She was the daughter of Arrogance and Folly, her nurses were Pertinacity and Corruption; she has left two dear sisters, Reform and Revolution, to deplore her loss: she was rather a marred child, being too much inclined to popular Cry. The scarlet fever attacked her on Thursday the 7th: at different periods of

the attack her eyes became black and her nose bloody; she took daily airings in Lord Sefton's Barouche; at last the pressure was so severe in her *Poll*, that it terminated her existence at 12 o'clock yesterday," &c., &c.

Mr Canning headed the poll with 1634 votes, General Gascoyne was next with 1532, whilst Mr Brougham had but 1131 and Mr Creery 1068.

There was a by-election for the city of Durham in 1813, which is chronicled very fully in the poll-book which I have. On the death of Sir Henry Vane Tempest, member for the county, Mr Lambton was returned in his place without opposition, and his kinsman, member for the city, vacated his seat in compliance with a pledge given at his election, thus causing a vacancy in the city representation. Upon this Mr George Allan at once offered himself as a candidate, in an address in which he stated that he did "not see the necessity for parliamentary reform," and declared his opinion "that the present claims of the Roman Catholics are dangerous and unconstitutional to a high degree." Mr Michael Angelo Taylor, after coquetting with the seat for a few days, declined to stand, and Mr R. S. Gowland then declared himself a candidate, but after a canvass which he declared to have been successful, withdrew on the grounds of expense. It is probable there were other grounds. Mr Gowland had referred to the "glorious struggle" made by his father; and an opponent, writing under the signature "Plain Truth," pointed out that this "glorious struggle," when Mr Gowland and General Lambton were candidates, had consisted in the action of the mayor and corporation, who, finding General Lambton in a majority of 192,

had created 215 "occasional freemen," by which they swamped that majority and returned Mr Gowland, although he lost his seat on petition. From whatever cause it may have been, Mr Gowland retired at the last moment, and Mr Allan's friends confidently expected a "walk over." This, however, was not to be the case. Mr George Baker came forward as an independent candidate, and a desperate contest commenced, which lasted nine days, and resulted in Mr Allan's election by 440 to 360 votes. The Catholic question seems to have had something to do with the result, the cry of "No Popery" being freely used against Mr Baker. There are a number of political squibs, but none of any remarkable merit.

A by-election took place in Norfolk, upon the death of Sir Jacob Astley in 1817. It seems that early in April a county meeting was called in Norfolk, upon the request of a number of Whig noblemen and gentlemen, at which resolutions were passed, congratulating the Prince Regent on his "escape from the late atrocious attack upon his person," and praying him "to dismiss from his Presence and Councils those advisers, who by their conduct have proved themselves to be alike enemies to the Throne and to the People." Amongst the signatures to the requisition for this meeting was that of Mr E. Roger Pratt, whilst the resolution against the Ministers was opposed at the meeting by Mr Edmund Wodehouse and others, but without effect. A few days after this meeting a counter-declaration appeared, signed by 810 persons, condemning the resolution against Ministers, and deploring the "active promulgation of wild and visionary doctrines" and "the delusive doc-



trines of seditious demagogues," by which the people were misled. This declaration was signed by all the leading politicians on the Tory side. Before the end of the month Sir Jacob Astley's death was made known, and Messrs Pratt and Wodehouse were chosen as the champions of the two parties to the above declarations. We are told that pink and purple were Mr Wodehouse's colours, and green the colour for Mr Pratt. Mr Coke's great influence was actively exerted for the latter, but at the close of the fifth day's poll Wodehouse was declared victorious by 3896 to 3321 votes. Sir Jacob Astley's son was not of age at the time of this contest, and Mr Pratt was his uncle, whence the squib which I find annexed to the account—

"Nunky himself, to stop a gap,  
Now stands by Coke's desire;  
But when the Boy can forward step,  
Then Nunky must retire!  
So pray what means this *County Rout*?  
Just nothing, as I take it,  
But to put Nunky in and out  
To stop a gap and make it.  
Freeholders, can you think it proper  
To be consigned to Coke's *gap-stopper*?  
And when no more he would employ  
The old *gap-stopper*, take the Boy?  
If so, to me 'tis plain enough  
You are, for Slaves, quite proper stuff."

Of the dissolution of 1818 I have the poll-books for the counties of Wilts, Huntingdon, and Lincolnshire, and for the towns of Nottingham and Cambridge. The Wilts contest is chronicled in a large octavo volume, bearing the title of '*Kaleidoscopiana Wiltoniensa* ; or, a Literary, Political, and Moral View of the County of Wilts during the Contested Election for its Representation, in June 1818, between Paul Methuen, Esq., William Long Wellesley, Esq., and John Bennett, Esq.," &c. Containing the whole of the advertisements, letters, speeches, squibs,

and songs. "By an Observer." These publications were very numerous, and contained a great many personalities of a more or less amusing character. Here is an example:—

"WANTED immediately, by the Chairman of Mr Wellesley's Committee, a new Dictionary; the more abusive epithets and genteel words for conveying falsehoods to the People the better. *N.B.*—It must be bound in ass's skin, edged with brass. Price no object."

There were great complaints on the part of Mr Bennett and his friends of intimidation throughout the county, and of the manner in which his supporters were prevented by the mob in Wellesley's interest from coming to the poll—their carriages broken and themselves beaten. On the other hand, Mr Wellesley's backers were not slow in imputing various evil deeds to their opponents, and they made much capital out of the defeat of "Tom Calley" for Cricklade, that gentleman being a strenuous supporter of Mr Bennett. The latter lost his election, Methuen heading the poll with 2822 votes, and Mr Wellesley taking the second place with 2009 to 1572. But on Methuen's vacating his seat in 1819, Mr Bennett beat Sir J. D. Astley in a fifteen days' contest, and was never again ousted. I have the poll-book of the 1819 election, at which the numbers were 2436 to 2270 votes.

In the election of 1818 there seems to have been no coalition. The plumpers given were—for Mr Bennett 452, Wellesley 416, Methuen 201; whilst 1547 votes were split between Methuen and Wellesley, 1074 between Methuen and Bennett, and 46 between Wellesley and Bennett. The Lincolnshire poll-book contains a full account of the proceedings at

the nomination. Mr Pelham and Mr Chaplin had been the members, and Sir Robert Heron opposed the latter as an "Independent candidate," and complained that Mr Pelham's "neutrality" had given Chaplin a great advantage. Probably it would have been much to the benefit of Sir R. Heron if Mr Pelham had coalesced with him; but as it was, "Independence" failed to carry the day. Sir Robert Heron polled 2627 votes (of which 861 were plumpers), Mr Pelham 3685, and Mr Chaplin 3067. Mr Chaplin polled 634, and Mr Pelham 309 plumpers. Of the Huntingdonshire election I have only the poll-book. Mr Wells was nominated without his consent, and polled 466 votes against 978 recorded for Lord Frederick Montague, and 837 for Mr Fellowes. Of the 466 there were 320 plumpers. The Nottingham election lasted ten days, and was closely contested between Lord Ranccliffe (Whig) and Mr Thomas Assheton Smith (Tory)—the seat of Mr Birch (Whig) being unassailed. On the sixth day Lord Ranccliffe was 239 ahead of his opponent; but the two next days materially diminished this majority, and at the close of the poll it had been reduced to 24, the numbers being—

|                  |      |
|------------------|------|
| Birch . . .      | 2228 |
| Ranccliffe . . . | 1863 |
| Smith . . .      | 1839 |

At a dinner given after the charring, Lord Ranccliffe declared that much influence had been used against him, and proceeded to say: "I know of the case of a man who wanted a cow for his vote. He went to the Blue gentlemen, and bargained to have a cow: they promised him one. He gave them his vote, and when the election was over they performed their *promise—they gave him a ginger-*

*bread cow!*" I have no squibs or songs relating to this election, nor to that of the town of Cambridge, which was an effort on the part of Mr Adeane to obtain for the Whigs a share in the representation. In this effort he was not successful, polling but 56 votes against 76 recorded for each of his opponents, General Finch and General Manners. Mr Adeane made a speech after the election, in which he referred to the creation of "honorary freemen," and congratulated himself upon having made such a good poll against "gigantic influence."

The only other poll-book of 1819 in my possession is that of Shrewsbury, which is chiefly remarkable for its preface, emanating from "the committee who have vainly endeavoured to rescue this borough from the reproach of being equally regardless of character with the most venal of those which have been, and which are, cited for their notorious corruption." The candidates were Mr Mytton and Mr Panton Corbett—the former polled 384, and the latter 287 votes. Our committee assure us that they "will pass over the brutal violence exhibited—the difficulty of forcing a passage to the poll-bar,—these are but passing evils, and they have passed, however materially they assisted in increasing Mr Mytton's majority." Their great complaint is that "not character, but upwards of 200 bought votes, secured a majority;" and they politely assure Mr Mytton, that if in the future he should "continue the same courses which have compelled him to purchase his seat at a price little less than £7000, he will find his fortune totally unequal to support the expense." The committee seem to have had a very bad opinion of their fellow-townsmen, and we



can only hope that they were mistaken.

I have three poll-books of 1820, —Newcastle, Ipswich, and Sussex, —of which the last only appears to deserve notice. It occupied nine days, and the handsome volume, "calf gilt," which I possess, gives an account of it, with "the addresses, compositions, speeches," &c., and the poll-book. It is dedicated to the High Sheriff, Mr Campion, and is really an interesting volume. Sir Godfrey Webster had been the Whig member, and upon the death of the king, which at that time necessitated a dissolution of Parliament, he published an address, in the last paragraph of which he alluded to the possibility of a contest, and declared that "no inducement of any kind whatsoever shall lead me to withhold or withdraw from this contest (if it occur), so long as one freeholder of the county shall be found willing to give his suffrage." Upon the issue of this address there shortly followed one from Mr E. J. Curteis, declaring himself "wholly unconnected with party," but that "the bills lately passed by Parliament for the suppression of blasphemy and sedition had his full approbation," contrary to the "avowed sentiments of Sir G. Webster." The latter, in his first address, had alluded to these as "despotic bills," and had said that he should "ever reflect with pride and satisfaction" that he was "one of the minority in the hard struggle for the cause of liberty during their passage through Parliament; and that by the jealous care and indefatigable attention of those who so anxiously watched their course, much of the poison was extracted, though the sharpness of the fangs remained." Now, however, on the appearance of Mr Curteis's address, he imme-

diately published another, in which he said that Mr Curteis "feels only in common with the whole country, when he expresses his approbation of the bills for the better prevention of blasphemous publications," —and added, "No man concurs with him more cordially on that point than myself; it is therefore rather harsh and uncandid to style me an avowed opposer of that which passed into law *without any opposition* (unless a few verbal amendments can be so called), and which, under any circumstances, I *should not have opposed*." It is fair to say that Sir Godfrey afterwards explained that he drew the distinction between "blasphemous publications" and "seditious libels," and that he had agreed with Sir J. Mackintosh, who had asked Government to divide their bill. But the first and second of Sir Godfrey's addresses still appeared contradictory; and meanwhile the Tory sitting member, Mr Burrell, announced his intention of seeking re-election. A few days after, a coalition between Burrell and Curteis was avowed. On the 6th March appeared an address from Mr Charles Compton Cavendish, announcing his intention to come forward in opposition to the coalition; and on the 12th, Sir Godfrey Webster announced his withdrawal in favour of Cavendish. Then commenced a desperate contest. Of course Sir Godfrey was accused of "base desertion," and a torrent of wrath and derision was poured upon him. On the other hand, the cry was raised of the independence of the county, and the coalition was vehemently attacked by one side and defended by the other. On the 13th March was the nomination at Chichester, at which the three candidates were duly proposed; and Sir Godfrey



Webster stated that "when he found a purse was made up by Honourables, Right Honourables, and Nobles to drive him from the field, he then found it a matter of prudence on his part to recede from so unequal a contest, and to leave it in the hands of those better able to cope with their coalesced purse." The chief event, however, of the day, was the appearance upon the platform of Mr Huskisson, who delivered a long and able speech in favour of the coalition candidates. Burrell and Cavendish had the show of hands, and a poll was demanded by Curteis. One of the many squibs ran as follows :—

"FREEHOLDERS !

Remember that Mr Curteis has publicly declared that all who supported Mr Cavendish were aiders and abettors of Blasphemy, Treason, and Sedition. O what a Cur-tis !"

The publications on the other side were equally numerous. One ran thus :—

"THE YOUNG WHIG.

"If the Young Whig who suddenly left B-rington House on the 6th inst. will return to his disconsolate Parent, he will be kindly received, and his imprudent conduct forgiven.—He had on, when he left home, a dark-brown greatcoat with velvet collar, black coat and waistcoat, dark loose pantaloons, and half-boots. He was last heard of at Chichester, where he showed strong symptoms of a disordered intellect, pretending to be a candidate to represent the County, and, by his strange conduct, attracting crowds of people, principally of the very *lowest order*, whom he entertained at a very considerable expense.—The Young Whig has many peculiarities, but the most striking of them is, that he never *speaks for himself*."

The battle was well fought. Cavendish obtained 1579 plumpers, and was ahead on the Chichester, Bamber, and Lewes districts ; but

in Hastings, Pevensey, and Arundel he was behind, and 2138 votes split between Burrell and Curteis showed the strength of "the coalition." The poll at its close was—

|                 |      |
|-----------------|------|
| Burrell . . .   | 2420 |
| Curteis . . .   | 2258 |
| Cavendish . . . | 1867 |

The "Account" tells us that "from every inquiry we have been able to make, the expenses of this contest were from £50,000 to £60,000 !"

I have the poll-books of two by-elections before the next dissolution, both of which are deserving of notice. The first is for King's Lynn, where a vacancy was caused by the death of the Earl of Orford, and the consequent elevation of his son, Lord Walpole, to the peerage. The borough had for many years returned a Walpole for one of its members, and Sir Martin Folkes had sat for over thirty years, until his death in 1821. His son, Sir William, having then come forward, found that he had been forestalled by the Marquis of Titchfield, who had apparently secured the Walpole interest. He therefore retired, but came forward upon the present vacancy, and from the account given by the poll-book, seems to have been the popular candidate. Another Walpole, however, was to the fore, and Sir William had to fight for "the independence of the borough." There was a lively scene at the nomination between the blue (Folkes) and orange (Walpole) partisans : the town-clerk had his gown torn from his back, and "a violent tumult took place." This was renewed at the poll, when a body of rioters attacked and demolished "the side of the booth set apart for the voters in the Walpole interest, piled the broken boards in the centre of the market-place, and, tying an orange-

coloured cockade on the highest plank, set fire to the pile, which was speedily consumed." They then destroyed "a very large expensive flag" which hung from Walpole's inn, and burned a number of windows, so that the mayor adjourned the poll, and sent for a troop of cavalry. Next day many special constables were sworn in, the leader of the rioters, one "whiteheaded Tom," was captured, and the poll proceeded. The mob, however, rescued their leader; hoisted him on a board, carried him in triumph to the hustings, and chaired him, "amidst the most tumultuous cheerings of his friends." Then the Riot Act was read, a troop of dragoons appeared, and order was restored—although, says my account, "the almost certainty that Sir William would lose his election, appeared to occasion a general gloom." This was indeed the result, the Hon. John Walpole polling 156 to 92 votes recorded for Sir William Folkes. "Neither Colonel Walpole nor his friends could obtain a moment's audience" after the close of the poll, and those who spoke on the other side complained bitterly of the "Government influence which had been used." In his postscript the writer of the "Account" says that during the election many squibs appeared; but that "though there were none remarkable for wit, yet many teemed with gross personality and vulgar scurrility," so that he "unhesitatingly declined" to publish them. This was not the case with the compiler of the history of the other by-election which I have to chronicle—namely, that for the county of Lincolnshire, caused by the death of Lord Yarborough, and the consequent elevation of Mr Pelham to the peerage. Sir Robert Heron of Stubton at once announced his

candidature, but as promptly withdrew it, when he found that the Pelham interest was to be given to Sir William Amcotts Ingilby. Then commenced a most curious contest. Certain gentlemen, professing themselves friends to the independence of the county, determined to nominate Sir John Thorold of Syston. That gentleman declined to stand, and actually promised—and gave—his vote to Ingilby; but intimated that, if elected, he should feel bound to serve. Thereupon his supporters determined upon a poll; but the most extraordinary part of the whole affair was that, whilst Sir John was a Tory, the leading men among those who brought him forward were quite of opposite opinions. Sir R. Heron, who voted for him, was a Whig, whilst Colonel Johnson and "Sam Wells" were Radicals. The latter was an attorney, who hailed from Huntingdon, and who was distinguished by the fact that Providence had omitted the nose in the formation of his face. This, and his difference with Sir John upon politics, gave occasion for the following squib:—

"Sir John of Syston, and Sam Wells,  
his friend,  
Distract poor Lincolnshire from end to end:  
What can we think of these *opposing*  
*foes*?  
One wants the *Ayes*—the other *wants*  
the *Noes*!"

These lines were read by Sir William Ingilby upon the hustings, and Colonel Johnson next day read the following reply:—

"'Tis *Will* from Yorkshire, and the  
*Peer*, his friend,  
Distract poor Lincolnshire from end to end:  
They sought the poll,—but yet Sir  
Willy knows  
He'd give his eyes and ears this poll  
to close!"



Sir William Ingilby had considerable property in Lincolnshire, but lived at Ripley Castle in Yorkshire, which was made the foundation of raising a great cry against him as a stranger. Amongst many songs and squibs, there was one in condemnation of Sir Robert Heron, which is rather good. It begins thus :—

TUNE—"Pse a Yorkshireman just come to Town."

"Come, freeholders, list to my story,  
For some curious facts you may learn;  
I sing not of Whig or of Tory,  
But of that Prince of Humbug, Bob  
H-ron.  
He, who once a subscription had  
rais'd,  
And some half-ruined Radicals plunder'd,  
Then himself as a patriot prais'd,  
And sacked John Tho—ld's five hundred.

Sing rum ti, &c.

It is true an address he had made,  
In which his pretensions he sung ill,  
Till Ing-lby came to our aid,  
And drove this shy cock from his dung-hill.  
The Whigs his dilemma derided,  
And their int'rest to Ing-lby gave,  
With whom Milton and Yarborough sided,  
But Heron swore his revenge he would have.

Rum ti, &c.

He threaten'd he'd give him a dressing,  
His advertisement cram down his maw;  
Nay, he'd make him do things most distressing,  
But, says he, 'I must have a cat's paw:  
Sir John Thor-ld's a name that stands high,  
But I'll soon bring him down to my level;  
My man John—n shall first raise a cry,  
And then start the Huntingdon devil.  
Rum ti, &c."

The whole account of the election is most interesting as a speci-

men of the manner in which our county elections were carried on seventy years since. Every day the poll was declared, and Sir William Ingilby for himself, and Colonel Johnson, as representing Sir John Thorold, appeared upon the hustings and delivered speeches. The poll was kept open ten days, and considering the influences combined together against Sir John Thorold, and his own discouragement of the contest, it is marvellous that so many votes should have been polled on his behalf. He polled 1575 votes, and Sir William Ingilby 3816. If the cry of "non-residence" and of "dictation" was so powerful in 1823, one wonders how the result would have been affected by the easier method of polling, and the multiplication of polling-places in the present day. Sir William Ingilby had other experiences of Lincolnshire in after-days, which will be duly chronicled, but none so curious as this, which he himself termed "a contest of so extraordinary a nature that he could scarcely describe it." If it be true, as declared by Colonel Johnson, that the freeholders who polled for Thorold all attended at their own expense, it seems still more extraordinary. The only other remark that may be made is that, out of Sir John Thorold's 1575 votes, no fewer than 1019 came from the Kesteven Division, wherein Ingilby only polled 225 votes. In the Holland Division Ingilby polled 551 to 190, and in the Lindsey Division he was in a preponderating majority, only 322 votes being given to Sir John Thorold out of a total of 3298 who came to the poll. The balance is made up by non-resident votes.

BRABOURNE.

## THE CASE FOR MODERATE DRINKING.

WE have the highest respect for the advocates of temperance reform, and if they are sometimes just a shade supersaturated with the consciousness of superior virtue, they are generally good people, and wish others to be the same. But indications are in the air that they may occasionally push their zeal beyond the bounds of discretion, and bring about a reactive tendency which may damage the cause. It must have taken a good deal of provocation to make an advanced and popular writer of the day pen these words: "A rabid temperance advocate, for the same reason, is often the poorest of creatures, flourishing on a single virtue, and quite oblivious that his temperance is making a worse man of him, and not a better." The force of this condemnation by Professor Drummond, in 'The Changed Life,' depends on the word "rabid," and we gladly admit that those who have joined a crusade against one of the worst enemies of the human race are usually penetrated with enthusiasm for the success of their mission, and do their work with all due charity and Christian humility. And when we consider what the evils are which they are trying to overcome,—how excess in strong drink fills our prisons and lunatic asylums and hospitals and work-houses, and sweeps down body and mind into one dark abyss of ruin,—we can hardly blame them for trying to snap this devil's chain of fascinating indulgence, even at the expense of some irritation and unpopularity. In George Cruikshank's later days his friends used to get occasional

"rises" out of him by touching up his hobby-horse,—“Will you be good enough to pass the wine!” would sing out some one from the end of the table. “No!” roared the veteran, “I will not pass the accursed thing!” Or, it might be, “The pleasure of a glass of wine with you, Mr Cruikshank.” “I will not drink a glass of wine with you, but I will be happy to eat a cheese-cake with you,” he would reply, suiting the action to the word. This is consistent and manly, and commands our respect, and it does not assume those airs of superior virtue and pharisaical comment which no less strenuous advocates of temperance occasionally assume. When we find ministers of religion gravely meeting in official conclave, and ordaining that no one who holds brewery shares, or makes, gives, sells, or uses alcohol in any form, shall remain in communion with the Church, we may well mourn over the “rarity of Christian charity,” and the tendency which the most excellent people occasionally show to run their excellence into impractical and impracticable grooves.

Moderate drinkers might endure this, and a good deal more of the same kind, for these denunciations are levelled against excess, and this they also denounce as heartily as the most intemperate teetotaler that ever worked a pump-handle. But when the batteries of the enemy are turned round upon them—when they are assured, with an air of complete conviction, that their case is little better than that of the staggering sot; that degenerations must spoil their tissues later—if not sooner;

and that they are treading the edge of a slippery precipice, down which they must inevitably slide,—then the time has come to turn from their worm-like attitude of submission, and give some reason for the faith that is in them. We should be sorry to say a word that could chill the enthusiasm of the apostles of total abstinence, or lessen the effect which their words produce; but at the same time we are bound to look at the other side of the shield, and argue in favour of our own views: and believing, as we do, that a good case can be made out for those who “take a little wine for their stomachs’ sake,” we shall invite them to sit down at table with us, and have a quiet symposium over one or two of your columns. But let us first make this frank admission to our teetotal friends.

Imagine, if we can, a kind of mitigated millennium, and take up our abode for a short time in one of its model cities—a sort of judicious mixture of Richardson’s ‘Hygeia’ and the utopian town wherein dwelt the *dramatis personæ* of ‘Looking Backward.’ In this peaceful abode of health, happiness, and virtue, we allow that alcohol would neither be needed nor desired. What would be the charm of nips of whisky or glasses of beer to these arcadian villagers, who are neither rich nor poor, who have money enough to meet their domestic wants, plenty of work, abundance of intellectual pleasure, and an unclouded old age free from care? Why should a man who never sees the face of tax-gatherer, or smells a bad drain, or pays a Christmas bill—whose children are provided for by the State—who is free from hurry and worry, and contentedly lives his full hundred years, crave for anything more stimulating than a dip

out of the nearest well? However much we should prefer a life of this kind—and I strongly suspect that some of us would vote for continuity in this wicked old world, with all its imperfections—no one is likely to get the chance of trying Utopia, and we must make the best we can of our present state of existence.

As an eminent physician remarked, when a stump orator was describing the condition of two geraniums, one of which was watered in the ordinary way, and advertised its virtuous principles by an exuberant freshness of blossom and leaf, whilst the second became an involuntary toper, and had been dosed with alcohol into premature decay,—“Yes, if I were a geranium, I should prefer water. But then I am not a geranium.” The nearer we can approach to the healthy existence of a plant, or a wild animal in its prime, the more does the necessity for drink diminish away to a vanishing-point. Children and young people up to manhood, under normal constitutional conditions, are far better without any; and the argument in favour of its habitual use rests on the specialities of the highly strung and unnatural mode of life which many of us are obliged to lead. We must take ourselves as we are, artificial products of an artificial age, often depressed and worried, eating bad food badly cooked, breathing bad air, and crushed down by money difficulties. It is at these times, when responsibilities are around us, and the troubles of the world begin to close in over our heads, that a cheering glass, in strict moderation and at carefully selected times, is of real use, and can be defended both by physiology and common-sense.

Under what conditions, then,



should our prescription be carried out, and how can we defend a practice which has raised against it such a mass of plausible reasoning and respectable sentiment?

In the first place, we directly traverse the arguments of our opponents against moderation, because they are founded on a total misconception of the physiological action of alcohol. Complex and antagonistic as these often are, no Jekylls and Hydes were ever more sharply contrasted than two sets of people placed at either end of the scale. A moderate dose has some stimulant effect, and may send up the pulse by a few beats, and remove the faintness of fatigue. Generally and more beneficially, however, it soothes and rests, and brings consoling quiet into the routine of life. But when the quantity is increased, we all know too well from observation, if not from experience, what happens. The skin glows; confusing ideas flash through the brain, and try to make themselves heard in thickened and incoherent speech; the gait becomes ataxic, and to staggering succeeds paralysis, and to excitement comatose sleep, which gradually deepens into apoplexy and death. What, then, are the limits of safety in the use of a drug which can thus range from a harmless stimulant up to a true narcotic poison?

How are we to define moderation? What is one man's meat may be another's poison, and the quantity of wine or spirit which can reasonably be allowed to the first, may amount to intemperance in the second. We are generally told that two ounces of alcohol or its equivalent, should not be exceeded under ordinary circumstances; but even this may be too much for some people, and in a

general way we would advise every one with sufficient self-restraint to regulate his own proper quantity for himself. There is no doubt that many apparent patterns of moderation are really the victims of excess in a small way, because they sometimes feel depressed after meals, or rise in the morning with a dry tongue, or a headache, or a general sensation of "seediness," to use their own phrase. Sometimes it happens that these and other dyspeptic troubles so invariably follow anything in the way of stimulant that it has to be given up altogether; and this is just one of those things which the sufferer, by reflection and observation, and the process of reasoning by exclusion, must diagnose for himself.

Every one, speaking generally, must also choose the kind of liquor that suits him best. Doctors can of course instruct him what to do when he is ill, or convalescent, or when they know the specialities of his constitution; but in nine cases out of ten the man himself understands the outs and ins of his stomach, and can arrange his scheme of solid and liquid diet to conciliate his tyrant. Thus we find that whilst beer is the favourite beverage of many, and is specially believed in by the working man, it makes some of us heavy and unfit for work, and we shake our heads sadly when we see it on the table. Port wine suits most old people, and weakly invalids and convalescents, and withered children flourish under it; but the gouty man knows by the pricking of his toes that he is safer out of the room when a bottle of it is produced. Burgundy is the king of wines, and feeds the watery blood of the anæmic with red corpuscles, and stills the craving of neuralgic nerves for stimu-

lation and support; but it seems to fill the veins of the plethoric almost to bursting, and sends its joyous tingling right down to the finger-tips. Champagne, which is invaluable to the weak and sinking, and the very pop of whose cork seems to give a fresh start to conviviality, sometimes causes sleepless nights, and at others makes the heart beat uncomfortably, and irritates the mucous membranes. The stronger alcoholic wines often cause heartburn and headache; and weak spirits and water, so much recommended by the faculty, are occasionally badly borne; and the fine ethers and matured saccharine ingredients, which give old wines so much of their charm, seem necessary to communicate the full benefit of stimulation to some varieties of constitution. Idiosyncrasy here plays its usually mysterious and unexpected part; and as a man is said to be a fool or a physician at forty, we may expect him to have made up his mind long before that how much he should drink, and what, in order to keep up that equable balance of physiological function which goes to make up sound health.

But we may now give him some hints *how* to drink. In the first place, lay this down as a rule to which there is hardly any exception, that alcohol should only be taken with food, and preferably, and if possible exclusively, with the principal meal of the day, and that it should be diluted as far as palate and convenience will allow. The reason of this being, that the destructive influence of strong drink on the tissues is purely physical, and the intimate structure of some of our organs is hardened and compressed, much in the same way as the anatomical preparations which furnish the

shelves of our museums. But in order to carry this out effectually, not only is prolonged immersion and soaking required, but the fluid itself must be strongly impregnated with spirit. It is worse than absurd to compare a piece of dead tissue suspended in pure alcohol with a corresponding bit of our own living body; for not only are the principles of vitality and nervous function elements which the labelled jar does not contain, but the rapid torrent of the circulation whirls the blood swiftly round from artery to vein, and the soak and contact at any given spot must be momentary and transient. But, in addition to this, the actual proportion of spirit to the total mass of the blood must be trivial under ordinary conditions of moderation, and the blood as it sweeps round on its ceaseless flow deposits at various points of contact sundry constituent parts of the spirit which it contains. Thus, oxidation goes on through the lungs and the skin; and the liver and kidneys, in their turn, may take part in converting alcohol into other things, which account for its almost total disappearance, and which entitles it, as we shall hereafter see, to rank as a food. It therefore requires no more explanation to prove that we should do our drinking in a very systematic way. Shun, as you would the Evil One, all rash nips and casual drinks; let no sherries and brandies-and-sodas between meals tempt you from your rule, but mix all your liquor with food, which shields the tissues from its contact, and aids its safe dispersion through the circulation. Then either take weak wines, or, if they must be stronger, dilute copiously, and be careful to correct the acidity of some of the more highly alcoholised beverages — which interferes with salivary digestion —

by the addition of any of the alkaline waters in common use. We can thus ensure that the tissues shall be bathed with a solution of alcohol so weak and so little continuous as to be perfectly harmless, and give a scientific denial to the oft-repeated assertion of temperance reformers of the more "rabid" class, that moderation in its physical effects is only one degree less hurtful than excess. But, in order to make assurance doubly sure, it is a good plan to have an occasional alcohol fast, and to give it up altogether for a day or two from time to time. In this way we can ensure that the blood is periodically and thoroughly cleared from an abnormal ingredient, which is known to be very quickly removed by oxidation and elimination, and the slightest risk of saturation and injury is thus most effectually prevented.

But there may be exceptions to this salutary rule of restricting our alcoholic consumption to meal-times. A man has been wet through, or thoroughly chilled, and comes home cold and shivering. A smart little nip, taken at once, will whip up his heart, relax the vessels of the skin, take off the spasm of congestion, and send a warm glow through him from end to end; and although exact science tells us that this feeling of heat is rather apparent than real, it is actually felt, because the warm blood flashes freely through the surface-vessels, and then returns to stoke up the internal organs, and light a temporary fire which will probably prevent the dangers from chill. Or again, when a weak or over-tired man comes back from his work, and sits down to dinner without much restful pause, a little preliminary stimulant will restore his lost nervous energy, and help him

to enjoy and digest his meal. Thus we see that in tropical climates like India, sherry and bitters or milk-punch are usually handed round before the first course, and the custom is quite defensible. For heat is lowering, work goes on in the early part of the day, and when the dinner-table is reached, the vital force is running down, and a "square meal" is looked at with disgust. But when the *petit verre* has been tossed off, the vessels of the stomach begin to fill, the mouth moistens, gastric juice is secreted when the additional stimulus of food arrives, and then "good digestion waits on appetite." And finally, there can be "no possible shadow of doubt" that weakly and old people are often the better for a night-cap. A glass of whisky-and-water, hot or cold, sets them to sleep, and gives fuel to the flagging fires of life; and in this way we firmly believe that judicious stimulation directly predisposes to longevity. All the most healthy veterans whom we have known take some wine or spirit; and Professor Sir G. Humphrey's interesting record of centenarians gives a decided majority to the drinkers over the total abstainers.

Taking now the various actions of alcohol *seriatim*, popular attention is generally first attracted to its stimulant propensities. The beneficial influence which it exerts in disease is partly due to this; and every medical man knows that, under certain definite conditions of depression, or even of fictitious excitement, it acts like a charm. The heart steadies and strengthens, the dry tongue gathers moisture, the dull stupefied look of fever clears away, delirium subsides, and the crisis is over. And in other widely varying states of deviation from health, its power is equally

obvious. The feebleness of convalescence, the dreary dulness of dyspepsia, the acuteness of neuralgic pain, all give way to this patent charmer; and if habits of self-indulgence too often follow the relief thus obtained, this is only because the drug has been loosely used, and should be prescribed with caution.

Dr Mortimer Granville asserts that recovery from acute illness was more sure and rapid in the past drinking days than now. This recalls an ancient controversy about the change of type in disease, in which Christison and Bennett took part; and we do not know that any materials exist for settling the question, nor can a temperance hospital do much nowadays to clear up our doubts. In the old drenching times of Tod, when patients used to get their bottle of brandy in the twenty-four hours, a comparison of the kind would have been of extreme value; but the routine treatment of inflammation by alcohol is now a thing of the past, and, as a rule, we merely look out for special symptoms and complications, and meet them as they arise. But as a contribution to the discussion, let me quote Brudenell Carter, who quotes Dr Braun of Moscow, who says that he had 45 per cent of bad cases after eye operations amongst the peasants until he gave them wine or brandy, when the percentage fell to 6 per cent. In the sudden collapse of fainting or snake-bite, or when any one is called on to make a violent physical effort almost beyond his powers, alcohol again shows its power. Swiss guides well know the help that a mouthful or two of white wine gives them; and I remember an incident on the Alps, where a timely stimulant probably saved three lives. We were rashly

struggling up an ice-slope without guides, and the first man on the rope, an experienced mountaineer, vigorously cut steps, whilst we shivered in our places, dodging the falling chips, and trying to feel brave and happy. Suddenly the sound of the axe stopped, and a voice fell clear and sharp from aloft, "Brandy at once, or I can't go on!" Luckily we had it, and a sip or two set him right; but as he told us afterwards, so overpowering was the feeling of exhaustion that he could hardly have raised his arm, or even remained much longer in his place, without the stimulant, which fortunately was at hand. As we were at the moment half-way up a perpendicular wall nearly 200 feet high, with little but a narrow ledge to protect us from a frightful precipice below, I invite your readers to picture for themselves what the consequences of an accident would have been.

To its stimulant action also belongs the good which alcohol may do to the process of digestion. Not only does it quicken the desire for food, but in strict moderation it increases the secretion of gastric juice, and promotes those churning movements of the stomach which are necessary for nutrition and assimilation. The ancient Romans found it necessary to qualify their complicated *cena* with deep draughts of Falernian or other wines; and it is difficult to see how we of modern times could support the gigantic meals which luxurious custom provides without an appropriate allowance of stimulant. We were struck by the remark of a coroner, who was certifying the cause of death in an aged female pauper some years ago. She had apparently died from syncope, following a debauch on Christmas fare; and

it seems that the allowance of beer provided on these festive occasions had been stopped. And, in commenting on the circumstances of the cause, the coroner pointed out that a little stimulant would have helped the stomach to do its work, and that her usual beer would have prevented her from being choked by her dinner. And I have little doubt that he was right.

"Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake," then, is a precept which unites Biblical authority with sound physiology; but we are now prepared to go a step further, and show that alcohol has itself every right to be called a food. We can prove it in this way. A certain amount of alcohol enters the body, and hardly any, if any, can be shown to leave it unchanged: what, then, becomes of it? Science gives the reply. Within the organism it is used up, consumed, or oxidised, thereby developing vital force and heat, and interfering so far with the oxidation of other substances as to lessen tissue-waste, and make nourishment go further, so as to be not only a food but a food-saving substance. This is clear and definite enough and admits of no denial, and it is confirmed by common observation. We do not need a professional diploma to remember cases, more especially at the extremes of life, where wine and spirit seemed to enable an utterly insufficient dietary to keep people alive. Consumptive boys in particular will subsist on port wine long after the power of digesting nourishment is practically suspended; and Dr Wilks, in a most interesting paper,<sup>1</sup> says: "I must

now allude to the very striking and remarkable effect of alcohol on wasted children, the nearest approach to a proof that alcohol is nutritive. It was many years ago that I found alcohol in the form of brandy had a very remarkable restorative effect in the case of atrophied children, and I therefore introduced it as a medicine into the pharmacopœia of the Infirmary for Children, Waterloo Road." And, to quote again from the same sagacious observer: "Among some notes I have the case of a man at fifty and long intemperate. He took a pint of brandy a-day, no meat, and very little of anything else. A woman aged sixty-four had been intemperate for thirty years: she took a pint of gin daily; she ate no food but an occasional biscuit. I think it is Anstie who gives the history of a man who for twenty years took a bottle of gin daily, with a piece of bread the size of his finger, and he was thin, but not emaciated."

Intimately bound up with the stimulant effects of alcohol is the power which it undoubtedly possesses of promoting conviviality; and although this has its good and its bad side, we hold that the good prevails, as laid down in the Scriptural maxim that "a little wine maketh glad the heart of man." Hospitality is a virtue that reaches its highest development in the British Isles, and we doubt if foreigners really understand or appreciate the heavy meal-giving which forms the chief conventional part of its exercise. From the stiff dinner-party of twenty covers down to the joyous little supper after the theatre, there

<sup>1</sup> A Discussion on the Effects of Alcohol, by Samuel Wilks, M.D., F.R.S. 'British Medical Journal,' August 29, 1891.



are several gradations ; but one and all are lit up by the warm tints of rosy wine, and the beaded bubbles winking at the brim introduce people to one another far more effectually than the formal words of the host. How dead and dull the *mauvais quart d'heure* of preliminary waiting in the drawing-room seems ! How chilly we all are, how stiff, how formal ! Friends have little to say to one another ; strangers are frozen up into English ice ; and solemnly and sadly the procession moves away. During soup conversation flags, and fish and hock do not infuse much gaiety into the depressed guests. But suddenly a pop is heard ; relief is at hand, and soon the creaming sparkling champagne overflows its neck, and foams into the glass, and a general thaw takes place. Tongues unloose and wag briskly, the most silent grow loquacious, and the talkative sharpen up in point and brilliancy ; and when at last the confused babel of sound, so dear to the ear of a hostess, fills the air, she begins to be of good cheer, for she knows that the party is saved.

Have any of you ever been to a teetotal banquet, and observed the solemn frigidities, the subdued tones, the voracious feeding, and the evident desire to get it all over as quickly as possible, and escape to smoke or drink coffee, or pick up excitement in some other way ? or have you observed, when one or two abstainers make part of a general company, how dreary and depressed they often seem, as flat as the cold water which they metaphorically throw on their neighbours ? We remember an old friend—a convivial soldier, of a florid and jovial type—who had a curious habit of

keeping Lent by cutting off his grog. During the entire forty days he would drink nothing stronger than water ; and towards the end of one of these fasts he came to dine with me. Oh, what a falling off there ! His ruddy face was pale as nature would allow ; his rich voice was subdued, and his spirits were diluted down to zero ; he sat dull and listless and silent, and passed the bottle with a wistful look, which said, quite as plainly as any words, “We shall meet again before long.” Under a dispensation of total prohibition conviviality would be impossible, and hospitality would lose some of its charm, and we do not think we go too far in saying that some of the richness and roundness and fulness of life would be lost.

It is quite true, as the rigid moralist tells us in reply, that conviviality is no necessity of life, that it is surrounded with temptation, and that many people lose their time and money and health in its company. But we need amusement of some kind : all work and no play only leads to dullness and premature decay ; and now that public opinion has put its foot down firmly on excess, we may safely argue in favour of a little wine as a mellowing and sweetener of existence, and a help to good-fellowship. Four-bottle men and boozing judges, and soaking gentlemen and neckcloth-loosers, are now, happily, things of the past ; but it seems to do us good to read about them, and to see the rich warm tints of the old drinking times set below our more decorous horizon. The days of sour-faced Puritanism were not long in England ; and when the pendulum had swung to the other extreme in the joyous revelries of the early

Stewarts, it vibrated soberly down into a judicial attitude of half-way equilibrium, where it seems likely to remain. And if we find it difficult to conceive of much genial social intercourse on lemonade or Apollinaris water, still less could we recognise some of our literary heroes apart from their convivial pleasures. We may be certain that Coleridge and Lamb did not toil up Hampstead Hill to drink water at the Salutation and Cat; and the merry coffee-housing of the club was mellowed by potations which stimulated the talk of Burke and Goldsmith, and the appreciation of Reynolds, and might have even softened the controversial acrimony of Ursa Major himself, if he could only have kept within the limits of moderation. And, coming down to later days, we see Dickens and Forster, and Stanfield and Maclise, at their early dinners before the play, or at their suppers after the curtain fell, and we know that there was just enough liquor among them to warm but not heat, and to set their tongues going with free but decorous elasticity. Sir Walter Scott's cheery little banquets, where the strictest moderation was recorded in his 'Journal,' were full of mirth and good-fellowship; and is it likely that soda-water would have been equally successful in bringing out the best points of the guests, and in fusing them all into a harmonious whole? And if we come to read the history of our best authors in prose and verse, we will find how much of what they have written is in praise of, or inspired by, the "barley-bree." Shakespeare, we know, was no ascetic, and has even been accused of hastening his death by excess; and does it seem probable that his unique

knowledge of human nature could have been acquired on water alone? Burns's faults are too well known, and sometimes too freely denounced by the "unco guid"; but although he might have been a better man if he had confined his potations to ginger-ale, would he have been as good a poet? It is very certain that Byron did not write 'Don Juan' in his vinegar days. There is no proof that the Lake poets derived their dietetic inspiration from the medium near which they lived; and when we look along the whole range of literary history, we doubt if the record of any genius can be found who stormed Parnassus with a blue ribbon in his button-hole. We could fill a good-sized volume with verses in praise of strong drink, and might label it 'Alcohol with the poets'; and we challenge the other side to produce more than a meagre pamphlet, if their material can be stretched even so far as that. We shall be curious to see how far the divine afflatus has blown up any water-drinker into fame through praise of his favourite beverage, or in how far the quotations which spring to our pen, from Horace down to Tennyson, can be capped by those who make gentle revelry by the fireside over a muffin and a cup of tea.

But alcohol is also a sedative, and in this way it does most good, and furnishes us with our best arguments. A glass or two of wine makes a man quiet and contented, at peace with himself and the world, inclined to forget his troubles, and to look on the bright side of things. It is as an anæsthetic to the nervous system that its beneficial effects are most plainly seen; for the angry man forgets his wrath, the married man makes light of his cares, and

the despairing wretch, who has flung away all his chances, spends his last penny in a glass of gin, and forthwith lays down all his woes on the shelf of oblivion. If you have lost your friend, or your money, or your character,—if the black dog of depression has got you by the throat, will not a cheering cup give a peep at the silver lining of the cloud, and clear away the mist that is gathering round the hill-tops, as Wilks puts it? The great fact to remember about alcohol is its lowering the function of the nervous system, by which it gives repose to the body and a quietus to the mind, or, as some say, to the conscience. It is to produce these effects that it is taken by the multitude. "When I do recommend a little wine or spirits daily, it is usually to quiet a perturbed nervous system" (Wilks).

That, then, is the keystone of its action—it quiets, soothes, rests. We sometimes meet teetotallers who would be much the better for such a sedative. Now and then they look hunted and overdone, as though consumed by a feverish activity, which makes them take too much out of their nervous systems, and age rapidly. A glass of wine would have a restraining or "inhibitory" influence, and would let them do sounder because less spasmodic work. The want of a little stimulant at meal-times often makes them gross and unwholesome feeders, revelling in fat and oil and sweets; and we hope we are not libelling worthy folk when we observe that they sometimes throw back to forbidden pleasures by taking a brandy-cherry or two, or a dip into a tipsy-cake. Their intemperance in the use of tea and coffee is well known, and we

hope that some day competent scientific authority will point out the evils which a strong poison taken too freely, even in large dilution, may do to the human race.

The sedative action on nervous function explains why alcohol should be avoided by those who are undergoing, or about to undergo, violent and continuous physical exercise. Navvies, agricultural labourers, soldiers on campaign, arctic voyagers, and professional athletes, all agree in the advice that during the period of actual exertion no strong drink should be taken. But the belief is equally unanimous that, when the day's work is over, a little alcohol soothes and refreshes, improves the appetite and digestion, and, by removing the restlessness of fatigue, it invites sleep, and lessens wear and tear.

We may sum up this section of our argument by quoting Dumas *filz*, as quoted by Wilks:—

"The man drinks because it makes him cheerful, and gives him forgetfulness or sleep. Who would not wish to forget the evil which he has done, or the evil done to him by others! Those persons who have had a happy life and do not reflect, find a glass of wine or a pipe a pleasant companion or trusty friend. They have had some disquietude, or a troubled conscience, and the glass or the pipe put them into an agreeable frame of mind, and modifies the cause and colour of their ideas, and may even give them imagination, eloquence, courage. The priest may in vain promise eternity, or the philosopher in vain counsel imagination; but the little glass of *eau de vie* that burns, or the little packet of herb which ignites, procures for him at once, without his making the least effort, what the one promises and the other counsels him to do. It is not complete felicity, nor absolute forgetfulness, but it is the dulling of thought, the obscuration of consciousness—a mental leth-

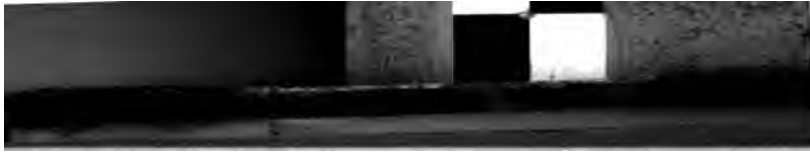


argy, before which realities continue to move without ceasing. Animals are happy, for they do not think at all. This is the depth of his reasoning and the conclusion of his philosophy."

Our next argument is a two-edged one, but the sharpest side is turned to our opponents. We say that people should be allowed to drink moderately, because they like it. Yes; but is not this a reversal of all morality and order, to preach the doctrine that every man may be an absolutely free agent, and make his laws as he goes along? Coercion is required when individual liberty overlaps the safety and convenience of others, and drunkards must be shut up when they become dangerous to themselves or their neighbours. But to tell a peaceful working man, who takes his glass of beer with his dinner and feels the better for it, that he must have no more cakes and ale, because somebody else cannot stand a glass of gin, would be tyranny unworthy of a civilised country. This is just how the matter stands. A large section of the community partake moderately of stimulant, and feel that it does them good, they cannot explain why; but they know perfectly well that if they leave it off altogether they decline in health, and seem to live less happy lives. This is all that the argument amounts to, and we must take it for what it is worth; but it is backed up by the universal craving of every tribe of people, be they savage or cultivated, for something in the way of stimulant or sedative. Kava, opium, arrack, bang, coffee, tobacco, something that will excite or soothe, is in universal use all over the world; and where civilisation comes in is to refine the quality of

our drinks, to increase their variety, and to restrict their consumption within sober limits. But the taste for alcohol is not confined to human beings. Animals take very kindly to it, and a little practice makes them confirmed toppers. We have never met a dog that could resist bread soaked in beer; and Richardson tells us of a cat that was taught by some children to drink wine. "She would amuse a company by taking her share of old port, and becoming first excited, and very stupid, unsteady, and sleepy." The poor beast became dropsical and died of liver disease; but then it had been drenched with drink far beyond the limits of moderation, and the usual results followed. Richardson also tells us of how he was driving near Canterbury, when the horse stopped short at a public-house. "I asked the driver what that was for. 'The horse,' said he, 'always stops here for his beer; he wouldn't go by on no account. You couldn't whip him by, sir, till he has had his beer. His former master taught him to drink beer, and invariably treated him to it, and here he'll stop till he gets it.' It was the fact—a large tankard of beer was brought out for that horse, and he disposed of the fluid with as much relish as his master, and then went his way." And then forecasting the future of the animal race, when the "alcoholic constitution shall have been generally introduced," he goes on to say:—

"There will be new races of the lower animals and breeds unapproachable. What shorthorns we shall then have, what horses will run for the Derby, what hounds pursue the fox, what reynard, what trustworthy carrier pigeons there will be! How and more faithfully and etc



will serve his master! What fine pathological cats, dropsical and drowsy, will purr on the hearth-rugs! What butcher's-meat will hang up in the shambles! How the lions will roar, and the monkeys gabble and chastise their better halves in the Zoological Gardens and travelling menageries!"

Alcohol, no doubt, is an acquired taste; but all varieties of the animal creation quickly acquire it, and those who are not forbidden by their religion to touch the "accursed thing," soon find out for themselves how to extract it from root of herb. And many of those who have no scientific knowledge, when asked why they drink, cannot give any other answer than that they like it, and it does them good. We all remember the old Scotch story of three or four men entering a public-house. "Bring me a glass of whisky," cries one, "because it is a cold day." "And me one," says the next, "because I am thirsty." "And me," explains the third, "because my doctor tells me to drink it." But, roared the fourth, bringing his clenched fist down on the table with a bang, "Bring me a glass of whisky, because I like it!" And Dr Wilks caps this with another:—

"Only lately I was in the house of a clergyman, who had his nightly glass of grog on the table; a brother clergyman, with a blue ribbon in his coat, came in, and asked him why he took it. He answered readily and curtly, 'Because I like it.' 'But don't you think it does you harm?' 'Not that I know of,' he said. 'But do you think it does you any good?' 'Not that I know of,' he again said. 'Then,' urged the teetotaler still further, 'Why do you take it?' 'For the reason I first said, because I like it,' was the answer. It would be very difficult to say this gentleman did wrong, if it made him feel more comfortable and happy, and he was not aware that it did him harm."

And this points to the real difficulty we meet in trying to convert working men to total abstinence. We should employ our time better in teaching them how to drink. They are often wasteful in their habits, spend more than they can afford on liquor, and take it at the wrong time. But if we meet one who sips his glass of beer with his meals, and defends the practice because he likes it and it does him no harm, it is very difficult for us to get the best of the argument, even if we can point to our own experience. "Look at me," it may be said; "I am strong and fit for my work, and yet I never taste anything stronger than water." "Yes; but," the reply might be, "you are well off, and wear good clothes, and eat good food, and you live in a comfortable house, and have plenty of amusement. Now I am poor, and have often not enough to eat, and I am scantily clad, and live in a dull dreary hole, where you would hardly keep your dog, and my round of monotonous work is seldom enlivened by anything bright and cheerful. I find that my glass of beer makes me more contented, and seems to make my food go further. Then why do you grudge it to me?" And we leave the worthy teetotaler to invent his answer, for it is beyond our powers.

But the working man might go further, and ask his interviewers how it is that a drinking nation like ours is the most masterful in the world, and that the abstaining countries are going back, or, at least, making no progress towards the highest civilisation? Are the inhabitants of Egypt and India more intellectual and virtuous than ourselves? have we never heard of Bulgarian atrocities, and



which casts a blight over every community overshadowed by the unspeakable Turk? Is it not the case that we in England are first in art, science, and literature, that our inventive faculty is the freshest, our trade and commerce the briskest, that our armies hold their own when required, and that Britannia still rules the waves? To go one step further, has any supreme work of any kind been done save exceptionally by teetotallers; and is it not the fact that physically as well as mentally—and, may we say, morally?—we stand first, in spite of our heavy drink-bill? We excel all other nations in height, weight, and chest-girth; and the Technical Commissioners, when they went abroad, found that many of the foreign workmen, though intelligent and healthy, “cannot get through the same amount of work as English ones.”

Up to this point we have taken our stand on the impregnable rock of ascertained fact, and if we step somewhat timidly forward into the region of speculation, we only do so because we have a sure and steady guide. Dr William Farr was no dreamer of scientific dreams, but kept a singularly clear and cautious mind up to the highest point of logical sobriety by the constant study of statistics. But this is what he wrote in his well-known volume on ‘Vital Statistics’ :—

“Alcohol appears to arrest the action of zymotic diseases; as it prevents weak wines from fermenting. Like camphor, alcohol preserves animal matter: this is not now disputed. But may it not do more? May it not prevent the invasion of some kinds of zymotic disease? I invite the attention of those who have portrayed the bad effects of alcohol to consider whether it does not prevent the action of various infections on the tem-

perate. The neglect of this side of the question throws a doubt on many of their inferences.”

What wide possibilities of beneficent influence does not this theory open up! and if it be true, how undoubted must be the claim of alcohol to rank as a friend rather than as the destroyer of the human race!

But even if we have succeeded in proving our case for moderate drinking up to the hilt, what does it all really amount to, if others can show that alcohol in any quantity, however moderate, shortens life? We have already pointed out how the examination of centenarian statistics show that the abstainers have not the best of it, and we may reiterate our belief that a little good liquor improves digestion, keeps us quiet and peaceful in the middle of worry and trouble, and may therefore in all human probability lengthen our days, as well as make them happier. Some people will no doubt argue for a shorter and merrier life, and will decline to be handed over to water-drinking, even if they can be vaguely promised a year or two tacked on the fag-end of their existence. But we are not dealing with them. The great majority distinctly wish to live as long as possible, and would make considerable sacrifices to keep the King of Terrors at a distance until the faculty of enjoying life is gone. And there is something very attractive about the confident assertions of the teetotallers that they can prove by the statistics of insurance offices the presumption of life to be longer among their class than among ours, and that the premium of the abstainer is therefore made more moderate. But surely there is a very obvious fallacy here. Total

abstinence is a definite thing. No one has yet been able to define moderation. A man is insured by the ordinary offices who can prove by his own statements and the evidence of friends that he keeps at all times within the limits of strict moderation. But although he may be moderate to excess on all public occasions, he may go to bed drunk every night of his life, and, if he is not a married man, no one will be a bit the wiser; and as no continuous declaration of moderate habits is required, as far as we know, by ordinary offices, he may be accepted as a first-class life, and burst out into reckless dissipation the day after his policy has been made out. Dr Crother, a well-known American physician, says from a third to one-half of all the inebriates under his charge have life policies; and it is therefore quite evident that no trustworthy materials for a comparison between the respective longevity of

abstainers and moderate drinkers exist, and that the calculations already made are vitiated by incurable fallacy.

This, then, is our case for moderate drinking. All stimulant is unnecessary for the young, and for people living perfectly healthy lives. But, under the stress and struggle of modern civilisation, few of us beyond middle age are placed under normal physiological conditions, and a little alcohol helps us to round the corners, and to plane away the asperities of existence. In turns it may be a stimulant, or a sedative, or a tonic, or a digestive, or an actual food, and unless we run on into excess, no physical damage can possibly be done to our tissues. The argument in its favour, when wisely and prudently used, seems complete. It does us good, and can do us no harm. Then why not use it?

ROBERT FARQUHARSON.

## CONTEMPORARY GERMAN NOVELISTS.

It is greatly the fashion at present to make criticism and comparison go hand in hand; and on the principle, apparently, that there is no new thing under the sun, the critic, when called upon to describe a new author, is fond of tacking him on to an older one, who acts the part of a painter's model by demonstrating in what points the copy resembles or differs from the original. This method undoubtedly saves trouble, for once having suggested the familiar idea of some well-known author to the reader, the reviewer's task is an easy one, and as he mostly confines himself to asserting the resemblance without proving it, all that has been previously said or written about the former author is transferred wholesale to his latter prototype, with a force and decision which few readers are bold enough to call in question.

These thoughts were suggested to us by a recent article which, under the title of "A German Kipling," reviewed the works of Hermann Sudermann; and but for the curious chance that a volume of this popular German novelist happened precisely to be lying before us in close proximity to Kipling's latest work, doubtless we too might blindly have accepted this sweeping judgment as gospel truth. Musing, however, upon this alleged similarity, we were unconsciously led to probe its veracity, with the result that, save for the rapidity with which both authors have achieved literary fame, and for a certain magnificent and justifiable audacity common to each, we could discover no very salient points of resemblance. This system of compara-

tive criticism once admitted, there is no reason why the idea might not be promulgated *ad infinitum*. If Sudermann be termed the Kipling of Germany, why not dub Tolstoi as the Russian Sudermann, or Ibsen as the Norwegian Zola?—just as a certain class of travellers are wont to speak of Berlin as the London of Germany, or to describe Vienna as an Austrian Paris. But men, like towns, are never really alike except in very superficial degree; and though the shape of our own Castlehill in Edinburgh, which gives the city its character, bears, no doubt, a certain resemblance to the Salzburg fortress, which in its turn is distinctly suggestive of Kronstadt in Transylvania, no one would think of affirming these three towns to be facsimiles of each other.

To return, however, to Sudermann, from whom all this is a somewhat lengthy digression; and our object being rather to place his chief characteristics, his merits and defects, before the English reader, than to demonstrate in what he resembles or differs from other living writers, it will best serve our purpose to give some extracts from one of his principal works. Hermann Sudermann, whose name we should seek in vain in the literary encyclopædias of a dozen years ago, was born in 1857. He has now been before the public for about ten years, during which period he has issued no more than half-a-dozen works, of which two only—viz., 'Frau Sorge' and 'Der Katzensteg'—take rank as complete novels. The other four works which go to make up the quota of his literary industry consist in a

dramas and other two volumes of short stories. Of the two aforementioned novels, 'Der Katzensteg' is perhaps the more vigorous and original, the more audacious in conception as well as sensational in plot; but its subject is likewise by far the more repulsive. Its pathos is of a more gloomy lurid kind, unrelieved by the tender suggestive touches which constitute the chief charm of the other story.

Frau Sorge—Dame Care, as she has lately been translated into English<sup>1</sup>—is the grey shrouded woman, symbolic of care and trouble, who from birth is attached to each mortal's footsteps, obscuring the sunshine with her cold grey veil, and dropping poison into every pleasure-cup. This pallid spectre stands sponsor by the hero's cradle, little Paul, whose birth takes place just as the paternal acres, squandered by a drunken, dissolute father, are put up for auction and pass into other hands. Barely sufficient money is saved from the shipwreck to purchase a small peasant property, scarce half an hour's distance from, and in full sight of, the lost paradise of their former home. Here little Paul grows up, a sad and silent child, to whom the careless pleasures of youth have remained a sealed book. The father is a dissolute rake, the mother a woman prematurely aged and broken down by her sorrow, so that by degrees all the care and responsibility of the family devolve upon Paul's youthful shoulders. There are two elder brothers, who, by the beneficence of an aunt, have been sent to a high-class school, while no one offers to procure for Paul the same advantage. Consequently he, who in reality is the staff and support of the whole

family, is looked down upon and despised by his more cultured brothers, whenever they condescend to grace their home by a passing visit. The gradual awakening of his baby intelligence to the trouble and care around him is admirably described, as for instance in the following passage:—

"The room is enveloped in semi-darkness, the window-panes are incrustated with ice-flowers, and ruddy sunset reflections pierce through the curtains. The elder brothers have gone out to skate, but he is lying in bed, for he was obliged to go early to sleep, and near to him there sits his mother, with one hand on his neck, the other resting on the edge of the cradle where are slumbering the two little sisters which the stork had brought a year ago, both on the self-same day.

"'Mother, tell me a tale,' he prayed; and the mother related—what? He had only a confused recollection of the theme, but in it there was question of a certain grey woman who used to visit his mother in sombre hours,—a woman with pale gaunt features and dark tear-stained eyes. She had come like a shadow, and like a shadow was gone again; had stretched her hands above the mother's head with a gesture which left it doubtful whether it were for blessing or for curse, and had spoken many words, some of which had also reference to him, the little Paul. Some allusion there was therein to a release and an expiation, but he could not recall the words, probably because he was still too witless to comprehend them. But on one point his memory was quite clear: while, breathless with shuddering expectation, he was listening to his mother's words, suddenly he saw the grey figure of which she spoke standing bodily in the doorway,—just the self-same figure, with its upraised hand and pale sad face. He hid his own face on his mother's arm, his heart began to flutter, his breath to stand still, and in deadly terror he was forced to cry out aloud—

<sup>1</sup> *Frau Sorge*, Roman von Hermann Sudermann. Lehmann, Berlin.

"Mother! there she is! There she is!"

"Who? Dame Care?" asked the mother.

"He gave no answer, but began to cry.

"Where, then?" further questioned the mother.

"There, in the doorway," he returned, sitting up and clasping her neck, for he was sorely frightened.

"Oh, you little simpleton," said the mother, "that is only papa's long travelling cloak;" and she went to fetch it, and made him feel the stuff and lining until he had to give in, but inwardly he was but the more strongly convinced that he had actually seen the grey woman face to face, and now he also knew her name.

"Dame Care—that is how she was called——"

"But the mother had grown thoughtful, and would not let herself be persuaded to finish relating the tale, though he begged for it ever so much.

"Of his father he had retained but a confused recollection from those days. A man with high top-boots, who scolded the mother, flogged the brothers, and hardly seemed to notice him at all. Only by times he would catch a certain oblique glance, which foreboded no good to him. Sometimes, especially when he had been to town, his face had a dark-red hue resembling that of an overheated caldron, and his gait was then apt to be wavering and unsteady."

At such times the father, after having indulged in unwonted fits of tenderness towards his offspring, would turn abruptly to senseless fury, shouting at servants and children indiscriminately, till the watch-dog chained in the courtyard would withdraw quaking to the inmost fastness of his kennel; and when these fits of passion were strongest upon him, then he would go to the window whence the large white house might plainly be descried, and shake his fist towards it in foolish impotent fury.

Yes, the white house!

By-and-by Paul learns the history of the white house, and how it used to be their own lawful home, and henceforth a great secret longing takes possession of his little soul stealthily to reconnoitre the site of their lost paradise. His mother has described it to him so often that he seems to know it all beforehand—the large two-storeyed house shining white as alabaster between the trees, the spacious garden adorned with glistening coloured glass balls, and with a sun-dial.

"It was at this period that he conceived the idea of paying a visit to the white house quite by himself. He put it off until spring; but when spring came round again he could not muster sufficient courage to carry out his project. He postponed it till summer, but then also manifold obstacles cropped up to deter him. Once he had seen a large dog wandering alone on the meadow—who knows whether this dog might not chance to be mad! and then, again, it was a bull which had threatened him with its horns.

"Yes, when I am as big as the brothers," he consoled himself by thinking, "and can go to school, then I shall take a stick and beat the mad dog to death; and the bull I shall seize by the horns, so that he cannot hurt me."

"And thus he adjourned the matter until the following year, when he was to begin going to school, just like the big brothers."

Paul's resolution to visit the white house, which, two years later, he set out to accomplish, is, however, a woful failure. In attempting to traverse the meadow supposed to be haunted by the mad dog, he inadvertently slips into a bog, and crest-fallenly has to return on his footsteps with his best boots soaked through, and his clothes all drenched. At last, however, there comes a day when the mother bids Paul don his best Sunday suit, for he is to accompany

her to the big white house on a secret errand: no one, not even his father, is to be informed of it.

"The white house now lay quite close before them. . . .

"There was first a high red-brick wall, with an entrance-gate flanked by pillars, whereon reposed two stone globes; then a wide grass-grown courtyard, in which were ranged whole rows of carts, and surrounded by grey farm outhouses, forming a large square. In the midst a sort of swamp, fenced in by a hawthorn hedge, where a crowd of cackling ducks were disporting themselves.

"And where is the white house, mamma?" asked Paul, who felt small admiration for all these things.

"Behind the garden," returned the mother. The voice had a peculiar hoarse tone, and her hand clasped his so tightly that he felt inclined to cry out aloud.

"They now turned the corner of the garden enclosure, and before Paul's eyes there lay a simple two-storeyed house, deeply overshadowed by lime-trees, and presenting little or nothing that was remarkable. It also seemed not near as white, seen thus close by, as from the distance.

"Is that it?" asked Paul, slowly.

"Yes, that is it," returned the mother.

"And where are the glass balls and the sun-dial?" he inquired; and suddenly he felt inclined to cry. He had imagined everything far, far more beautiful: what if he should now likewise be cheated of the sun-dial and glass balls? He was prepared for the worst.

"At this moment two coal-black Newfoundland dogs came rushing at them with deep-mouthed barking. He took refuge behind his mother's gown, and began to scream.

"Caro! Nero!" now called a clear childish voice from the house doorway; and the two monsters, straightway changing their intonation into a joyful bark, departed in the direction of the voice.

"A little girl, still smaller than Paul, dressed in a flowered pink frock, over which was knotted a sort of tartan sash, now appeared on the threshold. She had long golden curls,

which were strained back from her forehead with a circular comb, and a delicate narrow nose, which she carried at a rather high angle.

"Do you wish to speak to mamma?" she asked, in a soft gentle voice, smiling as she spoke.

"They now entered the garden. It was much larger and finer than that at home; but of the sun-dial there was no trace to be seen. Of this instrument Paul had but a very vague conception. He pictured it to himself as a large golden tower, its dial-plate formed by a round shining sun-disc.

"Where is the sun-dial, mamma?" he asked.

"I will show it to you by-and-by," said the little girl, eagerly.

"From out the summer-house there now advanced a tall slender lady, with a pale delicate face, illumined by a smile of ineffable mildness.

With a cry the mother threw herself, sobbing loudly, on her breast.

"And now I will show you the sun-dial," said the child, a little later.

"Oh yes; and the glass balls," he returned.

"They are broken long since," she answered. "One of them was hit by a stone last spring, and the other was overthrown in a gale of wind; and then she showed him the place where the glass balls had stood.

"And this here is the sun-dial," she added.

"Where?" he asked, looking round wonderingly.

"They were standing before an insignificant-looking grey column, surmounted by a sort of wooden tablet.

"The child laughed, and repeated that this was the dial.

"For shame!" he said, crossly. "You want to make a fool of me!"

"Why should I wish to make a fool of you?" she returned; "you have done me no harm." And then she declared once more that this and no other was the sun-dial, and showed him the pointer,—a wretched rusty piece of iron, which, standing out from the centre of the tablet, cast its shadow precisely upon the figure six.



"'Oh, how stupid !' he cried, turning away.

"The sun-dial in the garden of the white house was his life's first great deception."

The acquaintance thus begun between Paul and the young lady of the white house, the little Elsbeth, gradually develops into love. But Paul, though deeply attached to her, is unconscious of his own feelings, and too much weighed down by the troubles pressing upon him from all sides to be able to respond to the evident encouragement given to him by the beautiful and wealthy girl. His father engages in various insane agricultural speculations which yet further served to embarrass them, and just when the family fortunes are at their lowest ebb the gentle patient mother dies. The realistic pathos of the scene in which Paul, keeping watch beside his mother's corpse, sits down to calculate her funeral expenses, has seldom been surpassed in fiction.

"The sisters, before going to bed, had spread a white cloth over her face. He now removed this, folded the hands, and watched, while the flickering reflections of the light played about her waxen features. She had changed but little in appearance, only the network of blue veins on her temples was more strongly marked, and the eyelashes cast deeper shadows on the wasted cheeks.

"He lighted the night-light, which during her illness had always burned by the bedside, and sat down on his accustomed seat, intending to pass the time in quiet devotion near the corpse.

"But suddenly it occurred to him that he had forgotten to send for the carpenter, in order that he might come early to take the measure. A simple deal-wood coffin it was to be, painted black, and round it a garland of heather blossoms, for she had had a special fondness for these delicate tender flowers.

"What will be the price of the

coffin?' his thoughts went on; and then he was seized with a sudden panic, for he possessed nothing wherewith to defray the funeral expenses. He began to count and to calculate, but could arrive at no conclusion.

"It is the first time that she requires something for her own person," he said softly to himself, remembering the faded dress which she used to wear from year's end to year's end.

"He reckoned up all that was owing to him from different quarters, and that might be realised in haste, but the sum total was small, and far from sufficient to cover the cost of burial. Likewise the three loads of peat which he was to send to the town the day after to-morrow would hardly make any difference.

"Thereupon he took a piece of paper and began to add together the different items as follows:—

|                                       | Thalers. |
|---------------------------------------|----------|
| A coffin, . . . . .                   | 15       |
| Grave-room in the cemetery, . . . . . | 10       |
| The sexton, . . . . .                 | 5        |
| Linen for the shroud, . . . . .       | 2        |

Then followed the expenses of the funeral banquet, which the father would probably insist on having as grandly organised as possible:—

|                                 | Thalers. |
|---------------------------------|----------|
| Ten bottles of wine, . . . . .  | 10       |
| One box of cigars, . . . . .    | 2        |
| Two measures of beer, . . . . . | 2        |

He further noted down the ingredients for the cakes. There was plenty flour in the house, but sugar, raisins, almonds, rose-water, &c., would have to be procured. How much would all this come to? He went on reckoning, but the sum refused to tally. 'Mother will be able to tell me,' was his involuntary thought: then as he was about to turn to her for advice, he saw that she was dead.

"He started violently: now only that his imagination had shown her to him living, did he realise that he had lost her. . . . He would have cried out aloud, but controlled himself forcibly, for he was obliged to go on reckoning.

"'Forgive me, mother darling,' he said, stroking her cold cheek with his right hand. 'I cannot mourn for you yet—not until I have laid you to rest in the earth.'"

At the funeral gathering it is to the useless drunken father and the two fashionable brothers that the guests all address their sympathy and condolence. Nobody regards Paul, who, in his shabby working-coat, running about and attending to the wants of the company, is overlooked or regarded as a servant; the idea of providing himself with a black suit had not even entered his mind, and he is put to shame by Gottfried, the elder brother, who sternly advises him at least to tie a crape band round his arm, lest he should be suspected of want of feeling.

It would be too lengthy to follow our hero through all the vicissitudes of his careworn life, and space precludes any more extracts being given from the many gems with which the book abounds. The feeblest part of the story is undoubtedly its climax, — for, paradoxically enough, the author's strongest effects are mostly his weakest points, and it is invariably when not striving after effect that he produces the most powerful impression. Paul's father, who had never been able to forgive the man who had supplanted him in the possession of his patrimony, resolves to set fire to the white house; and Paul having discovered this scheme too late to reach the spot in time, conceives the bold but somewhat overstrained idea of setting fire to his own farmstead, in order that the sight of the flames may alarm the father, and turn him back from his evil purpose. This insane project succeeds; for the father, stricken down by apoplexy on seeing the fire, expires on the spot, and Paul, handed over to justice as an incendiary, boldly confesses his act in a rather melodramatic speech delivered in court. *He is condemned to prison for two*

years, accepting his sentence with joyful resignation, for he feels that he has now at last got rid of the haunting grey woman who has hitherto blighted his life. Paul comes out of prison virtually a younger and certainly a happier man, to marry his faithful lady-love, and with her take possession of his former ancestral home.

Such is the outline of this powerful and pathetic story, which, however, is marred by several grave faults. Besides the needlessly sensational and improbable climax, we must likewise condemn the episode of Paul's twin sisters with their brace of seducers. This incident, besides being utterly superfluous, is needlessly repulsive, and marked by a certain coarseness of expression into which even high-class German writers are apt to fall. Barring these defects, however—and where is to be found the novel to which some exception may not be taken?—this story might almost be called a perfect work of fiction, second to none which it has been our chance to come across during the last half-dozen years.

But it is as a dramatist that Sudermann's name has lately been in the public mouth, and his two dramas "Sodom's Ende" and "Die Elve" have achieved considerable success on more than one European stage. And yet we feel inclined to question the author's capacity for this branch of literature. Very few Germans, indeed, possess the true dramatic instinct, and Hermann Sudermann is no exception to the rule. His characters rarely act; rarely lose command of their own self-possession; are seldom betrayed into any strong expression of love, anger, fear, or grief. They mostly merely talk and walk about the stage. *They talk very well, it is true, but the pedestrian exercise*

in which they indulge is often so without influence on the development of the plot, that their dialogues might just as well have been carried on in sitting posture, each actor ensconced in the depths of a comfortable lounging-chair, or reclining in a swinging hammock. These remarks apply more especially to Sudermann's latest production, "Die Ehre," which is virtually neither more nor less than a clever and ingenious dissertation upon the ethics of honour as understood in different grades of society and culture. The subject is one which would have made an excellent essay, and, treated by a writer of genius such as Sudermann, it might have resulted in a superlatively good novel; but, unbacked up as it is by any stirring incident, by any powerful dramatic crisis, "Die Ehre" affords but an exceedingly indifferent drama. Sudermann's greatest gifts, his power of delicate physiological analysis, his suggestive pathos and picturesqueness of touch in describing the beauties of nature, have here no scope, and their loss is unredeemed by any compensating gain. Let us hope that this divergence from his true avocation may prove to be but a passing whim, and that having finally recognised the bent and extent of his natural gifts, Herr Sudermann will henceforth devote his energies to the further production of first-class novels, rather than seek to increase the overcrowded stock of inferior plays.

Dr Max Nordau, who startled Europe less than a decennium ago by his audacious work entitled 'Conventionellen Lügen' after having no less enchanted it by

his racy and vivid travel-sketches, might almost be called another instance of talent diverted from its legitimate course. Nordau has lately struck out a new line by turning novelist, which hardly seems to us to be his legitimate handicraft, for he lacks many of the qualities we are accustomed to regard as indispensable to the fictionist. Deficient alike in imagination as in dramatic instinct, he is neither competent to grapple with the structure of an intricate plot, nor has he the gift of investing his figures with that sort of vitality which makes them stand out in our eyes as living men and women. Greater at analysis than at description, Herr Nordau's characters, when viewed narrowly, disclose themselves as so many puppets on which the author has chosen to hang his own opinions and ideas. Yet, when all this has been said, it must be confessed that Herr Nordau's failures have infinitely greater merit than the successes of many other people. Unlike a large proportion of his countrymen, he does not possess *le secret d'ennuyer*, and whatever he touches turns to gold beneath his dexterous hand.

'Gefühlskomödie,'<sup>1</sup> Herr Nordau's latest production on the ground of fiction, is at once something more and less than a good novel. The theme is one which has often been treated before, especially by our French neighbours, with infinitely more *verve* and piquancy. It is essentially a theme *à la Bourget*, and although certainly no accusation of plagiarism could be formulised against the German author, we cannot forego a certain undefined impression that if 'Mensonges' had never been written, so too would we have

<sup>1</sup> Gefühlskomödie, Roman von Max Nordau. Schlesische Buchdruckerei, Breslau.

been deprived of Nordau's present work. This resemblance is more than a passing one, and had time permitted we could have put our finger on many passages in which analogy of idea might be detected between the French and the German work. To mention nothing else, the scene in which the heroine of 'Mensonges' obtains possession of her lover, distinctly resembles Frau Ehrwein's capture of her German professor. Even the cunningly arranged details of Paula's costume on this occasion are almost identical with the Frenchwoman's stratagem. Equally apparent is the similarity of method with which both authors conclude their tales, each one having summarised his thoughts and opinions in dialogue form. No one who has read the final conversation between Gustav and his friends the Bärwalds, can fail to be reminded of Claude Larcher's colloquy with the Abbé Tacoult.

The outline of the story is simple in the extreme. Gustav Bruchstädt, a young German professor, comes to Magdeburg in order to assist at the conclave of natural historians, where he has arranged to meet his friend, Professor Bärwald, and his wife. In that company, however, there turns up another person whom he had not been prepared to meet, and whose acquaintance proves ominous to him—Frau Paula Ehrwein, a fascinating young woman divorced from her husband, and evidently on the look-out for a second spouse. Eccentric and audacious to the verge of folly, she makes a dead set at Bruchstädt, who, unversed in feminine wiles, easily falls into the trap prepared for him. Their acquaintance is scarcely three days old when Paula beguiles Gustav to a rendezvous, where, drawn to her by the baser

part of his nature, he succumbs to her charms. But his intoxication is but of short duration. Scarcely released from the siren's arms, his cool German professorial head resumes the mastery; and when the lovely Paula begins to suggest matrimonial bonds as the natural result of their connection, he draws back in alarm. In the conversation which follows, the lady is very pressing and the gentleman very cautious, but he nevertheless suffers himself to be drawn into a sort of conditional engagement. "Let us not do anything in a hurry," is the gist of what he says to his mistress. "After all, we know really nothing of each other, and it were unwise to contract a union for life before the strength of our mutual attachment has been sufficiently tested." No formal engagement is therefore to be entered into, no promise of fidelity exchanged—each one is to be considered perfectly free; but if, at the end of six months from the day on which the conversation takes place, their mutual affection is unchanged, it will then be time to talk of more indissoluble bonds. Reluctantly Paula agrees to these sober conditions, *faute de mieux*, but with many tender expostulations. What needs there a probation term, she argues, when she is absolutely sure of her own feelings? Her adored Gustav may change, perhaps, and may learn to forget his unhappy Paula, but she can never, never feel otherwise than she does at this moment. On beholding his beautiful pale face the day before yesterday, she had met her fate; it had been like a flash of lightning, a revelation of something previously unknown; soul and body she belonged to him henceforth. Still, if her lord and master desired this delay, she could not but consent: she would go

back to Berlin at his bidding, and there patiently await the decision that is to signify life or death to her. Her existence to the 24th of March will be simply a lingering torture; let Gustav bear this in mind, and in pity for her sufferings attempt at least to assuage them by daily love-letters—long intimate letters, containing the reiterated assurance of his unalterable affection.

Touched by what he deems to be a genuine passion on her part, and actuated by a skilfully portrayed mixture of chivalrous feeling, flattered vanity, and moral cowardice, Gustav gives the required promise, and returns to Brussels, where he has a professional appointment, highly dissatisfied with his own conduct, yet seeking by sophistical reasoning to convince himself that he could not have acted otherwise. He comforts himself by the reflection that the 24th of March is yet a long way off, and that when the time comes it will be easy to hit upon some device for backing out of the uncongenial situation in a manner which will be painful to neither of them. In the meantime it were brutality to refuse the poor woman the paltry consolation of a few letters.

Then begins a period of agonising agitation and embarrassment. Bruchstädt's quiet bachelor home, presided over by his simple-minded old mother, is forthwith invaded by an avalanche of violet-scented notes, all breathing the most passionate love, and invariably understamped, to old Madame Bruchstädt's great indignation; and with each of these perfumed epistles a stronger but imperceptible link is added to the chain that rivets him to Paula. If perchance on his side Gustav ever neglects to write his daily letter, there come

frantic telegrams asking what has happened? Is he dangerously ill? or else faithless to his unhappy Paula? So, in order to avert these still more disturbing missives, he has no choice but to resign himself to a quotidian oblation on the altar of falsehood and deception.

Nor are these letters the only result of his unnatural situation. By degrees, and under ever-varied pretexts, Paula begins to put forward manifold little claims upon her lover's purse or time. French kid gloves, then perfumes, Malaga wine, and jewellery, all have their turn; it being each time conclusively proved to Gustav that such articles are not to be had in Berlin, or only at double the price which they probably cost at Brussels. For the first time in his life Gustav makes debts in order to satisfy Paula's caprices, and nearly breaks his mother's heart, who sees her son in danger of succumbing to this moral degradation. Twice at the bidding of his imperious mistress he has to leave Brussels to meet her—the first time at Cologne, the second at Berlin, where Paula, recovering from a slight attack of measles, writes that she cannot possibly find strength to get well again unless she looks upon his beloved face. This second visit leaves a painful impression on his mind. It is the first time that he has seen Paula in her own home, and his sense of decorum is shocked at her *quasi* Bohemian mode of life, and he becomes more and more convinced that this beautiful fascinating woman, who has the power to touch his senses but not his heart, is no fit wife for him. The portraits of handsome artists are littered about her rooms, and the ashes of their cigars stand unemptied in china *bibelots*. It is also inexpressively painful to Gustav to learn that Paula has made no secret of their relations,

but has openly spoken of him as her bridegroom. Although from various quarters dark hints as to Paula's antecedents, and, even her present conduct, are whispered in Gustav's ear, he is too noble to attach any weight to them, and declines to believe her guilty of aught save frivolity and recklessness.

At last the momentous 24th of March arrives, and Gustav, with some inward trepidation, writes the letter which is to put an end to everything. But Paula has not yet played her last card, and her answer to this letter is a telegram, in which she bids him meet her at Aix-la-Chapelle, and again his pitiable weakness makes him consent. Paula behaves like a frantic woman, refusing to understand what are the reasons which render it impossible for him to marry her. His mother's objections she treats as non-existent; and when he mentions her two children as a further obstacle to their union, she wildly offers to sacrifice them for his sake. Without an atom of womanly dignity or modesty, she grovels before him in abject supplications, suing for his favour as a dog for a bone. She will accept whatever he chooses to offer her, she says; if not as his wife, then, at least, will he permit her to live near him as his friend, his sister, his slave? She suffers from disease of the heart, and has not long to live; surely he cannot refuse to brighten her short remaining span of life?

At his wits' end, the unfortunate professor again consents to a weak compromise, and promises to make her his wife if, after a certain fixed period, it becomes evident that he is in truth indispensable to her happiness. Meanwhile she is to go home and try to forget him, it being a *sine qua non* that corre-

spondence between them is to cease for the present.

Seemingly Paula gives in, but before long she finds ways and means to reopen the campaign. A few wild-flowers enclosed in an envelope cannot be regarded as a breach of their treaty; then the flowers are followed up by messages, and before many months have elapsed correspondence is again in full swing. When, in September, the anniversary of their first meeting comes round, Paula, in a long passionate letter, makes a last effort to carry by storm the fortress she has so long besieged in vain. This letter at last rouses Gustav to decided action, and his answer to Paula, though still keeping up the fiction of the broken heart and unalterable affection, nevertheless conveys his decision with inexorable clearness. When two days have elapsed without sign from Paula, Gustav's worst fears begin to subside, and he feels more easy than he has done for long. Evidently she has at last recognised the futility of her efforts, and resigned herself to her fate. Presently, however, there comes a telegram which informs him that Paula has started, and is on her way to Brussels. She arrives next morning, and the painful scenes of Aix-la-Chapelle are rehearsed anew with yet greater violence. When she has exhausted her powers of tears and persuasion, Paula has recourse to more desperate means.

"During this whole time Paula had been toying with an oyster without eating it. She now replaced it on her plate, as she further inquired—

"Gustav, then you give me up?"

"No," he returned hastily; "I will remain your brother till death."

"Easily said," she returned, without raising her voice; "but that is nonsense. We cannot change our mutual relations, unless we cease to exist for each other. Do not deceive

yourself, nor seek to deceive me—you will not have me?’

“‘I may not.’

“‘Is that your last word?’

“Gustav nodded without looking at her.

“‘This, then!’ shrieked Paula, wildly, and struck out suddenly against her left wrist with the knife she held in the right hand. This happened with such lightning rapidity that she had inflicted three strokes ere the horror-stricken Gustav was able to spring to her side and arrest her arm before the fourth stroke descended. Violently he grasped her hand; her fingers unclosed inertly, letting fall the blood-stained knife, as with half-closed eyes she sank back upon the sofa; her whole energy seemed broken, and the delirious excitement dissolved into a fit of loud sobbing, which caused her bosom to rise and fall tumultuously, and deluged her face with torrents of tears. Gustav took hold of her limply hanging left hand and carefully examined the wounds. The skin was broken and gaped at three places, from whence large dark-red drops oozed slowly forth, and trickled in narrow streamlets down the white arm, upon which they described a sort of bracelet designed in three narrow circles, like a set of rubies—her favourite jewels. The flow of blood was nowhere violent, therefore no important artery had been injured. The bleeding, which proceeded only from the surface veins, was harmless. Gustav, judging this to be the case, decided to dispense with medical assistance. It would have been inexpressibly painful to have been forced to summon a Brussels doctor, and initiate him into the secret of what had taken place.

“He washed the wounds with water from the carafe which stood on the table, bound his handkerchief round her wrist, and laid Paula on the bed. She made not the slightest resistance, but merely went on sobbing like an inconsolable child.”

Gustav leaves Paula asleep, with a sweet sad smile on her lips; but returning to the hotel an hour or two later, he finds that

she has meanwhile recovered sufficiently to dine and do her hair, and announces her intention of taking a walk to look at the town.

Presently Gustav asks Paula what instructions she has left at home regarding her return? When will she be expected to arrive at Berlin?

“‘I said nothing—for I did not think to return alive,’ she replied in a low voice.

“He pressed her arm in order to show that he had understood, and that he wished to spare her all further allusion to what had passed.”

Though his resolve remains unaltered, he cannot help feeling deeply touched at the thought that Paula had been ready to die for his sake. These tender feelings are, however, somewhat rudely shocked when, on the following evening, having escorted Paula to the station, he is on the point of paying her fare to Berlin, she calmly informs him that it is not necessary, as she has been thoughtful enough to take a return ticket. This return ticket gives him much food for reflection. His tender mood of a little while ago disappears as by magic, and Paula notices with some surprise how calmly and easily he takes leave of her.

Having now at last learnt to mistrust his own strength, Gustav seeks the assistance of a third person in order to speak the decisive word, which even now he has not had the courage or the cruelty to pronounce. Professor Bärwald, his old friend, and formerly that of Frau Ehrwein, it is, who undertakes this delicate mission.

“‘Your conduct in this repulsive business is unpardonable,’ writes Bärwald to his friend. ‘You tell me that you do not love Frau Ehrwein, and that only out of some incomprehensible feeling of regard you have—



for over a year—dragged on a situation which is scarcely honourable to you. Your behaviour seems to confirm the truth of this assertion, for you evidently wish to break with the lady. But if such be really your intention, how is it possible to understand that you adopt towards her the attitude of a love-sick tenor, in order to reiterate the assurance of your burning, undying love? . . . Try to be a man at last; know your own will, and be serious in willing it. If you love Frau Ehrwein, then have the courage to marry her. This course will always be more dignified than to go on groaning and lamenting. If, on the other hand, as you tell me, and as I feel convinced, you do not love her, then cease to act an opposite part in her eyes, but proclaim your true feelings. You will then see how wonderfully simple is the situation which now seems to you so complicated. Frau Ehrwein will recover from her attachment as easily as she has already done from her slight wounds, and you will be relieved from all further annoyance.”

This bitter pill produces the desired effect in opening Gustav's eyes; and though Paula still continues at intervals to molest him with sentimental epistles, he is henceforth steeled against her machinations. Nevertheless it is something of a surprise when, a few years later, he receives from Paula herself the intimation of her approaching marriage with a certain Herr Otto Tillman.

A tale which, almost unadorned by incident or description, turns exclusively upon the thoughts and feelings of two individuals, must necessarily possess considerable merit in order not to pall upon the reader; and it speaks volumes in favour of Herr Nordau's powers of fascination that we are compelled to read this simple, and, it must be acknowledged, somewhat repulsive story at one sitting, and, so to say, without even drawing *breath*. Of the two characters, that

of the man is undoubtedly the more lifelike—the mixture of nobility and cowardice, sensibility and hypocrisy, of which Gustav is made up, being depicted with marvellous intuition. Some critics may be disposed to consider this part of the picture over-coloured, for the prominent idea which naturally suggests itself to the intelligent reader on laying down the volume is the question, “Is it indeed possible that men can be such egregious fools as the one here depicted?” Certainly no female pen would ever have had the audacity to stigmatise the lords of creation in such pitiless fashion. Being, however, written by a man, we can only bow to his superior authority, concluding that Herr Max Nordau must be fully competent to estimate the strength of the average male biped under a given set of circumstances. The woman's character is decidedly less successful, and is frequently so exaggerated as to savour of caricature. A striking instance of this is the conversation in which Paula, after showing to Gustav the photograph of a handsome young man, calmly informs him that the original of the portrait had committed suicide five days previously.

“‘And why?’ asks Gustav.

“‘The motive is yet unknown. He was rich, healthy, jovial, and—as far as outsiders could judge—happy. In their efforts to discover a motive for his deed, the gossips spoke of unhappy love—and, what is more, love for me,’ she added.

“Then as Gustav looked at her in amazement, she hastened to add—

“‘Of course that is nonsense. He paid me court like everybody else; but there was no question of love between us, and now I suddenly learn that he has taken his life. He had much frequented my house; I therefore felt it my duty to attend his funeral. I was dressed in deep



mourning, with a long, floating, black veil. When, on reaching the cemetery, I alighted from the *droschke* and approached the open grave, a perceptible tremor ran through the other mourners. They fell back to both sides to make way for me. I walked slowly, with a swaying step, between the crowd of people without perceiving them, gazing with large, wide-open, unseeing eyes into space. With my pale cheeks, black dress, and crape draperies, I looked like a very Niobe. The whole event was, in reality, no business of mine; but the incident was so wonderfully pathetic, everybody seemed so deeply affected by my appearance, the idea that he had taken his life out of love for me was so vividly before every one's eyes, that I myself felt quite overcome by emotion. I wavered mechanically up to the open grave, and there broke down. The nearest people caught me up in their arms, and endeavoured to restore me. I was the centre, the principal point, of the whole ceremony. People with deeply affected countenances pressed round me saying, "*Gnädige Frau*, come away—you must not remain here;" and like a docile child, without will of my own, I suffered myself to be slowly led back to the *droschke*. I was still quite exhausted on the following day. What say you to this, sweetheart?"

Her "sweetheart" is naturally somewhat aghast at this pathetic description, but, incomprehensibly enough, his eyes even then were not yet fairly opened as to the monstrosity of Paula's character. This incident, as well as many other similar ones, is wholly unnatural and overstrained: no woman in a like situation would so egregiously have overshot her mark, and no man unencumbered by water on the brain could have suffered himself to be gulled by such a palpable farce.

Very ingenious, though slightly

savouring of German pedantry, and needlessly explicit, is the final conversation, already referred to, between Gustav and his friends the Bärwalds, in which the author sums up the *arrière-pensée* of his work; but on the whole we should be inclined to condone yet graver deficiencies for the sake of the pleasure afforded by Herr Nordau's clear masterly style, and subtle analysis of character.

Diametrically opposed to the foregoing in subject and style is 'Klostermann's Grundstück,' by Julius Rodenberg,<sup>1</sup> a little volume containing eight short stories, of which the first and longest gives its title to the book. The name of Rodenberg occupies a deservedly high position throughout his Fatherland, and any of his numerous works may be taken up with the reassuring conviction that the most fastidious reader will here find nothing to offend the nicest sense of refinement. Never brilliant nor startling, his works have the gift of appealing more to the heart than to the head, and are decidedly rather calculated to touch the feelings than to divert the fantasy. An old-world flavour, a sort of leisurely pathos which has gone out of fashion, seems to hover about each of these little sketches, which lovers of the sensational would doubtless cast aside as devoid of interest and attraction.

'Klostermann's Grundstück' is the story of a simple middle-aged couple, whose life has been hitherto marked by no salient features of pleasure or pain. Klostermann, on whom the nickname of Cajus has been bestowed, because of his love for the classics, is a small Government official, residing with

<sup>1</sup> Klostermann's Grundstück, nebst einigen andern Begebenheiten, von Julius Rodenberg. Gebrüder Paetel, Berlin.

his wife up three pair of stairs, in a dingy back street at Berlin. The wife, Emilie, or rather Flavia, as she has been dubbed by facetious friends, in order to adapt her to her husband's old Roman appellation, is a highly educated person, having been a governess in her younger days. The pair had met somewhat late in life, Flavia being an old maid, and Cajus an apparently confirmed bachelor, when they had surprised all mutual friends by uniting their lots. No children had been born of their union, but the lack of offspring had only the result of drawing them closer to each other. Of frugal habits and simple tastes, Cajus and Flavia for many years had been conscious of no further wants or aspirations but what were represented by a well-lined bookcase in their little sitting-room, and after the day's labour a daily walk outside the city gates.

"As though they had been expressly designed for each other, it would have been impossible to find a better assorted pair. Both of middle height, and almost fragile stature; thin, and of somewhat gaunt proportions, for they set little store on the good things of this world, and indeed in former years it would have been out of their power to gratify such tastes; both with not particularly lively but steadfast brown eyes, out of which there shone the love to each other; both, too, with dark, almost black hair, which advancing age had as yet hardly streaked with here and there a silver thread. They scarcely looked old, but on the other hand it was difficult to conceive that they ever had been young; the impression produced was rather that they had always been precisely the same as now. In their hearts undoubtedly no change or transformation had taken place; they loved each other as tenderly as on the first day. Their habits had remained the same, and now, as formerly, he called her not otherwise than '*Lieber Schatz*' [*sweetheart*].

"'*Lieber Schatz*,' he had said to her on that day when, having come in from the country in order to invest the modest savings of a magisterial assistant and a governess in the necessary purchases of furniture and outfit, — '*Lieber Schatz*, you must be hungry.'

"They had been wandering about for many hours from one furniture-shop to the other, desirous of obtaining their goods as cheaply as possible, and the day was already far advanced.

"'Yes,' she had answered, bashfully, lowering her eyes as befits a bride who has been detected in any such terrestrial aspirations as hunger; 'yes—a little.'

"They now entered a small restaurant which used to exist behind the Royal Opera House, there where now stand the prouder edifices of various large banks and credit establishments. Cajus had confidence in this restaurant. He had occasionally entered these not very brilliant regions when thereto beguiled by a friend, for he had no convivial instincts. Eating and drinking had never caused him much pleasure, or, as his friends declared, he had accustomed himself to do without them—but these were only foolish speeches. As for Flavia, it was the very first time that she entered a similar establishment, and her embarrassment was therefore as great as the admiration with which she gazed on everything around her—the low smoke-begrimed ceiling, the well-worn flooring on which the little tables refused to stand steadily, the shaking chairs, for verily the old Berlin restaurants were no sumptuous saloons. Perhaps another bride might have desired something else, and have been reluctant to enter such localities as those just described. But Flavia felt perfectly secure—not on Cajus's arm, for they had never been able to accustom themselves to walk arm-in-arm these two, but by his side. For her bridegroom and lover she would have been ready to go through fire and water, so why not into a restaurant behind the Royal Opera House?

"Her confidence increased, as Cajus, after having courteously invited her to be seated and himself taken place, summoned the waiter in a tolerably loud voice.

"The waiter came, attired, after the manner of his kind in those days, in an antediluvian dress-coat, and beneath his arm a napkin, whose utility was not at first sight apparent, since it would have been wellnigh impossible to *clean* anything by means of it. This waiter was, however, an attentive individual, and asked at once whether the *Herrschaften* desired to drink anything.

"Cajus glanced at his betrothed. 'Soda-water?' he asked, interrogatively.

" 'Soda-water,' returned Flavia, smiling back gratefully at her bridegroom.

"Upon which he ordered a bottle of soda-water — 'but only a small one!' he called after the retreating waiter; 'and the bill of fare.'

"The waiter, who had already formed a somewhat lowly opinion of his guests, now turned back with a slight increase of respect, and with the desired bill of fare, which, though not half so long nor so broad as are wont to be the hotel *menus* of to-day, yet contained many items well calculated to tickle the appetite.

"The couple made use of the waiter's absence in order to consider. First on the list came the soups; but Cajus was of opinion that soup was something absolutely superfluous, and Flavia agreed with him. Then followed the beefsteaks, cutlets, and Viennese *Schnitzel*, and Cajus looked inquiringly at his Flavia's face. She blushed, and Cajus said, 'Sweetheart, I also find such dishes over-substantial;' and so they proceeded further, past the fishes, which have too many bones, and of which one never rightly knows what one is eating. At the puddings at last they made halt. '*Flammeri!*' exclaimed Cajus with sparkling eyes, and '*Flammeri!*' chimed in Flavia with soft conviction. For the benefit of those of my younger readers who may not chance to know what *Flammeri* is, I can only describe it as a mild, tender, downy compound, composed of milk, flour, and a great deal of sugar, which, saturated with raspberry syrup, was not only pleasant to the eye but likewise to the taste, and chanced to be a special favourite of our Cajus and his Flavia.

" 'One portion?' inquired the waiter, ironically examining the unassuming couple.

" 'With two plates and two spoons,' decided Cajus; and then, turning to Flavia, he added: 'I might have ordered two portions; but you see, sweetheart, that one portion exactly resembles the other, and there is nothing to distinguish them.'"

In accordance with these modest pretensions their household is established, and for many years they live contented in their little apartment, consisting of three rooms and a kitchen, their only fear being lest, by some unforeseen circumstance, they should be obliged prematurely to leave these quarters. But insensibly and by degrees aspirations of a more ambitious nature begin to steal into their hearts. By dint of patient industry Cajus has not only risen in office, but has managed to lay aside a comfortable little sum, and often in his walks with Flavia, on the outskirts of the city, he would stop to contemplate some piece of ground advertised to be sold for building purposes, reflecting how sweet it would be to become the proud proprietor of such a little property whereon to end his days.

" 'Sweetheart,' he would say to Flavia on such occasions, 'what need we to set our hearts on the gardens of the Hesperides? Here also it is beautiful; and to have a little house just here, near to the wood or by the water——'

" 'And a garden,' added Flavia.

" 'With some old shady trees under which one could sit and read some favourite book——'

" 'And a few plots of earth where to grow some flowers and vegetables——'

" 'And then to rise in the morning and saunter about one's own property——'

" 'And feed the fowls in the courtyard, and——'

" 'Beyond this point the couple's aspirations did not extend.'

For a long time these wishes have no further substance than castles in the air—harmless fancies by means of which they spend many happy hours. Whenever, in the course of their peregrinations, they come across some congenial piece of land, with perhaps a gentle hillock affording an extensive view over the plain, straightway in imagination they proceeded to build thereon a cottage, just after their secret wishes. The house was mostly one-storeyed, containing a dining and sitting room below, with a piano for Flavia, and upstairs a studio and library for Cajus. In front his writing-table stood to the left near the large window, that, framed in by Canadian creeper, looked out into the green country. The bedroom at the back of the house, where there is no disturbing sound save the rustling of the mighty trees; kitchen and offices in the basement. Whenever they go out walking, they have plenty to do in passing in review their various building-places, and soon these grow so numerous that the week is all too short for paying a visit to each. Then comes a period when, after the war of '66, building speculations begin to take a fresh spurt at Berlin and its environs, and to their amazement Cajus and Flavia make the repeated discovery that on one or other of their selected territories a real villa is now in course of erection, where formerly it had stood but in imagination. Cajus now begins to study the advertisements of realities to be sold, and to count over his savings; and at last there comes a day when, having as usual scanned the advertisement column, he announces to Flavia that he has found that which they were in search of. *Small family villas, fitted up with*

every modern convenience, are to be sold in one of the newly-sprung-up suburbs of Berlin. That same afternoon they undertake a pilgrimage to the spot, and find there indeed a house which more than surpasses their secret ideal. The price, too, is not outside their means, 25,000 thalers—no sum at all for such an Eldorado. Cajus, carried away by enthusiasm, was for concluding the bargain at once, but the more placid Flavia restrains his ardour, and persuades him to sleep over the matter.

"The house pleases me," said Cajus, in a tone of decision which precluded all further doubt on the subject. 'The matter is settled: to-morrow, or at latest the day after, we shall return.'

"Whereupon they went home, after expressing their thanks for the civility with which the villa had been shown to them, and took leave of the gardener's wife, like old friends between whom there exists a perfect understanding.

"But the gardener's wife, looking after the couple as they slowly disappeared in the gathering twilight, remarked to her spouse, 'These two will not come back;' and when he reproached her for having such small faith in human nature, she merely replied—

"Well, we shall see.'

"Like two lovers, meanwhile, the pair wandered on. In front of them the gas-lamps began to be lighted one after the other, an interminable line along the whole Schöneberger and Tempelhofer quay. But the way seemed short to them, and the numerous lights reflected in the water of the canal increased their sense of the joy of life. They appeared to be carried along by hope, by expectation, or some yet more indefinable feeling, as though wings had been bestowed on them, and the ground seemed to vanish beneath their feet. Never before had they experienced a like sensation. They talked incessantly to each other, and could hardly subdue their impatience whenever a passing carriage momentarily inter-

rupted their conversation. Then they would recommence from the beginning again—always the self-same theme. They were never tired of repeating what had already been said innumerable times, and they said it to each other over and over again. This quay was not as lively then as it is to-day, and sometimes towards evening it would grow very still. It was crossed at two places by the rails of the Potsdam and Dresden Railway, just as though it had been in the open field. The trains, with their red glowing eyes, flashed out of the darkness, to emerge at the other side into the station shrieking and whistling. Some caution was required by foot-passengers who happened to be walking on the quay after dark. But Cajus and Flavia were so absorbed in their thoughts and conversation, that they failed to observe the approaching train till it was close upon them. Flavia had just sufficient time and presence of mind to run across, while Cajus, seized by a sudden terror, stood still as though paralysed. The long row of waggons, all black and dark, now stood between them, for it was a luggage-train, each carriage firmly coupled on to the next, and loudly rattling its chains as it passed onwards. Strange fancies crowded into his brain, conjured up by this incessant stamping and jolting, as though he and Flavia were now separated for ever; as though they were never to meet again, those two; as though Flavia had gone before, leaving him alone. The burning sparks raining down from the engine leaped up to flames on the ground, and, touching the key-note of some classic recollection, by a strange association of ideas there rose before him the figure of Æneas seeking his spouse in the burning city of Troy. 'Thrice I endeavoured to clasp my arm round her neck, and thrice the vision eluded me.' And throughout the monotonous rhythm of the rolling wheels, dimly suggestive of a thousand delirious fantasies, he seemed distinctly to hear the words—

*'Quid tantum insano juvat indulgere dolori,  
O dulcis conjux?'*

"It lasted a few minutes only, but

these were as painful as though they had been immeasurably lengthened out for him.

"At length the last waggon rolled past, and ere Cajus had made a step or two forward, Flavia came to meet him. He seized her hand and held it long in his own, as silently they resumed their way. He said nothing of what had been passing in his soul, but the thought that had now come to him for the first time, that they would have to part, that they could not remain for ever together, would not let itself be banished from his mind.

"Not even a house of our own—no villa, be it ever so fine—can shield us against this," he said after a pause.

"What are you saying, Klostermann?" asked Flavia, in gentle incomprehension.

"With the sound of her voice the spell seemed to leave him, and Cajus again recognised the features of his surroundings."

The gardener's wife had proved right in her surmise; for, viewed by daylight, and after taking advice of various friends, Cajus perceives a dozen objections to the intended purchase not previously apparent. He congratulates himself and Flavia upon having escaped this pitfall—only, however, some years later, to allow himself to be drawn into a speculative enterprise in which it is conclusively proved to him that he must necessarily double or quadruplicate his capital within a very short time. Why should he content himself with a paltry villa? asks the persuasive friend who acts the part of tempter, when, by properly placing his money and taking fortune at the flood, he will soon have wealth sufficient to buy a dozen villas, if it so pleases him?

The building mania is now at its height in Berlin, and Cajus is thus induced to confide the whole of his hard-earned savings to the "South-East Building Joint-Stock Company." At first his confidence

seems to be warranted: the shares go up in surprising fashion, and have soon attained a hitherto unprecedented figure. A sort of mild intoxication now begins to take possession of the hitherto placid couple. Daily they scan the Exchange list with a pleasurable sense of triumph, and manifold are the projects of enjoyment which now take rise in their tardily fertilised brains. Their home, when once they shall have fixed upon a domicile, shall be something vastly superior to that modest little villa which had once dazzled their simple minds. And then their projected travels! Hitherto Cajus and Flavia had been content to study in a well-worn guide-book the scenery of countries which they might never hope to visit; but now in their altered circumstances no dream was unattainable. Towards Italy especially, the land of the Apennines and of the yellow Tiber, Cajus felt irresistibly drawn. But for the first summer he deemed it prudent not to extend their journey farther than the Rhine; and it is during this little pleasure-trip—the first which Cajus and Flavia had permitted themselves during a period of twenty years—that the thunderbolt bursts upon them, when they learn from a newspaper taken up at random that the South-East Joint-Stock Company has failed, and engulfed the whole of their little capital.

Their bright air-castles are now ruthlessly shattered at one fell blow, and they can henceforth no more look forward to acquiring the smallest property of their own. Cajus falls a prey to black melancholy, brooding over his bitter deception with a sort of fierce despondency. He loses all interest in life. Misfortune has even turned away his heart from his faithful consort, and he has no eyes to

see how Flavia is visibly fading away, more from the lack of her husband's affection than out of grief for the fictitious fortune whose value she had never rightly understood.

"One evening, as in the twilight they were sitting together in the little room, silent, as was mostly now the case, Flavia broke the stillness by saying, in her gentle voice—

"'Klostermann, if I were obliged to go from you—to leave you alone —?'

"This word, thus spoken in the silent gloaming, breaks down the barrier, and shakes the man's heart to the core. Suddenly—he knew not why—there came into his mind the remembrance of that evening when, momentarily parted by the rushing train, Virgil's plaintive verses had shot through his mind.

"'Flavia! Flavia!' he cried,—and the poor woman's eyes sparkled again on hearing herself thus called once more,—'you are not lost to me! You are still here! You cannot, must not leave me alone,'—and, as though to detain her, he seized her hand and felt how cold it was, with the chilliness of death."

His eyes once opened to this new danger, Cajus sends for a doctor; but more efficient than medical advice in restoring Flavia to health is the consciousness of having regained her husband's affection, and gradually he too awakens to a more wholesome state of mind. He resumes the study of his beloved classical authors, and no longer recoils from the sight of a newspaper. On the contrary, once more he begins to peruse the advertisement column of his daily paper with special attention; and when spring comes round, Flavia notes with satisfaction that he resumes his daily excursions outside the town, albeit alone, for her strength is not yet equal to the exertion of going up and down stairs.

"One evening—it was autumn by this time, and, in consideration of the mild weather, the doctor had permitted Flavia to attempt the first outing—Cajus came home with sparkling eyes.

"‘Sweetheart!’ he cried, without giving himself time to close the door—‘now I have bought it at last—our own territory!’

"‘Which?’ inquired Flavia, not without a slight tremor of the voice.

"‘You will see for yourself, sweetheart. To-morrow we shall drive out to Klostermann’s territory.’

"‘Is it far, Klostermann?’ asked Flavia, after they had been driving in the tram-car for over half an hour. ‘Is it still far off?’

"‘Yes, sweetheart,’ returned Cajus; ‘but then it will be for ever.’ And he gazed cheerfully out of his corner at the windows opposite, enjoying the sight of the long streets, the high houses, and throngs of people."

Abandoning the tram-car, the couple proceed on foot arm-in-arm, or sometimes hand-in-hand, speaking little, for Flavia was still obliged to husband her strength, but happy in the consciousness of their being together again as formerly.

"And so they wandered onwards; and the sun, which had looked out once more as though with a farewell greeting, threw a faint radiance across their path. Behind Friedrichsberg there was a fine avenue of old chestnut-trees, with glimpses of an open view over ascending meadows to the left; while to the right, across flat-spread arable fields, the last houses and towers of Berlin might be sighted in narrow white streaks, overhung by the heavy leaden thunder-clouds above.

"And now, of a sudden, the landscape around them seemed metamorphosed. They were standing on an eminence. The barren fields to their rear had disappeared; and in front, from over a wall, a burst of luxuriant green foliage was visible, as from a

garden, out of which the evening wind wafted a sweet flower-perfume towards them. A narrow entrance-gate stood ajar, surmounted by a simple wooden cross, beneath which, in the growing dusk, might be descried the words, ‘*Gemeinde Friedhof für Berlin*’ [District Cemetery for Berlin].

"Flavia now knew why Cajus had brought her this long way. Tears started to her eyes, and fervently she pressed his hands to her lips, saying—

"‘I thank thee!’

"The weight of suspense was now gone from her soul, and she was only conscious of a deep sense of peace."

Cajus then proceeds to explain how, with the last remaining fraction of his capital saved from the wreck, he had purchased here a piece of ground to be their joint burial-place, the only home of their own to which they might now aspire on earth. Hand-in-hand they enter the hallowed spot, which is so beautifully decked out with shrubs and flowers that its actual character is not at first sight apparent.

"Dreamily, as though traversing enchanted regions, the pair wandered on. No voice from the outside world could reach them here, and above them only the vast dome of heaven. They came to a plot with ivy-grown graves where were planted carnations, and monthly roses were blooming. A flat tombstone lay there, engraved upon it a verse from the Old Testament in Hebrew characters, while on the grave alongside was raised a cross. Not far from this spot Cajus halted near to a little cypress-tree. The place was fenced in by a low, black, iron grating, and beneath the cypress-tree was a tablet with this inscription:—

"‘*Burial-place for the couple  
Klostermann.*’

"When she had seen this Flavia broke into loud, violent sobs. But Cajus, gently embracing her in the growing twilight, repeated the beautiful verse of Catullus, and Flavia, her

head pillowed against his breast, responded—

'O quid solutis est beatius curis?  
Cum meus onus reponit ac peregrinus  
Labore ferri venimus larem ad nostrum,  
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto.'"<sup>1</sup>

A paper on German novelists would hardly be complete without the name of Karl Emil Franzos, the genial author of 'The Jews of Barnow,' and of many other racy sketches of East Galician life and manners. For a moment it had seemed as if Herr Franzos, in turning his back on Austria and emigrating to Berlin, had likewise taken leave of the hitherto familiar scenery; and the last work of his which we had occasion to review in these columns about a twelvemonth since<sup>2</sup> was laid in pastures new. We are rejoiced to see, however, that this was but a temporary defection, and that in his newest work of fiction, 'Judith Trachtenberg,'<sup>3</sup> this talented writer has returned to the old familiar source from which have been derived all his best and happiest inspirations. No second living author knows Poland and its inhabitants as intimately; none other has described its climate and scenery with such graphic force and picturesqueness of touch; and the English critic who, a short time ago, said of Karl Emil Franzos that, "as a painter of manners from Half Asia, he has successfully followed in the steps of Sachse-Masoch," has paid to Franzos a very shabby compliment indeed.

Judith Trachtenberg, the heroine of the present tale, is the daughter of a wealthy Jewish

shopkeeper, Nathaniel Trachtenberg, who, though a staunch adherent to the faith of his forefathers, is yet endowed with far more liberal principles than it is usual to meet with in a Jew of the orthodox type. His clear practical sense has long since recognised the futility and narrow-mindedness of many Hebrew observances and modes of thinking, to which he but outwardly submits in order not to scandalise his more obsolete brethren; and whenever he is taken by them to task for some trifling divergence from established customs, he is wont to reply with a friendly smile.

"You do not understand the atmosphere in which we should breathe. Whether I really regard it as sinful to carry a walking-cane on the Sabbath-day is immaterial; it is only important to tranquillise our brethren on the subject of a man whom they must respect, by making them comprehend that one may read German books and converse with the Christians in pure German idiom, while remaining the while a pious Jew."

Conformably with these principles, Nathaniel has brought up his two children, Judith and her brother Raphael, giving them all the advantages of a good modern German education, hand-in-hand with Hebrew instruction and the Talmud. Careful to smother all germs of racial hatred in their young minds, he feels it his duty, nevertheless, to prepare them for the inevitable slights and affronts to which they must later be exposed by reason of their religion and blood; and the better to harden his children betimes to what

<sup>1</sup> Catullus, Carmen xxxi. ll. 7-10.

<sup>2</sup> Die Schatten Erzählung, von Karl Emil Franzos. See Blackwood's Magazine, January 1891.

<sup>3</sup> Judith Trachtenberg Erzählung, von Karl Emil Franzos. Breslau: Edward Tremendt.



they will have to endure, Nathaniel permits and encourages Judith and Raphael to associate with the children of the principal Christian families in the little East Galician town which is their home. But the well-meaning father, in his praiseworthy attempts to reconcile these heterogeneous elements, achieves directly opposite results from what he desired, and to each of his children, although in different fashion, the friendship of the Gentiles proves ominous; for whereas Raphael, a gifted but outwardly unattractive young man, is goaded on by the thoughtless taunts of his young playfellows to become a fanatical Christian-hater—his sister, the beautiful Judith, feels daily more and more at home in the drawing-room of the aristocratic *Kreiss Commissär*,<sup>1</sup> Wroblewsky, her father's tenant, who condescends to occupy a suite of rooms in Nathaniel's house without ever troubling himself to pay the rent thereof. Wroblewsky is a despicable character, well known to be amenable to bribery, and his wife enjoys no spotless reputation; yet Nathaniel perceives therein no objection to allowing Judith to frequent their society so long as his own conscience remains clear.

"'You are young,' he would say to his son, when the latter had vainly endeavoured to make him comprehend the danger of this growing intimacy, 'and you fancy yourself capable of reforming the world. But when you are older, you will see that the only possibility of doing so is to elevate one's self more and more towards goodness. This duty is ever the object of my efforts; to attempt more is—at least in our present times and circumstances—impossible. It is true that Wroblewsky is a contemptible magistrate, a rogue, a blackleg.

But would he cease to be so if I were to break off all intercourse with him? I have never used my influence on him for evil purposes. As often as he has prayed me to be his go-between in some doubtful transaction, I have invariably refused. He procures me customers, in return for which he pays no rent; he gives the decision in my favour whenever I have to sue a debtor for payment, and as compensation he receives twenty per cent of the money. If I were to act differently he would give his support to some other dealer, and I should lose even my eighty per cent.'

"'Good! But Judith?' objected Raphael. 'Do your business interests require that she should spend every Tuesday evening in this society?'

"'Why should I deny her this pleasure?' was the answer. 'The master of the house is despicable, the lady not immaculate—but the guests! The daughters of the town physician, of the apothecary, come there regularly, strictly-brought-up girls of honest parents. They run no danger—wherefore, then, your sister?'

"'Those others not—but Judith?'

"How often had Raphael these words on his tongue, and yet they always remained unspoken! For upon what logical grounds could he have based his objections? He had no facts to advance, only personal observations, which his father would scarcely have recognised as unprejudiced."

And Raphael's instinct proves correct, for it is in Wroblewsky's house that Judith comes across her fate—Count Agenor Baranowski, the wealthy scion of a noble Polish family who has lately acquired the proprietorship of the place. Baranowski, smitten at first sight by Judith's beauty, becomes her champion against an impudent young coxcomb who insults the helpless girl. The impression thus made is deepened on both sides by the unscrupulous Wroblewsky, who loses no opportunity of bring-

<sup>1</sup> Commissary of the district.

ing the young people together. One of the scenes in which Judith and Baranowski are invited to listen to the poetry of a *soi-disant* wandering genius is described in Franzos's best manner:—

"In the next minute, as Agenor stood before his carriage with Wroblewski, and was about to get in, the commissary asked—

"Will you do me a great honour, dear Count? The poet Wiliszewski, whose name you have perhaps heard, is to read us his newest verses to-morrow—quite a small circle, we are only five as yet. My wife has also invited Judith, although the girl takes no real interest in Wiliszewski, and last time at his reading she spent the whole evening in the next room alone, turning over the albums. . . . May we then count upon you?"

"He looked scrutinisingly at the Count's disturbed face. The contemptuous glance by which he was met did not seem to wound him; on the contrary, he now even smiled.

"The Count had lowered his eyes; his hand resting on the carriage-door, he stood there hesitating.

"I regret," he said at last, shortly, "I am already engaged for to-morrow evening."

"What a pity!" exclaimed the commissary. The carriage rolled off. Smilingly he looked after it, and the same smile was on his lips as on reaching his apartment he said to his wife—

"Prepare six covers for to-morrow evening."

"With trifling dissimilarities Herr Thaddæus von Wiliszewski might be described as a sort of Polish Walter von der Vogelweide. His influence, likewise, was less due to knowledge than to talent: he wandered from castle to castle preaching benevolence to the nobility, rejoicing whenever he received a new suit of clothes, and giving much attention to the subject of loans: few men, in fact, were so versed in the art of lending. And like Walter, too, he was pre-eminently a political bard, albeit free from the narrow one-sidedness of the Germans. To the nobles he declaimed war-songs *against Austria*, while showing him-

self equally ready to commemorate in verse the Emperor's birthday by order of the authorities. For the *bourgeoisie* he had in reserve scoffing songs against the nobility, and for these, again, satires upon the people. He himself was undoubtedly of noble birth latterly, for the prefix '*von*' stood under his poems, and on his letters a coat-of-arms; but his noble descent could not be proved very distinctly. Some averred him to be a cobbler's son who had failed in his studies; others, again, a former barber's apprentice. His birthplace, likewise, could not be established with any certitude, and he became a bone of contention in various neighbourhoods, each place being singularly anxious to decline the honour ascribed to it. He himself was in the habit of describing himself as a son of that particular district in which he just happened to be seeking subscribers for his book of poems. Had this work ever been published, it must have required a very voluminous edition, for it would have been impossible to calculate from how many different donors Thaddæus had pocketed its price of three florins; but, like the troubadour, he contented himself with the oral effect of his poetry. Uninvited and unannounced, like a very gift of heaven, he would appear at some country house. Some people kicked him out after three, others after eight, days; of his own free will he never went. As poetry alone is insufficient to nourish a man, he sometimes had recourse to the part of abettor and go-between in some question of bribery or similar piece of rascality; hence, also, his friendship with the commissary.

"This son of the Muses it was, therefore, in whose honour Frau Anna had assembled her little party. His long fair curls more unkempt than ever, upon his hollow cheeks the flush of excitement, Thaddæus sat and declaimed his poems on the glorification of the nobility. It was long since he had numbered a count amongst his audience, and Agenor had come despite his yesterday's refusal; for only out of interest for the poet, of course, he had been able at the last moment to alter his decision.

The poet was just engaged in reading his historical ballad, 'The Bloody Day,' the hero of which was, strictly speaking, a Poniatowski, but he had been transformed into a Baranowski on this occasion. Why not?—the name scanned as well as the other. His heart swelled high with the consciousness of poetical inspiration. 'May the devil take me,' he thought, 'if this be not fifty florins in my pocket!'

"When he had finished reading there was dead silence: he could not clearly see the face of his audience, because Frau Anna had so placed the lamp-shade that the light only fell upon the manuscript; but this very silence was the surest sign of the effect produced.

"'Wonderful!' at last said the lady of the house. The jingle of rhymes had flowed unnoticed past her ear: she had only had eyes for the Count, as he sat there motionless, embarrassed, and awkward as a school-boy. Her ample bosom heaved a mighty sigh. 'A splendid man,' she thought; 'and all this for the sake of a Jewish girl.'

"'Very, very graceful!' now murmured the Count, rousing himself from his reverie.

"'Especially the description of the landscape,' cried the commissary.

"'The landscape?' asked Judith in surprise. She alone had followed the poem, if only in order to regain her self-composure, and force to rest her loudly beating heart.

"Herr von Wroblewsky affected to have overheard her low-spoken objection. 'And these characters!' he cried, enthusiastically, 'they seem to stand out before us like living figures! And the sentiments,' he prudently added. 'For, the deuce take it,' he thought, 'something of all this there must surely have been in the long-winded stuff!'

Dating from this evening, the story rapidly develops in tragic fashion. Baranowski dreams not of making the beautiful Jewess his wife, but is too weak to struggle against his growing passion, and,

stimulated by the villian Wroblewsky, resolves to win her by less honourable means. Judith, trusting blindly in her lover's integrity, consents to fly with him, having realised that her father, now informed of her attachment, will never consent to let her become the wife of a Christian. She spends some weeks in a fool's paradise, under the delusion that their marriage is merely postponed until she has received adequate instruction in the Christian religion; but on becoming aware that these are but vain pretexts, and that Baranowski had contemplated matrimonial bonds, she tries to drown herself. Rescued in time, she however gets brain fever, and her life is despaired of—the doctor declaring that she must either die or go mad unless her mind can be put at rest. In order to save her from this melancholy alternative, Agenor suffers himself to be persuaded to perpetrate a second fraud, Wroblewsky having advised him to pacify his mistress by a harmless little comedy, a sham marriage, which, without binding him to anything, will have the effect of restoring peace of mind to Judith. Ignaz Trudka, a worthless vagabond escaped from a monastery, undertakes, for a consideration, to act the part of priest, and bless this unhallowed union—Wroblewsky and an old family servant being the sole witnesses to the melancholy farce.

Nathaniel, on learning his daughter's defection, falls ill and dies of a broken heart, after having cursed and disowned her in true Hebrew style. The deathbed scene is graphically described, on which occasion we make acquaintance with a curious Jewish custom—namely, the destruction of a blooming rose-bush in place of the Hebrew maiden who has renounced the

faith of her fathers. It is Dr Reiser, the old physician of the district, who, as eyewitness, describes the ceremony to Wroblewsky.

"A handful of determined men had been found who were resolved to bring back Judith by force, in order that she might be judged by the community. Nathaniel prevented this. 'No,' he decided; 'perhaps one of you might lose his life in the attempt—or else the tribunal might deal hardly with her. For the sake of an outcast shall no just man be exposed to danger. And wherefore judge her? The Almighty will do that. For you and for me she is henceforth dead!' But in the innermost depth of his heart there must still have lingered some feeling towards the unfortunate girl, for he long resisted the terrible ceremony customary in such cases, which, however, are very rare, for in the present community it is over two hundred years since a Jewish maiden left her parents for a Christian. And when he had at last given his consent, he attached to it a condition which surely would have been accepted in the case of no other man; to him, their leader and her father, they could not refuse it. . . .

"'I fail to understand—which ceremony?'

"'The burial!'

"'What!' exclaimed the commissary in amazement. 'They have buried Judith?' He wanted to laugh, but a glance at his neighbour's face checked the impulse.

"It was so awful, . . . never shall I forget it. . . . The community having begged us, my colleague and I had arranged that one of us was always to be in attendance on him. We relieved each other at intervals of from four to six hours. But we knew only too well that we were powerless to arrest departing life. After the lawyer had departed, a sort of stupor had come over him. There was no second stroke, but the last remnants of vitality were exhausted. He lay as though in slumber, only murmuring occasionally the name of his son: if

his yearning for him had not been so intense, he would, perhaps, have died even sooner. As, therefore, the day before yesterday evening, I entered upon my watch towards 11 o'clock, my colleague whispered to me—'The end is approaching; stay beside him, and ask no questions, whatever may happen during this night.' Soon after this the elders of the community entered the chamber, with them the Rabbi, all draped in their prayer mantles round the shoulders, and bowed before him. And the Rabbi then asked if it might now take place? He nodded. The door then opened again, and there entered twelve men belonging to the Burial Fraternity. All were attired in the white death-scarves, and between them they bore a strange burden: it was a fine, large, blooming rose-bush, about whose roots the damp earth-clods still hung. Who knows whence they had brought it? perhaps it may have been from Count Agenor's conservatory. They carried the bush up to the bedside, and Nathaniel stretched out his hand and touched the topmost branches. His lips were moving, it might have been a whispered blessing or a parting greeting. And while this was happening, the others hid their faces in their mantles, and some there were who sobbed aloud. Then they carried back the bush to the centre of the room; the Rabbi advanced—such a dark forbidding expression I have never yet seen on the face of living man. Stretching out his arm over the rose-bush, he spoke some words, loud and harshly—a curse apparently. Then he laid hold of the bush with both hands and rent it in twain, casting down the fragments before him. And one after the other the men now advanced, and each seized upon a blossom and plucked its leaves asunder till the whole bush was bare and left. I had advanced to the head of the couch. The old man had closed his eyes, but he seemed to know what was happening: low groans escaped his lips, and over his cheeks the tears rained thickly down,—and so he remained until the men brought in a little oil-lamp, and lighted it as a funereal torch for her who was hence-

forth dead to her father and to the community, and till they made in his shirt that incision with a knife significant of the wound which his life had received. At last they brought out the trestles, laid the bush upon them with all the despoiled leaves, which they carefully collected, and, covering it up with a white pall, they retired, followed by the elders. I remained alone with Nathaniel for over two hours, holding his hand silently in mine, for I could not speak. Then, along with the elders, the Rabbi returned and approached the bed. 'It is accomplished,' he said. 'And because thou hast been a just man all the days of thy life—that may the Eternal One prolong!—have we acted according to thy wishes. Thy daughter's grave is placed between her mother's—may she rest in peace!—and that which thou hast chosen for thyself. And when once the Lord shall summon her to judgment, and she dies in our faith, this grave shall be open to her again. We swear it to thee!' Nathaniel nodded: his breathing became quieter, always quieter and softer, but it lasted yet about ten hours till he fell asleep at noon yesterday."

Meanwhile Judith, in ignorance of her father's death, has departed for Italy with Baranowski—he tormented by remorse, and she by degrees awakening to the uneasy consciousness of some brooding misfortune which she can neither define nor penetrate. Even the prospect of becoming a mother does not serve to restore her cheerfulness. A woman cursed by her father, she says to Agenor, must tremble at the thought of giving birth to a child.

"He sought to comfort her, spoke of God's infinite mercy——

"'God!' she cried out passionately. 'Yes, if I were able to speak to Him, to implore Him! Oh, Agenor, if I could but pray! But I cannot. Formerly, whenever I was oppressed by grief or trouble, I had recourse to my prayer-book, and spoke to the God of

my fathers. But now I have no more prayer-book——'

"'But the same God,' he interrupted; 'and the new forms are unnecessary.'

"Gloomily she shook her head.

"'I have told myself the same thing, but it does not suffice to me. Ah! how shall I ever make you comprehend what is passing in my poor head? One must necessarily have a language in which to pray, but I have forgotten the old tongue, and know not the new one. . . . You have taken me into many churches, in order to make me admire the beautiful pictures or the architectural proportions, but as to what I was feeling you never inquired. I shivered whenever we left the warm sunshine in order to enter one of these chilly edifices. The cold struck into my heart. It all seemed so strange, so dismal. How should I ever learn to pray in a church? Perhaps my condition might have been better if everything had been properly explained to me; but I know really nothing of your faith. I cannot even make the sign of the cross; and even were I able, durst I do it? What do I know more of the Crucified One but that He was a recreant rabbi, on whose account all those of my race must yet suffer shame and persecution to-day!'

"Guiltily he was obliged to bow his head; he now understood that this baptism had been not only a sin against the God of his catechism, but also a sacrilege against a poor, yearning, thirsting human soul."

The child which is born to them soon after this conversation only serves to complicate the situation. It cannot be registered as a Count Baranowski, while to decline to do so would betray the secret to Judith. Baranowski, therefore, postpones the ceremony, and, under pretence of procuring some indispensable family documents, returns alone to Galicia. During his absence Judith accidentally learns the deception that has been practised upon her, and likewise returns home with her child. Her brother

refuses to see her, and the hearts of her Hebrew brethren are hardened against her. Her own heart is now hardened as well towards the man she had once loved, and she refuses to marry him even when he offers to wed her openly in the light of day, if she will embrace the Christian faith. Finally, touched by his evident contrition, Judith relents, and makes her own terms. She will consent to let Baranowski make atonement for his sin, but only on condition of retaining her own religion. Baranowski's pride has to undergo a hard struggle, but finally conscience prevails, they are married in Germany, and, as Countess Baranowska, Judith Trachtenberg the Jewess re-enters her native town in triumph, attired in state, and adorned with a diamond coronet that is an heirloom in the Baranowski family.

Having thus legitimised her child, and regained what she most valued, the esteem and respect of her Hebrew kinsfolk, Judith ends this auspicious day by drowning herself in the same lake which had been the scene of her previous abortive attempt. She does not choose to remain as a clog throughout life round the neck of the man she had once loved, and nothing can restore to her the lost illusions of a young impetuous heart. She is laid to rest in the Hebrew cemetery, between the graves of her father and mother, and over her tomb may be read this inscription—

“JUDITH, COUNTESS BARANOWSKA,  
THE DAUGHTER OF NATHAN BEN  
MANASSE, OF THE TRIBE OF ISRAEL.  
*‘She died in darkness, but the light will  
come.’*”

The gravedigger, in preparing her last resting-place, came upon the shrivelled remains of a long-dead shrub among the earth-clods. Few people, however, recognised this to be a rose-bush, and fewer yet there were who understood its signification.

This interesting and effective tale is, however, marred by several grave defects which we cannot do more than briefly indicate. Judith's tragic end, for instance, is one of the episodes to which we must take exception; for besides being needlessly sensational, it is likewise psychologically incorrect, as a woman who had just shown herself so scrupulously anxious to remove the stain of illegitimacy from her child's name would scarcely have defamed it by the brand of a mother's suicide.

The distribution of character can likewise be hardly regarded as satisfactory by the Christian reader; for does it not argue a somewhat blind partiality in favour of his own race, that Herr Franzos has here chosen to invest the Jews with every virtue under the sun, whereas to the Gentiles have invariably been ascribed all the dark and dirty parts throughout the story?

## SPEECH.

ARTICULATE speech has sometimes been arrogantly claimed as the monopoly of man; for that restless and supercilious mammal is constantly casting about for some distinctive attribute to serve as a bridgeless gulf between himself and his fellow *viviparæ*, whom he contemptuously classes as beasts. Clothing, laughing, thinking, counting—to each and all of these he has had to surrender his exclusive claim, and perhaps the only feat in which he has as yet discovered no rivals is the production and use of fire.

Speech, indeed, could never, except on slenderest grounds, be claimed as the peculiar property of the human species. One has only to go afield some mild December noon, and watch the proceedings of a flight of rooks, to be led to the firm conclusion that the sounds he hears are part of conversation, at least as intelligible and intelligent as the confusion of tongues arising at a fashionable lady's reception. It is true that an Englishman, standing close on the skirts of some such entertainment in London, will hear snatches of conversation and disjointed words which he can understand; but let him pause and listen on the stairs outside, and the human chatter has no more significance to him than the cackle of a poultry-yard. He recognises the cry of the human animal, just as he might pronounce the other to be the cry of cocks and hens, of ducks and geese; but as for conveying anything to his understanding, it is *vox et præterea nihil*.

Still less suggestion would the sounds emitted by an evening

party in London convey to the mind of a South Sea Islander. His intelligence and experience would certify to him that these men and women were not uttering syllables without meaning; but even separate sentences, in which every vowel and consonant might be distinguished, would fail to touch his understanding, and would mean as little to him as the sentence in quick guttural Gaelic, spoken by the stalker to his gillie in a Highland forest, conveys to the Southern sportsman. But in order to realise how little difference there is between the phonetic value of the human voice and that of the calls of some of the lower animals, one has only to listen to some of the common street cries. "Sträü-briz—fÿ—sträü-briz!" "Më-ö-ö-ö!" (Milk-ho!) "Clö'-clö', clö'-clö'!" and others, are as monotonous and not more articulate than many of the cries of beast and bird. It is said, by the by, that no animal except man can sound consonants; that a dog says "wow-wow!" not, classically, "bow-wow!" a rook "yaw-yaw," not "caw-caw!" a peacock, not, as the consensus of nations affirms, "pay-ö!" but "hay-ö!" and so on; but that point remains to be decided by the nicer application of the phonometer.

To return, then, to one of the most convenient examples that may be had of the deliberate behaviour of wild animals—that of a flight of rooks settled on a grass-field. Look at that sedate individual (as like a fellow of the Society of Antiquaries as a biped in black feathers can be to a biped in broadcloth) busy turning over the stones with his strong beak,

and with head aslant, scrutinising the exposed surface for worm or grub. Finding nothing, "Caw!" says he, and flies off to another part of the field. Now if that sound means nothing, why does the bird make it? Almost certainly it expresses something, either in the way of information to his companions or of expletive to relieve his own feelings, just as a disappointed man (not, *bien entendu*, a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, but an ordinary mortal) is prone, under similar circumstances, to pronounce a profane monosyllable. Here is another holding forth to a detachment of the flight, which sits motionless and silent, with hunched shoulders. His speech seems to our gross faculties only monotonous repetition of the same sound, but is probably well understood by his hearers as exhortation, advice, narrative, or speculation. Meanwhile, observe the flirtation going on between yon ardent couple in a corner of the field. In this community the garb of male and female is identical; but the male—an accomplished wooer—is easily to be distinguished by bowings and clumsy struttings, and behaviour as awkward and comical as that of any human lover. Shall we be told that the low guttural notes exchanged between the pair have no reference to the coming nesting season, and are not a language charged with all the unreason of passion and the flattery of mutual preference? All the immeasurable variety of vocabulary, from the lion's roar to the field-mouse's squeak—from the hiss of an angry goose to the song of the soaring lark, constitutes more than mere sound; it is language, and who will be so bold as to say that human ears may not be capable of *being trained to interpret it*? At

present, though we can distinguish the dominant notes of pain, terror, anger, love, persuasion, and content in the cries of those animals with which we are most familiar, our faculties are not of sufficient delicacy to detect in them the fine modulations of sound which constitute speech. The area cat of a modern city perhaps purrs in the very same tone in which its predecessor, mummified four thousand years ago, in the reign of Thothmes III., expressed its happiness; but it would be rash to assume that study and the application of delicate instruments may not some day explain feline phrases as clearly as patient comparison produced the clue to Egyptian hieroglyphics. The squeak of a bat is in so high a note that it lies beyond the hearing range of some persons. If this sound, which is audible to most people, eludes the sense of others, it is impossible to estimate how much there is in the common cries of animals, of which our auditory sense gives us no notice. Professor Garnier has devoted some years to the study of the language of apes. By means of the phonograph he claims to have proved that they laugh aloud; and careful comparison of human and simian voices preserved in this instrument fails to show any difference between them except compass, pitch, and flexion.

But, it may be argued, if the cries of beasts and birds are an intelligible, though imperfect, language, how comes it that a parrot may be taught to utter words of which it cannot possibly understand the meaning? The explanation of this may be, that just as children, and even grown persons, often imitate the natural cries of wild animals, without, of course, understanding any meaning these may be supposed to



have, so, in their turn, certain animals may be induced to imitate human vocables; and just as a certain sound or group of sounds becomes, by frequent repetition, associated in our minds with fixed ideas, so a parrot, repeating given phrases, comes to unite them with fixed ideas, though not the same ideas as we associate with these phrases. When the English lady, explaining to the French hotel-keeper certain arrangements necessary for her comfort, startled him by saying, "Je dors toujours avec deux matelots," she failed to convey to his mind the image which would have been perfectly expressed by "sur deux matelas." So the parrot which says "Three cheers for the Queen!" may associate the phrase with the idea of food, or head-scratching, or the unsatisfactory nature of our climate. In love, anger, or fear, he expresses himself in his native screams, which are wholly unintelligible to us; equally unintelligible to us are the ideas he intends to convey by means of words which have come to signify to him something quite different from that which we understand by them. Nay, instances are not wanting wherein, owing to a confusion between two vocables of similar sound, we derive a totally wrong impression from expressions in our own language. An instance of this occurs in Isaiah viii. 19, "Seek unto . . . wizards which *peep* and mutter." Almost every modern reader receives from "peep" the idea of spying; but in reality it means to "chirp," to make a small sound like a chicken, and is used in that sense in widely different families of language.

There is, however, an intrinsic significance in syllables besides the meaning associated with them by

familiarity. No more arbitrary arrangement of vowels and consonants could be imagined than Lewis Carroll's celebrated lines—

"'Twas grillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogroves,  
And the mome raths outgabe;"

yet was there never written anything that conjured up more effectually the sensation of a drowsy summer noon. There are, too, delicate shades of expression in the stanza—

"'And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
O frabjous day! calloo, callay!'"  
He chortled in his joy."

The interjection "calloo, callay!" conveys an idea of grateful and peaceful content that could never have found utterance in the recognised "hooray!" and as for "chortle," it is a verb to live in our language, having less of selfishness than "chuckle," and more of tender pride than "cheer." There is nothing peurile in this incomparable nonsense-writer; and to test his superiority over every other that has tried his hand at this apparently simple exercise, it is only necessary to compare with it such gibberish as that of Taylor, the Water Poet—

"Hough gruntough wough Thomough  
Coriatough, Adcough robunquough  
Warawogh bogh Comitogh sogh wogh  
termonatogrogh,  
Callimogh gogh whobogh Ragamogh  
demagorgogh palemogh;"

and so on through a lot of dreary rubbish. Or again—

"Nortumblum callimunipquash omy-  
stoliton quashte burashte  
Scribuke woshtay solusbay perambulat-  
ashte;  
Grekay sous Turkey Paphay zums  
Jerusalushte,  
Neptus esht Ealors Interrimoy diz  
dolorushte."

So far as can be seen, it is pretty safe to assume that the vocal sounds of animals constitute speech in the sense in which it has been so well defined by Mr E. Tylor—namely, “the expression of ideas by articulate sounds habitually allotted to them.” We have adopted and imitated some of them, attaching to them ideas other than those conceived by the animals that produce the sounds. The cock has coined for himself a name in almost every country where he is known, from British *chanticleer* to Malay *kálaruk* and Spanish *quiquiriqui*; the crow was known in Sanskrit as *káka*, just as to this day he is *kàh-kàh* in British Columbia. The association of sound with an idea (which is the basis of all language) is very clearly exemplified in such words as cuckoo, peewit, chiff-chaff, &c. While we thus coolly appropriate, for our own purposes and to express our own ideas, words borrowed from the language of beast and bird, we are inclined to deny that they have the faculty of communicating thought and observation among themselves.

Meanwhile, however, before learning to become eavesdroppers on beast and bird, men and women may profitably consider what progress they have made in developing the means of oral communication with which nature has endowed them, and extending language beyond its primitive emotional and interjectional stages. It seems almost as if some races had been so absorbed in carrying on the laborious work of civilisation that the niceties of conversation had fallen into neglect. Our own language, for example, is lamentably slipshod in construction and harsh in sound compared with that of ancient Greece. Again, in the *speech of so highly developed a*

people as the Celts, there is no equivalent to “yes”; thus it happens that you shall never hear an Irish waiter pronounce the shibboleth “yessir” of his English *confrère*, for he invariably expresses an affirmative by some such phrase as, “I shall, sir!” “It is, sir!” Yet among some uncivilised tribes not only is there a word expressing “yes,” but it assumes a different form according to the sex or age of the speaker. Thus among the Abipones of South America, as Dobrizhoffer informs us, for “yes” the men say *hée*, the women say *hát*, and the old men give a grunt. This is a refinement which we Aryans have decided, perhaps rightly, to be unnecessary; for though our “*ay!*” and “*nay!*” carry no more information now than the Sanskrit *hi* and *na* did many thousands of years ago, they are quite sufficient for all practical purposes. But the Abipones might feel as much embarrassed by the use of our sexless affirmative and negative syllables as we should do in attempting to express our meaning in the language of the Grebo tribes of West Africa, in which the use of personal pronouns is dispensed with, and gesture is employed to show whether a verb is in the first, second, or third person.

“Let your communication be Yea, yea, and Nay, nay!” It is remarkable that in many parts of the world, though very distant from each other, peculiarities of the affirmative and negative have been seized on as a device for naming different tribes or nations. Thus in Australia the tribes known as Gureang, Kamilaroi, Kogai, Wolaroï, Wailwun, Wiratheroi, take their names from the words they use for “no,” *gure*, *kamil*, *ko*, *wol*, *wail*, and *wira*; while the tribe

of Pikambul are called from *pika*, their word for "yes." In Brazil the Cocatapuya are literally the "no men" (from *coca*, no; *tapuya*, man); and nearer home, as is well known, the distinction arose in the middle ages between the districts of Langue-d'oc and Langue-d'oïl: the former being Southern France, where the people expressed the affirmative by *oc*, that is, the Latin *hoc*; and the latter, Northern France, where they said *oïl*—i.e., *hoc illud*—afterwards softened to *oui*.

Gender, except as a bare and logical expression of sex, has been completely dispensed with in English speech, not without detriment to its poetic qualities; but in Anglo-Saxon even inanimate objects were classed as masculine, feminine, or neuter. The principle is obscure which ruled that *ache* and *tear* should be reckoned masculine, but *bliss* and *care* feminine; *death* and *ghost* masculine, but *thought* and *deed* feminine. We acknowledge the fitness of classing *arm* and *will* as masculine, and *heart* and *tongue* as feminine, but why should *eye* be neuter rather than *arm*? And to place *wife*, *child*, and *maiden* in the neuter gender seems almost to imply that they were to be reckoned among a man's chattels. The sole survival of this system in modern literary English is that *ship* is accounted feminine, though, oddly enough, in Anglo-Saxon it was of the neuter gender. In our language there is possibly still a trace of the refinement of primitive speech, which varied an interjection according to the sex of the speaker; for, just as among the Algonquin Indians the men express surprise by exclaiming *tiau!* and the women *nyau!* so an English butler will be apt to say *lor!* and the lady's-maid *la!*

Music and the drama apart, the

highest purpose to which human speech can be applied is oratory, to regulate which the rules of rhetoric, called by Aristotle the art of persuasion, were formulated in very early times. Considering how great has been the development of the platform recently as an engine of government, and how many persons are daily engaged in the attempt to warn, exhort, excite, amuse, instruct, wheedle, or otherwise influence their hearers, a corresponding advance in the style and finish of oratory might have been looked for; but tens of thousands of exasperated listeners in all parts of the kingdom could testify to the intolerable deficiency in eloquence shown by most public speakers.

More than 2300 years have gone by since the principles of rhetoric were first laid down. In 466 B.C., the rule of Thrasybulus, despot of Syracuse, was brought to a sudden close by insurrection; his overthrow was the signal for hundreds of people, ousted from their possessions by him or his predecessors, and driven into exile, to flock back to their native country. In order to regain their property, it became necessary for them to prove their claims before the judges, each acting as his own counsel. Probably the result was about as edifying as if a number of Conservative candidates, none of whom had ever spoken in public before, were suddenly to be required to expound their political faith before an audience. Flesh and blood could not be expected to endure for long the infliction of such torments, and the necessity for some recognised code of rules in forensic oratory became urgent. One Corax came timely to the rescue, and we are filled with admiration by the completeness of the scheme which he produced. Modern artists, so far from attempting to emulate or

surpass, are content if they approach the excellence of Greek sculpture; even so we might sigh for more general knowledge and observance of the rules of Corax on the part of our public speakers. Though modified in a slight degree by Isocrates and Aristotle, the arrangement by Corax remains as valid to this day as when it was first promulgated. The division of a discourse into proem or exordium, narrative, arguments, and epilogue or peroration, satisfies our sense of order, has never been improved on, and is as essential to modern oratory as it was convenient to the pleaders of Syracuse. Unhappily, these masterly principles no longer form the subject of instruction in schools, and the consequence is a lamentable waste of two of God's most precious gifts to man—time and speech. It is difficult to overrate the influence over his fellows which right instruction and practice in oratory gives to a young man, and as difficult to estimate the amount of enjoyment which these put it in his power to confer, for there are few intellectual pleasures keener than that of listening to a good speaker. Language, tone, gesture, expression—how rare is it to see these made the most of, even when the sentiments are unexceptionable! Often a speech which reads well in the morning papers has been marred in its effect upon the audience by awkward attitude,—the speaker, perhaps, clinging to the Treasury-box with crouched shoulders and bent knees, as if he was afraid of sinking in deep mire—or, *summum nefas*! standing with his hands thrust in his breeches-pockets.

In the 'Souvenirs de Mme. Récamier' there is a pleasant description of a scene which took place during her exile at Lyons in 1813. Almost every cultivated or fashionable individual who

passed through that city was sure to be attracted to her house. Talma, the tragedian, happened to be giving some representations in the Grand Théâtre, and was dining with Mme. Récamier, when the Bishop of Troyes (better known as Abbé of Boulogne) was announced. This celebrated preacher, though devoted to literature and familiar with the works of the great play-wrights, had never seen a play performed: after dinner, Talma was persuaded to recite, to the intense gratification of the Abbé, parts from his principal rôles. In return Talma begged the ecclesiastic to repeat some passages from his sermons. When he had done so—"It is splendid, monseigneur, as far as *this*," exclaimed Talma, touching the chest of the preacher, "but the lower part of your body is deplorable. Clearly you have never bestowed a thought upon your legs."

It is certainly a serious counterpoise to the privileges we enjoy under a popular form of government that so much speech-making has to be endured. By how much might the burden be lightened if speakers would consent to be rightly instructed in the art of addressing their fellows. In the course of a recent debate in the House of Commons on the subject of the system of reporting, sundry members uttered complaints that it was far from perfect, and that they had often been reported incorrectly. "But," observed Mr Labouchere in his speech, "we want a great deal more than mere accuracy: we want reporters who will put the remarks of honourable members into decent English, for there are certainly not more than half-a-dozen gentlemen in the House who can be relied on to handle nominatives and verbs with precision." There is not much exaggeration in this, but ungram-

matical expression is one of the least of the evils which have to be endured. What legislators chiefly require is to be drilled out of tiresome tricks of attitude, the repetition of threadbare phrases, and tautology. The latter defect is very insidious, because by repeating different words with the same meaning, the speaker gains time to reflect on his next sentence. No other excuse can be offered for the constant use by an excellent and right honourable gentleman, now occupying high rank in the House of Commons, of the expression—"How and in what manner?" a pleonasm as egregious as that so dear to journalists—"a young baby." A common form of tautology in parliamentary debates is that employed by members who begin their speech, "Mr Speaker, sir"!—a puerile inelegance enough to mar the finest exordium.

Metaphor and simile, poignant weapons in the armoury of a skilled debater, produce disastrous effects in the hands of the inexpert. Certain figures, originally of force and freshness, cause a bleak sense of depression from the frequency of their employment by halting speakers; and one who desires to engage the understanding of an audience ought, at whatever sacrifice, to take a pledge of total abstinence from such outworn phrases as "the thin end of the wedge," "oil on the troubled waters," &c. Sometimes, it must be confessed, the audience derives unexpected and lasting enjoyment from the delightful incongruity of figurative discourse. The pages of Hansard bear, or, at least, ought to bear on record, the poetic flights of a certain honourable baronet who became, in a recent Parliamentary, the very darling of post-prandial debate. Those who were fortunate enough to be present on

the evening when he was denouncing the course taken by one of his colleagues in the representation of Ireland, will remember the rich brogue in which he referred to him as "the young sea-serpent from County Clare," and how he was promptly called to order by the Speaker for using the expression. "Very well, Mr Speaker," he rejoined, "I bow to your ruling, of course, and beg leave to withdraw the sea-serpent." Not less difficult, and even more painful, was the operation described during the session of 1891 by an honourable member, who, though representing an Irish county, is not of Irish birth. He was vehemently opposing a bill introduced by the Irish Secretary. "The right honourable gentleman," he said, "is trying to thrust this bill down our throats behind our backs!"

Aristotle, whose treatise on rhetoric remains the most elaborate and scientific hitherto published, showed no tolerance for the use of wrong or redundant words. Excellence of diction should be, in his judgment, the chief object of a speaker. But, although he held the skilful modulation of the voice to be of high importance, he does not so much as mention gesture or facial expression, on each of which Cicero and Quintilian rightly insisted as essential to effective oratory: "For," said the former, "action is as it were the speech of the body, and ought therefore the more to accord with that of the soul." Aristotle was the first to explain why compact and systematic speech holds the attention fixed, while a loose running style is intolerable. He gives as a reason that listeners like to know where they are in a discourse: they weary of sentence strung to sentence with no indication of a necessary end; but a speech well ordered, according to

the recognised rules of oratory, pleases because it is within prescribed limits,—“For,” says the philosopher, with a twinkle in his eye, “all men wish to descry the end.” It does not follow from this that they desire the end to be near, for men have listened rapt for hours to Mr Gladstone, who, it is said, is the only Chancellor of the Exchequer who ever thrilled the House with a Budget speech. He is a rare master of phrase; but even his oratory would lose its spell, but for the accompanying gesture and expression, by which Aristotle set so little store. His power of investing dry and complicated financial details with absorbing interest is akin to that of Eastern story-tellers, who, as travellers say, are able to hold their listeners enthralled, even though these may not understand a word of the language.

But in truth the British Parliament is the place of all others where the chief vices of oratory may most conveniently be studied; neither is there any hope of improvement till somebody convinces us of the lesson which Isocrates taught the Greeks, and, later, Hermagoras taught the Romans, that oratory is to be acquired, not by birth or by knack, but by special study.

It was a special study in this country up to, say, the end of the seventeenth century. Steele made lamentation in 1712 that Oxford and Cambridge had “grown dumb in the study of eloquence.” All through the middle ages, grammar, logic, and rhetoric constituted the undergraduate’s *trivium*, and we are suffering heavily by reason of its alteration. For what chance is there that a young country gentleman aspiring to enter Parliament, to whom, in discharge of our duty as good citizens it becomes our duty to listen, shall

have invented for himself that harmony—that fitting together of parts which makes speech endurable—the art essential to eloquence? Perhaps his highest feat in oratory hitherto has been to stammer out thanks for the toast of his own health at his coming of age, or to repeat to the company at an agricultural society dinner the time-honoured and unblushing paradox that “the interest of landlord and tenant are identical.” It is possible that, with an eye to a political career, he has practised debate in the Oxford Union; a course which, while divesting him of one of the chief graces of youth—modesty—has failed to confer the habit of disciplined speech, and has set him fairly on the way to become one of the bores of the House; but, generally, even that slight training is neglected, and Mascarelle’s axiom is acted on: “*Les gens de qualité savent tout sans avoir jamais appris.*”

Our Parliament, then—our House of Speech—is filled with speakers who, for the most part, have never learnt their trade; and the result, from the point of view of art, is about as edifying as if the walls of Burlington House were to be hung with the works of those who had never learnt painting, or a choir for St Paul’s were to be drawn at random from the crowd at Sandown races. It is true that a proportion of practised speakers do enter Parliament in the persons of barristers and solicitors; but, strange to say, it is a matter of common knowledge that it is not to these that the House listens most patiently, nor by these that it is wont to be moved from indifference. Those members who have made themselves some reputation for eloquence have succeeded because natural aptitude and steadiness of nerve have enabled them to

scramble into something like a style. This, aided by a commanding figure, an agreeable countenance, or (rarest of all gifts to dwellers in the British climate) a pleasant voice, have had far more to do with the positions attained by some men than have their statesmanlike qualities. Many a mute, inglorious member, or, if not altogether mute, then inglorious, because no one can be got to listen to him, may be conscious of administrative powers which, had he been instructed in the art of eloquence, might have brought him into the first rank; but having neglected that in the days when his vocal chords were elastic, and before he had contracted evil tricks in speaking, all that is left for him now is to cultivate the Art of Sitting Down, not, as too often happens, on his own hat.

Encouragement is not wanting to induce a man to undergo the pains of instruction and practice in public speaking. No reward is so immediately, so spontaneously, so gratefully given as the popularity accorded to a successful orator. Every lofty or lively thought which comes to him is sure of its liberal meed of sympathy—witness the readiness with which a good-natured audience will show approval of sadly shallow sentiments and thin pleasantry. I was much struck with this characteristic on an occasion when I was present at a meeting of an honourable member with his constituents. There were five or six hundred people in the room, and it must be confessed that the affection they undoubtedly felt for their representative, a gallant soldier, was sorely exercised by the dreariness of his discourse. He had been speaking for twenty minutes or so: not a sparkle of wit nor even a happy expression

had been suffered to relieve the monotony of his speech, and the audience sat respectfully but hopelessly mute. Presently, the speaker, in referring to the late Mr Forster, then Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, observed "that the right honourable gentleman seemed to him to be a round man in a square hole." There was nothing particularly luminous in this remark; had it been made in the course of conversation it would have excited no attention, still less merriment. But the despairing assembly caught at the straw: the metaphor seemed to remind them that there did exist somewhere the quality of humour; like one man they fell a-laughing, and continued so for a considerable time.

If this, then, be the reception accorded to such an indifferent performer as my friend, how much greater will be the reward of any youth who, possessing the faculty of clear, consecutive thought, either lights by happy accident on the means of expressing himself vividly, or will be at the pains to learn how to do so effectively!

Cicero held that the chief secret of effective speech lay in the right choice of words, which satisfies the hearer's natural sense of what is right. But after all, more essential than order, more immediately effective than gesture, expression, or choice of language, is vivacity; and Aristotle laid great stress upon this quality. It is one that cannot be acquired; the fact that it must be inborn is precisely what enables so many Irishmen to carry themselves so well in debate. But the most conspicuous instance in recent years which occurs to memory of the touch of genius lifting the most unpromising subject out of hopeless dulness was not that of an Irishman, but an Englishman. It was a hot afternoon in July;

the House of Commons had met, as usual on Wednesdays, at twelve o'clock, an hour which in itself predisposes the chamber to dolorous and dilatory discussion. Sir Edward Watkin's bill for reducing England to the insecurity of any Continental nation, by making a submarine tunnel to France, was under consideration, and, after a business-like reply from the President of the Board of Trade, the debate had degenerated into the dreary, amateurish trickle of a Wednesday sitting. About four o'clock, Lord Randolph Churchill sauntered into the House and took his seat at the corner of the bench behind the Ministers, which he has occupied since his resignation. It seemed as if he was hardly aware what subject was under discussion; no one knew that he took any interest in it, still less did any one know to which side of the question he inclined. It was not long, however, before he rose to address the House. Members crowded in, curious to know which side he would take. They were soon enlightened. In brisk trenchant language, Lord Randolph at once declared himself an uncompromising opponent of the scheme, and proceeded to swamp with pitiless ridicule the arguments by which it had been supported. Sir Edward Watkin had endeavoured to allay the nervousness of his opponents by showing that the tunnel could be flooded on the first note of alarm by an electric apparatus under control of the War Office. None who listened to Lord Randolph that afternoon can forget the humour with which he sketched a Cabinet Council, sitting round a white button and debating—first, should the button be pressed at all; second, at what moment it should be pressed; lastly, by whom it should be pressed—by the Prime Minister, the Secretary for War, or the Commander-in-

Chief. The House shook itself with hearty laughter; the debate had been raised by the hand of the master from the slough of dulness in which it had wallowed for hours, and the defeat of the bill was secure. The effect on the minds of men of such an incident is not transitory. They are lastingly grateful to a speaker capable of taking up a subject, dealing with it unhesitatingly and without ambiguity, and illumining his arguments with the play of wit. Half the effect of the speech lay in the apparent absence of effort. Whatever might have been the real facts, the appearance was that the ex-Minister had strolled down to look in upon the debate, had suddenly become impressed with its importance, hastily informed himself of the arguments used in his absence in support of it, and resolved on the spur of the moment to overthrow them.

The fame of a skilful retort is very enduring; but the pleasure people take in recalling it is in proportion to its good-nature. When Sheridan, in replying to a speech made by Dundas, declared that "the right honourable gentleman was indebted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts," he achieved a consummate oratorical feat; for he infused into a delicate adjustment of ordinary vocables just that suspicion of humour which disposes men to laugh at another, and is far more damaging to an opponent's arguments than more ponderous invective.

But if the level of political oratory be low among us, not less barren is the prospect revealed by that part of the Church of England's system which constitutes every priest, irrespective of his natural gifts, a preacher, and makes preaching of equal



importance to worship, or more so. There have been times, of course, in the Church's history—times of active mission work or of urgent doctrinal controversy—when much preaching has been indispensable; and, of course, in these days there is as much need as ever of moral precept and spiritual warning. But it is not difficult to estimate whether these are conveyed best by oratory in the pulpit or by personal admonition. Every one acquainted with the conduct of popular elections will agree that the candidate who is willing to undertake the irksome task of personally canvassing voters, steals a vast advantage over a rival who relies on his public speeches, however excellent these may be. We may agree with Selden's conclusion, though demurring to the justice of his sneer, when he says: "Preaching, for the most part, is the glory of the preacher, to show himself a fine man. Catechising would do much better." Paul, preaching in Troas, was carried, not by vanity, but by the magnitude and novelty of his subject, into such inordinate length, that poor Eutychus fell from the third loft, and was taken up dead. But if the apostle might have pled the novelty of the Gospel as an excuse for prolixity, that excuse no longer exists: to repeat the glad tidings over and over again, in archaic, and too often indifferent phraseology, is to weaken what ought to be a vivid impression. Granted that there remains as much to be said on the ethical grounds of religion as, in an earlier age, there was on the dogmatic, religious literature, as a channel of instruction, is a thousandfold more abundant. Jeremy Taylor's judgment is of more weight than ever: "If I may freely declare my opinion, I think it were not amiss if the liberty of making

sermons were something more restrained than it is; and that such persons only were intrusted with the liberty for whom the Church may make herself responsive."

On the other hand, comparing the average quality of sermons delivered in our churches with the price we are not ashamed to offer for them, it must be confessed the public have no right to complain. Suppose a course of six lectures is to be delivered by some competent specialist on a prescribed branch of natural science, it is not likely that less than £50 apiece would be stipulated for. If we are sincere in our profession that spiritual science is of infinitely greater importance than natural science, how comes it that we are not ashamed to remunerate our clergy, taking an average from an archbishop to a poor curate, at the rate of about £5 a sermon, without taking account of their other ministerial and pastoral duties? There is surely little room for complaint about the quality of the article so poorly paid for. We are in this matter as cynical and less business-like than the congregations of Thibet, whose priests employ mechanical means of devotion, and, at stated hours, set in motion the praying-machine, which offers the same prayer over and over again—"O Lord! the jewel in the lotus."

To require of imperfect men that each of them should preach fifty-two sermons of thirty minutes each in the course of the year has proved to be an exaction beyond what there is means efficiently to fulfil. Protestant hearers allow themselves great liberty in commenting upon the result, and grumble freely if the preacher exceeds his stipulated time; nevertheless, whatever they may permit themselves to say, some may be scandalised at the expression of

this criticism in print. But it is best to be frank, and to admit with all openness that there is need and room for improvement.

Some obvious defects may easily be mentioned, and, one would think, almost as easily avoided. In the first place, the attempt so commonly made by preachers to read from a manuscript without the appearance of reading, renders impossible all the assistance derived from gesture or attitude. It would seem as if one having an important message to deliver, or desiring to convince his hearers of some vital truth, could express in intelligible words the idea or image that ought to be clearly present in his mind. The most that he required, one would say, would be a few notes of consecutive heads. If the idea is not well defined in his own thoughts, he has no business to waste people's time by trying to elucidate it. It does not follow that because such preaching is called extemporary, that it is so in the strictest sense of the word—that it is uttered without preparation as careful as when every word is read aloud from manuscript. But it is termed extemporary preaching, and it is said that most of the clergy find it difficult to deliver a sermon unless it is lying on the desk before them. Well, then, let it be read without any ambiguity. Why should a man affect to be delivering a sermon—a speech—when, in fact, he is reading a lecture, and spoiling the lecture by trying to make it look like a speech? That turning of the leaves, that surreptitious gaze at the page, alternating with mechanical glances at the congregation, divest the performance of all interest or dignity, and a political or theatrical audience subjected to such treatment would very soon make their impatience known. One thing or the other—let the

lecture be read, for there are few things more impressive than good reading; or let the sermon be preached, and so give the congregation the feeling that they are listening to the preacher's genuine convictions. The middle course, which is almost universal, is always uninteresting, and sometimes disastrous. I listened not long ago to a sermon delivered in this way. The sentiments expressed were lofty, the language was adequate, and the narrative well connected; but the effect of the whole was marred by the ridiculous affectation of the preacher that he was independent of his manuscript. And then, at the close, came the disaster. The subject had been the life-work of the Saviour, and what happened would have been impossible if the clergyman had either been reading aloud or speaking the thoughts in his brain. He was doing neither; his attention was occupied in trying to recollect how he had written each sentence, the beginning of which he suffered his eye to catch, and became riveted on the form of words rather than on their meaning; hence it came to pass that he brought what ought to have been an impressive peroration to a close by the startling announcement that our Lord had spent His life "raising the devils and casting out the dead." A slip like this is indelible; it remains in the memory when all the lesson sought to be conveyed has melted into oblivion.

Another inveterate defect in preaching addressed to European listeners is the wearisome and excessive use of metaphor. Pointed illustration is useful, and always grateful to intelligent minds; but preachers would find a much readier road to the sense of Western and Northern people by discarding metaphor altogether.

There are no greater transgressors in this respect than Presbyterian divines, and they repeat the same strained phrase none the less persistently because their Church discourages the use of set forms and ritual. One of these I know, who prays, Sabbath after Sabbath, for the special protection of "this loved corner of Thy vineyard." Probably not one in a hundred of his congregation have ever seen a vineyard, or have the faintest notion what it is like; words that conveyed a distinct image to the attention of Eastern disciples, fall on listless ears when addressed to the dwellers in a rural Scottish upland; and it is clear that by using them the pastor weakens the appeal to the understanding of his people. If he chose to have resort to metaphor in alluding to his parish, he would touch his hearers much more closely by following the example of the preachers of old, who chose illustrations from everyday life, and would refer to it as the corner of a corn-field or a potato-garden.

Of course this fashion had its origin in the language of the inspired writings, which were addressed to Orientals accustomed to, and delighting in, florid imagery; but to adopt this vocabulary in order to quicken the apprehension of people of a totally different mental fibre, is to dissociate religion from the incidents of everyday life, and, at the same time, to detract, by familiarity, from the force of Scriptural expression. Bible phrases, like every other form of literature, become threadbare by frequent and inappropriate application. It may be objected that faith is a thing apart, and is not to be affected by a fastidious intellect. That is too large and too grave a matter for discussion here; but one thing at all events is clear, that sermons

(and it is the manner and form of sermons that is under consideration) are professedly intended to establish faith by means of the intellect, and that they are defective in such measure as they discourage or fail to engage the intellect. No one in this generation has spoken from a pulpit with such effect upon masses of people as the late Mr Spurgeon, and one secret of his success lay in this, that he knew how to release moral instruction from the tedious figurative language with which it has become the fashion to load it, and to convey it in practical, though often homely, speech. Euripides, it is said, did the same for dramatic poetry, and at once found the direct way to the hearts of Athenian play-goers.

But to descend from these high levels of speech, how do we employ our natural organs in everyday conversation? It is supposed that language had its origin in emotional and imitative sounds, which in course of time became more and more articulate, till they became exact expression of ideas allotted to them. But that association of separate sounds with definite ideas had to be assisted by gesture to a degree which we should find highly inconvenient now. Gesture still forms an important part in the intercourse of the lower races of men. "To this prominent condition of gesture," writes Mr Tylor, "as a means of expression among rude tribes, and to the development of pantomime in public show and private intercourse among such peoples as the Neapolitans of our own day, the most extreme contrast may be found in England, where, whether for good or ill, suggestive pantomime is now reduced to so small a compass in social talk, and even in public oratory." Yet a quiet bystander

may derive much amusement from the amount of pantomime in a conversation, even when it is carried on by persons of our own phlegmatic nation. I was sitting opposite some English people one day at a *table-d'hôte* in the Engadine. A lady was describing in an animated way a disturbance she had lately witnessed in a Spanish town; she finished up by telling how the troops had been called out and charged the people, "and their bayonets were quite sharp, you know," and saying this she seized a table-fork and tapped the points with her finger, as if to emphasise the sharpness. Here was a distinct trace of primitive gesture-language.

"Go up to my room and bring me a square box you will find on the dressing-table," and perhaps the speaker describes with his fingers an aerial square, indicating approximately the size of the box. It requires less effort to do this than to say, "a rectangular box about six inches by eight," and all languages show a tendency to save effort. Thus in modern English we say *bone*, *home*, *foam*, where our Anglo-Saxon progenitors said *bán*, *hám*, *fám* (as the Lowland Scots still do), because the broad vowel *o* requires less muscular effort to pronounce than the narrow *á*, so we have gradually slid into the easier sound.

An interesting illustration of the extent to which information may still be conveyed by gesture was given last year in the performance of "L'enfant prodigue," by a Parisian company of *Pierrots*. Not a word was spoken from beginning to end of the piece, yet the audience were able to follow every incident in an intricate drama by watching the action of the players. The piece occupied about two hours, and the interest of the spectators never flagged;

but their usual experience at the close was one of great fatigue, owing to the constant strain upon the attention required to follow the thread of the story. Civilised races, therefore, have more and more discarded gesture and developed language as a means of intercourse, because of the effort called for by the former from both parties to a conversation.

We have been a literary nation long enough, it might be thought, to have devised symbols for every sound that we have occasion to use. But that is not so; like the Zulus, we sound a lateral "click" with our tongue, but it is not represented in our alphabet; like them, we almost invariably sound it, from some unknown cause, on the left side of the tongue; though, unlike them, we do not let it enter into the construction of vocables. We have no symbols to represent the sound of a sigh, a kiss, a chirp, a groan, though characters expressive of these would be of great service to novelists; but on the other hand we have three distinct characters—*f*, *ff*, and *ph*—expressing exactly the same sound.

Then how imperfect and arbitrary we are in the use of those symbols which we possess; *th* is all we can do to express the initial sound of *thing* and *thine*, though a Welsh writer can show the difference by making the former an aspirated *t*, the latter an aspirated *d*; yet in this respect we are better off than the French, who cannot employ the aspirated dental at all. Englishmen are inclined to wonder why the Chinese, with all their ancient civilisation, have no symbol for the consonant *r*, and are apt to forget that, except at the beginning of a syllable, that letter has become in their own language a mute redun-

dancy. The following sentence, for example, might be perfectly well expressed in Chinese characters: "Sour barts are more alarming than certain earls,"<sup>1</sup> for, in colloquial English, not one of these seven *r*'s would be trilled.

When the Portuguese first explored Brazil they made great fun of the natives of that country, because they had in their alphabet no *f*, *r*, or *l*; a people, the invaders declared, without *fé*, *ley*, or *rey*—without faith, law, or king. The Mohawks, again, have no labials, and vowed it was absurd when the missionaries tried to teach them to pronounce *p* and *b*; "for who," said they, "can speak with his mouth shut?"<sup>2</sup>

Some nations show a deficiency more serious than merely the absence of vowel and consonant signs employed by others; they are lacking in words to express ideas inseparable from the existence of human society. It is difficult to say how it comes that the Algonquin tribe of Indians have no word for "love," seeing that they are not inferior to others in amorous understanding and practice. Other tribes, again, have no word to express the virtue of kindness or charity, which is the more remarkable, because that this virtue is of the essence of human nature is implied by our use of the terms "humane" and "humanity." Readers who form their estimate of a typical French household from the perusal of French novels, may come to the conclusion that the French can get on very well without any single term equivalent to our "home"; but those practically acquainted

with the people know very well that the *idea* is as present with them as it is with ourselves, and can only wonder that it has never found convenient expression in their affluent language.

The impression left on the mind by an examination of the various forms of oral communication in use by men is that all are more or less imperfect; that Athenian Greek is the nearest approach to consummate speech that has ever been devised, and that every living language is capable of improvement by cultivation. The pleasure imparted by a good, crisp, correct speaker—whether in conversation or in a public part—is so distinct, that pains should be taken to make his occurrence more frequent. In Great Britain, the effect of a moist changeable climate must always have a disastrous tendency on the tone of voice, for the vocal chords—resembling two films of india-rubber brought over the edges of a tube, so as to leave a narrow open space between their edges—can rarely preserve that resonance which gives such exquisite *timbre* to the voices of Italians or Spaniards; but at least we may avoid the gross errors of diction which so commonly offend the ear, even in educated society; we may check such an ugly blunder as is almost universal in talking of "*those sort of things*" instead of "that sort of thing"; and we should at all cost overcome that mischievous shame which makes us use common or ugly words instead of the clear direct expressions of our native tongue.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

<sup>1</sup> Purists may object to the use of "bart" as an English word, but, at worst, it is only premature. The order of baronets will some day come to be known as "barts" as universally as cabriolets are now spoken of as "cabs."

<sup>2</sup> Primitive Culture, by E. Tylor, i. 171.

## EUROPE AND AFRICA.

ACCORDING to an estimate recently made, it is calculated that the vast area of the continent of Africa, consisting of 11,900,000 square miles, is now almost entirely under the proclaimed authority and sway of the European Powers. Only 2,500,000 square miles are still to be accounted for. This partition of Africa has not been preceded by the clash of rival arms, nor illuminated by the *éclat* of a great war. Yet, as far as we ourselves are concerned, when the history of the present times has to be written and the true perspective is seen, no single phase of England's foreign or colonial policy during this century will bulk so large as the "partition of Africa" under the Salisbury Administration. Current events, notably those which concern Irish Home Rule, tend to dwarf its significance; but it must emerge and stand forth in the future as one of the most pregnant diplomatic transactions known in the history of modern Europe. Africa, it must be noted, is now taken definitely, for weal or woe, within the European system; and forms, to all intents and purposes, an extension of the various European States over broad spaces reaching from the Cape to Cairo. Since 1876, France has increased her African lands eightfold, Great Britain sevenfold, the Congo Free State of 1,000,000 square miles is a perfectly new creation, and both Germany and Italy have for the first time in their history taken up serious African responsibilities. Such a collocation of interests could hardly have been foreseen even a few years ago, and is scarcely yet realised in its full significance. True it may be that up to this

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point there are in most of the regions thus covered by proclamations only a few scattered outposts of European occupation, and the Hinterland remains in many ways a *terra incognita*, simply divided by the chartographer according to degrees of longitude and latitude; still, for better or worse, these African regions, littoral, riverine, and all, belong to Europe. Before the partition there existed in wide regions of Africa no law of trespass, now there is, and the international lines exist. The chartographer will be duly followed by the surveyor and engineer, and the minor details of France, Portugal, Italy, Germany, Great Britain, and Belgium in Africa be worked out according to scale. At present the paths of explorers are simply thin lines along which a little general knowledge only of the countries and of the natives has been gained, and are mere flying survey routes, prefatory in every sense to the history-making epochs of the continent before us.

But although Europe has thus definitely declared her *dominium* over Africa, he would be a bold theorist and speculator who would forecast the influences which African provinces and territories may have upon her. Perhaps as North Africa was in former days the granary of Rome, so now she may be destined throughout her entire length and breadth to be the granary of Europe. And not simply a granary, but a limitless tropical and subtropical garden,—unknown to and unvisited by the ancients, the real true Garden of the Hesperides,—from which the fruits and produce of every climate may be flung into the lap of busy

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Europe. Before such an opening as this even the glitter of the Orient would pale, and a dislocation of trade and of trade-routes again ensue to puzzle the commercial world.

At first sight, it must be confessed, the commercial aspect is uppermost. From all quarters we hear of commercial ventures, trade companies, gold-mines, Eldorados, railways, roads, and every conceivable phase of nineteenth-century activity. France having achieved the Suez Canal, may even be ambitious of a still more wonderful engineering feat, and bring the waters of the Atlantic upon the wide desert of the Sahara, alter climatic conditions, and rule unquestioned in an inland sea of her own making, as she has been debarred from her old ambition of making the Mediterranean Sea a French lake, an ambition well known to our forefathers. England speaks lightly of a railway and steamboat connection from the Cape to Cairo *via* the equatorial lakes and the Nile; whilst the flippant tourist already speculates upon a Cook's or Gaze's ticket by this route, allowing a deviation to Zambesi Falls or a tripper's excursion to the lately revealed ruins of Zimbabwe in Mashonaland. The triumphs of the age are mainly material; and perhaps, after all, if it is now possible to reach the shores of the Polar Sea and view the desolate "barrens" and the ice-humps that Franklin and others viewed with such peril, simply by stepping from a steamer to a railway, and then, after little difficulty in roads and portages, to a steamer again—a feat already, we believe, accomplished by making use of the canals, railways, and rivers of Canada, till the mighty volume of the Mackenzie river is reached—there is no reason why we should

not glide up and down the lakes and rivers of the Dark Continent, look upon the ancient *Paludes Nili*, view the Mountains of the Moon, moralise at our ease where Baker, Speke, Livingstone, and others toiled, and so steam quietly down the Nile till we reach the Mediterranean. Moreover, railways and steamers make political as well as physical problems easy. For any European State to administer an African littoral or riverine possession is already a far easier undertaking than it is for the Czar of all the Russias to reach, through his functionaries, a remote Asiatic province at any distance beyond the Caspian. Africa, as we now seem to understand the term, is Europe writ large upon the face of the earth—not as a separate colonial empire with possible autonomy and independence awaiting her, as we in England read the meaning of the expression colonial empire occasionally—but in each case an integral part of the European system, with the huge Congo Free State as a neutral ground for competing States.

To the philosopher in political history this merging of the African system into Europe is a most wonderful and at the same time a most fascinating study. At first glance, as well as after mature thought, he feels he cannot grasp its full meaning. Africa is a region of undeveloped resources and of unknown possibilities, and as a moral factor in the politics of Europe, he has no means of even guessing at her future power. In the distant past Africa has been powerful for good or evil to Europe; but as a closer political partner, or as a political expansion of Europe, both north and south of the equator, she has yet to be tried.

The influence of Asia (meaning

Asia beyond the Red Sea) upon Europe, affords no precedent in modern times. That influence, especially after the discovery of the Cape, was almost purely a mercantile and sea-borne influence, filtered down to European peoples through ships' crews and distinguished travellers. The ethical and moral effect of Asiatic empires can hardly be reckoned as an absolute good for Europe. The wealth, riches, and spoils of the Orient have dazzled the outward eye; but the inner life of the regions of Cambaye, the empire of the Great Mogul, or of Taprobane (Ceylon), have scarcely even been glimpsed. If occasionally glimpsed, it has been regarded as a curious exogen. A knowledge of the East, in the truest and most sympathetic sense, has never reached the rank and file of European nations, as we well know from our own case—our Indian Empire being almost entirely, except to specialists, official residents, and enthusiasts, a *terra incognita*. *Oceanus dissociabilis*, far more *dissociabilis* in former times than now, has flowed between the Western and Eastern peoples. Not even the Suez Canal and quick steaming can annihilate the obstacles of space.

With Africa the case is different. This continent has lain always at the feet of Europe, with her numberless and mysterious influences. It is curious to reflect, even if we turn over the pages of history in a somewhat random, academic, and archaeological spirit, how potent a spell and how strong a magnetism Africa has thrown over Europe; how completely she seems, here and there, to have dominated European thought, and to have given a subtle turn to her policies! Seemingly only the *aridu nutritrix leonum*, still she has often proved to be the matrix of a mine of thought, teach-

ing, and impassioned knowledge. At all times this strange and ancient continent has sent up, as it were, a warm and impalpable glow from the south to the colder north,—sometimes a burning thought in religion, sometimes a new ambition or a new philosophy destined to pulsate through the busy haunts of men, sometimes a ray of knowledge and an inspiration from her clear and starlit skies. Dreaming on the African island of Porto Santo, the great Christopher Columbus let the thought of that Western continent grow upon him, drinking in the magic of that wondrous clime and the poetic lore of the Fortunate Islands. At St Helena—an African island destined to be famous in history—the great Halley, watching the transit of Mercury across the sun's disc, read a great secret of the starry skies. On African soil Lacaille, the French astronomer, measured an arc of the meridian. Beneath African skies the great Herschell and others have worked; and even now at the Cape, photography, one of the latest sciences, is throwing light upon astronomy, the oldest of all. Knowledge, thought, inspiration, discovery, come unexpectedly to torpid Europe from the Dark Continent. There is always something new from Africa.

Hitherto, and here is the difference when we contrast Africa Vetus with Africa Nova, the continent has seemed to lie in colossal mass at the feet and at the mercy of Europe—of her system, and yet out of it; a neutral, glowing zone of earth, bounded by the trackless Sahara sands, as by a sea; a realm of wonder, held in scant honour for her own sake; the tantalising geographical secret of all ages; nature's solitary domain, brought low in alternate bondage to stern



northern conquerors or to fanatical Moslem hosts; lying mute and wounded, a victim to Europe's tender mercies. Deeply scarred by the inroads of all, whether Christian or Mohammedan, her wounds, like Cæsar's, poor dumb things, have pleaded trumpet-tongued to the skies.

Nevertheless, Africa, though often conquered in rude war, has overcome her conquerors. To Greece herself, the intellectual mistress of Rome, she gave, in the first instance, arts, letters, and Cadmeian lore; to Rome, proud Rome, she gave, as Dean Milman reminds us, the system of Latin Christianity. Glimpses of power flash from her inert mass, the power, indeed, of thought and intellect with intermittent gleams shooting upwards to the skies, as if her sands and deserts, heated sevenfold, were a forge at which the African Titans worked. Is there not something in the transparent air, the brilliant atmosphere, the weird starlit night, the vague shadowless deserts, and all the warmth and zest of living, that intensifies and revivifies the processes of thought, making in past times the learning of the Egyptians an everlasting proverb; Alexandrine criticism the marvel of our early Christian life; Arab philosophy the most pregnant and fertile chapter of the fifteenth century? Men and women stand out with extraordinary vivid personalities on the pages of ancient African history—more especially in the world of religion; there is the abiding picture of St Cyril with his note of impassioned rhetoric; of Athanasius fighting *contra mundum*; St Augustine, the Bishop of Hippo, dominating that age and ours also; there are Tertullian, Cyprian, Apuleius, and a host of others; there is

the vision of calm Hypatia, the championess of the old Platonism; the sorceress Cleopatra, the queen of tragedy, leading rulers to their ruin. Then, when Mohammedanism had swept through North Africa from end to end, there came the Arab wise men, such as the keen Averrhoes and Avicenna, giving a new life to an old philosophy. Men have thought intensely in Africa.

And as if to prove that even to modern times the keen theological and controversial spirit were indigenous in the continent, there arise from time to time with un-failing regularity the synods of the Anglican Church in South Africa, with their impassioned appeals, eager partisanships, and keen dialectics, reproducing the scenes of Alexandria of old. For a time Africa seemed to deepen the current of modern theological thought, and to quicken the pulse of Anglican divines in England. At the same time Africa seemed to raise up the critical spirit in Colenso, who received his inspiration from the soil itself, and gave a twist to English religious thought.

On the other hand, Europe has been unable to communicate to Africa any subtle or indigenous phase of thought. Pelagianism, coming from our own rough-cradled islands, with its close-reasoned syllogisms on the origin and nature of sin, was felt as a cold shiver through the North African theological world, and was rejected. Pelagius had no influence to offer to the south at all comparable with that offered by Athanasius and Augustine to the north. And if in these latter days Europe has offered her own civilisation to Africa, has it not been, over and over again, simply a veneer of civilisation, an echo

only of the real inspiration, a malign influence rather than a beneficent thought? At the results of our own processes of civilisation we sometimes stand ashamed ourselves. We offer mechanical triumphs, engineering marvels, and all the wonders of material progress, but the fashion of our thoughts does not seem to enter into the mind of the African. We have not yet reached the spiritual life of the old continent, using the term spiritual in its widest signification; nor have we, even in ancient Egypt, where perhaps our triumphs are greatest, effected much more than just the beginnings of administrative reform—and this is scarcely spiritual regeneration.

Moreover, as Africa has been the fencing-ground of ecclesiastical antagonists, so she has been the cock-pit of European soldiers. Alexander the Great, Hannibal, Scipio, Cæsar, Napoleon, not to mention many of our contemporary generals, have fought for great issues on African battle-fields, and European policies have been often decided in Africa. Quite recently in South Africa, and in the fields of Zululand, a campaign we all remember influenced the fortunes of an English Ministry, and, by a strange and unforeseen accident, touched also the fortunes of France. The death of the Prince Imperial at the hands of Zulu savages remains one of the most dramatic pages in the history of the world.

But the struggle once over, and the conflict decided, Africa herself is forgotten, remaining still in the mysterious background as the witch-power of history, attracting and repelling, puzzling and fascinating alternately. Carthage lies in ruins, with a curse upon the hand that would rebuild her;

Zama is forgotten; and, age after age, the immovable Sphinx gazes over the desert sands with fixed eyes beneath the solemn canopy of cerulean night, a symbol of Africa herself, whose fortunes no one has told, whose thoughts no man has measured. Now and then, as "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," the eye lights upon an abiding spot in her annals, and a green fertilising oasis in the midst of oblivion, rescued from "the boundless contiguity" of the shadowless desert. Still there is no continuous thread in the labyrinth of her annals, no leading motive in her fortunes, no method in her policies. Now it is a country fit only to breed lions for the amphitheatre, now to breed slaves for Europe. Sitting, as it were, in a dark room, with dissolving views before us, we seem to look upon the incidents of history rather than upon history itself in the past annals of the African continent.

In the future, somehow, the philosopher cannot help reflecting that the case will be different. An African question is a European question; and an African territory, to all intents and purposes, a European territory. Napoleon the Great once looked upon Egypt as a convenient position where, standing midway between east and west, he could look both ways, and, if convenient, strike both ways. The valley of the Nile is still a contending place of European interests. Algeria has become part of France's political system, and what she has done in Algeria she may do with large areas of 2,300,000 square miles over which it is calculated she holds sway. She is now supreme in Tunis; and Tripoli to the east, Morocco to the west, form portions of what may be a great and consolidated empire in

Africa. In the neighbourhood of Lake Chad, and around the headwaters of the Niger, rival interests are clashing. Southward there is French Congo and the Congo Free State, holding forth visions to Frenchmen. Italy casts longing eyes upon Abyssinia and North-east Africa, claiming her share of the ancient continent; and if reports are true, the Muscovites are seeking for a foothold in Abyssinia, and a control of North African politics, as if already Russia had descended from her snows and become part and parcel of Europe. For does not the Orthodox Church strive to find some sympathy with herself in those ancient highlands of Prester John? Mohammedanism is being brought face to face with new forces on every side, and is scarcely secure in the remote sands of mid-African deserts. No longer is Africa destined to be the wanderer's playground, the showman's recruiting-ground, the pilgrim's lonely home, or the slaver's close preserve; but a more real and a more tangible possession, such a one for Europeans to speak of, if not as a *patria*, still as a paternal possession—not a *damnosa hereditas*, but a legitimate and profitable birthright, with fences, limitations, and boundaries of its own. Our Bible, our Homer, and our Herodotus seem to read in a new way by the light of recent proclamations and annexations.

For us more than any other nation this vast continent of Africa is pleading, and justly so, for renewed interest and greater care. Both north and south, within recent years, we have broken with the rude hand of war such native powers as she boasts, and such indigenous systems as she has built up, both in Zululand and the valley of the Nile. We approach the task in the plenitude of our ocean sway, and with the full sense

of our *θαλασσο-κρατία*. From the rock of Abyla to the stormy Cape, England holds the main avenues of trade, and sea-girt England girdles Africa. The lineal successor of Carthage—the great African sea-power—England holds a mightier sway, and controls waters unknown to the daring Hanno himself. She takes the burden of Atlas upon her in the land itself of Mount Atlas.

Africa, it is true, has lain almost perpetually at the feet of Europe; but the name of Carthage reminds us how nearly she has reversed the course of history and conquered Rome, till the fatal battle of Metaurus, when Hasdrubal was defeated, and Hannibal, on seeing his head flung into the trenches, exclaimed,—to use the words of the poet Horace—

“Carthagini jam non ego nuntios  
Mittam superbos: occidit, occidit  
Spes omnis et fortuna nostri  
Nominis, Hasdrubale interempto.”

To us, too, dead Carthage speaks with living voice from the pages of history. As we think of her, lying prostrate in sepulchred greatness on African shores, we can read a moral for ourselves. In the great struggle with Rome, how did this African Power fall! She fell, as Captain Mahan reminds us in his ‘Influence of Sea-Power upon History,’ because she lost the supremacy of the waters.

“The Roman control of the water forced Hannibal to that long perilous march through Gaul, in which more than half his veteran troops wasted away. It enabled the elder Scipio, while sending his army from the Rhone on to Spain, to intercept Hannibal's communications, to return in person, and face the invader at the Trebia. Throughout the war, the legions passed by water, unmolested and unwearied, between Spain, which was Hannibal's base, and Italy; while the issue of the decisive battle of the

Metaurus, hinging as it did upon the interior position of the Roman armies with reference to the forces of Hasdrubal and Hannibal, was ultimately due to the fact that the younger brother could not bring his succouring reinforcements by sea, but only by the land route through Gaul. Hence, at the critical moment, the two Carthaginian armies were separated by the length of Italy, and one was destroyed by the combined action of the Roman generals."

A passage full of pregnant warning to England! An example from history that shows the unalterable conditions of warfare! Once let England lose her mastery of the sea, and she can be beaten, sacked, and pillaged in detail; but with the strong arm of her navy encircling her possessions over the globe, stalwart and unchallenged, her position is assured. As applied to Africa, her grasp must be unquestioned; and by virtue of her ruling the waves from Gibraltar to Simon's Bay, she holds all European Powers who have given colonial pledges in Africa in the hollow of her hand. Her African empire, both north and south, is the strongest argument for more ships and more seamen.

Next, when the Moslem hordes, rushing over North Africa with fanatical zeal, conquered Spain and reached the Pyrenees, the fate of Europe hung in the balance, till the Saracen hosts were swept back by Charles Martell at the battle of Tours.

"A countless multitude,  
Syrian, Moor, Saracen, Greek renegade,  
Persian and Copt and Tartar in one  
bond  
Of erring faith conjoined."

This Mohammedan Power was essentially an African Power, their base an African base, and their triumph would have been an *African triumph over Europe*. Then,

perhaps, more than at any other crisis, Europe was in risk of being Africanised, and there was the chance that,

"Like the Orient, the subjected West,  
Should bow in reverence at Moham-  
med's name,  
And pilgrims from remotest Arctic  
shores,  
Tread with religious feet the burning  
sands  
Of Araby and Mecca's stony soil."

As Gibbon has suggested, "Perhaps the interpretation of the Koran would now be taught in the schools of Oxford, and her pulpits might demonstrate to a circumcised people the sanctity and truth of the revelation of Mahomet," had indeed the Saracen triumphed. Never had his scimitar flashed so far north beneath Arcturus. But the Mohammedan wave sank back, sullen and subdued, upon the more congenial and ocean-like wastes of Africa, and still faces us with brooding might. The battle of Islam is not yet over.

Freed from the Mohammedan incubus, Europe slumbered. As Dean Stanley has remarked, Mohammedanism was for ages the dark background of Eastern and Western Christianity. Although apparently a dark, immobile, and thunderous cloud, there flashes a light to Europe from its very curtailed silence and brooding immensity. This light is the light of geography. Whilst Schoolmen were distracting or confusing the intellect of Europe with their quiddities and entities, Arab geographers were measuring the degrees of longitude and latitude, and finding the circumference of the world. This Dark Continent, which in the nineteenth century has been the favourite exploring-ground of European geographers, was in medieval times the home

Africa convulsed England with penitential tears; she unlocked her charity, and she made such men as Clarkson, Granville, Sharpe, Wilberforce, Livingstone, and many another national hero.

By the Act of Emancipation of African bondsmen England seemed to smooth the wrinkles of a haggard and criminal brow, and look up in hope again. It is needless here to examine more closely the Act of Emancipation, or to trace its manifold effects upon the moral and spiritual life of Europe. Such a study would lead us far into the inner life of European nations. But one after-effect of emancipation stares us in the face—the *quondam* objects of our charity and the *protégés* of our philanthropists have multiplied and increased, until in our own colonies and settlements they seem to assert an *imperium in imperio*, and defeat the logic and sentiment by which they were elevated into their present position. The repatriation of the African native may yet become a question of practical politics. It is a strange kind of revenge that Africans have brought upon Europeans.

Not only has Africa reacted upon Europe, but, through the medium of Europe, upon the continent of America. The United States have an African question in their midst, a strange sequel to Emancipation Acts and their great civil war, a question it will tax the utmost energies of their future politicians to solve. For the coloured masses, with their vast political influence, and with the doctrines of equality and fraternity fully carried out in the transatlantic Republic to their logical sequel, must test the strength of that Federal Constitution which has been the wonder and marvel of statesmen. We are inclined to exclaim, What a weird

spell here too has Africa laid upon not only Europe but the offspring of Europe! What a mysterious character-forming, policy-shaping influence bearing upon the destinies of nations floats from her hidden forests and dim lagoons!

To conclude, Africa has given to Greece her arts, to Rome her Latin Christianity, to us, in these latter days, she bequeaths an empire. What, indeed, shall we do with it? that is the great question. Its outlines are as yet dim, but they will become clearer, and our responsibilities will grow. Yes, the weary Titan must face this inevitable lot. Had we not an Eastern empire, we might be content with this alone. It alone would preserve us from being a second Holland. Rightly developed and rightly governed, our rule in North, South, West, and East Africa might make us almost independent of hostile nations with their war of tariffs. Only we must have command of the sea. This is an essential condition of our holding sway and dominion in Africa. This secured, our prosperity must follow. A domain stretching across so many degrees of latitude in the northern and southern hemispheres, regions embracing at all elevations a most extraordinary variety of soil and climate, fields yet unfertilised, forests yet unutilised, mines yet unexplored,—all offer a full cornucopia, a marvellous exuberance of tropical and subtropical wealth. To preserve it, to develop it, to stand on guard at every point, to hold the balance of maritime power in our hands, will give us, when Europe is so deeply pledged in Africa, a new force and a new influence in the councils of Europe.

WILLIAM GRESWELL.

## DIANA: THE HISTORY OF A GREAT MISTAKE.

## CHAPTER XIII.—A SURPRISE.

DIANA had begun to feel the influence of the Italian warmth, and that sweet penetrating sunshine which is happiness enough without any more active happiness, when there is no active suffering to neutralise it. She spent the whole morning in her balcony or close by it. The balcony was full of flowers; the sounds outside came softened through the golden warmth of the air, in which voices and sounds of wheels, and clatter of hoofs and tinkle of bells, were all fused together into a homely music. It filled her with a sense of activity and living, though she was in reality doing nothing. As she sat idly among the flowers in the balcony, raising her head now and then, with the curiosity of true do-nothingness, when some special movement, something fitting across the level of her vision, attracted her, she could not but smile at herself. But it was not a common mood with Diana; it was a summer mood, to be indulged now and then, and bringing novelty with it. Summer in the depth of her own woods was still more sweet; but this affluence of life and movement, so magically hushed, soothed, harmonised by the warm atmosphere, was new to her. She leant back in her chair, and trifled with a book, and indulged the curiosities of the moment, like any foolish idler capable of nothing better. The soft air held her entranced as in an atmosphere of serene leisure and pleasantness. But it was not the afternoon languor of the lotus-eater, through which there comes a vague sadness of renunciation, a "we will return

no more." Diana had never felt her life more warmly than as she sat, with an unconscious smile, absorbing into herself all that cheerful commotion of movement, idle if you please, but in sympathy with all the life and activity which was going on about. A friendly fellowship, a sense of kindness, was in her mind. It was all new and sweet to her, this quiet amid the world of sound, this soft spectatorship of humanity. She had toiled along these common paths in her day, and therefore understood it all better than any ordinary favourite of fortune could do: and this made her enter into everything with a genial fellow-feeling which it is difficult for those who have spent all their life on the higher levels, to possess. Had any emergency happened, Diana would have been as ready to help as any busy woman in the street. But this *dolce far niente* overcame all her usual activities, and lulled her very being. She had seen Pandolfini come in, and had waved her hand to him, not going back within doors, as he thought, but only subsiding among her flowers. After that little movement of friendly salutation she saw him go out some time after, rushing, with his head down, and without even a glance at her balcony. Was anything wrong? had anything happened? She was sympathetically disturbed for the moment; but, after all, she knew nothing of Mr Pandolfini's affairs, and the idea floated out of her mind. She had the friendliest feeling for the Italian—more, she had that half-flattered, half-sorry

sense that he thought more of herself than could ever be recompensed to him, which often makes a woman almost remorsefully tender of a man for whom she has no love. But that he did not look up, that he rushed out of the room with his head down, might not that mean only that he was more occupied than usual? "I hope there is nothing wrong," she said to herself; then dismissed him from her thoughts.

But a few minutes later Mrs Hunstanton came in also, with a little rush. There was care, and many puckers upon her brow. She got quickly over the usual salutations, kissed Diana with an *air distrait*, and dashed at once into her subject. "Have you seen Pandolfini this morning?" she said. It was a bad habit she had, and which a woman, if she is not very much on her guard, is likely to take from her husband, to call men by their surnames. Mrs Hunstanton was not particular on this point.

"I saw him come in some time ago—and I saw him go out," said Diana. "I see everything here. I have taken a lazy fit this morning: it is so pleasant——"

"But about Pandolfini," her friend cried, interrupting her. "Diana, I am dreadfully frightened that Tom has been making a muddle. I am sure he has got a finger in the pie."

"In what pie?" Diana was inclined to laugh, but restrained herself—for did not Mr Hunstanton manage to get a finger into every possible kind of pie?

"You know what I think of Pandolfini: you remember what I said to you the other night——"

"You said—nonsense: pardon me—but you know all that is utterly out of the question. It is unkind indeed to suppose anything

of a man which he does not betray himself——"

"As if he had not betrayed himself! As if you did not know as well as I do, and a great deal better! Diana, I am going to put it to you once more. Is there the slightest chance for him? Now, don't keep up your Noes from mere consistency's sake. I am sure some women do—till they repent it: but I should have no patience with you, who ought to know better! You are not a fool, Diana. You know something of life. You understand that a good, faithful, honest, honourable man—who loves you——"

The tears had come to Mrs Hunstanton's eyes. Tom was a great trouble to her often. He was always having a finger in everybody's pie—but still—she felt as he did that it was something to have a good, faithful, honourable man by your side. Her view was perhaps even higher than his, though she was frank in owning that a married woman's life was no path of roses. She felt disposed to press matrimony upon Diana even more warmly, more sentimentally, than her husband had pressed it upon Pandolfini—but her hopes of success were a great deal lower. She looked wistfully at her friend through the moisture in her eyes.

"Must I reply to you seriously," said Diana, "as if there was really something in it? And yet you know so well what I must say. No, there could not be any chance—not if I wished it myself, which I do not."

"Why, in the name of heaven!—*why* should there be no chance?" cried Mrs Hunstanton, vehemently.

"Because—must I explain further?—I have got a trade, an occupation. Women with that are

better not to marry; and this would make me refuse any one."

"Everybody says that men are better managers than women, do business better, could look after your estate better than you could."

"Hush! I don't mean to try," said Diana, with a smile, "whatever anybody says; and I should not wish it, even without this reason," she said, with the ghost of a sigh.

"You sigh, Diana; you blushed the other night; you don't dislike Pandolfini?"

Diana put her hand lightly on her friend's eager mouth. "How can I dislike," she cried, with a voice full of emotion, "one who—cares for me? Oh, don't speak of it—don't make me think of it! I have—done as much myself, once. Yes, I need not blush to say it"—though she did blush, down to the edge of her white collar and up to the roots of her hair. "So that I know. And I am grateful to him, but no more——"

"He would be content with that, Diana," said Mrs Hunstanton, red herself to her very fingertips in the confusion and dismay of this sudden and utterly unexpected confidence, into which she felt that she had betrayed her friend.

"Hush! not another word. It is profane," said Diana, below her breath.

Mrs Hunstanton was standing behind her. She gave her a sudden hug with tremulous fervour, and kissed her forehead. She dared not ask any questions, nor, indeed, in the sudden shock and surprise, say anything on this wonderful new subject, which filled her mind with questions and suggestions. With a half sob she restrained herself from speech, and the effort was no

small one, as Diana felt. She turned half round in her chair, and met her friend's eyes.

"You see I am not without understanding, nor even careless," she said.

"I never thought so—I never thought so, Diana! I am too bewildered—I won't attempt to say anything. But that only makes it all the worse. I know Tom has been doing something. Tom has got him into some scrape or other. I saw him rush out, with his face like ashes, looking more dead than alive."

"I could have nothing to do with that."

"Heaven knows!" said the poor lady; "but Tom has. Of that we may be certain. Tom has a finger in the pie."

But Mrs Hunstanton knew nothing more. Her husband had been mysterious and lofty all the morning, breathing hints and inferences, "I could, an if I would;" but he had been somewhat afraid of what his wife would say had he made her aware that he was ambassador for Pandolfini to Sophy. To Sophy! Mr Hunstanton knew that his wife was capable of snatching his credentials, so to speak, out of his hand, if he had betrayed their destination. But he had not been able to refrain from hints, which she had received with eager yet impatient ears. "Don't you meddle with Pandolfini's love-affairs," she had said with irritation; but it was not to be expected that this vague caution could produce any effect.

Diana remained in her balcony after her friend had gone, but no longer in the same mood. She was agitated, not painfully, yet not happily. The past was long past, and she did not brood over it; but yet there was something as strange as sad in this oft repeti-



tion of the same theme. Why should it be to the wrong people that love was so often given, vain love, not sweet to any one, either to those who felt or those who called it forth? By what strange fate was it that some man or woman should be always making his or her heart a gift to some one who cared nothing for it? Diana was in most ways happy—at least, happy enough—happier far than the greater part of humanity, and than many a woman who had got the desire of her heart. She was neither afraid to look back into the past, nor dissatisfied with the present. But yet, there had been hard moments in her existence; and when she thought of Pandolfini, the tears came into her eyes which she was no longer tempted to shed for herself. Poor Pandolfini! but he would get over it, as one must. There was nothing unworthy in it, nothing to be ashamed of. A man does not break his heart for such a mistake, though it might be, she added to herself sadly, the turn of the tide for him, and change the colour of his days, as it had changed her own more or less. She was too wise to throw herself back into the personal phase of the question, or endeavour to revive within herself the feelings of the time when happiness seemed impossible for her, and all the glory of life over. Life was not over; she felt it and its greater purposes, and all that was best in it, rising strong and warm in her heart. And so would Pandolfini after a while. He was a man, and had compensations upon which women could not fall back; but yet she was sorry with a tender fellow-feeling, which brought tears to her eyes.

Late in the afternoon she received a visit of a very different description. The Nortons had not known what to do. Pandolfini

did not make his appearance as they had expected at once, and Sophy had even seen him hastening along the street, away from the Palazzo dei Sogni—with a mixture of surprise, consternation, and incipient offence. Fortunately she had not seen him come and go as the others had done, for it was hot up-stairs in the *terzo piano*, not shady and embowered as Diana was in her *loggia*, and even the most curious gazer could not spend the morning at her window. They supposed he would come in the evening, something must have occurred to detain him. But in the meantime, Mrs Norton was of opinion that it would never do to keep dear Diana in the dark, or to delay breaking to her the important intelligence that their plans were now changed: "Of course, it must quite depend on circumstances whether we can go with her to Switzerland or not. Most likely dear Mr Pandolfini will wish——"

"Oh, auntie! how can you talk of such things?" said Sophy, giving her a vehement hug. But she was very willing to carry the news to Diana. Indeed, the two little ladies were in a state of excitement which precluded occupation. They could do nothing but sit with their two little heads together and talk; and what was the good of having such a wonderful thing happen if they did not tell somebody? "Besides, Diana has always been so kind, and always so fond of you, my darling," Mrs Norton said. "She has a right to know."

Accordingly, they fluttered down-stairs very important, though blushing and breathless, as became the kind of news they had to tell, charging Filomena, their maid-of-all-work, to fetch them at once if Signor Pandolfini came. Some-

how or other by instinct they hurried past the Hunstantons' door. "You may be sure *she* will not like it at all: but that, of course, is nothing to us," said the aunt; and they drew their skirts together and made a little run past the dangerous place. Diana had been out in the meantime, and coming back had sat down at her writing-table to read her letters and to ponder some proposals from her lawyers which required thinking of. Her lawyers, as has been said, were in a state of perpetual resistance to her schemes of liberality, holding back with all their might, and throwing every obstacle they could in her way: and her correspondence with them was interesting by reason of this long-continued duel, which was carried on now on their side with a respectful consciousness of her power and ability to hold her own in the argument, which had not existed at first. She put her papers away when her visitors came with a certain reluctance, yet with her usual sympathy with other people. Probably it was nothing of any importance that those two little people had come to say: never mind—no doubt it seemed important to them: and it would have wounded them had she looked preoccupied. So she pushed her papers aside, and gave them all her attention. It did not occur to them that Diana could have anything to do more interesting than to hear their communication. They came in with a flutter of delicious excitement. This was the best of it: indeed it was scarcely so delightful to receive Pandolfini's declaration, as it was to tell Diana that Sophy was engaged, — ecstatic word!

"We have come to tell you of

something very important, Diana," said Mrs Norton. "When anything happens to Sophy she never can rest till you know: and this is so important, and it may alter your plans too: for of course it may not be possible for us to carry out——"

"Oh, auntie! Diana will think us so strange, so little to be relied upon——"

"What is this important news?" said Diana, smiling; "do not keep me in suspense."

And then, speaking both together, and with a great deal of blushing and hesitation, and choice of appropriate words on Mrs Norton's part and interruption on Sophy's, they managed to get out the wonderful piece of information that Sophy was "engaged."

"Sophy—engaged!" cried Diana, with all the surprise they had hoped for; "this is news indeed! Engaged! how cleverly she must have done it, to raise no suspicions. Yes, of course I wish her every kind of happiness — but with whom?"

"Oh, indeed I was never deceived—I have seen all along how things were going," cried Mrs Norton. "Yes, to whom? I wonder if Diana would ever find out—I wonder! but no, no one, I feel sure, ever thought of such a thing but I."

Diana looked from one to the other, really puzzled and full of inquiries. "Is it—you must not be angry, Sophy—but I do hope it is the best man in the world, though we have laughed at him so much—William Snodgrass? Nay, don't be angry. He is the only one I can think of—I am at my wits' end."

"William Snodgrass! dear Bill!" said Sophy, mimicking the tone in which the rector spoke of the curate. "When you know I never could bear him, Diana!"

"Then, who is it?" said Diana, shaking her head, yet with all the calm of perfect serenity. She drew the girl towards her, and kissed Sophy kindly. "I need not wait for my good wishes till I have found out," she said. "If you are as happy as I wish you, you will be very happy. You wicked little thing, to steal a march upon us like this!"

"Oh, I did not steal a march upon you: oh, ask auntie," cried Sophy, burying her head on Diana's shoulder. The only thing that tried Diana's temper and never-failing indulgence was these clinging embraces, in which she did not know how to take her part.

"The fact is," said Mrs Norton, "that we have strained a point in coming to tell you so soon. But I could not bear that you should not know at once—you who have always been so fond of Sophy—indeed I am sure a mother could not have been more kind. I said to her, Diana must know: I cannot put off telling Diana: especially as perhaps it may make a difference in her plans. Yes, indeed, I have seen what was coming. I have felt all along that more was in his ways than met the eye. Before you came over, Diana—when we were here first, and feeling a little strange—oh, *do* you remember, Sophy, how kind, how very kind, he used to be?"

Diana looked at them more and more surprised. Who could it be? Some young Italian whom she had not remarked—or some travelling Englishman, perhaps, who had just come back after "doing" Rome and Florence, as so many did. Both of these classes were to be found among Mr Hunstanton's friends.

"Yes, he always distinguished us—not even Sophy only, but me for her sake. Just what such a chivalrous man would do. You

will divine now, Diana, who it is. Dear Mr Pandolfini! And he is so modest. He had so little confidence in himself that it was Mr Hunstanton who came to us first to break the ice. He was so afraid she would say No."

Diana listened confounded. She looked from Sophy to her aunt with lips falling apart in her wonder and consternation. She did not hear anything Mrs Norton said after his name. "Mr Pandolfini! *Mr Pandolfini!*—are you sure there is no mistake?" she said with a gasp.

"Mistake! oh no, there is no mistake!" they both cried in a breath. Diana came to herself with a sudden sense of shame, for all the very different sentiments she had been putting into his mind. Her face was suddenly covered with a vivid blush. What an absurd mistake to make! She had been so sorry for him; and all the time it was Sophy, and he was the happiest of men. She blushed, and then she laughed, but there was a kind of agitation in both; for to feel that one has so entirely misjudged a man, and been so vain, so secure of one's own superior attractions! It was too ridiculous! She felt angry and ashamed of herself. And then there was something so utterly incongruous, so absurd, in the conjunction—Mr Pandolfini! Could any one believe it? The two little women opposite enjoyed her surprise. They enjoyed even the discomfiture which they did not comprehend. Could Diana have thought of him herself? This was the thought that flashed across both their minds.

"I am sure I beg your pardon," said Diana. "You have indeed taken me entirely by surprise. I never would have thought of Mr Pandolfini. *Mr Pandolfini!* Nay, you must not be angry, Sophy;

but he is so much older, so much more serious, somehow so entirely different from you!"

"Is it not this harmony in diversity that makes the sweetest union?" said Mrs Norton, rising into eloquence. "Oh yes, it is so! Ah, my dear, I am not so clever as you, but there is something in experience that is never taught in books. I saw it all along. I perceived that dear Mr Pandolfini's delightful mind felt the refreshment of innocence like my Sophy's. He always kept his eye upon her. Often I have been surprised at it, how he should find out just when we wanted anything, just when he could be of use; not always at her side, as a young man would have been, but keeping his eye on her. Ah! that unobtrusive unselfish love is always the deepest, and it is but few girls that call it forth. She ought to be very proud of such devotion: but I saw it all along."

Diana listened with her mind in a maze. Perhaps it was all true. Mrs Norton's instincts, her watchful maternal eye, and that minute observation in which gentle gossips excel, how should these have been deceived? Yes, yes, no doubt she

must be right; and in that case what a vain self-admirer, what an absurd self-deceiver must Diana be! She was filled with such lively shame that it closed her lips. That she should have thought it was herself on whom Mr Pandolfini's heart was set, and that it should turn out to be Sophy! That she should be so sorry for him, driven to betray herself out of tender pity for him, when, lo, it turned out that he was the happiest man in the world! Once more Diana laughed, coming round to see the comical aspect of her own confusion—for, after all, this did not matter to anybody but herself. And there was the greatest relief as well as a little disappointment in finding that the object of her unnecessary pity could so easily make himself happy, and had no need to be pitied—which was the drollest conclusion. "Pardon me for laughing," she said; "indeed I hope they will both be very happy. It is not ridicule but surprise."

"Ridicule! Oh no, there is no ground for ridicule," said Mrs Norton. "It is the most natural thing in the world to me. I have seen it all along."

#### CHAPTER XIV.—DESPAIR.

Pandolfini rushed out of the house in a state of misery and despair impossible to describe. He had not made any explanation to Mr Hunstanton of the real state of affairs. He was struck dumb; the earth seemed to open under his feet, and everything solid in the world to melt away. He stood giddy and miserable on the edge of this precipice, feeling that he did not dare to take any further step one way or another. The dilemma in which he found himself seemed more terrible than

anything that had ever befallen mortal man. In the first place, Diana was lost to him, there had never been any hope for him; all his delicious fancies of last night had been dreams founded on a lie. She had never thought of him, never considered him as more than an acquaintance: it was all a fiction, all a delusion, upon which his momentary but ecstatic hopes had been built. For the moment this crushed him almost more than the other practical side of the mistake, which he did not realise.

Twenty-four hours before he had known equally that Diana was out of his reach, that for him to seek her was folly, that, however he might love, he must go upon his way, and make no sign : and that this brief climax of life to him, this love-dream, this unexpected undesired revelation of a something in existence which might have been higher than his sweetest hopes, and dearer than his dearest dreams—was nothing, a passing vision of no real importance to him or to any one. He had known this very well yesterday ; but it was infinitely more bitter to him to-day. Then indeed he had felt as if everything worth living for would go away with her, as if life would be utterly blank to him without meaning or grace—but he had faced the blank, mournfully yet manfully, knowing that nothing better could be.

Now, however, after he had been led to deceive himself, had been forced into it, after such resistance as he was capable of making to an apparent joy which was the crown of all possible and impossible wishes, now !—— The bitterness, the keen sting of disappointment, the resentment with himself for ever having consented to this delusion, all mingled with and intensified the insupportable pang that tore him asunder, the sense that it was all illusion, that no one save himself in his folly had ever thought of Diana as his object : that she had known nothing of his love, and had not even given him the hearing, the consideration, which were implied in a refusal. This it was that wounded him most wildly, driving him almost mad with its sting. Had she refused to listen to his suit, yet she would have known it at least, would have been aware that he loved her, obliged to carry the know-

ledge of that fact along with her wherever she went ; and, being courteous and sweet, and full of tenderness for others, Pandolfini knew that in that case she would have given him many a compassionate and gentle thought. But even of this he was robbed, for she did not know. The very possibility of a hearing, the suggestion, had never been his. Diana knew nothing of his heart, had never thought of him at all, would never think of him more. Could it be possible that any man had ever had such a wrong done him ! To be buoyed up with hopes which were dashed by a refusal, ah, that might have been hard to bear ! but how much harder to know that these hopes had never existed, that they were delusion and mistake and nothing more ! There was a stifled rage and mortification in his misery, rage with himself for ever having believed it, mortification beyond words at the depth of vanity and folly in himself which was thus revealed to him. Poor Pandolfini ! it had not been vanity : but this was how in his misery it appeared to him. Fool ! to think that Diana, *Diana* ! could waste any thought upon such as he !

This fancy drove him forth wildly from Mr Hunstanton's presence. He dared not speak, or make any answer, in case of betraying feelings which the good Hunstanton could not understand ; and it was some time before he realised the real practical effect of his good Hunstanton's proceedings. A vessel cannot be filled above its measure, and Pandolfini was too much overwhelmed with the absolute loss of Diana to take into his mind the fact that this loss involved something else equally appalling. He was not to have the *gentil donna*, the princess of his

dreams; but that was not all. Something had been thrust into his arms instead. Something? What? He stood still in the middle of the street when the fact burst upon him, and gave a sudden wild cry of despair. It was not so wonderful there as it would be here that a man should cry aloud in the extremity of suffering. What was this that was thrust into his arms instead? When he stood there and fairly contemplated what had happened to him, any car of Juggernaut that had driven over him and crushed him into a shapeless mass upon the stones would have done Pandolfini a kindness—or so at least in his wretchedness he thought.

Mr Hunstanton did not understand his visitor's strange change of mood. To come in so eager, white with anxiety, breathless with excitement,—and then, when the good news was told him, to stand aghast for a moment, to walk away to the window, to make no reply. These were all the acts of a madman. Was his head turned?—was there a screw loose somewhere, as was the case so often with "these Italians"? Next time, no doubt, he would be laughing and crying with joy—always excitable, always in one extreme or another. Mr Hunstanton forgot the peculiarity of his friend's character, and classed him thus summarily with his race, by way of getting rid of a cold shiver of doubt, a momentary uncomfortableness on his own part, as to whether he had, as he had intended, carried out Pandolfini's instructions to the letter, and acted for him according to his wishes. He quenched out this alarming thought by the reflection that a foreigner, and especially an Italian, acted exactly opposite to what an Englishman would do in the circumstances. He felt it so much, that was

how it was. It overpowered him. These foreign fellows, even the best of them, let themselves go. They gave in to their feelings. They had not the self-control which is peculiar to the Briton, and did not even think self-control necessary. That was all about it. Pandolfini was so much overcome by his success and happiness that it took all power of speech from him. He was (no doubt) actually struck dumb from excess of feeling. By-and-by he would come back and throw himself on his friend's neck, and thank him for his exertions. There could be no doubt that this was how it would be.

Yet, nevertheless, it must be acknowledged that there was a cold shiver, a cloud of doubt, an uncomfortable sense of uncertainty in Mr Hunstanton's mind. He did not feel at his ease, or happy. There was something in his friend's look, in the blank misery of his eyes, that discomfited him. He sat in his study for an hour or two, very uneasy, listening to all the steps that went up the stairs. He even posted Gigi, his servant, at the door, to bring him news if Pandolfini should come back. And when there was nothing to be heard or seen of the truant, and the day began to decline, and the hour of the Ave Maria approached, which was the end of all things, the good man could dissemble his anxiety no longer. He went out stealthily (for it was time to dress for dinner) to look for his friend: and found him after a long walk very near his own house, standing by the parapet looking down into the Arno. The early moon had come out into the sky, while yet the glories of sunset were not over. Pandolfini was staring intently at the reflection of the moon in the water—he was

entirely absorbed in it. When Hunstanton touched him on the shoulder, he woke slowly, as one in a dream.

"I say, Pandolfini, my good fellow, this won't do, you know," he cried. "I daresay you like to dream in this way. All fellows in love (I suppose) do; so they say, at least. But you must not give yourself up to that till you have seen them. You ought to go and see them. English ladies, you know, are not accustomed to that kind of courtship. I took upon myself to break the ice for you, and they took it very well, on the score, you know, that this was how things were done by your country folks, and that it was your modesty and so forth. But they expected you to go and follow it up; so did I. English ways are different. We don't understand that sort of way of making love by proxy. To tell you the truth, I should not have let any one do it for me. But you must follow it up. You ought to have followed it up before now."

"Follow it up?" said Pandolfini. He had returned to his gazing into the river, after rousing up momentarily to hear what Hunstanton had to say.

"Yes, to be sure," cried the other, getting more and more nervous, taking him by the arm in his fright and impatience, and shaking him slightly. "My good fellow, you must rouse up. It is not like you. It is not quite *nice*, you know, after sending such a commission to a girl, not to go yourself at the very first moment when you understand she is disposed to hear you. It is not—well, it doesn't look quite—honourable."

Pandolfini gave a start of quick resentment, and looked at his friend, who had begun to be extremely anxious. Mr Hunstanton's

ruddy countenance had fallen. He was limp and colourless with suspense. A look of fright had taken the place of that fine confidence which usually distinguished him. "Good heavens! *have* I put my foot in it?" was what he was saying to himself, and the reflection of this question was very plainly to be read in his face.

"What did you say?" said Pandolfini, somewhat hoarsely. "Follow it up! Yes, I understand: yes, yes, I go. You are right; I do not doubt you are right. But it is all—strange to me—and new," he added, with a kind of smile which was not very consoling. It was a smile, however, and Hunstanton did his best to feel satisfied.

"To be sure, to be sure," he said, encouragingly. "This sort of thing is always new—and strange. Don't be afraid. You'll soon get used to it. You'll find it come quite natural," he added, slapping his friend on the back in a way that was intended to be jocular. "Come along, though, you must not be shy. If you make haste, you have time yet before dinner—indeed they dine early, I know."

"Before—dinner! but I am not dressed. I am not ready for the evening," said Pandolfini, spreading out his hands with an air of dismay.

"Dressed! fiddlesticks! at a moment like this. Pandolfini, you really disappoint me," cried Mr Hunstanton, feeling more uncomfortable than ever. "If you are going to shilly-shally like this, why on earth did you employ me? Think of that poor girl, after committing herself, kept waiting and wondering all this time, and not knowing what to think."

"I will come—I will come," said Pandolfini, hoarsely; and he made half-a-dozen rapid steps in

the direction of the Palazzo dei Sogni: then he stopped abruptly. "My best friend," he said, with a smile, "you will let me follow you after, in a little—a very, very few minutes? This is, as you say, a moment—it raises the heart—there is much to think of. But I will come, almost as soon as you are there. Yes, I give you my word. But it is alone that I must go."

"Surely, surely," cried good Mr Hunstanton. "We'll see you after, in the evening. God bless me! the fellow didn't think I meant to go with him to Sophy," he added within himself. "If that is manners in Italy, thank heavens it is not in England; and catch me making love for any man again! As sure as I am a living man, I thought he was going to cry off," Mr Hunstanton said to himself, with a cold perspiration breaking out all over him. He never had, he acknowledged afterwards, such a fright in his life.

When he was left alone, Pandolfini returned to his gaze over the parapet. He did not venture to look at the moon in the sky; but the reflection of her, all broken and uneven by the crisp of the little wavelets which the evening breeze was ruffling upon Arno—that he might still look at for a moment. His eyes were dry and burning, and yet it was as if he looked at that moon through the mist of tears. Words came into his mind, words of her language, all of which had seemed dedicate and sacred to her in this sweet dream-time that was now so fatally past. He was not so familiar with English that this line should return to his ear at such a moment, as it might so easily have done to a natural-born subject of the greatest of poets—but yet it came. He knew his Shakespeare almost

as well as he knew his Dante, and what could an Italian say more?—

"The imperial votaress passed on,  
In maiden meditation, fancy free."

He said these words over and over to himself; and by-and-by the bells began to chime all round him, telling the Ave Maria. Hail, all hail, oh blessed among women! This was more than Pandolfini could bear. He put his hands up to his ears, and crushed the sound out till it was over. When the tingling air was still again, he turned resolutely on his way. He was still in his morning dress, the excuse which had served him with Hunstanton: but what did it matter? He did not feel that he could trust himself even to pause again, much less turn back. He went with steady determination along Arno, seeing the lights shine in the river, with a wavering glimmer and movement: and in himself, too, notwithstanding his steady pace, there was a wavering play of giddiness, a sense of instability, the earth reeling under his feet, the heavens revolving about him. He went on all the same to the palace of the dreams, where he had given all that was in him to give, for nothing—and where now, strange flicker of human vanity and mutual ignorance, another heart was about to be given him for nothing—for less than the asking. He would not look at the light in Diana's window, he went straight up past the door where his heart had beat last night with such wild gasps of expectation and hope. Had he obeyed his impulse then, burst into her presence, and told her! Had he but done it! Then at least she would have known, and he would not have been so utterly deceived. This thought swept into his mind as he



passed, but he gave it no willing entertainment. He went up with a resolute step, up, beyond even the Hunstantons', to Mrs Norton's door.

They had given him up for the day, with a little vexation, a little disappointment, and were wondering whether they would meet him in the evening as usual, and how they ought to comport themselves. As for Mrs Norton, she was beginning to think she had been rash, and to regret her acceptance of the suitor on Mr Hunstanton's word alone. It was nonsense, she felt, to talk of such a man as Pandolfini as too timid to plead his own cause. Had she been too rash? Sophy, whatever thoughts might be hers, made no sign. A lover was like a new doll to Sophy: it was more. It gave her importance, made somebody of her in a moment: and she was not going to do anything which could pull her down from this enviable elevation. She would not say she was disappointed or alarmed; but all her senses were on the alert, and she heard his step coming up the stair with a rising throb of the heart. "It may be only a parcel—it may be only the newspapers," she cried, clinging to her aunt. "If it is him, my darling, I must rush away. It is you he will want to see first," cried Mrs Norton; but even while she said this, Pandolfini walked into the room. They both uttered a simultaneous cry of surprise. He was very pale and excited, but quite calm in external appearance. Mrs Norton made an effort to free herself from Sophy, and with a smile to him, was hastening away.

"Madam," said Pandolfini, "what can I say to you? The good Hunstanton has authorised me to come. He tells me that you have been so kind, so generous, as to confide to me the happiness

of one most dear. How can I repay such trust as you have had in me? It will be not a matter for words; but that I may live to show it from year to year."

"Mr Pandolfini," said Mrs Norton, not without dignity—"you are a good man, and a man of honour. This is why I have not hesitated to do what might otherwise seem imprudent, and commit my best treasure to you."

She could not have made a more appropriate speech, or one that was better timed. "I pray God," he said, gravely, "that this best treasure may not find you imprudent, nor that you have done what you will regret." And he took Sophy's hand and kissed it. The seriousness of his face did not relax, neither did his paleness warm with any gleam of colour as he did so. Sophy blushed in a rosy warmth of happiness. She was surprised, indeed, that he should let her hand go so easily. Not so do the lovers in books, of whom the girl had heard and read. And there was a pause, in which none of the three knew exactly what to do or to say.

"Have you dined?" said Mrs Norton, to make a way of escape for herself; for, of course, what he wanted was to get rid of her, she felt sure. What so natural! "You know we dine early; but I was just going to order tea. As you are going to have an English wife," she added, with a laugh which jarred dreadfully with the portentous gravity of his aspect, "you must learn to like such an English meal as tea;" and pleased with this little speech, which she felt to be both graceful and appropriate, the good little woman hurried towards the door.

"Nay," cried Pandolfini, hurriedly stopping her. "I have only come in a great hurry to—to

thank you for a confidence so generous. I have not sufficient of time to stay. It is to my regret, my great regret. But I could not let the evening pass without saying how I thank you. What I feel—what—gratitude—what devotion! The evening must not pass without this."

"But cannot you stay with us?" said Mrs Norton.

"And oh! can't you come this evening as usual?—it is one of Diana's nights," cried Sophy, with countenance aghast.

"Alas!" he cried, with a face in which there was misery enough for that or a much greater misfortune. "What can I do? I am rent asunder. I have my heart in two places. But I cannot come. I have—business. Indeed it is not possible. I must hasten away."

"Oh," cried Sophy, "I call that hard—very hard: not to be together the first night. You have never had business before——"

"No; I have never had business before. It is more needful now that I put my affairs in order," he said, and looked at her with an attempt at a smile.

"Of course we understood that," said Mrs Norton. "Of course, my darling! it is quite reasonable. Dear Mr Pandolfini must have many things to do: but you must allow it is natural that Sophy should be disappointed—the first night, as she says," added the aunt, with a look at Pandolfini. Once more he took Sophy's hand and put it to his lips.

"She is an angel of goodness," he said with fervour, kissing her hand again; but then he kissed Mrs Norton's hand (which seemed

to Sophy unnecessary), and after a very few words more, hastened away,—leaving them, it is needful to say, somewhat dismayed, they could scarcely tell how—and yet overawed and dazzled. They stood and looked at each other for a moment or two in silence. There was a half-pout on Sophy's lips, and a look about her eyes, as if for small provocation she might cry; but she ventured on no other demonstration. And then Mrs Norton took the matter up, and put down all objections with a high hand.

"Now, Sophy, my pet," she said, "I congratulate you with all my heart—but you see now you have got to deal with a gentleman, not with a poor old auntie that does everything you wish whether it is convenient or not: with a gentleman, my love—one who has business that cannot be trifled with, you know. And you must just make up your mind to have him when you can, not whenever you like. For, my love, you have entered on a new phase of life, and this is what you must make up your mind to, now."

There was something in the grandeur of this address, and the strange thrill with which she felt the reality of the new position, which silenced Sophy. She stopped in the middle of her pout. It might not be so satisfactory, but it was more imposing than anything she had dreamed of. A lover who only kissed your hand, that was not according to Sophy's preconceived idea of lovers—but it was very imposing. And then, of course, he was an Italian, and this must be the dignified Italian way!

## CHAPTER XV.—THE SPOSA.

There was a certain solemnity about the party in Diana's rooms that evening. Sophy and Mrs Norton came down-stairs in their best dresses, with an air of importance not to be mistaken; and was it not quite natural that they should look important? No human circumstances can possibly be more interesting than those of the bridegroom and bride who have chosen each other from the world, and who present themselves to the world smiling, hand in hand, the ever-renewed type of human progression: primitive beginning, over again, of a new world. The completeness of the position was spoiled by the fact that the *fiancé* was not present; but that was not the fault of the little ladies, who knew nothing about his reasons for being absent,—or rather supposed that they did know all about them, and had the privilege of representing their new piece of property, and explaining for him. "I am so sorry Mr Pandolfini will not be able to be here," said Mrs Norton. "He would have liked it of all things, I need not say; but he had business to attend to. It is easy to understand how he should have business, looking forward, as he is, to a change in his condition—to such a change! and he felt sure that you would excuse him, Diana."

"Surely," said Diana; "there is nothing to excuse." She was looking grave, more thoughtful than usual—or so at least two or three people in the room thought, who were thunderstruck by the unexpected news of Pandolfini's engagement. Mrs Hunstanton, who watched her very closely, and who was in a state of suppressed

excitement, which she scarcely could manage to conceal, thought that her friend was pale. But that was probably her own imagination, which was very lively, and at the present moment extremely busy, inventing motives and sentiments all round.

"Oh, but indeed he would think it necessary to excuse himself. He has such fine feelings, and he knows all you have been to our darling, Diana. He knows how fond you are of her—taking almost a mother's interest: and of course he would have been here to show his gratitude, if it had been possible. Every kindness that has ever been shown to my Sophy will be doubly felt by him."

This the little lady said with an expansion of her little person and swelling of her bosom, which, even amid her consciousness that something was in all this more than met the eye, struck Diana with a sense of the ludicrous which she could not control. She laughed in spite of herself.

"I am sure Mr Pandolfini will feel everything he ought to feel," she said; "but you must not teach him to be grateful when there is no occasion for gratitude. You know it is not a sentiment I care for."

"Yes, I know, dear Diana," cried Mrs Norton, kissing her suddenly. "You never will allow any one to thank you. But is it not all owing to you? But for you we never should have come here; and if we had not come here, the chances are we never should have met dear Mr Pandolfini. So we owe it all to an ever-watchful Providence—and to you."

Diana could not but smile at

the conjunction. "It is Providence you must thank," she said; "I don't think I counted for much in it. Is Sophy very happy? That is the chief thing to think about."

"She is in a maze of happiness," said Mrs Norton, fervently. "She is so humble-minded. She thinks so much more of others than of herself. That he should have thought of a poor little thing like me, she is always saying: and I cannot persuade her that she is good enough for any man, and, indeed, too good for most—as you and I know, Diana—not if I were to talk for a year. We know her value, but she is too innocent to know it. And oh, what a blessing, my dear, what a blessing that one so well fitted to appreciate her should have fallen to Sophy's share!"

"Diana!" cried Mrs Hunstanton in her ear on the other side, drawing her away; "how can you have the patience to listen to that little—— What is to be done now? Oh! what is to be done? My heart is breaking for that poor man: and it is all Tom's fault."

"I do not know what you mean," said Diana. "There is no poor man in question; there is a happy man."

"Diana! how can you insult him by thinking so? Oh, poor Pandolfini! He is being made a sacrifice, a victim—and what can I do? It is all Tom's fault."

"Indeed, you are doing Mr Hunstanton wrong. I only blush for myself that ever took up such a foolish fancy. It is far, far better as it is. I told you we had no right to conjecture a man's feelings; and you see for once I am proved to be right: though you over-persuaded me, and I am ashamed of it," said Diana, with a blush and a laugh. "However, fortunately there is no harm done."

"O Diana, how I wonder at you! It is you who are doing poor Pandolfini wrong. He thinks of that little doll! He trusted his cause to Tom, thinking, perhaps, there was no need to name the name—as, indeed, there was not to any one with eyes in his head: and Tom like a fool, Tom like a busybody—oh, heaven forgive me! I don't mean to say any ill of my husband, but that is how he has behaved,—Tom has gone and pledged this poor man's life to somebody he can never care for, somebody quite unworthy of him. Diana, you may be cool about it; but I think it will break my heart."

"But you have no evidence of this," cried Diana, in consternation. She looked at the smiling Sophy, all pink with blushes and beaming with smiles as she received everybody's congratulations, and at Mrs Norton, important and stately as became the aunt of a bride-elect. The incongruity between this little fluttering pair and the grave and dignified Pandolfini was striking enough, but to imagine their easy commonplaceness entangled in such a tragical complication of mistake and misery and inevitable suffering, seemed beyond the reach of ordinary imagination. Diana turned quickly to her friend, who, half hidden behind, regarded the scene with a face full of anxiety and distress. Mrs Hunstanton's puckered brows, her eyes in which the tears seemed ready to start, her paleness and trembling, were almost as great a visible contrast to the complacent happiness of the Nortons as was Pandolfini to the girl who was going to be his wife. "Mrs Hunstanton," said Diana, in a low tone, "this is the wildest fancy. It is not

possible. You can have no proof of it. Mr Hunstanton is—is—he is the kindest of men. He would not hurt a fly. How could he do such a thing, and make his friend unhappy? No, no; I cannot believe it. It is you and not he who have been mistaken.”

Mrs Hunstanton caught Diana by the arm. She poured into her ear the whole story, partly as divined by herself, partly as confessed by her husband, who kept, as Diana could see, prowling uneasily round the central group, and keeping his eyes fixed upon the door. His wife had made him wretched enough, but he had done what could not be undone; and there was always the chance that his wife might have been wrong, a supposition so much more likely than that he was in the wrong himself. Her reproaches had made Mr Hunstanton extremely uncomfortable, and no doubt there was something in the corroborative evidence of Pandolfini's very strange behaviour, which of itself had given him a thrill of terror. And business! What business could the Italian have to detain him? He did not for a moment believe in this, but notwithstanding Mrs Norton's assurance to the contrary, still looked for Pandolfini's arrival. It was absurd! He could not mean to stay away to-night: when he came Mr Hunstanton had made up his mind to ask him point-blank what it all meant. Had he, or had he not, given him a commission? and had he, or had he not, Mr Tom Hunstanton, carried out his wish? This would, beyond all manner of doubt, make everything clear.

Not even this hope, however, could still Mrs Hunstanton's nervous restlessness. She went from Diana, by whom she had sat

so long breathing out her pains and fears, to Mrs Norton, who was now little inclined to be questioned, and who felt that a great deal was due to her new position. A feeling of being attacked had come into her mind, she could scarcely tell why, and when Mrs Hunstanton crossed over the room to come to her, the little lady immediately buckled on her armour. Mrs Hunstanton was too anxious to pick her words. She came and sat down by the important aunt, with the air of troubled haste and agitation very clearly visible in her face.

“I have not come to congratulate you,” she said, “because I was so very, very much surprised. I hope you will excuse me, Mrs Norton. You know it is not from want of interest in Sophy, but—were not you very much surprised yourself when this happened? Did it not strike you as very strange?”

Mrs Hunstanton took credit to herself for putting the question so very gently, and “saving their feelings.” It seemed impossible to her that any one should resist such an appeal as this.

“Surprised!” said Mrs Norton. “Oh, no indeed! I was not surprised. I had seen it all along.”

“You had—seen it all along?”

“Surely. Yes, I had seen it. Indifferent eyes may be deceived, but nothing can blind me where my Sophy is concerned. Yes: our dear Pandolfini is not the kind of man that is demonstrative, you know; but had you asked me three months ago,” said Mrs Norton with gentle pride, “I could have told you exactly what was going to happen. I knew it all along.”

She looked at her questioner with a serene smile, and Mrs

Hunstanton, for her part, could only gasp and gaze at her with a consternation beyond words. But she would not give up even for this distinct repulse.

"Perhaps you are right," she said, rallying her forces; "but—you won't mind my speaking frankly? Nobody else has thought so, Mrs Norton. He has seemed to entertain very different thoughts. I, for my part, have been quite deceived. I hope you will forgive me for saying so, but I have been watching Mr Pandolfini very much of late, and I never suspected it was Sophy that was in his mind."

Mrs Norton smiled with gentle superiority. "I don't know what you expect me to say, Mrs Hunstanton. I have seen it, as I tell you, all along; and he must know best himself, one would suppose. When a gentleman proposes to a young lady, people do not usually set up their ideas of what they expected. He is the one that must know best."

"I know—I know:" said Mrs Hunstanton, driven to despair, and to a humility not at all in her way. What was there to answer to such a reasonable statement? She could not ask directly whether it was her husband who had done it all, and if it was only his word they had for Pandolfini's sentiments. She was thoroughly wretched, and thoroughly subdued. "Have you seen him this evening?" she asked, faltering. That was the nearest approach she could make to the question she was longing to ask.

"Oh yes," said Mrs Norton, with smiling confidence. "He was with us just before we came here, and he was so sorry not to come with us. Knowing as he does our obligations to Diana, and

feeling all her kindness, it quite grieved him not to come."

"To Diana!" Mrs Hunstanton repeated the words mechanically, catching them up without any clear comprehension of what the other said. Then she said, somewhat incoherently, "But you must have been startled, at least surprised, yourself—it must have taken you by surprise."

"On the contrary," said Mrs Norton, meeting with a serene countenance the eyes full of care and trouble which her companion turned upon her, "I have already told you I had expected it all along."

The inquirer withdrew baffled, with trembling lips and a clouded brow, leaving the little woman victorious. Mrs Hunstanton was not used to such utter discomfiture, and bore it badly. She withdrew into a corner near the door. Perhaps Pandolfini would come after all, and she might waylay him, though she did not see what end would be served by so doing; for how could she ask him if it was true that it was Sophy and no other who was his choice? But Pandolfini did not come to answer any of these questions. He had never stayed away before.

The little community was convulsed by the news, but ended by accepting it, as what else was possible? It was not the first time that a community has been utterly taken by surprise by the announcement of a marriage. The small coterie at Pisa went through all the not unusual round of refusing to credit the report, being compelled to believe it, accepting it under protest, then forgetting the protest, and taking the matter for granted. At first it was supposed that the whole party would hasten home to prepare for an

English wedding; but by-and-by it was rumoured about that Pandolfini did not wish to go to England for his bride, and that as there was nothing to wait for, the marriage would take place in Pisa, and the bride enter at once her Italian home. Some people wondered at this, some thought it very sensible, some were surprised at the ardour of the middle-aged lover, and some at the readiness of the girl's friends to let her go; but, on the whole, it was quite reasonable, and the English visitors, who were all on the wing, were much amused by the excitement of such an unexpected event. They were doubly amused by the fact that Mrs Hunstanton, under whose auspices the Nortons had appeared in society, was evidently disturbed, rather than pleased, by the marriage; and that Sophy's great friend and patroness, the rich Miss Trelawny, did not throw herself into the arrangements with any enthusiasm. And, of course, there were not wanting good-natured bystanders who averred that these ladies were disappointed, and that Miss Trelawny had intended the Italian for herself. Diana was but little disturbed, as may be supposed, by these insinuations, which, indeed, she never heard of; but she was disturbed by the complication of affairs, which she could not refuse to see through, now when it was fairly beneath her eyes.

Pandolfini was a very strange lover. He had become suddenly immersed in business—so much occupied that his visits to his betrothed were always hurried and brief. This was made necessary, he told them, by all the changes that had to be made, and successions rearranged, in consequence of this unexpected step in his

life: and they were fain to accept the explanation. The strangest of all was, that notwithstanding that deep sense of obligation to Diana which it was Mrs Norton's delight to set forth, he never appeared in Diana's rooms again. Once only they met by chance in Mrs Norton's little drawing-room, when all was nearly settled. He came in hurriedly, seeking Mrs Norton, whom Diana also, by some unusual chance, had come to look for; and there they met alone, for both of the little ladies were out engaged in that occupation of shopping which furnishes the unoccupied female mind with so many delightful hours. Pandolfini was struck dumb by the sight of Diana, and she, as she hastened to explain how she came to be there, was so startled by his altered looks as almost to break down in her little speech. "They are out," she said, hurriedly; "I had just come to look for them." And then she paused, faltering—"You are—ill—Mr Pandolfini?"

"Ill? No, I am not ill. I am as I always am."

"Not as you used to be," said Diana, kindly; and then she added in haste, "but it is so long since I have seen you, that you may well have changed in the meantime. And I have never had the opportunity of congratulating—of wishing you—happiness."

He looked at her for a moment with all his heart in his haggard face; then, turning suddenly away with an imploring gesture, hid his face in his hands.

What was she to do or say? There was no contesting now what she could read as in a book—the despair that had kept him out of her presence, that made him incapable either of meeting her eye or deceiving her now. He had

no wish to deceive her,—if, indeed, there was one thing more than another for which his forlorn heart had longed, it was that she should know.

"Forgive me," he said, in a broken voice, "I can have no disguises from you."

Diana was too much discomposed to know what to say. Such a tacit confidence seemed wrong, almost a treachery to poor little innocent Sophy, who had no conception of this secret, and could not have understood it had she known. She said gently, "You must let me wish you well at least. I do that from the bottom of my heart."

He looked at her with piteous eyes, doubly dark with a moisture which the powerful mechanism of pain had forced into them, but which was too bitter and concentrated to fall and relieve the brain from which it was wrung. "Think of me sometimes," he said. "You know how it is with me. You, who are kind to all, sometimes think of me a little. That will help me to bear. I will do—my duty."

"Oh, Mr Pandolfini!" cried Diana, the tears rising warm and sudden into her eyes. "Let me give you some comfort if I can." The moment was too bitter, the encounter too real, as of two souls in the wilderness, to warrant any pretence on either side that they did not understand each other. "Once the same thing happened to me. I have gone through the same. There was one whom I cared for, but who made me no return. I do not hesitate to tell you. For a time it seemed worse than death: but now it is past, and I am no longer unhappy. So will it be with you."

"Ah, my God, my God!" he

cried, with sudden passion, "can such things be? You!—was he mad or blind?" Then a smile came over his haggard face, which was more pathetic than the previous look of misery. "This is to comfort me," he said. "Yes, it is just; it was more pitiful for such a one than for me."

"I meant—it will pass away—and all will be well," cried Diana, trembling. "Oh, believe me. I speak who know. It will be so with you."

"You think so," he said, gently shaking his head. "*Generosissima!* You show me the wound to heal mine. But it will not be so with me. I wish no healing: yet I will do—my duty," he added, in a low and broken voice.

"God bless you, Mr Pandolfini!" she said, holding out her hand.

This overcame him altogether. He fell upon his knees and kissed it, as men of his faith kiss the holy mysteries, and then looked at her with trembling lips and dim eyes, as we look at those we are never to see more, and stumbling to his feet, turned and hurried from the room. The tears were falling frankly and without concealment from Diana's eyes. She was touched to the heart. Oh that such things should be! that the best of life should thus be thrown away like a flower on somebody's path to whom it was nothing. She had forgotten Sophy altogether in the anguish of sympathy and fellow-feeling. That complication, adding as it did so much misery and difficulty, seemed to fade altogether in presence of the pang which she herself understood so thoroughly, and seemed to feel again.

She had barely time to dry her eyes when she heard some one coming, and turned her back to



the light to avoid a too curious gaze. It was Sophy who came in, complaining. "O Diana!" she cried, with a little start, "you are here! that was why he went away. It is very hard to see so little of him, and when he does come to be out and have him sent away."

"Oh, Sophy, my pet, don't be unjust," said Mrs Norton; "how should Diana send him away? Of course he must have felt it hard that you should be out when he snatched a moment from his business. Was he very much disappointed, Diana? I am sure you would say everything that was kind."

"Yes: he was surprised to find me here waiting for you—as I was surprised to see him," said Diana, with an unconscious sense of apology. "He did not—stay—I came to ask you to look at—

some patterns," her voice failed her. She could not add the trivial message which in reality, with that indulgence which Mrs Hunstanton never could understand, was the reason of her visit: for Sophy's *trousseau*, which was causing her so much delightful occupation, was for the most part Diana's gift.

"Patterns!" they both said in a breath, in tones of interest which drove away all recollection of Mr Pandolfini's visit which they had lost.

"You shall see them, if you will come to me down-stairs," said Diana, glad of this easy means of getting away.

And they spent an hour or two delighted and yet anxious in the perplexities of choice, and never noticed either of them any traces of tears that might be lingering about Diana's eyes.

## ABOUT SOLDIERS, BY A SOLDIER.

THE army has come in for a large amount of notice and criticism lately, and many people have had their say about its organisation, administration, its officers, the men now in its ranks, and the reserves which are to complete its force in case of emergency. These various subjects have been treated from many points of view, but apparently nobody has been able to place himself exactly in the position from which the two most important items, the officers and the men, have been regarded by any old regimental officer who has had experience of command: and possibly some of the matters which such a man has had opportunities of knowing, and the opinions which he may have ventured to form, may not be altogether without interest.

Very little is known by people who speak and write glibly on military matters about the officers of the army. Even with the increase of national military experience which has been gained by the spread of the Volunteer movement, the popular idea of the officer of the army is of the vaguest.

No one who has not gone through the mill of regimental duty can have any idea of the lives of the officers of the army, the work that each must do, the professional feelings that he has, the mortifications, which are many, and the satisfaction, which comes seldom, that are his lot. We have said that the national military experience is increased by the Volunteer movement; but though Volunteer officers do much good work, and all honour to them for doing it, the work that they do is only

the interesting part of the work of their comrades in the line—the parade, the manœuvre, the handling of bodies of men, small and great, who have already been instructed in the professional elements by adjutants and drill-instructors. The volunteer, as a rule, knows nothing of the weariness of routine duties, the maintenance of discipline, the anxiety about pay, rations, and clothing, the courts-martial, boards, regimental committees on messes, bands, canteens, &c., and the thousand and one matters which have to be daily attended to, if a regiment, battalion, or battery is to be maintained in a condition of efficiency and content. We need not wonder, then, if real knowledge of the life of an officer in the army is confined to those who have personally led it.

It may be remarked here that each rank in the army has its own particular work, and that no man who has not, in steady gradation, moved from the position of a subaltern to higher commands, can know what the special cares and responsibilities of each really are. The man, for instance, who has terminated his regimental career, for any reason, as a captain, thinks that he has done harder regimental work, and gone through more regimental trials, than he would ever have been called upon to encounter if he had passed to the position of field-officer or colonel commanding, and he also thinks that his regimental experience is a complete one. The field-officer or colonel realises that one class of work has only been changed for another, that the strain on mind and body

is in no way relaxed, and that his eyes are opened to many things which he could never have known as a subaltern or captain. The general officer, in turn, who has to pass many long hours daily in an office, and who finds that he has to take a wide view of the interests and state of efficiency of different corps and the various arms of the service, embarks on a new sea of work and experience, finds that his labour and responsibility are by no means lessened, and that, with increased dignity, he has accepted an undiminished burden of care.

It is a not uncommon belief with the British public that an officer in the army is a comparatively idle man, whose time is for the most part employed in amusement, and whose light and simple duties are performed in an easy and perfunctory manner. The officer is seen well dressed, smart, and *débonnaire* at social gatherings. He takes his place in the hunting-field, on the cricket-ground, and in other scenes of sport. He probably takes a keen interest in the occupation of the moment, and says little or nothing of his professional life to the civilians whom he meets. The conclusion is at once arrived at that he is a mere butterfly, a man with no serious business in life. But it is seldom known that the gentlemen who are taking things so easily in the afternoon have probably already done a very good day's work. They have been on foot or in the saddle from an hour in the morning when most men of business are still in bed. After a dusty and fatiguing parade they have paid their companies or troops, inspected horses and arms, attended at the orderly-room, sat on courts-martial or boards, visited mess-rooms, taken stock of kits,

and seen to the qualities of dinners. The man who is seen day by day taking a determined line across country, or thoroughly enjoying himself with rod or gun, has just returned from a long exile in India or some colony where he has been guarding British interests under conditions that only an enthusiast in his career would put up with, and very probably to the serious detriment of his health and constitution. The contingent from the nearest barracks, which joins the hunting-field or takes its part in some other sport, are men who are enjoying a holiday; and, except under very unusual circumstances, holidays are the exception and not the rule. It is more than likely that such holidays are earned by working extra long hours on other days, and utilising the morning and evening hours of the holiday itself to get through necessary duties.

No; the British officer is not an idle man. In the army, as in all other professions, some men will be found who work harder than others; but it may safely be said that there are none who do not do their duty, and there are many who do a very great deal more than their bare duty. All take their chance of rough work, exposure, and many and trying vicissitudes of climate; they are ready—nay, anxious—at all times to maintain their country's honour amidst the dangers of war; and when it is considered that the pay which they receive cannot, under the most favourable circumstances, cover their necessary expenses in uniform, food, horse-flesh, and arms—that honour is their only reward—it cannot be said that the country has made a bad bargain in retaining their services.

We might emphasise our case by relating, in long detail, the routine duties which daily fall to

the lot of the ordinary officer of cavalry, infantry, or artillery, more especially on the days—and they come round frequently—on which he is the officer of the day; but this would be too tedious, and is hardly necessary. When it is remembered, however, that, in addition to common routine, every officer has to take his part, first as a pupil and then as instructor, in the multitudinous studies in which the requirements of modern war engage the attention of all ranks—signalling, surveying, pioneering, the very elaborate theory and practice of musketry, &c.—besides preparing himself for the tolerably stiff examinations which he must periodically pass before he can hope to be promoted, no one can say that, if he rises to the level of his situation, as indeed most officers do, he is not as hard-working a man as is to be found in any profession.

While officers are being considered, it is not out of place to say a few words on confidential reports—those semi-mysterious documents on whose influence hinge so much of the success or failure of an officer's career. First, let it be distinctly understood that not a word here written is meant to insinuate that confidential reports, as now rendered, are not *bona fide* and honest expressions of opinion, given in a judicial manner, upon data which the writer considers unquestionable, or that they are not utilised by the high authorities to whom they are addressed with the utmost consideration, and after carefully balancing all *pros* and *cons* which may support or detract from their influence. But let us consider some of the weaknesses of the system—weaknesses which the general military public can-  
not help remarking.

different man who renders confidential reports on subordinates has a different standard of merit to which he adjusts the meed of praise or blame given in the report. The same officer, if he was reported on by A., would be described as wanting in many particulars; while if he was reported on by B., he would possibly be described as giving complete satisfaction. Let us select one detail of the simplest apparent description on which information is called for in confidential reports on all officers, and more particularly, of course, in those on officers belonging to one of the mounted branches of the service. The question is asked, "Is he a good rider?" A., in answering the question, mentally refers to his own standard of proficiency in horsemanship. His ideal rider is possibly the man who, without the finished niceties of the art, is yet a good rough-and-ready performer, with confidence enough to ride any horse across any ordinary country. B., on the contrary, would consider such a man only a fair horseman, and would give the palm of merit to the man who, on a highly trained horse, has the best military appearance in a riding-school or on parade in front of a squadron, though he might, as irreverent youth would say, "cut a voluntary" if he was called upon to negotiate an unusual obstacle.

Both A. and B. would give perfectly fair judgments from their own points of view; but the authority to whom the judgments are submitted does not receive an altogether clear idea of the qualifications of two men.

Again, few men have the gift of sufficient insight into character to be able to predicate definitely what qualities any officers command may really

possess. Till the test of emergency is applied, the hidden gold in the ore may never be developed, or the superficial glitter may still continue to deceive the eye. When the time of trial does come, the apparently dull and somewhat listless subaltern may be transformed. His dulness may turn into a cool incapacity to see any course open to him but the stern and self-sacrificing path of duty, and his listlessness may be replaced by an unsuspected and unexhausted store of determined energy. He "on war's red touchstone rings true metal," and proves that he is, after all, the stuff of which heroes are made.

Cannot all of us, at any rate those who are soldiers, call to mind instances in which the "no account man" of the battalion has "turned his necessity to glorious gain," while his comrade of more showy qualities during the routine of peace has failed, and fallen humbled into the background?

There is another way of regarding confidential reports which, it may be thought, is not unfrequently forgotten, especially by those who frame them. How far is the senior officer, who reports, himself responsible for the faults and deficiencies which he notices?

No young man receives a commission in her Majesty's service who does not come up to a very good physical standard, and who has not gained his position by passing practically a competitive examination, in which, by superior mental powers, he has distanced many others. He is placed under the command of a chief who is charged with his military training, and has to report yearly on his conduct and efficiency. It probably does not often happen, but it certainly does sometimes happen, that depreciatory reports are made when it is the trainer and not the trained

who is really responsible for shortcomings. "It is a bad workman that quarrels with his tools." The tool, the subordinate officer, is placed at the disposal of the workman, the commanding officer, for a certain purpose. It has been proved to be of a certain quality, and it is the workman's business to put an edge upon it and utilise it in a skilful manner. If he allows the edge to become blunt, or if he fails in skill in using it, why should the tool be blamed and cast aside? Doubtless the workman may discover an unsuspected flaw in the metal, but this can happen seldom; and if he finds, in daily use, that his tool is not all that he could wish, should he not, before saying that it is not suitable for his purpose, question himself whether he has done all in his power to make it fit his hand and accomplish its destiny?

The whole question of the proper means to be carried out for the purpose of deciding in high places whether an officer is or is not worthy of promotion and confidence is full of difficulty, and probably there can be none devised more satisfactory than periodical confidential reports. It would be well, however, if the special weaknesses to which these are liable were always recognised and guarded against, especially by those whose duty it is to compile them.

It is a wholesome order, which was issued some years ago, that if it is found necessary to say anything unfavourable of an officer in a confidential report, he is always to be informed of the fact, and that the unfavourable notice is to be read over to him. An officer thus certainly knows whatever is said directly against him in any detail. But it is only under unusual circumstances that he knows whether he has merited particular approbation. A man may serve

for years and never know whether he has been favourably reported on; or whether, without being actually unfavourably reported on, he has been "damned with faint praise."

Now, if there is one thing an Englishman dislikes more than another, it is fulsome or perfunctory laudation; but many, nay most, men have natures which are the better of encouragement, and are apt to lose heart and interest in their work if encouragement is denied. It would appear that some small official notice might occasionally be taken of really deserving officers, to show them that they are in fair repute before the higher authorities of their profession. At present the only test that an officer can apply to his reputation in the service is to consider how often he has been selected, presumably for personal qualities, to perform duties outside the ordinary routine of work,—duties which not seldom bring more worry than gratification in their performance.

While we are on the subject of the expression of official approval or dissatisfaction, we would venture most diffidently to criticise the method in which some, indeed we may say most, general officers conduct the inspections, which they have periodically to carry out of the corps under their command. No one can say that plumed cocked-hats do not cover as kindly and courteous heads as any other head-gear in the army, and we all know that kindness and consideration are stamped on all the official intercourse of English generals with their subordinates at inspections and at other times. But it may almost always be remarked at inspections, when officers, non-commissioned officers, and men are straining every nerve to show in the best manner the results of a

year's work, that few remarks are made by the mouth, which for the nonce speaks the words of fate, until some unhappy and perhaps very small slip is apparent. Hundreds of men pass and repass with the utmost precision on parade—officers and non-commissioned officers prove that they have a competent knowledge of tactics—musketry and other instruction are shown to have been carried out thoroughly and to good results—regimental institutions, records, and books are all in the highest order,—and yet a commonplace "good" is hardly vouchsafed even to the commanding officer's ear; but when the one or two small shortcomings are detected, then the official clouds gather and the thunder begins to roll. True, the thunder soon ceases, and the clouds disperse; but an unhappy feeling has been left in the mind of the man who has omitted to dot an *i* in some military observance, and the inspection is pronounced by the corps to have been apparently not altogether satisfactory, and all believe that they have not shown to advantage.

Diffident, most diffident, we repeat, is our opinion that an inspection should not be only a seeking out of what is faulty but a recognition of what is good; and that a few, a very few, words of personal commendation to deserving individuals in the lower ranks—junior officers, non-commissioned officers, and even privates—would have an immensely encouraging effect on many worthy men who have tried to do their best. By all means let there be notice, and sharp notice, of what is not as good as it should be; but let the much good have at least an equal amount of remark with the little ill.

There is a tendency to deterioration among the officers of the present day, not the less to be re-

gretted because it is shown by relaxation in a detail which does not at first sight assume primary importance—we mean, in the outward signs of respect paid by junior officers to their seniors. Not many years ago, it was an unheard-of thing in a well-ordered corps for a captain or subaltern to address a field-officer in social intercourse except by naming his rank, as “colonel” or “major,” or calling him “sir.” This wholesome piece of etiquette has, we fear, lapsed to some extent. No doubt, the great reason for the lapse has been the depreciation of field-rank which took place when the four senior captains of each regiment were made into majors. Previously the field-officer had an assured position of weight and dignity. Since the alteration, it could not be expected that captains would feel special respect for a position which differed in a very small degree from that held by themselves, and of which the duties and responsibilities differed but little from their own. What was not felt was not shown, and even subalterns came to look upon majors as not occupying such an exalted position in the military hierarchy as before. The whole system of etiquette was shaken, and has never really recovered from the shake.

It is, we venture to think, of very great importance, both in a military and social point of view, that rank should at all times be particularly recognised. Rank is still scrupulously recognised on parade; but, off duty also, it would be well if it were equally treated with marks of respect, as, indeed, was always the custom of the British army in years gone by.

In these later days we have seen officers of all ranks pass their immediate chief, and even a general, in the streets, without lifting their hat in salute. We imag-

ine that this is done more from ignorance than from direct discourtesy; but it is too much the fashion in our modern England for everybody to think himself the equal of everybody else, and to show the half-unconscious feeling by omitting any movement which might be held to imply inferiority. Real inferiority is by no means implied by showing deference to rank, and that person is most likely to command respect who shows that he understands the respect due to others. The army has always been held to be a school of good manners, and anything that may lower its value as such a school is much to be deprecated.

If, however, we insist on the desirability of maintaining a stringent etiquette among the officers of the army, it is by no means to be supposed that there should be the smallest check upon the genial intercourse, in social matters, between all ranks. Off parade, all officers meet on a social level as English gentlemen, and it should be the particular desire and aim of senior officers to establish a true *camaraderie* throughout their corps—a *camaraderie* of common aims, common amusements, and a common high tone. Politeness and the respect due to age and rank cannot, in the smallest degree, interfere with such *camaraderie*, and indeed may, and do, support it very materially.

It is very distinctly to be understood that proficiency in sports and games is an essential to the officer of English troops. Quite irrespective of the mental and physical benefits which the constant practice of every pursuit involving bodily exertion, capacity, and determination brings to a man, no one who has not lived among and observed soldiers can understand how great an in-

fluence is produced on them by the fact that their officer is a first-rate horseman, cricketer, or shot. Any one who has ever been at school knows how much greater the influence of each of the older boys is over the young ones if he is distinguished in the school eleven, pulls in the boat, or belongs to the football team: nay, even the surreptitious possession of a pair of boots and spurs invests him with a prestige not excelled by that of the ablest classic or mathematician. Private soldiers are in many respects like boys, and a regiment has the feelings of a school. The prestige of the officers must be sedulously maintained, and in those details which appeal to the eye and sympathy of tastes quite as much as in any others.

England does little for the officers of her army, and she expects a great deal from them. There are very few military stations where, if they wish to carry out energetically and practically the training of the men under their command, they are not hampered by private rights, want of means, and other obstacles over which they have no control, such as would never be permitted to exist in any Continental country. Truly it is wonderful that the result is as good as it is; and that so much is done, and creditably done, is due to the zeal, knowledge, and readiness of a class of men whom in many quarters it is the fashion to ignore and depreciate.

It has been noted that the actual life and life's work of the officer are but vaguely known to the great majority of the classes in England from which the supply of officers is drawn, and it may equally be believed that the classes which might be expected to supply re-

cruits to fill the ranks are still full of many of the old prejudices and beliefs on the subject of a soldier's career. Go to any country village or to a town parish, and be present at an interview between the parent of a possible recruit and the parson. The parent will detail the trouble that has come upon the family because the boy, who might be making as much as 7s. a-week and living respectably at home, has lately shown a wish to "list as a soldier," and lead a wild life; and will the parson, who has known him since he was a baby, try to dissuade him from ruining himself in such a way? Too often the parson will agree with the parent, that the fact of the boy donning her Majesty's uniform is synonymous with placing himself in direct communication with the devil and all his works; and he will use all his influence to prevent the youth from following his bent, and will tell him that his future, worldly and spiritual, will be much more satisfactory as a civilian than as a soldier.

Now this feeling or prejudice is a relic of antiquity, of the days when the contents of a jail were transferred wholesale to the ranks of a regiment; when little was done for the soldier beyond providing him with sufficient food, clothing, shelter, and drill to make him a fighting machine; and when means of communication were so imperfect, that the recruit who left his father's house was seldom subsequently heard of, and, in many cases, never again seen.

The present consequence is, that the great mass of recruits who join her Majesty's army are not young men who select it as a trade because they see advantages in it, in the same way as they would select the trade of a carpenter, a builder, or a plumber, but for the



most part they are those who are the waifs and strays and the misfits of the population,—men who are not comfortable in civilian life, being unhappy with their parents, having had some difficulty with a woman, or having failed in another career, &c. Let it not be supposed that the prejudice against a military life is to be met by increasing the present pay and advantages which a private soldier has. The private soldier now is in a very good position indeed in every way. Unlike men who enter a trade and for a considerable time can earn little or no pay, the well-conducted young soldier can, after all his necessary expenses are paid, have about 4s. 6d. or 5s. per week to spend on his amusements, or to dispose of in any way that may seem to him best. His work is not excessive, and every care is taken, from economic reasons if for no other, that he should never be unduly strained. His food, clothing, and medical attendance are far superior to anything of the same nature that he could have in civil life. He has many holidays and frequent leaves of absence, receiving always his full pay; and any one who knows a modern barrack, with its recreation-rooms, libraries, billiard-rooms, canteens, cricket-grounds, and appliances for all popular games, will believe that his amusements are most sedulously attended to.

Then the future that opens before a young soldier is at least better than that of a young artisan or labourer. The soldier has before him the prospect of promotion, with increased pay and a more dignified position. If he leaves the army at the expiration of his first period of service, he has handed to him a lump sum of money, such as few artisans have collected at the same age; and if he chooses to serve on for a second

period of service, he has, in addition, a pension payable to him for life.

Some men undoubtedly do join the army because they have deliberately selected it as a *métier* which they like, and which they intend to follow up steadily and perseveringly. Such men can always be at once recognised in any squad of young soldiers; and any one who has any preconceived ideas of the hardship and drawbacks of a soldier's life will quickly be undeceived when he sees how easily a willing earnest man, even though he may have no particular mental and physical advantages, learns and does his duty, how soon he is remarked as one on whom reliance can be placed, and with how little delay he conquers for himself a position of dignity and trust.

The experience of years has taught us how often young soldiers will say, after some months, and those the first and necessarily the roughest, of service, that soldiering is a deal easier and more pleasant an occupation than they had been led to expect from all that they had heard before enlisting; and indeed no life can be said to be an uncomfortable or unhappy one in which the great majority of men find the regulations so light and easy, and the work so simple, that they can conform to the one and perform the other without, in many cases, incurring the smallest punishment or censure from beginning to end of their service.

But though, as has been said, the great majority of recruits who join the army are men who enlist without any definite desire to follow soldiering as a profession, and who probably have taken the step for some private reason quite apart from the advantages offered in her Majesty's service, it would be wrong to believe that these

men do not, as a rule, turn out good and efficient soldiers. In fact, as the character of the English army is sufficiently well established, and as it has always been composed of the same elements, it must be admitted that they do make most efficient soldiers, and a fair proportion of them become reliable non-commissioned officers.

The great spread of education in the country of late years, while in some respects it has aided the maintenance of discipline in the ranks of the army, has in others introduced grave obstacles. There are many papers published which, founding their lucubrations on the smallest minimum of acquaintance with the subject, seize every opportunity of discoursing on the grievances of the private soldier. Every one will allow that, in the administration of a vast organisation like the army, mistakes must occasionally be made, and cases of individual undeserved hardship must occur. The organisation would not be human if this was not the case. But these exceptions, when they do occur, are in such a very small proportion to the numbers that the organisation deals with, that they only prove the general rule that the condition of the private soldier compares most favourably with that of any individual belonging to any organised body associated together for the purpose of any business.

Any one who, really understanding the subject, reads the letters and articles that appear from time to time, publishing and dilating upon the alleged grievances of some non-commissioned officer or private, can detect at once the weak part of the statement, and can see how far the complainant has misstated his case, and how far the criticising editor has allowed himself, willingly or unwillingly, to be misled. Many

instances will doubtless occur to the memory of students of the newspaper press; and we have before us two cases of alleged ill-treatment of soldiers at one station, which were brought by an enterprising editor before very high authorities indeed, and on examination were found to be absolutely without foundation. The class of newspapers in which appear communications and articles of the kind alluded to are generally of the very highly spiced sort, retailing personal gossip about people of social or professional mark, not always of the most generous description; and such newspapers are sown broadcast about the country, finding many readers in the class from which soldiers might be expected to come, and among soldiers themselves. No one can blame the readers, who believe statements set forth apparently on good authority; but it may well be conceived how many men are thereby prevented from enlisting, and how much a spirit of discontent and indiscipline may be fostered among those who have already enlisted.

It says much for the natural good sense of Englishmen that the minds of men in the ranks of the army are so little affected by what is certainly often read; and it says still more for the administration of the army in all ranks that its general justice, consideration, and kindness are so well known, that attacks upon it have so little weight among the men whose passions those attacks are intended to excite. That real experience proves the army to be not a very bad profession, and the attacks upon its administration to be generally unfounded, is further shown by the number of sons of old non-commissioned officers and soldiers who join its ranks. It is no unfrequent circumstance to find men in a regiment whose fathers, and

sometimes grandfathers also, have served with honour in the same corps. In our own experience, among many other instances, we have lately seen an old discharged warrant-officer bring two fine sons in succession to a large depot for enlistment, and have heard him say that he had found no difficulty in doing well in the service, and that his sons could not do better than follow the career which he himself had found so pleasant and successful.

But the spread of education, besides exposing the private soldier to the possibly hurtful influence of some periodical literature, has altered very much the frame of mind in which a large proportion of the English population, and in an equal proportion the soldiers who are drawn from that population, regard their superiors in professional and social status. "To honour and obey the Queen and all that are put in authority under her," and "to order one's self lowly and reverently to all one's betters," are rules of life which are generally nowadays received with many mental reservations and limitations. Small wonder if young soldiers do not at once adapt themselves without difficulty to the necessarily strict discipline and unquestioning submission to orders required in the army. We fear that British youth now seldom learns properly to conjugate the verbs "to respect" and "to obey," and when respect and obedience become a necessity of life, they are in the highest degree distasteful. Hence arises that petulance which is of such often occurrence in recruit depots. We will not call it insubordination, because, if properly treated, it never develops into insubordination, and disappears with acquired experience and the influence of a wholesome surrounding military atmosphere. But this petulance

makes much higher demands on the firmness and tact of company and troop officers and non-commissioned officers than circumstances ever made twenty or thirty years ago, and demands unceasing vigilance on the part of the senior officers of a corps to secure that tact is always exercised.

The great danger to be justly apprehended is that, in trying to exercise tact in dealing with disciplinary questions, the error may be fallen into of being too soft and yielding, and this is one of the gravest difficulties of our present army. If discipline is not strictly maintained, any corps becomes not only inefficient but more and more discontented. If it is too rigid and unbending, a fair chance is not given to soldiers, whose faults are the faults of early education, and who should, if possible, be made to forget the licence of their youth, and adopt other and more correct rules of life. It is to-day one of the matters in which much more credit should be given to the regimental officers and non-commissioned officers in our army than is often conceded to them, that they should generally succeed so well in maintaining discipline without employing the harsher methods sanctioned by law.

The mention of military law leads us to consider who are the men upon whom the severest punishments of the code are now being put in force; how is it that such a large proportion of our nominal armed strength is always to be found in prison; and what are the crimes for which a penalty is inflicted which withdraws men from the daily practice so necessary to efficiency in their profession, and certainly depreciates their mental and physical value.

Desertion and fraudulent enlistment may safely be said to be re-

sponsible for nine-tenths of the court-martial punishments in the army, and the two offences are very much bound together. A large proportion of the men who fraudulently enlist are men who have previously deserted; and an equally large proportion of those who desert are men who, having fraudulently enlisted, desert when they think that their offence is likely to be discovered. There is, we believe, a strong impression abroad in the country among many worthy people that a number of men desert because they are bullied into it—that their spirit revolts at the treatment which they receive. This is a very false idea, however. Putting aside the fact that the vast majority of men, and those not the least sensitive and the least delicately brought up, serve for long periods with contentment and credit, it is to be remembered that, as was said above, the great mass of men who join as recruits are men who are the waifs and strays of the population, of unsettled minds, who accept military life more or less as a *pis-aller*. It is only to be expected that some of these unsettled men, who probably have come under the influence of bad comrades, should become disgusted with the unaccustomed work and discipline of the army, and cut short their disgust by deserting. These are men of indifferent character who would get into trouble in any line of life, and the conditions of service in the army have nothing whatever to do with their discontent and crime.

Many men there are also, who, although they have done well in the army, and are apparently contented soldiers, come under bad or distracting influence when they are at home on furlough, overstay their leave, and then make bad worse by deserting altogether; and these men are undoubtedly a very

serious loss to the army. It may be taken for granted, however, that a man seldom or never deserts after he has been more than two years in the service. His eyes are then open to the advantages which he is enjoying: he has become accustomed to his work, finds it little of a burden, and he is so far imbued with the military spirit that he looks upon an illegitimate quitting of the colours as an unprofitable, if not a disgraceful, action.

Desertion there must probably always be to a greater or less extent, and, as a rule, the man who deliberately deserts is unfitted for the army, and is no great loss; but fraudulent enlistment brings many evils in its train, and more than anything else lessens the tone of the whole service, and tends to depreciate it before the classes which we wish to see tempted to join its ranks. The fraudulent enlistee, whether he is an old deserter—a man who has been discharged from some regiment with ignominy as an incorrigible and worthless—or discharged for some physical defect—is, with few exceptions, an idle useless man, often belonging to the criminal classes, and always the very worst element to introduce into a barrack-room, where he annoys and disgusts the steady and respectable men by his language and customs, and probably demoralises weak young soldiers by his teaching and example. There is no limit to the mischief which he does, and to the trouble which he gives to officers, non-commissioned officers, and comrades, until some day he deserts, only to re-enlist in some other corps in a distant part of the country. Such men become what we may call professional deserters; and it often happens that, when at last he is arraigned before a court-martial,

one of them is found to have enlisted in, and deserted from, four or five different corps, in none of which he has done any work, and in all he has left a legacy of evil influence.

And how is this curse of the English army to be checked? How can a recruiting officer in London detect in the slovenly figure that presents itself for enlistment, the man who deserted a fortnight ago at Portsmouth? and how can we secure that our recruiting returns shall be correct, and that the men in the ranks of the army are all *bond fide* soldiers?

This is a question that has often been asked, and has been answered in various ways, all more or less unsatisfactory. Perhaps the most effective of the feeble checks that have been devised is the publication in the 'Police Gazette' of the detailed description of all deserters, and the offer of £1 reward to the person who detects one. Many deserters are so detected; but, even so, the vast majority cannot be identified, and the plan, besides being at the best expensive and troublesome, is for all practical purposes a complete failure.

We confess that we cannot see that any remedy can be devised which shall be so effective, simple, and reasonable as that every officer and man who enters her Majesty's service, from the Royal Princes who hold commissions to the youngest boy who beats a drum or tootles on a fife, shall be tattooed with some small distinguishing mark. The possession of such a mark should be a badge of honour, and when a man is old he should be able to point proudly to it, and say, "I served England." We are aware that this has often been proposed, and has as often been shrieked at by people who,

we cannot help thinking, really do not understand the feelings of honest men and honest soldiers on the subject. "What!" they say; "allow men to be branded as if they were felons—never!" To this we would reply that, unfortunately, felons are not branded; and that the mark should be, as we said above, a mark of an honourable and honoured profession.

We can safely say, from a tolerably long and extended experience of non-commissioned officers and men, that there is not, nor would ever be, the slightest objection to such marking as we advocate in any rank in the army if it was adopted. Recruiting would most certainly be placed on a sounder and truer basis, and so great a diminution of military crime would at once result as would save the country the enormous sum which is now lost or spent annually in the frequent cases of desertion and fraudulent enlistment, and in their detection, trial, and punishment.

We must say a word as to the punishments by which discipline is maintained among the unruly and ill-disposed men who will always be found in the ranks of the British as of every other army. In military as in civil law, we do not seem to be able to get much beyond the idea of imprisonment for all offences. If a man is insubordinate, he gets so much imprisonment; if he deserts, so much imprisonment; if he steals or commits any felonious crime, again so much imprisonment. True, a man may be fined for drunkenness, and he loses pay for absence without leave; but for everything else the only resort is imprisonment. It has been said with a certain amount of truth that the worst use you can put a man

to is to hang him. Most certainly the worst use you can put a soldier to is to imprison him. As long as a man is supposed to belong to the fighting force of the country, and to be available at any time for his country's defence, it is essential that he should be kept in the best bodily health, so that he is prepared to undertake the fatigues of his profession at any time. He requires constant practice with his weapons, particularly the highly developed weapons of modern war, so that he may use them to the best possible effect; and, above all things, his *moral*—i.e., his pride and confidence in himself—should be most carefully preserved. To-day, if it happens that for some grave military offence a soldier must be punished, he is sentenced to a lengthened term of imprisonment; and what is the result? He is kept on low diet, and suddenly deprived of all the stimulants to which his constitution is probably accustomed, and he becomes what medical men call "below par," weak and anæmic. Withdrawn from all use and practice with his arms, he deteriorates most gravely in efficiency in handling them; and, worse than anything else, he wears a felon's dress, is thrown into communication with habitual criminals, and feels that his dignity as a soldier of England is almost irreparably injured. Nothing is done to improve him in any way, and he simply endures a dull profitless time of misery, at the end of which he is generally a much worse man, mentally and physically, than he was at the beginning.

What we would urge is this, that there should be a careful distinction drawn between the punishments awarded for purely military offences and offences which consti-

tute felony, and of themselves ought to render a man incapable of following the honourable profession of arms. For the latter class of offences, by all means let a man be punished by imprisonment, with all its dull degradation, in accordance with the common law of the country. But such a punishment should carry with it, *de facto*, discharge with ignominy from the service, and no man should ever be considered fit to wear her Majesty's uniform who has worn a felon's dress. For military offences, however, men should be punished in a military way—in such a way as, though sufficiently distasteful to mark its object, that the man would be kept in the highest physical efficiency, and would be brought under improving influence. The effort should be made by the punishment to eradicate the fault, or the tendency to the fault, without at the same time degrading the man. Nothing, we believe, would have so salutary an effect as the establishment of one or two discipline, or rather reformatory, and instructional battalions in the country, to which a man should be transferred for the period of his punishment. These battalions might have their headquarters at our great military stations—say Aldershot and the Curragh—with detached companies or sections at places where there are large numbers of troops assembled. The quarters should be enclosed, shut up, and guarded practically as prisons now are. The officers and non-commissioned officers of the battalions should be selected men, with peculiar qualifications for maintaining discipline; but the whole interior economy of the corps should be in every respect like that of all regiments. The routine of life should be that of a regiment, except that the work

should be doubly severe. Drill should form a large part of the day's employment, of course without ammunition, swords, or bayonets, except in the case of men who had conducted themselves well and were near the expiration of their punishment. Uniform should always be worn, and each man's turn-out should be as scrupulously inspected as in any other battalion. Above all things, unless a man was under special prison punishment for an offence in prison, the rations should be as full and nourishing as those issued to any soldiers. The discipline or reformatory men should be made available for the execution of work under the Royal Engineers' direction,—and in this, in every station, there are always numberless opportunities of employing them. Workshops should be established in which well-conducted men could work at their trades, or could be taught some handiwork. Regimental schools should be carried on, and every means should be taken to fill each hour of the day with some occupation, toilsome to a certain degree, profitable certainly, and if possible interesting. Of course the men should never be allowed outside their quarters unless when marched out on duty, and they should receive no indulgences whatever. Their highest reward should be the substitution of a lighter and more interesting employment for one more dull and toilsome.

There should be this special feature in the methods of the discipline battalion, that if a man conducted himself thoroughly well he should be requited for his continuance of good conduct by a partial abridgment of his sentence, and he would thus have a direct incentive to profit by every means of improvement placed at his disposal.

We believe that reformatory

corps, such as we advocate, would not only have an immense result of good in their effect on the men who were sent to them, but they would be to a great extent self-supporting, as they would be able to do all their own cooking, washing, repairing, &c.; and the work done under Royal Engineer direction and in their own workshops must always have a certain value.

It is impossible, in the short space at our disposal, to do more than sketch a scheme very briefly, but there would apparently be no difficulty in elaborating it completely and in filling in all details. One detail, however, we would particularise and insist upon as being essential to the real success of a reformatory battalion. Its duties and administration should be as much in the hands of officers as those of any other corps in the service, and it should be the special care and aim of the officers to effect a personal improvement in each man that came under their command. In the prison system it is, as a rule, the warders only who have much intercourse with prisoners. In the reformatory battalion the officers should be in very frequent contact with them, and should try to establish an influence over them. So much should this be the case, that, in addition to the officers being, as noted above, carefully selected, special notice should be taken of the measure of success attained by each officer in dealing with the men, and this should be considered as having much effect on his future promotion. It may reasonably be believed that soldiers who had incurred punishment for military offences, or rather who had shown that their military morality required a stringent course of correction and education, especially remembering the youth and conse-

quent mental plasticity of the vast majority, would return to their proper regiments from a spell of service in a reformatory battalion improved in mind and disposition, —certainly well-drilled men, in the best physical condition.

We could wish to see a stronger public feeling than there apparently is at present towards improving the position of non-commissioned officers. Many people are convinced that the position of the private soldier as to pay, clothing, rations, &c., should be made much better than it is, but nothing is said about the men whose capabilities and merits have brought them out of the crowd, and whose class is one of the principal props of the whole military edifice. The terms on which colour-sergeants, troop sergeant-majors, and sergeants are now serving, are certainly better than they were five-and-twenty years ago; but the improvement in their several positions is not adequate to the increased demands on their zeal, capabilities, and general intelligence. If we consider that they must be men of unblemished personal character, possessed of all the firmness and tact necessary to control in everyday life the mixed lot of boys who, in our modern regiments, are constantly passing through their hands; that they must be able to keep accounts clearly and well; that they must have a good working acquaintance with many subjects outside the strict routine of military duty; that they must not only personally be proficient in all military exercises, but be able to give instruction in them; and that the daily work which they perform demands the highest physical powers,—it certainly appears that their pres-

ent pay and future prospects are far from being adequate. Moreover, the prospect of attaining to a really good position, even if it is only to be gained and kept by the hardest and most responsible work, would add much to the incentives which induce good and respectable men to enlist in the service.

One of the greatest rewards that can be held out to a private soldier is the prospect of promotion; but this reward is by no means as great, under present conditions, as it should be, and the subject is one which, we venture to think, demands very serious consideration.

We would wish to repeat, what we hinted at above, that we cannot think the position of the soldier, when he first enlists, and during the first few years of his service, while he is undeveloped physically, and is only an apprentice in his profession, demands much improvement. What is necessary is, that the tone and dignity of the service should be bettered by checking, if possible, certain offences, and thereby ridding the ranks of a class of professional ne'er-do-wells; by devising punishments which shall reform and improve offenders, instead of humiliating and injuring them; by adding to the advantages of the trained, developed, and experienced soldier; and, above all, by making the position of the non-commissioned officer so desirable, that it shall be a worthy prize for efficiency and good conduct.

The army would then, we think, be a trade that would attract really good men to join its ranks, instead of deterring many, as it does at present, by its certainty of very undesirable companionship, and the only passable quality of the prizes which it offers.



## SISTER.

It does not matter where it was. I do not want other people—that is to say, those who were around us—to recognise Sister or myself. It is not likely that she will see this—and I am not sure that she knows my name. Of course, some one may draw her attention to this paper, and she may remember that the name affixed to it is that which I signed at the foot of a document we made out together—namely, a return of deaths. At the foot of this paper our names stood one beneath the other—stand there still, perhaps, in some forgotten bundle of papers at the War Office.

I only hope that she will not see this; for she might consider it a breach of professional etiquette; and I attach great importance to the opinion of this woman, whom I have only seen once in my whole life. Moreover, on that occasion she was subordinate to me—more or less in the position of a servant.

Suffice it to say, therefore, that it was war-time, and our trade was what the commercial papers call brisk. A war better remembered of the young than of the old, because it was, comparatively speaking, recent. The old fellows seem to remember the old fights better—those fights that were fought when their blood was still young and the vessels thereof unclogged.

It was, by the way, my first campaign, but I was not new to the business of blood; for I am no soldier—only a doctor. My only uniform—my full-parade dress—is a red cross on the arm of an old blue serge jacket—said jacket being much stained with certain dull patches which are better not investigated.

All who have taken part in war—doing the damage or repairing it—know that things are not done in quite the same way when ball-cartridge is served out instead of blank. The correspondents are very fond of reporting that the behaviour of the men suggested a parade,—which simile it is to be presumed was borne in upon their fantastic brains by its utter inapplicability. The parade may be suggested before the real work begins—when it is a question of marching away from the landing-stage; but after the work—*our* work—has begun, there is remarkably little resemblance to a review.

We are served with many official papers which we never fill in, because, on the spur of the moment, it is apt to suggest itself that men's lives are more important. We misapply a vast majority of our surgical supplies, because the most important item is usually left behind at headquarters, or at the seaport depot. In fact, we do many things that we should leave undone, and omit to do more which we are expected (officially) to do.

For some reason—presumably the absence of better men—I was sent up to the front before we had been three days at work. Our hospital by the river was not full when I received orders to follow the flying column with two assistants and the appliances of a field-hospital.

Out of this little nucleus sprang the largest depot for sick and wounded that was formed during the campaign. We were within easy reach of headquarters, and I was fortunately allowed a free

hand. Thus our establishment in the desert grew daily more important, and finally superseded the hospital at headquarters.

We had a busy time, for the main column had now closed up with the first expeditionary force, and our troops were in touch with the enemy not forty miles away from me.

In the course of time—when the authorities learnt to cease despising the foe, which is a little failing in British military high places—it was deemed expedient to fortify us, and then, in addition to two medical assistants, I was allowed three Government nurses. This last piece of news was not hailed with so much enthusiasm as might have been expected. I am not in favour of bringing women anywhere near the front. They are, for their own sakes and for the peace of minds of others, much better left behind. If they are beyond a certain age they break down and have to be sent back at considerable trouble; that is to say, an escort and an ambulance cart, of which latter there are never enough. If they are below the climacteric—ever so little below it—they cause mischief of another description, and the wounded are neglected; for there is no passion of the human heart so cruel and selfish as love.

"I am sorry to hear it," I said to light-hearted little Sammy Fitz-Warner, of the Naval Brigade, who brought me the news.

"Sorry to hear it? Gad! I shouldn't be. The place has got a different look about it when there are women-folk around. They are so jolly clever in their ways—worth ten of your red-cross ruffians."

"That is as may be," I answered, breaking open the case of whisky which Sammy had brought

up on the carriage of his machine-gun for my private consumption.

He was taking this machine-gun up to the front, and mighty proud he was of it.

"A clever gun," he called it; "an almighty clever gun."

He had ridden alongside of it—sitting on the top of his horse as sailors do—through seventy miles of desert without a halt; watching over it and tending it as he might have watched and tended his mother, or perhaps some other woman.

"Gad! doctor," he exclaimed, kicking out his sturdy legs and contemplating with some satisfaction the yellow hide top-boots which he had bought at the Army and Navy stores. I know the boots well, and—avoid them. "Gad! doctor, you should see that gun on the war-path. Travels as light as a tricycle. And when she begins to talk . . . my stars! Click . . . click . . . click . . . click. For all the world like a steam-launch's engine—mowing 'em down all the time. No work for you there. It will be no use you and your stalactites propping about with skewers for the bullet. Look at the other side, my boy, and you'll find the beauty has just walked through them."

"Soda or plain?" I asked—in parenthesis.

"Soda. I don't like the flavour of dead camel. A big drink, please. I feel as if I were lined with sand-paper."

He slept that night in the little shanty built of mud, and roofed chiefly with old palm-mats, which was gracefully called the Head Surgeon's quarters. That is to say, he partook of such hospitality as I had to offer him.

Sammy and I had met before he had touched a rope or I a scalpel. We hailed from the same

part of the country—down Devonshire way; and to a limited extent, we knew each other's people; which little phrase has a vast meaning in places where men do congregate.

We turned in pretty early—I on a hospital mattress, he in my bed; but Sam would not go to sleep. He would lie with his arms above his head (which is not an attitude of sleep), and talk about that everlasting gun.

I dozed off to the murmur of his voice expatiating on the extreme cunning of the ejector, and awoke to hear details of the rifling.

We did not talk of home, as do men in books when lying by a camp-fire. Perhaps it was owing to the absence of that picturesque adjunct to a soldier's life. We talked chiefly of the clever gun; and once, just before he fell asleep, Sammy returned to the question of the nurses.

"Yes," he said, "the head sawbones down there told me to tell you that he had got permission to send you three nurses. Treat 'em kindly, Jack, for my sake. Bless their hearts! They mean well."

Then he fell asleep, and left me thinking of his words, and of the spirit which had prompted them.

I knew really nothing of this man's life, but he seemed singularly happy, with that happiness which only comes when daily existence has a background to it. He spoke habitually of women, as if he loved them all for the sake of one; and this not being precisely my own position, I was glad when he fell asleep.

The fort was astir next morning at four. The bugler kindly blew a blast into our glassless window which left no doubt about it.

"That means all hands on deck, I take it," said Sam, who was one

of the few men capable of good humour before tiffin time.

By six o'clock he was ready to go. It was easy to see what sort of officer this cheery sailor was by the way his men worked.

While they were getting the machine-gun limbered up, Sam came back to my quarters, and took a hasty breakfast.

"Feel a bit down this morning," he said, with a gay smile. "Cheap—very cheap. I hope I am not going to funk it. It is all very well for some of you long-faced fellows, who don't seem to have much to live for, to fight for the love of fighting. I don't want to fight any man; I am too fond of 'em all for that."

I went out after breakfast, and I gave him a leg up on to his very sorry horse, which he sat like a tailor or a sailor. He held the reins like tiller-lines, and indulged in a pleased smile at the effect of the yellow boots.

"No great hand at this sort of thing," he said, with a nod of farewell. "When the beast does anything out of the common, or begins to make heavy weather of it, *I am not.*"

He ranged up alongside his beloved gun, and gave the word of command with more dignity than he knew what to do with.

All that day I was employed in arranging quarters for the nurses. To do this I was forced to turn some of our most precious stores out into the open, covering them with a tarpaulin, and in consequence felt all the more assured that my chief was making a great mistake.

At nine o'clock in the evening they arrived, one of the juniors having ridden out in the moonlight to meet them. He reported them completely exhausted; informed me that he had recommended them

to go straight to bed; and was altogether more enthusiastic about the matter than I personally or officially cared to see.

He handed me a pencil note from my chief at headquarters, explaining that he had not written me a despatch because he had nothing but a J pen, with which instrument he could not make himself legible. It struck me that he was suffering from a plethora of assistance, and was anxious to reduce his staff.

I sent my enthusiastic assistant to the nurses' quarters with a message that they were not to report themselves to me until they had had a night's rest, and turned in.

At midnight I was awakened by the orderly, and summoned to the tent of the officer in command. This youth's face was considerably whiter than his linen. He was consulting with his second-in-command, a boy of twenty-two or thereabouts.

A man covered with sand and blood was sitting in a hammock-chair, rubbing his eyes and drinking something out of a tumbler.

"News from the front?" I inquired without ceremony, which hindrance we had long since dispensed with.

"Yes, and bad news."

It certainly was not pleasant hearing. Some one mentioned the word disaster, and we looked at each other with hard anxious eyes. I thought of the women, and almost decided to send them back before daylight.

In a few moments a fresh man was roused out of his bed, and sent full gallop through the moonlight across the desert to headquarters, and the officer in command began to regain confidence. I think he extracted it from the despatch-bearer's tumbler. After all, he was not responsible for much. He was

merely a connecting-link, a point of touch between two greater men.

It was necessary to get my men to work at once, but I gave particular orders to leave the nurses undisturbed. Disaster at the front meant hard work at the rear. We all knew that, and endeavoured to make ready for a sudden rush of wounded.

The rush began before daylight. As they came in we saw to them, dressing their wounds and packing them as closely as possible. But the stream was continuous. They never stopped coming; they never gave us a moment's rest.

At six o'clock I gave orders to awaken the nurses and order them to prepare their quarters for the reception of the wounded. At half-past six an Army Hospital Corps man came to me in the ward—

"Shockin' case, sir, just come in," he said. "Officer. Gun busted, sir."

"Take him to my quarters," I said, wiping my instruments on my sleeve.

In a few minutes I followed, and on entering my little room the first thing I saw was a pair of yellow boots.

There was no doubt about the boots and the white duck trousers, and although I could not see the face, I knew that this was Sammy Fitz-Warrener come back again.

A woman—one of the nurses for whom he had pleaded—was bending over the bed with a sponge and a basin of tepid water. As I entered she turned upon me a pair of calmly horror-stricken eyes.

"Oh!" she whispered, meaningly, stepping back to let me approach. I had no time to notice then that she was one of those largely built women, with perfect skin and fair hair, who make one think of what

England must have been before Gallic blood got to be so widely disseminated in the race.

"Please pull down that mat from the window," I said, indicating a temporary blind which I had put up.

She did so promptly, and returned to the bedside, falling into position as it were, awaiting my orders.

I bent over the bed, and I must confess that what I saw there gave me a thrill of horror which will come again at times so long as I live.

I made a sign to Sister to continue her task of sponging away the mud, of which one ingredient was sand.

"Both eyes," she whispered, "are destroyed."

"Not the top of the skull," I said, "you must not touch that."

For we both knew that our task was without hope.

As I have said, I knew something of Fitz-Warrener's people, and I could not help lingering there, where I could do no good, when I knew that I was wanted elsewhere.

Suddenly his lips moved, and Sister, kneeling down on the floor, bent over him.

I could not hear what he said, but I think she did. I saw her lips frame the whisper "Yes" in reply, and over her face there swept suddenly a look of great tenderness.

After a little pause she rose and came to me.

"Who is he?" she asked.

"Fitz-Warrener of the Naval Brigade. Do you know him?"

"No, I never heard of him. Of course . . . it is quite hopeless?"

"Quite."

She returned to her position by the bedside, with one arm laid across his chest.

Presently he began whispering again, and at intervals she answered him. It suddenly occurred to me that, in his unconsciousness, he was mistaking her for some one else, and that she, for some woman's reason, was deceiving him purposely.

In a few moments I was sure of this.

I tried not to look; but I saw it all. I saw his poor blind hands wander over her throat and face, up to her hair.

"What is this?" he muttered quite distinctly, with that tone of self-absorption which characterises the sayings of an unconscious man. "What is this silly cap?"

His fingers wandered on over the snowy linen until they came to the strings.

As an aspirant to the title of gentleman, I felt like running away—many doctors know this feeling; as a doctor, I could only stay.

His fingers fumbled with the strings. Still Sister bent over the bed. Perhaps she bent an inch or two nearer. One hand was beneath his neck, supporting the poor shattered head.

He slowly drew off the cap, and his fingers crept lovingly over the soft fair hair.

"Marny," he said, quite clearly, "you've done your hair up, and you're nothing but a little girl, you know,—nothing but a little girl."

I could not help watching his fingers, and yet I felt like a man committing sacrilege.

"When I left you," said the brainless voice, "you wore it down your back. You were a little girl—you are a little girl now."

And he slowly drew a hairpin out. One long lock fell curling to her shoulder. She never looked up, never noticed me, but knelt there like a ministering angel—

personating for a time a girl whom we had never seen.

"My little girl," he added, with a low laugh, and drew out another hairpin.

In a few moments all her hair was about her shoulders. I had never thought that she might be carrying such glory quietly hidden beneath the simple nurse's cap.

"That is better," he said, "that is better."

And he let all the hairpins fall on the coverlet.

"Now, you are my own Marny," he murmured. "Are you not?"

She hesitated one moment.

"Yes, dear!" she said softly.

"I am your own Marny."

With her disengaged hand she stroked his blanching cheek. There was a certain science about her touch, as if she had once known something of these matters.

Lovingly and slowly the smoke-grimed fingers passed over the wonderful hair, smoothing it.

Then he grew more daring. He touched her eyes, her gentle cheeks, the quiet strong lips. He slipped to her shoulder, and over the soft folds of her black dress.

"Been gardening?" he asked, coming to the bib of her nursing apron.

It was marvellous how the brain, which was laid open to the day, retained the consciousness of one subject so long.

"Yes—dear," she whispered.

"Your old apron is all wet!" he said reproachfully, touching her breast where the blood—his own blood—was slowly drying.

His hand passed on, and as it touched her, I saw her eyes soften into such a wonderful tenderness, that I felt as if I were looking on a part of Sister's life which was sacred.

I saw a little movement as if to draw back—then she resolutely held her position. But her eyes were dull with a new pain. I wonder—I have wondered ever since—what memories that poor senseless wreck of a man was arousing in the woman's heart by his wandering touch.

"Marny," he said, "Marny. It was not *too* hard waiting for me?"

"No, dear."

"It will be all right now, Marny. The bad part is all past."

"Yes."

"Marny, you remember . . . the night . . . I left . . . Marny, . . . I want . . . no . . . no, your *lips*."

I knelt suddenly and slipped my hand within his shirt, for I saw something in his face.

As Sister's lips touched his I felt his heart give a great bound within his breast, and then it was still.

When she lifted her face it was as pale as his.

I must say that I felt like crying—a feeling which had not come to me for twenty years. I busied myself purposely with the dead man, and when I had finished my task I turned and found Sister filling in the papers—her cap neatly tied—her golden hair hidden.

I signed the certificate, placing my name beneath hers.

For a moment we stood. Our eyes met, and . . . we said nothing. She moved towards the door, and I held it open while she passed out.

Two hours later I received orders from the officer in command to send the nurses back to headquarters. Our men were falling back before the enemy.

HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

## THE INSURRECTION IN MONGOLIA.

A DISAGREEABLE impression was made on public feeling in the north of China by the execution at Tientsin, on the 20th February, of the two leaders of the insurgents, Yang Yueh-chen and Li Kwan. Not only the *Tsai li*, or Abstinence sect, to which the victims belonged, and which numbers 80,000 members in the one province of Chihli, but the whole Chinese public, were disposed to regard the two unfortunate men as more sinned against than sinning; and it was even questioned whether their death by judicial process would exercise that pacifying influence on the rival factions which would be its best justification.

The civil authorities, into whose hands the captives were delivered, and whose duty it was to pass and execute the sentence, were even suspected of participating to a certain extent in the popular feeling. But in matters of State policy sentiment has to yield to the public safety; and the laws and customs of the empire admitted of no alternative in this case, either for the victims or their judges. What is to be done with a rebel but to put him to death? The previous question as to whether the prisoners were indeed rebels against the State had been settled by the military commanders who captured them. As rebels they were taken and brought down to Tientsin; as rebels they were delivered into the custody of the magistrates; and as rebels they must pay the penalty which the law prescribes. To have saved them from this fate would have been to discredit General Yeh, whose conduct of the campaign had been lauded by the Emperor, and

he himself covered with honours. And who would expose himself to the reproaches of the general, or to the charges which other influential parties, thirsting, not unnaturally, for vengeance, would have levelled at the heads of any weak officials who should dare to interrupt the course of justice? So the two men had to die the death. Yet why only two, since three were captured? Well, the course of justice itself had to be deflected a little in order to save the life of the son while the father suffered; the son, who was in all respects equally guilty, if there be guilt, and who, whether personally guilty or not, had forfeited his life by merely belonging to a rebel family. Such is the stern, and no doubt necessary, principle of Chinese responsibility. For the family, and not the individual, being the true legal unit, nothing short of the extirpation of the family satisfies the requirements of Chinese law where sedition is brought home to any member of it. The grim logic of this law, therefore, had to suffer a little violence that one of the captives might be saved alive.

Yang Yueh-chen, called sixty years of age, was a very wealthy and highly esteemed gentleman, and a scholar. He was in a sense the father of his people, who styled him Yang Laotzu, or the Teacher, and many thousands of them depended on him for their subsistence. In the bleak country where he had settled he had acquired extensive property in land, which he let out to the thrifty immigrants from Shantung, taking from them such revenues as they were able to pay, according to the season, and supplying them with the necessa-

ries of life in seasons when they could gather no crops. In the capacity of "headman," he was able to amass wealth as well as to gain social consideration; and it appears he possessed the full confidence of all his retainers. They were bound, he to them and they to him, in the first instance by the strong tie of enlightened self-interest; and their mutual relationship became thus almost what Utopian philosophers depict as the unattainable ideal of human association. They were united, besides, by the more artificial—or mystic?—tie of membership of that great society called *Tsai li*, of which the members are mutually bound in vows of abstinence from great and small vices, such as the drinking of alcoholic liquor and the smoking of common tobacco. Personal purity and probity necessarily head the list of their virtues, and abstinence from flesh food is one of their tenets. The sect, merely because it is a sect, is under the ban of the Government, the Chinese imperial tradition, like that of the Roman empire, being hostile to every association not recognised by the law. For an analogous reason, many foreign missionaries hold the sect in aversion; virtues which are not derived from the tenets of Christianity being, in their estimation, mere sin of a very hopeless kind—sin of which it is almost impossible to convince the sinner of its sinfulness. The Government, as has since appeared, had good practical reasons for looking with suspicion on the *Tsai li* sect, for their combination for defence and offence was the efficient cause of the recent rising.

For Yang and his hardy colonists had enemies, since envy and strife are the heritage of man. They lived with an alien race who were, so far as the Chinese settlers were

concerned, the aborigines of the country. This is a condition to which the men of the Middle State are unhappily exposed in all their borders; for they, the superior race, represent the principle of progress, industry, and regulated life, subjected to economic discipline. The tribes whom they gradually displace are the wild, untamed people, never yet broken to harness, who will endure any hardship, but who are hopelessly improvident, and will not do a day's work. The relations of the respective peoples growing out of these conditions have, so far as the northern frontiers are concerned, been described by many modern eye-witnesses—most graphically and truly by Huc.

The division between the Chinese and the Mongols is the very oldest division of mankind of which there is any written record. The Mongols are keepers of sheep, while the Chinese are tillers of the ground; and there is not more enmity between the seed of the woman and the seed of the serpent than there is between these two races of men, wherever they may be found in a state of nature.

To this congenital aversion there was added, in the present case, a definable conflict of interests; for what was gain to the one was, or to their untutored minds seemed to be, loss to the other, and there was no controlling or mediating force to deaden the concussion which their intercourse necessarily produced.

The stream of immigrants from the over-peopled province of Shantung had been pouring into these waste lands of Mongolia for many years. The movement had been discouraged—for that is all that strict prohibition of anything ever amounts to in China—by the Imperial Government, for reasons not



on the face of the thing intelligible, though the late rising has furnished good warrant for the Imperial policy. The Chinese, being industrious and enterprising, occupied without opposition the desert lands, which were then of no apparent value to anybody, making, in many cases, with the aborigines the kind of arrangement which the civilised always does make with the uncivilised man—the birth-right for the mess of pottage. The Chinese were virtually squatters on the Mongol Reservation, and the traffic, which may be typified by beads and bad whisky, led to results not dissimilar to those which once in ten years provoke the Indian insurrections in the United States. The Mongols hate and distrust the Chinese profoundly; yet they cannot help dealing with them, though they necessarily get the worst of the bargain. They know this very well, but, like a man in a nightmare, they do not know how to avoid it. The title to the occupancy of these lands being so defective in its origin, the crop of troubles which has ensued was as natural as the crops of thistles on a neglected farm in Essex.

In process of time, under the tilth and sweat of the hardy cultivators, the lands which had been desert smiled with waving corn. The Mongols saw this with envy, and detested the interlopers more and more—for the lands they considered as the heritage, natural and unalienable, of their tribe. Nor would the fact of sales or leases, in which they imagined themselves to have been outwitted, lessen their rage. They would, as even men of higher culture might in the like case, curse their own folly, while vowing vengeance on their spoilers. Transfers under Government sanction even would

scarcely restrain an ignorant people, always in want, from attempting to recover by violence what they would always believe had been taken from them by cunning.

The truth is, the Mongols, having no notion of the sanctity of contract, treated their cultivators most extortionately. One of their commonest forms of arrangement was to let their lands at an agreed rental, and insist on five years' rent being paid in advance. This money was, of course, soon dissipated by people innocent of economy; and long before the expiry of the term they itched to raise more money on their land. If the occupants refused to satisfy the new demands, the Mongols would let the land over their heads, and then make a raid and drive off the first tenants, often confiscating their implements at the same time. This is but one of many phases of the chronic controversy between the two races.

The Chinese, to do them justice, are never averse from paying. They are pre-eminently men of industry, to whom peace is a first necessity, which they are ever ready to purchase, almost "at any price." Whether it be for a missionary riot, or any other form of reclamation made on him, John Chinaman's simple question is, How muchee? It may be taken as certain, therefore, that the immigrants into Mongolia did their best to establish some *modus vivendi* with their Mongol neighbours. They paid tribute to the Prince, as they would have done in their native province to the Emperor, or overlord, whose land they cultivated, but under what precise conditions is not yet fully disclosed. What is certain is that the Prince was never satisfied, and the Chinese represent them-

selves as having suffered for many years the most intolerable oppression at his hands. It is a well-established principle of the unwritten law of China that *ex nihilo nihil fit*. Ground-rents to land-owners and the land-tax to the Board of Revenue have alike to bend to the exigencies of seasons. In years of scarcity they are either altogether remitted or materially reduced, the accommodation between proprietor and tenant working as by an automatic machine lubricated by constant use. For scarcely a year passes without famine declaring itself in one district or another of the vast empire. But it is easy to imagine how this self-acting adjustment would fail in a wild region remote from the control of Government, where one baron held his sway without a check on his avarice or tyranny.

The other source of bad blood was the depredations of the pastoral Mongols, the clansmen of the chief. These hardy sons of the desert, and of the rugged rocks, contemplating from their coigns of vantage the growing wealth of the detested intruders, could not refrain from making raids on their own account and carrying off the produce of the soil, or levying blackmail whenever they saw an opportunity.

It is not alleged that all the Mongol depredations were directed by the chief; but as he was the only *de facto* executive authority in the district—the official Chinese magistrate being only too glad to avoid being compromised in the quarrel—and he did nothing to prevent the outrages, he must be held primarily responsible. Between the chieftain and his tribesmen the Chinese settlers found their situation becoming every year more unbearable; bad feeling on both sides grew worse

continually; until at last, in 1890, the Mongols made a final raid on the cultivators, and set fire to their standing crops. This outrage filled the cup of the Mongol iniquity, and drove the Chinese into a solid combination for defence, or for reprisals.

There was another enemy whom the Chinese of those regions, and more particularly those who belonged to the *Tsai li* sect, had reason to dread—an enemy of their own kindred, but none the kinder on that account—the Christian communities in the neighbourhood. The careless observer might suppose that their common pursuit of virtue would create some bonds of sympathy between the *Tsai li* and the Christians, but human nature is weak on its sympathetic side. Jealousy rather than love is often the outcome of common aspirations. The *Tsai li* resent the pretensions of a foreign sect, claiming to introduce as new a morality which they already practise; while the Christians are irritated by a society which is virtuous without their aid. Individuals on either side may be respectful and conciliatory, but the two sects as a whole stand apart.

In the course of their common dealings in the market-place, the jealousy of the two sects easily takes an acrimonious turn; and this is intensified to an indefinite degree by the attitude which Christians usually assume in their intercourse with mere "heathen." For wherever they are numerous the native Christians become bold, and even aggressive, more especially if there is a foreign missionary among them to rally their forces and champion their cause. In a certain section of the district in which the disturbances of last November took place, the Chris-

tians form a strong and compact body, and they have been accustomed for years to carry things with a high hand against their pagan neighbours. This they were able to do by working on the fears of the magistrate, who had standing orders from Peking never to allow disputes with the Christians to be heard of. In obedience to these instructions, and to their instinct of self-preservation, the local magistrates were in the habit of deciding such disputes as were brought before them in favour of the Christians, of which favouritism the latter took full advantage. But this course of procedure naturally exasperated the people generally more than it conciliated the Christians. This class of grievances came also at last to a head. Christians were accused of extorting grains from the *Tsai li* dealers in a time of dearth, and of refusing to redeem long outstanding obligations. Quarrels broke out, with much vituperation on both sides. The bad season, which made it difficult for the debtors to pay, rendered it the more imperative that the creditors should be paid. Recrimination reached a climax in the month of May 1891, when certain of the *Tsai li* endeavoured to enforce restitution from Christians, who killed one of the claimants with a spear. The next move on the board would naturally be a gathering of the *Tsai li* for revenge on the Christians; and for this attack accordingly the Christians made extensive preparations, collecting arms and material, and even casting guns within the precincts of their church buildings.

The *Tsai li* called the attention of the local authorities at Pakow (Ping-chuan district) to these warlike preparations, and informed

them of the object; but the magistrate was afraid to meddle with such dangerous matters, and resorted to the characteristically Chinese device of accusing the Christians of something of which they were not guilty, but of which he knew everybody would believe them guilty. Instead of reporting the forging of cannon and hammering of swords, he proclaimed that he had searched the premises and found the cellars filled with children's corpses, without eyes or hearts. And so the poor man imagined he had very adroitly made himself safe!

Doomed to serve the Government in a country with scarcely revenue to bribe a lackey, the magistrate in those outlying regions can in ordinary times do nothing either against a territorial magnate or any organised body. Government was derelict. Such abdication of its functions may well seem to foreigners the expression of the last degree of weakness. Not necessarily so, however. It is rather the hereditary policy of *laissez-faire*, the wasteful oriental economy of force. And as a debased currency may serve indifferently well the internal needs of a country, while its weakness is only discovered in international commerce, so the slackness of administration which systematically allows abuses to drift into acute crises, and yet suffices for the conduct of affairs at home, is a political currency which will not pass in the intercourse of nations. That is the criterion which exposes and discredits the traditional methods of the Chinese Government, and reveals their danger.

Thus, then, three powerful factions, accustomed to settle their business at first hand, confronted each other; the elemental forces of society, with their jagged edges op-

posed, and no moderating medium between; a region where law and government were in chronic abeyance. Such was Eastern Mongolia in the autumn of 1891, and the inevitable explosion was but a question of time and opportunity.

In fine, the people resolved to take up arms, the smaller sects, such as the *Kin-tan* or "Golden Egg," and certain of the Taoists, making common cause with the *Tsai li*. It was an opportunity for the discharge of accumulated bile in the body social, when the grievances of a generation might be all liquidated, and consequently the levy was of a very composite character.

Whether the fatal resolution was inspired from above or enforced from below, leaders and people were alike compromised. Yang, the chief leader, indeed, tried to keep himself out of sight; but it was from his resources the movement was fed, and his were the counsels by which it was directed, as Li Kwan's were the hands which executed his behests. Ominous threats of further ravages by the Mongol Prince are said to have stirred the Chinese to prompt action, so as to anticipate the attack of the enemy.

Once immersed in the conspiracy, the leaders of the *Tsai li* seem to have become inspired with grandiose ideas. Having first enlisted the services of their co-religionists in distant Kirin, they, through them, invoked the assistance of the formidable bands known there as the *Chi-ma-tsai*, or mounted robbers, who were induced by the prospect of extensive pillage to throw in their lot with the *Tsai li*. The development of the movement showed that the leaders dreamed of results more permanent than could be expected from a mere border foray.

The plan of campaign was bold and comprehensive. The two points of attack were, first, the palace of the Mongol Prince, Nao-han, known as *Pei tzü Fu* or "Prince's Castle," near Chaoyang; and next, the establishments of the Christians at Pakow, within the Ping-chuan magistracy. The two points are a hundred miles apart. Both are within the official prefecture of Jêho, the town of Chaoyang being in the extreme north-east, where the Jêho borders the Fêngtien, or Moukden, prefecture; and Pakow, not far from the city of Jêho, the centre of the prefecture. The whole country is mountainous and bleak, sparsely peopled, poor, and in winter intensely cold; and its wild tracks being only known to the natives, it was reckoned impassable for troops unacquainted with the defiles. The attack was originally planned for the severest season of the year, January, the time when troops were the least likely to be encountered. The calculation was not very wide of the mark, for even in the comparatively mild months of November and December, the casualties from frost-bite and sheer cold were heavy. But they were really the only losses worth speaking of suffered by the Imperial troops.

As so often happens, however, in such cases, some accident—of which various accounts are given, perhaps all more or less true—brought on a premature collision which forced the conspirators to precipitate the crisis. They were probably too deeply compromised to draw back if they had wished; but the leaders were sustained by a profound delusion as to the relative resources of the parties. They were no doubt thoroughly acquainted with the Mongol strength, and they had also taken

accurate account of that of their Christian countrymen. The Chinese Government had almost ceased to be reckoned with. Anxious only to save their own skins, the magistrates were cowering before the Mongols at one place and before the Christians at another; and the *Tsai li* perhaps scarcely understood how far the self-effacement of these officials was the result of their standing instructions not to embroil the Government with either of its *protégés*. Absorbed in contemplating the objects which pressed on them, they were oblivious of, or perhaps their imagination failed to rise to the conception of, the power which must eventually be brought against them. For as the country had been so long and so systematically left to its own devices, it was not unnatural for them to expect that it would continue to be so left.

The auxiliaries which came down from Kirin brought their families and *impedimenta* with them, as if they meant to stay. Perhaps they had found the conditions of life in the Far North not so luxurious but that they were willing to sacrifice them for even the chance of amelioration nearer to the fringe of the settled country.

The first body that moved from Kirin province were intercepted by the military commandant there, and cut to pieces. But the second levy eluded him, and marched to the rallying-point. The whole force was now organised by Yang and Li, whose names were inscribed on the banners, and to whom fealty was sworn for that and any ulterior enterprise to which they might lead the band. The mixed force necessarily included a very large proportion of unarmed rabble, and of volunteers who had no aim beyond personal plunder.

The assault on the Mongol Prince was sudden and fierce; he himself was despatched, and his whole family, in true oriental fashion, exterminated. His palace was of course wrecked and looted. Blood was up, and the boats burned. In the flush of victory the insurgents sought out all the Mongols they could find, and the distinction, owing to the use of Chinese dress and language, not being always clear, the Mongols were tracked by the infallible finger-posts of the Lama temples. This imparted to the movement an iconoclastic character, which, however, was quite adventitious.

The victorious band then marched on and entered the unwallled town of Chaoyang. There was there a solitary English missionary, Mr J. Parker, who was glad to make his escape with the magistrates of the town—they having no force whatever to withstand the invasion—and who is the only European witness of any of the occurrences in that region. Chaoyang was occupied by the rebels on the 14th November.

An entirely fortuitous episode of the rising occurred in that same locality, which probably did more than anything else to rouse the anger and the fear of the Imperial family. It happened that the Mongol Prince, Po-yen-nê-mo-hu, the commander of the Peking Field Force, son of the famous San Kolin-sin, who resisted the Allied forces in their march on Peking in 1860, was present in the neighbourhood on some mission connected with the graves of his family, and he had with him a considerable escort. Being a man of martial spirit like his father, he resolved to avenge the massacre of his brother chieftain, and, full of his personal prestige and confident of the prowess of his re-

tainers, he fell upon the victorious Chinese band while their triumph was still fresh. They defeated and massacred him with his whole company. So appalled were the Peking Court by this disaster to one of the Imperial chamberlains, whose presence was so familiar about the palace, that they dared not divulge the plain fact, but gave out that the prince had died a natural death. It was probably to this untoward incident that the rebels owed their prompt suppression.

It was now the turn of the more Westerly division of the insurgent force to make the attack which had been allotted to them against the Christians at Pakow. It was carried out a few days after the capture of Chaoyang. The local magistrate, feeble at all times, was of course paralysed before such a howling mob, which has been estimated at 1500 strong; and he is accused of giving his sanction to the massacre of the Christians, which, however, in no case he could have prevented. The truth seems to be that the magistrate feigned to fraternise with the rebels in order to disarm them against himself and the official buildings, and lead them into a trap, the more effectually to exterminate them when assistance should arrive. The Christians at any rate were overpowered, notwithstanding the stores of arms which they were reported as having provided for themselves in their religious houses, and were undoubtedly pillaged and severely massacred. According to all accounts, the Christians were handled badly enough.

Nemesis was promptly afoot. The sensitive conscience of the supreme Government was reached by two avenues. The Mongol tribes on the Chinese frontier are

the special wards of the Chinese emperor, for obvious political reasons; and the murder of the two princes could not go unavenged. The Christian communities, too, are now as the apple of their eye to the Chinese rulers, for it is from them that troubles with foreign Powers emanate. Added to these potent considerations, there was perhaps the vague alarm as to what victorious insurgents might next be inclined to enterprise, if they were allowed to gather strength by a course of unchecked victory. Fears not wholly chimerical! The Court becoming thus suddenly alive to the gravity of the crisis, troops were despatched in haste to the scene of disturbance, where they arrived before the rioters had dispersed. The generals were sent to kill, and they killed, if not the actual insurgents, still "in the catalogue they went for men." In plain truth, there was a great slaughter of unarmed people, who could not get out of the way of the soldiery quick enough; for their blood was now up, and the backs of a mob of unarmed men is a sight which the Chinese soldier on active service is seldom able to withstand. His instinct of pursuit in such cases is sometimes uncontrollable. Two generals with independent commands were sent against the two flanks of the rebel force. General Yeh, the commander-in-chief of the provincial troops of Chihli, moved on Pakow, where the Christians had been attacked; and General Nieh, also with Chihli troops, advanced on Chaoyang. The force of the latter was swollen by picked troops from the garrison of Port Arthur, which were conveyed to Kin chow by sea. These struck terror into the rebels by the report that they had brought with them two field-

guns, which, however, could not be used in such a country. Almost simultaneously the success of both divisions was reported. General Nieh occupied Chaoyang on the 28th November, and fought an action with the rebels, who had evacuated the town, about thirty miles beyond, routing them with great slaughter. General Yeh also dispersed the bands from Pakow and the vicinity of Jêho, with a heavy loss. These successes were vigorously followed up by the military, small bands being hunted out and killed in many places during the winter, and the whole insurgent movement cut up. It is not, however, their actual prowess in battle, for which there was probably little call, that should be remembered to the credit of these troops, but their mobility. The marches they made in a roadless country, bare of all supplies, in terrible cold, were memorable. Their superior arms and drill gave them great confidence, and they were inspired with an eagerness for the fight which is not usual with Chinese troops, and which rendered them for the occasion invincible. No doubt the memory of their prompt and decisive action will discourage any tendency to insurrection in those regions for some years to come.

To the General Yeh seems to have fallen the chief honour of hunting out the fugitives in the ravines of that rugged country; and he had the good fortune to be apprised, by treachery, of the retreat of the real responsible leaders, Yang and Li. It is said he parleyed with them, and induced them to surrender to him, on the promise that if they would only come with him to Tientsin and give a full and true account of

the revolt to the Viceroy there, they would then be set at liberty. It would be hard to believe that this time-honoured *ruse* for getting possession of the persons of oriental fugitives could possibly have been resorted to, were it not that authentic Chinese history is full of incidents of that kind, where faith is never kept, except when it suits the policy of the Government, and yet the trick seems never to lose its freshness.

Three captives were brought down to Tientsin, Yang and his son, and Li Kwan. They were kept about two weeks by the city magistrate, their case was referred to the Emperor, the Emperor relegated the whole matter to Li Hungchang and the provincial judge; and the two were executed, nominally by the slow process applicable to the crime of parricide, but actually they were despatched promptly, the slicing being done after they had received the *coup-de-grâce*.

Before the sentence was carried out, the prisoners were brought up once before his Excellency the Viceroy, and permitted to speak.

Yang, the elder, an educated man of grave aspect, made a short but impressive speech in the hearing of the subordinate officials at the Viceroy's *yamen*. He did not attempt to palliate the crime of insurrection, but said since the Government had deigned at last to give some attention to his part of the country, they might by a closer investigation discover the true history of the rising, and then it would appear that his guilt was not so heinous as now appeared. He warned the Government against allowing his enemies to abuse their triumph over his long-suffering people; and finally declared that, if by his death peace

might be purchased for his unhappy country, he cheerfully made the sacrifice.

The final official summing-up of the episode has now appeared in the 'Peking Gazette.' A Chinese official statement is always a conventional composition, resembling the actual facts no more than the red or gold lions of heraldry resemble the animal as he exists in the African plains, or even in the Regent's Park menagerie. The substance of the report now published in the 'Peking Gazette,' which is in the form of a memorial to the throne from the Viceroy, Li Hungchang, is the depositions of the two leaders who were executed on 20th February. How much of what has been put in their mouths the two *morituri* actually said is quite uncertain; but under the complicated system of distribution of justice prevalent in China, even the declarations of dying men are matters of bargain and social adjustment. This is a part of their business which Chinese officials understand very well indeed — how the inflexible majesty of the law may be vindicated with the least amount of disturbance to their own convenience.

The Chinese official is extremely reluctant to take life, and when obliged to do so, he takes care to cover the act by an indefinite amount of redundant justification, which carries the record of the case far beyond the region of fact. This seems to explain the character of the judicial investigation by the provincial judges of the province of Chihli into the guilt of the

leaders, Yang and Li. First, the son of Yang is let off, although taken with his father, because he was declared to have been given for adoption to another family, and to have, moreover, been ignorant of the insurrectionary designs of his father. The brothers and nephews of Yang Yueh-chen are held in custody until the fate of the Mongol prince, Nao-han, is ascertained; while as to his mother and other relatives, inquiries are to be made as to whether they be alive or not, and if alive, they are also to be dealt with according to the fate, yet to be ascertained, of the Mongol prince. For the sake of saving alive the family of Yang, the daring fiction is thus introduced into his deposition that the prince, Nao-han, with his son, escaped, while all the inmates of his palace were put to death, and is only missing, not slain.

But since it was predetermined that Yang himself should be executed, his personal guilt is piled mountains high by his own confession. And in order to justify the campaign of 6000 to 8000 well-armed troops, and the slaughter they committed, the resistance of the rebels to the Imperial troops at all points is magnified by Yang beyond recognition. He is even made to swell the total numbers of his adherents to 20,000. The truth is, there was no resistance and no fighting, but much reckless slaughter of unarmed and mostly innocent people.

The age of Yang is given in his deposition as fifty-one, though he was popularly reckoned as sixty, owing to his white moustache. Li Kwan gave his age as thirty-five.



## THE COMING STRUGGLE.

THE approach of the month of June has intensified the desire of her Majesty's Opposition to be made acquainted with the precise moment at which the Parliament of 1886 is to be dissolved. It must, however, have been known to these gentlemen, from the very commencement of the session, that the question was one the answer to which depended very much upon themselves. Obstruction would delay, as co-operation with the Government would accelerate, the wished-for moment, and it rested with them and with their leaders to adopt the one course or the other. This became more than ever clear when the Easter recess had been reached and passed. The Government stood especially pledged to the attempt to pass two of their measures, the Small Holdings and the Irish Local Government Bills. By the end of the first week in May the former measure was practically safe, and it had become sufficiently evident that the duration of the session and of the Parliament depended largely upon the passage of the latter. It will be remembered that the introduction of the measure had been received with shouts of evidently preconcerted laughter on the part of the Opposition, accompanied by the prediction that the Bill and its author would be covered with ridicule which neither of them would long survive. This line of action on the part of the Gladstonians was evidently a tactical error. Ever since that memorable evening, people have been wondering what there was to laugh at in a measure which, whatever its defects in detail, proposed to give to Ireland

local government upon broad democratic principles, and, at the same time, provided those safeguards against the partisan abuse of power which experience of Irish public bodies had shown to be absolutely necessary, and which, in one form or another, had been invoked in the past by Gladstonian as well as by Unionist Administrations. There may be a difference of opinion as to the special form in which these safeguards shall be established, as, of course, there may be differences of opinion upon many other details of the measure; but the main principles are as we have stated them, and the public has yet to learn the justification of the inane laughter with which the Opposition received the honest attempt of the Government to fulfil their pledges to Ireland. Meanwhile the Government have undoubtedly done right in standing to their guns, and obliging their opponents to show their reasons for the attempt to stifle without discussion a remedial measure which they might have been expected to welcome.

But whatever may be the outcome of the discussion upon this measure, the circumstances of the moment all point to an early dissolution, and it is understood that the feeling of honourable members themselves tends in the same direction. It is therefore necessary to bestir ourselves without delay, so that when the hour for action comes, it may find us ready and prepared for the combat. When the trumpet calls to battle, it will be too late for argument and persuasion, and it is with a keen consciousness of this fact, and, moreover, of the deep responsibility

which at this moment rests upon all those who seek to form and to guide public opinion, that we venture briefly to invite attention to certain matters bearing strongly upon the importance of the coming struggle. Every Unionist elector, and every elector who, not being a Unionist, has the fairness and courage to examine for himself the arguments on both sides of the question, should read with care the speeches delivered by Lord Salisbury and Mr Balfour on the 6th and 7th May. Before doing so, however, let him remember and recognise the fact that up to the present moment the Gladstonian Home Ruler in Great Britain and the Nationalist Home Ruler in Ireland mean by Home Rule something entirely different the one from the other. The official Gladstonian desires to see an Irish Parliament sitting in Dublin to manage Irish affairs, *subordinate in every respect to the Imperial Parliament in London*. The Irish Home Ruler—to whichever section he belongs—desires to see an Irish Parliament sitting in Dublin, *entirely independent of the Imperial Parliament in London*, and only subject to the veto of the Sovereign, which has practically for many years been a dead letter. It is abundantly clear that the two things are absolutely incompatible, and that in the event of the Gladstonians and Nationalists obtaining a majority in the new Parliament, there would be an immediate split in their ranks upon the character of the Home Rule Bill to be introduced. But inasmuch as the Gladstonian leaders would in all probability depend for their political existence upon the votes of their Irish allies, they would naturally strain every nerve to maintain the alliance; and as the Irish Home Rulers have again and

again declared that nothing but “a Parliament free as air” will satisfy their requirements, it is plain that one of two things would happen—either that the Gladstonians would declare that the proposal of their friends was, in Sir William Harcourt’s words, of a Fenian character, and would call upon all loyal men, of whatever party or creed, to support them in opposing it, or they would yield to the Irish demand in order to maintain their majority intact, and preserve that power in the eager pursuit of which they have already sacrificed so many opinions and so much of reputation.

As we can only judge of the future by the past, it certainly seems most probable that, in the event of the Gladstonian success at the polls, the latter alternative will be adopted, and there will follow the introduction of a Home Rule Bill which will go as far as the new Government dare in the direction of satisfying the demands of their Irish allies. At any rate, we may be sure that there would be no exemption of Ulster from the authority of the Home Rule Parliament, but that to such authority the whole of Ireland would be called upon to submit, and the authority would be one of a real, full, and wide scope and character. It will be observed that this is far more than an Irish Parliament has ever had before, and it is proposed at a period when the position and circumstances of Ireland are essentially different from those which obtained during and immediately after the existence of Grattan’s Parliament. This should be fully appreciated and understood before we proceed to consider the feelings and determination of Ulster at the present moment. It is easy for such glib and superficial orators as

Mr Herbert Gladstone to declare, as he is reported to have done in a speech at North Hackney on May 9, that, "if Ulster rebelled, *they would be prepared to take the usual course*. Thanks to a systematic policy of coercion in Ireland, there were plenty of prisons, and *rebellious Orangemen* could be put into the cells recently occupied by *distinguished Nationalists*." This silly threat shows the folly of the speaker almost as much as his ignorant inability to appreciate the situation is shown by his following words: "All through the century they had been obliged to listen to the voice of Ulster, and to turn a deaf ear to the entreaties of Nationalist Ireland; but *as a matter of policy*, apart from the matter of justice, why not make friends with the larger crowd? There were three million Nationalists and only a million and a half anti-Nationalists. Was not the majority entitled to rule?" Mr Herbert Gladstone appears utterly ignorant or oblivious of the peculiar condition and division of Ireland, to which we shall presently have to refer, but at the moment it is sufficient to note that he tells us that the Nationalists—i.e., the Home Rulers—are as two to one compared with the non-Home Rulers, and that the majority "is entitled to rule." But hereupon arise several questions. What is the area over which the question of majority and minority is to be settled? Is it to be the geographical area of the whole of Ireland? *During the whole of her history, Ireland has never been, nor has ever attempted to be, a united nation, except in the sense of being, as a whole, subject to the Sovereign of*

Great Britain. Mr W. E. Gladstone has himself admitted<sup>1</sup> the historical dependence on the Crown of the Irish Parliament at the time when the Crown was practically absolute, though he has not seen the force of the argument that if this be, as it undoubtedly is, the case, the same dependence must be recognised now that the Crown is controlled by a representative Parliament, and that this leads to the direct admission of the dependence of the Irish upon the English Parliament. But if Ireland before the Act of Union was never a united nation, or, in other words, if Scotch and English capital and population have been poured into one province of Ireland alone, and consequently a remarkable progress and prosperity has been discernible in that province, what justice is there in the demand of a majority in the other provinces to be considered a united nation, for the sole purpose of bringing this province under the control of the rest? It is just as if, in the time when "the pale" (comprising the counties of Dublin, Kildare, Meath, and Louth, with the cities of Waterford, Cork, and Limerick) was the only territory over which the King of England claimed more than a nominal sovereignty, it had been proposed to submit this part of Ireland, in which alone an English population and English habits existed, to the control of a Parliament elected by the majority outside the pale, who were hostile to the English population, and whose habits and ways of living were wholly different. Mr O'Connell himself, speaking in the House of Commons in April 1834, stated that "down to the year 1614 two independent nations were recog-

<sup>1</sup> See his letter of October 30, 1886, to the Editor of this Magazine, regarding Lord Brabourne's articles on Irish History, November number, 1886.

nised in Ireland," and that in that year, for the first time, the "power of the King of Great Britain was generally recognised in Ireland." That power is still "recognised," but who shall venture to say it is no longer true that "two independent nations" exist in Ireland? In creed, in descent, in habits, there is a broad distinction between the inhabitants north of Ulster and those of the south, south-east, and west of Ireland. All, indeed, profess to admit the sovereignty of Great Britain; but in race, disposition, and religion they differ so widely, that the population of at least a large portion of Ulster is far more in sympathy with England, and even more so with Scotland, than with the other provinces of Ireland. If, then, it is to be a question of majority and minority, why is not the area upon which such a question is to be decided to comprise the whole of the United Kingdom? We are bound, moreover, to remember that Ulster has been colonised by Scotsmen and Englishmen, who have invested their capital, expended their skill, and employed their enterprise, upon the firm belief that in so doing they would be protected by the British laws and governed by the Imperial Parliament.

Much has been said about the right of Ulster to resist being placed under the authority of a Home Rule Parliament, of which the majority would be composed of those with whom they have no sympathy and no common interests. The matter is one which is not to be decided as if it were a mere matter of passing controversy

between two political parties. It is a question to be fairly looked in the face and calmly considered.<sup>1</sup> Mr Gladstone, senior, as well as his hopeful son, has but little sympathy for Ulster. Strange to say, he has before this spoken words of warm approval of the action taken by the Ulster Protestants in opposing Pitt and the Union, but he has nothing but condemnation for their opposition to Messrs Healy, Dillon, and Co., and to the proposal which would hand them and their fortunes over to a domination which they detest and abhor.

However much we may wish that it was otherwise, there is no doubt that the attempt to place Ulster under a Home Rule Parliament is regarded by the great majority of the inhabitants of that province as something which it is their duty at all hazards to prevent. This is something more than a religious question. Lord Salisbury spoke wisely and well when he utterly repudiated the silly charge against him that he had attacked the Roman Catholic Church. He had done no such thing. But, said he, in words which appealed alike to the loyalty and good sense of Catholic and Protestant, "I utterly decline to recognise the inhabitants of the south-eastern portion of Ireland as typical members of the Roman Catholic Church, and I am the more justified in doing so because we know that the head of the Roman Catholic Church has strongly condemned the immoral agencies by which the agitation in Ireland has striven to succeed." And, further on, Lord Salisbury

<sup>1</sup> It is curious to note that the last census returns show that whilst in almost all the other districts of Ireland there has been, between 1881 and 1891, a considerable decrease of population, there has been an increase of 53,000 in Belfast and Londonderry city.

aptly and eloquently continues: "I have condemned, and will always condemn, those who, holding high spiritual authority at the head of a great spiritual organisation, shall use those weapons for purely secular objects in which no spiritual concern exists. I would condemn them whether they were Protestant or Catholic, Anglican or Calvinist, Mohammedan or Jew. Men who do that, inflict a dangerous wound upon civil society, and fasten a profound stain upon the spiritual weapons which they use." Never were words spoken more pregnant with wisdom, and they will find a response in the breasts of loyal men throughout the country.

We have indeed fallen upon strange times, when men who desire to arrogate to themselves the monopoly of the word "Liberal" go about preaching the doctrine of "passive obedience" as if it was part of the creed of liberty. There may be "passive obedience" to an alien Parliament as well as to a despotic king; and the descendants of those who, naturally loyal to the Crown, found themselves obliged to oppose the second James in defence of their liberties, civil and religious, are little likely to be less tenacious of their rights, or less vigorous in their resistance, when they are threatened with enforced obedience to those who have no legal or moral claim to their allegiance. The braggart boasting of such as Mr Herbert Gladstone may awaken some of those who are at present lukewarm, to the reality of the trouble which must inevitably encounter any attempt to force Home Rule upon Ulster. Mr Gladstone boasts that there are "plenty of prisons for rebellious Orangemen." What will have been the offence of these men? Intense attachment to the connection between Great Britain

and Ireland, and earnest devotion to the British empire, of which they have hitherto formed an integral part. Does Mr Gladstone believe it will be such a pleasant or such an easy task to employ British forces to coerce British loyalists into obedience to those who, up to yesterday, have been shouting for severance from Great Britain, and loudly proclaiming their hatred to the "foreign yoke" of "the Saxon"? Such a proposal would create a feeling in England so intense and so deep, that no man can foretell to what consequences it might lead. The attempt to coerce Ulster—not merely to reduce her to a level with those whom she has outstripped and passed in the struggle for social progress and improvement, but to place her under their control and at their mercy—is an attempt which can hardly fail to kindle a civil war in Ireland. What will it do for England? Does any sane man think that our difficulties with Ireland will cease with the attempt to establish a Home Rule Parliament in Ireland? No such thing. We shall only be upon the threshold of the troubles which our suicidal folly will have brought upon us. The very foundation of Ireland's claims to possess an Irish Parliament is the allegation that she is a separate nation from Great Britain. She is no such thing. Even so long ago as 1612 Sir John Davies wrote that "there have been so many English colonies planted in Ireland as that, if the people were numbered at this day by the poll, *such as are descended of English race would be found more in number than the ancient natives.*" No man can doubt that this is to a much greater degree the case in 1892; and indeed the intermixture of races in England, Scotland, and

Ireland has gone on at such a rate, that the three countries are really bound together by the ties of race and blood almost as much as by the ties of interest. Shame and double shame upon the statesman who, under these circumstances, could speak as Mr Gladstone has spoken of the British Government as *the foreign Executive*<sup>1</sup> which controlled Ireland. There is nothing to prevent Irishmen from rising, as they have often risen, to the highest places in the Executive Government of the country, to which they belong equally with Scotch and English men, and we are proud to recognise the services which Irishmen have again and again rendered to the united empire. But to say that Ireland is, or ever was, a nation standing by herself, is to say that which is historically incorrect; and to maintain that the people who inhabit these islands have not become practically one nation, is to maintain that which the experience of every day disproves and contradicts. But if a Parliament is to be given to Ireland upon the pretence that she is an independent nation, the argument is irresistible for giving to that Parliament the full portion and privileges of a national Parliament. The so-called "Nationalists" will in that case be within their right in making this claim, and they will be satisfied with nothing less. What reply will Great Britain make to such a claim? Can any man doubt that trouble must follow immediately upon the yielding of any such demand as that now made for an Irish Parliament, and that the trouble would never be removed by the concession of the further demands which would at once be made?

The Gladstonians are living in a fool's paradise. Because it is *their* great object to restore Mr Gladstone to power, they believe that the Irish Nationalists are actuated by the same motives and have the same object in view. They are unable to see that their Irish allies are merely making use of them to obtain certain objects which would have been perfectly hopeless but for Mr Gladstone's wonderful change of front in 1886, and will be perfectly hopeless still when the nation has learned thoroughly to understand all that is involved in the Irish demand. The Nationalists care nothing for Mr Gladstone save as the only possible man through whose influence, and by means of whose followers, their own ends may be obtained and the British nation deceived. Probably, however, some of them would dislike nothing so much as a Home Rule Bill which (if such a thing were possible) would satisfy Ireland. That is not the object which they have in view. Tranquil Ireland, contented Ireland, prosperous Ireland, is not what they desire to see, because upon a contrary state of things depends their own political existence. It is true, indeed, that, should Mr Gladstone return to power, they have little cause for apprehension. The old game of agitation, followed by pitiful concession, may again be successfully played, and the brighter hope which has lately dawned upon Ireland may once more be darkened by the cloud of conspiracy and sedition which will once more burst upon her head. It is to avert such a catastrophe that all true friends of Ireland and of Great Britain should, without loss of time, put their shoulders to the wheel. They may well take for

<sup>1</sup> Speech at Hawarden, 1886.

their text the two speeches to which allusion has already been made, namely, that of the Prime Minister to the Primrose League on May 6, and of Mr Balfour at Manchester on the following day. Lord Salisbury did well to point out the difficulty of the position with regard to the coming general election. It is, he said, as if three trials were taking place at the same time before the same jury, and that the jury could only say "Yes" or "No" in one verdict. He called attention also to the fact that the Opposition were artfully taking advantage of this state of things, avoiding, as much as possible, allusion to Ireland and discussion of Home Rule, and striving to obtain seats by fighting upon the side issues of temperance, the Eight Hours Bill, and various other matters, under cover of which a Home Ruler might here and there slip into Parliament as the advocate of some one of these questions, and not at all because he was in favour of Home Rule.

Lord Salisbury's speech has been violently attacked as an encouragement to Ulster to rebel. These accusations are, however, merely the wild ravings of partisan folly and spite, and we deeply regret to see that Lord Rosebery has lent himself to this unworthy course. We can only remark that the lucidity of the noble lord's judgment has been clouded, and his sense of fairplay overborne, by the political exigencies of the moment. For what has Lord Salisbury done? It is one thing to encourage a province to rebel, it is another thing altogether to point out what will be the inevitable consequence of a certain line of policy. It would indeed be a folly as well as a crime to advise rebellion against the British Crown under any conceivable circumstances. But it is

the act of a sagacious and far-seeing statesman to point out that the withdrawal of the controlling power of the British Parliament from a portion of the home empire of the Crown would leave face to face, unrestrained by the tranquillising power of Great Britain, elements so discordant and of such an opposing character that the risk of civil war would be indisputably great. Such a risk ought to, and must be, taken into account by any statesman who is responsible for the conduct of public affairs, and Lord Salisbury's words, in spite of the assumed solemnity with which Lord Rosebery condemns them, were wise words of warning, for which he deserves the thanks of all men who are able in such matters to rise above the petty artifices of party strife. And when we are told by Mr Gladstone the younger that "the majority is entitled to rule," we are obliged to ask ourselves whether this is a principle of universal application, and whether it can be fairly applied to Ireland? We know from their own mouths that a number of Irish members of Parliament desire to be "free from the Saxon yoke." According to the Gladstonian theory that the Parliamentary majority of Irish members is to be taken as representing the wishes of the people of Ireland, we may at least suppose it probable that the above desire is shared by the majority of the Irish people. Are we to yield to this majority, and does Mr Gladstone think that it is entitled to rule, being, as it doubtless is, an insignificant minority when taken as only a portion of the aggregate population of Great Britain and Ireland? It is plain enough that if the majority argument is to prevail, Mr

Gladstone is nowhere, in his desire to please "the larger crowd." The expression indeed of that desire indicates a low tone of political morality, and savours of that miserable opportunism which has destroyed the character of so many of our statesmen; but in this instance it is a desire founded upon an ignorant misconception as to where the doctrine of pleasing "the larger crowd" would lead. It must be clear to all impartial minds that if there is any standard at all of right and wrong, the question of a majority being entitled to rule must depend upon their departure from or adherence to that standard. In the present instance, if the minority in Ireland agree with the majority in Great Britain that, for the interests of the United Empire, the connection between the three countries should be continued, the majority of the people of Ireland, being a minority of the whole people, cannot be allowed to sever that connection. The enormous benefits which it has conferred upon Ireland need not here be related, but not the least of them has been that the power of Great Britain has again and again been interposed to prevent the conflict between Orangemen and Ribbonmen, Catholic and Protestant, Loyalist and "United Irishman," which the excitable nature of Irishmen has so often brought within the near prospect of actual warfare. Withdraw this restraining influence, and who can foretell the results? Lord Salisbury did but perform an imperative duty when he pointed out the dangerous outlook, and reckless indeed must be the politicians who are ready to provoke the danger, if only they may obtain thereby the power which they so greatly covet.

There is another portion of Lord

Salisbury's speech which deserves our special attention. He reminded his audience that, six years ago, they had all been agreed that two things were necessary for the pacification of Ireland,—one, "a generous consideration of her material wants, giving those openings to industry which might restore prosperity to the stricken part of her population; the other, a firm, impartial, continuous administration of the law, so that industrious men might know that their industry would be protected, and that they might safely invest their labour and their money in the works of peace." Now, six years having expired, Lord Salisbury and his colleagues recall these words, and confidently ask whether or not their promises have been fulfilled. To such a question there can be but an affirmative reply from every honest and impartial mind. We would most earnestly urge every elector to consider the following statement, and well to weigh the deep responsibility which will rest upon those who lend themselves to the schemes of a party which, if successful, will undoubtedly reverse the present state of things in Ireland. How does the case really stand?—

1. When Mr Gladstone left office in 1886, crime, sedition, and intimidation were rife in Ireland. After five years of Lord Salisbury's and Mr Balfour's administration, a totally different tale can be told, and the much-abused Coercion Bill, which, according to Gladstonian prophecies, was sure to increase disorder and fill the prisons with offenders, has had an effect so exactly contrary to these prophecies that the prisoners under the Act at this moment in Ireland amount to about half-a-dozen persons!

2. When Mr Gladstone left office in 1886, misery and distress



were rife in Ireland, and the spasmodic attempt made by the Gladstonian Government to give outdoor relief to a few unions in the west of Ireland did much more harm than good, the £20,000 voted for the purpose having been mismanaged and misapplied in the grossest manner, and the amount about doubled by the maladministration of those to whom its application was intrusted. The five years of Lord Salisbury and Mr Balfour's administration have changed all this. Legitimate and honourable employment has been afforded to thousands of Irishmen by the construction of railways which have at the same time opened up the country and developed its resources. The "Congested Districts Board" has also been established; and although Mr Balfour, in the nobility of his nature, declines even to appear to make political capital out of the creation of this Board by pointing out its utility, yet it would ill become us to avoid this passing allusion to that which has been, beyond all doubt, a boon of enormous value to Ireland, and which constitutes another claim that the Unionist Government has established upon the gratitude of the Irish people.

3. When Mr Gladstone left office in 1886, respect for and obedience to the law had wellnigh vanished from Ireland. After five years of Lord Salisbury and Mr Balfour's administration, it has been shown that a steady determination to enforce the law has produced the usual results: the law has been obeyed, the condition of the people has been ameliorated, and public confidence in a great measure restored.

Who, then, are the true friends of Ireland? We answer unhesitatingly, Lord Salisbury and the

Unionist party. Look on this side and on that. You have, on the one hand, Mr Gladstone and his followers encouraging, or at best abstaining from condemnation of, that illegal conspiracy, the Plan of Campaign, which alone rendered possible the continuance of agrarian agitation. You have the same party howling against what they are pleased to call the Coercion Bill, the provisions of which could only touch dishonest and disloyal men, whilst under its protection honest men could live honest lives, no longer coerced by those ruffians whose coercion Mr Gladstone and his friends think preferable to the wholesome restraint of the law. Again you have had the same party attacking the police, denouncing the administration of the law, applauding and supporting the lawless disturbers of the peace, and lending ready credence to all the assertions of Nationalist orators, again and again proved to have been exaggerated and mendacious to the last degree. You have had these same Gladstonians filling the air with shouts against coercion, with constant accusations against the Unionist Government of having come into office upon the cry of "No coercion," and with wild, though it must be owned with strangely indefinite, promises as to the panacea for all Irish evils and misfortunes which they are ready to introduce in the shape of a Home Rule Bill, if only they can persuade the constituencies to give them a majority.

Now turn to the other side of the picture. Steadily, calmly, but firmly, Lord Salisbury's Government has set itself to re-establish the Queen's authority in Ireland, threatened as it had been by the encouragement given by Mr Gladstone's party to those who had practically defied it. The Crimes

Bill was no violation of any pledge, but the necessary consequence of the state in which Mr Gladstone had left the country, and the fulfilment of the engagement taken by the Unionist party to maintain law and order against those by whom both were threatened. It is with a proud heart that this Government can come before the country to-day and boldly challenge comparison with their opponents. What practical good has Mr Gladstone done for Ireland? The history of Mr Gladstone's tenure of the office of Prime Minister is a record of concession after concession; of a miserably spasmodic policy which at one time flattered and at another time visited with sudden severity the disloyal agitator; of futile attempts alternately to bully and to cajole the hereditary foes of British rule in Ireland; and of legislation introduced for the sole purpose of obtaining a majority by means of Nationalist votes, at a sacrifice of dignity, consistency, and principle such as has seldom, if ever, been made by British statesmen. And even now, when Ireland has begun to feel the beneficent results of calm and firm government, when her national prosperity has begun to develop, and a brighter future appears to be in store for her, what part do the Gladstonians play? They endeavour, from one end of the country to the other, to deceive the electors of Great Britain into the belief that all and every improvement in Ireland, and in the disposition of the Irish people towards this country, springs not from the action of Lord Salisbury's Government, but from the trust reposed by Irishmen in the character and promises of Mr Gladstone, and their belief in his desire and ability to give them Home Rule! And at the

very moment that we have this hideous misrepresentation of facts thrust before the eyes of the electorate, we have it flatly contradicted by the leaders of both sections of the Irish party. For Mr Redmond, the Parnellite leader, clearly exposes in the House of Commons the radical difference between his view of Home Rule and that of Sir William Harcourt and the Gladstonians; whilst Mr Dillon, only so lately as the 24th of April, declares: "I have always preached the doctrine to my countrymen that *it is not on the faith of any English Minister, nor on the promise of any English Minister*, that I place my reliance, or ask others to place their reliance." What, then, becomes of the boast that "trust in the promise" of Mr Gladstone is the reason why the condition of Ireland and the disposition of Irishmen towards Great Britain have so greatly improved? Let the truth be said in a word. For popularity, for maintaining his position by the votes of the so-called Nationalists, and for satisfying Irish demands, Mr Gladstone has from first to last relied upon appeals to the baser passions of mankind, to the covetousness which induces men to long for the property of their neighbours, the lawlessness which goes every length in order to crush its victims and resist legal restraint, and to the use which may be made of agitation under the direction of demagogues, civil and ecclesiastical, who, falsely disguised under the name of patriots, have done so much, and, if the check be removed, will do so much more injury to their unhappy country.

To such weapons and to such means Lord Salisbury has never condescended to appeal. Loyal to the spirit of the constitution, he

has not sought to reverse but to improve recent legislation ; but above and before all he has placed obedience to the law, and reverence for the Queen's authority, as things indispensable to the welfare and prosperity of Ireland. This, indeed, is the only method by which capital can be tempted to Ireland, the only hope which Ireland can entertain of permanent prosperity. Peace, progress, self-reliance, and industrial improvement are all boons which the Unionist Government has brought within the reach of Ireland, all of them resting upon the security given by the due upholding of the law. We would earnestly appeal to Irishmen themselves to consider whether such a Government is not worthy of their support. What good has ever come to Ireland from the demagogues who have misled her people, and the Gladstonian faction which has constantly endeavoured to make political capital out of her distress ? What British Government has ever gone to work so readily, so energetically, and so generously on her behalf as the existing Unionist Government ? If Irish electors are wise, they will recognise this state of things, will break away from the teachers who have so often failed them, and show at once their gratitude and their wisdom by supporting the present Government.

Nor is it Ireland alone to which our appeal must be made. Lord Salisbury's Government has shown a disposition and an ability to deal with Scotch questions which should secure them support from one end of Scotland to the other. Here, as in Ireland, practical legislation as against empty promises can be shown in favour of the Unionist party ; and the crofters are beginning to open their eyes to the fact that their real friends are not the

preachers of wild doctrines and impossible theories, but the men who desire and who promote real tangible improvement among them, and who are actuated not by the political objects of the moment, but by a patriotic desire to effect all that a Government can legitimately effect for the prosperity of the people. Indeed, as regards the whole empire, it would be difficult to exaggerate the claims of Lord Salisbury's Government upon the electorate. Never were the foreign relations of Great Britain in a more satisfactory condition, and never were her position and credit with foreign nations more absolutely assured. As to Finance, the petty carplings of would-be financial authorities have availed nothing against Mr Goschen's experience and skill ; their objections, too obviously prompted by jealousy, have been answered and refuted, and the country knows and feels that it cannot be in safer hands. In both our army and navy improvements have been effected without any large charge upon the public revenues ; and the people may rest assured that, so long as Lord Salisbury remains in office, efficiency and economy will alike be studiously regarded in the administration of these great departments of the State.

With regard to the many questions relating to labour, to land, and to the various wants and wishes of a progressive and intelligent people, the Unionist Government has shown its readiness to deal with all such subjects in a liberal and comprehensive spirit. Many of these questions cannot be satisfactorily or finally settled in a single session or by a single Act of Parliament ; but our Government, acting with the caution which all wise men will admit to be necessary in such

legislation, has gone boldly forward with the Allotment Bill, the Small Holdings Bill, and other kindred measures, and, but for the interminable talk which paralyses the work of the House of Commons, would have before this time developed still further the Local Government which it has already established in Great Britain. We have, therefore, a Liberal and progressive Government in the best sense of the words, and above all, we have that which is so urgently needed by our country, namely, *a strong Government*. Again we appeal most earnestly to electors of every class and of every school to consider well this important point. If the dissolution should place the Gladstonian Party in power, how is it possible that we can have a strong Government? The Opposition are boasting to-day that they will have a majority of seventy Gladstonians and Nationalists in the new Parliament. Probably they expect too much, but what if the result should be as they anticipate? *The Irish Nationalists would practically control the Government*. How long

could such a Government stand? We should at once enter upon an uncertain state of things which could not fail to be detrimental to the public interest, and probably more than one dissolution would have to be undergone before anything in the nature of a strong Government could be obtained. But if, in wisdom and in gratitude, the electors, English, Scotch, Irish, and Welsh, following the noble and patriotic example of North Hackney, lay aside minor differences and small side issues, and come boldly to the polls in support of the present Government, which has deserved so well of the country, not only will the improvement of Ireland be maintained and advanced, but we shall at once be assured of a strong Government and a united party, the evil dream of an anti-British Home Rule will pass away, and Great Britain and Ireland, recognising and respecting the deliberate decision of the constituencies, will forget the sins and sorrows of the past, and march forward hand in hand upon the path of progressive improvement to a happy and United Future!

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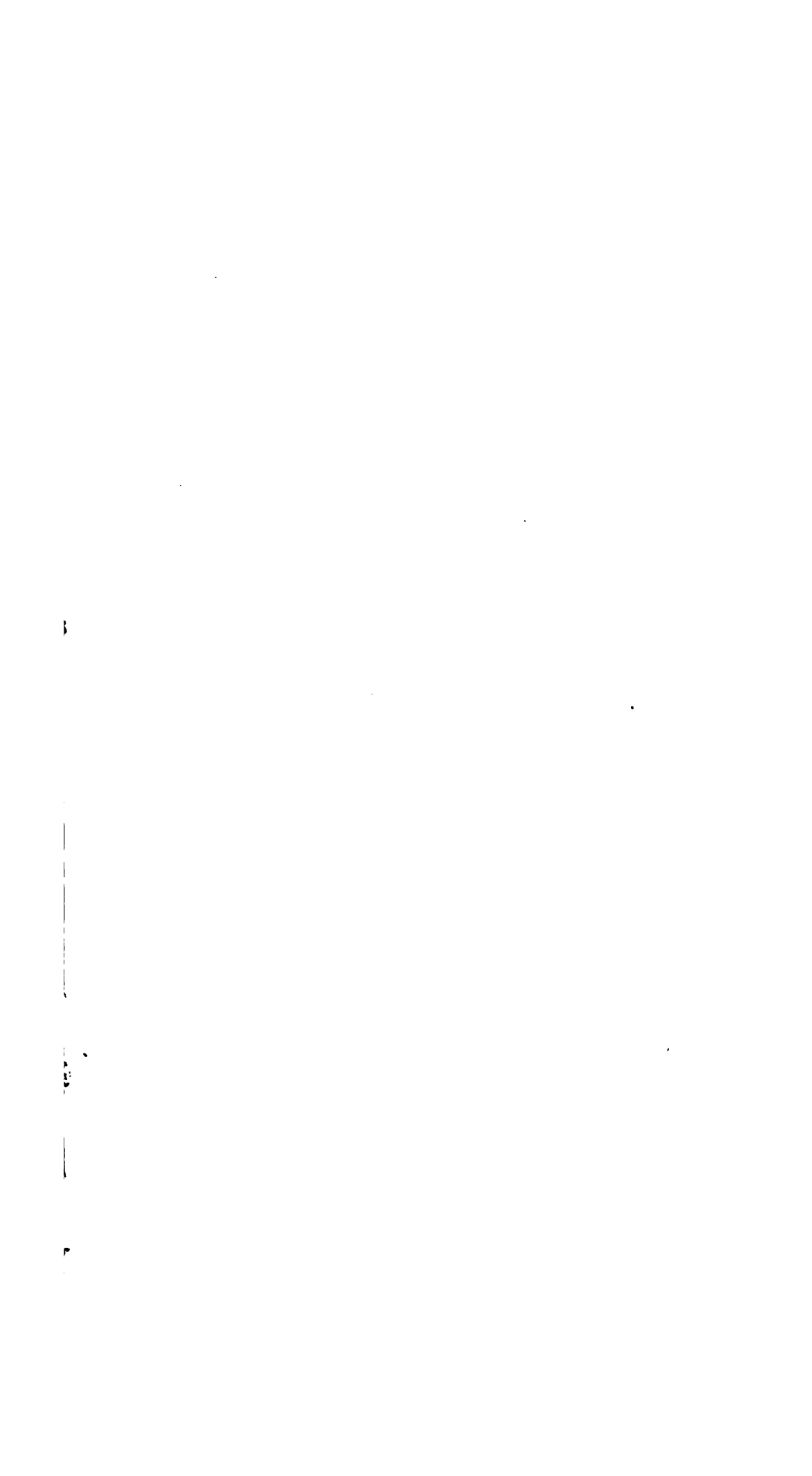
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# YELLOWSTONE National Park

THAT

"WONDER OF WONDER"

Where it seems God left a portion  
of creative handiwork unfinished  
he might show his children

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THIS

American Wonder

"Situated in the heart of the  
Rocky Mountains, on the broad, rugged  
plateau of the continent, amid snow and  
dark, shaggy forests, where the  
rivers take their rise, surpass  
in wakefulness, exciting interest any other  
yet discovered on the face of the

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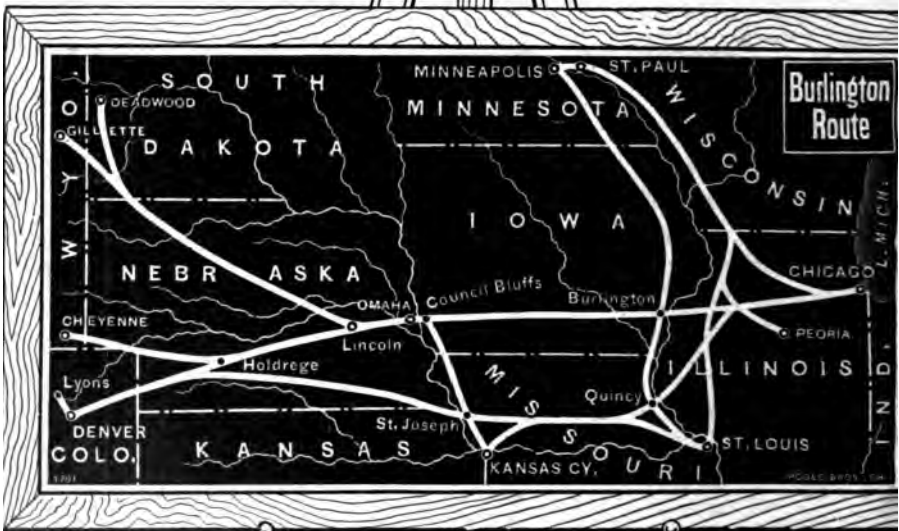
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